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READINGS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

TO ACCOMPANY
LONG'S "OUTLINES OF ENGLISH
LITERATURE"

EDITED BY
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AND
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Brave under his helmet, his battle-sark¹ bore
 'Neath the stone-cliffs, to the strength trusted
 Of one man alone ; such is no coward's work.
 He saw then by the wall (he who very many,
 5 In man's virtues good, of contests survived,
 Struggles of battle, when warriors contended)
 A stony arch stand, a stream out thence
 Break from the mountain ; the burn's² flood was
 With battle-fire hot ; might not near the hoard
 10 One without burning any while then
 Endure the deep for the flame of the dragon.
 Let then from his breast, since he was enraged,
 The Wedergeats' prince his words go forth,
 The strong-hearted stormed : his voice came in,
 15 In battle clear-sounding, 'neath the hoar stone.
 Strife was stirred up ; the hoard-keeper knew
 The voice of a man : there was not more time
 Friendship to seek. First there came forth
 The breath of the monster out of the rock,
 20 Hot battle-sweat ; the earth resounded.
 The man 'neath the mountain his shield upraised
 'Gainst the terrible demon, the lord of the Geats :
 Then was the ring-bowed³ eager in heart
 The contest to seek. The sword ere brandished
 25 The good war-king, the ancient relic
 Sharp in its edges : to each one was
 Of those bent on bale dread from the other.
 The strong-minded stood against the steep rock,
 The prince of friends, when the worm bent
 30 Quickly together : he in armor awaited.
 Went he then burning advancing in curves,
 To his fate hasting ; the shield well protected
 In life and in body a lesser while
 The mighty chief than his wish sought,

¹garment, armor.²brook's.³the dragon, with back curved into the shape of a bow.

If he that time, on the first day,
 Was to control, as Weird did not permit him
 Triumph in battle. His hand he uplifted,
 The prince of the Geats, the fearful foe struck
 With the mighty relic, so that the edge softened 5
 Brown on the bone, bit less strongly
 Than the folk-king need of it had,
 Oppressed with the fight. Then was the hill's keeper,
 After the battle-blow, fierce in his mood,
 Threw with death-fire; far and wide spread 10
 The flame of the battle. Of triumphs he boasted not,
 The gold-friend of the Geats: the war-bill¹ failed
 Naked in fight, as it should not,
 Excellent weapon. That was no easy task,
 So that the mighty kinsman of Ecgtheow 15
 The plain of this earth was to forsake,
 Must at the worm's will take up his abode
 Elsewhere than here; so shall every man
 His fleeting life leave. It was not then long
 That the fierce ones again each other met. 20
 The hoard-keeper raged, his breast swelled with breath:
 A second time he suffered distress
 Surrounded by fire, who before ruled his folk.
 Not at all in a band did his companions,
 Children of nobles, him stand around 25
 With warlike virtues, but they to wood went,
 Protected their lives. In one of them welled
 His mind with sorrows; friendship may never
 Be at all put aside by one who thinks well.

 He might not then refrain, his hand seized the shield, 30
 The yellow wood, he drew his old sword:

 Went he then through the flame, his war-helmet bore
 For help to his lord, spoke a few words:

¹sword.

"Beowulf dear! do thou all well,
 As thou in thy youth long ago said'st,
 That thou would'st not let for thyself living
 Honor e'er cease; now shalt thou, strong in deeds,
 5 Firm-minded prince, with all thy might
 Thy life protect; I shall assist thee."
 After these words the angry worm came,
 The terrible demon, a second time
 With fire-waves shining to seek his foes,
 10 The hostile men. With flame-billows burned
 The shield to the rim: the burnie might not
 To the young spear-warrior assistance afford.
 But the young hero 'neath the shield of his kinsman
 With courage went, when his own was
 15 Destroyed by flames.

.
 Then I heard say in the folk-king's need
 The earl displayed unceasing bravery,
 Strength and valor, as was natural to him:
 He cared not for his head, but the hand burned
 20 Of the brave man, where he helped with his strength,
 So that the fell demon he struck somewhat lower,
 The hero in armor, that the sword sank in,
 Shining and gold-plated, that the fire began
 After to lessen. Then still the king
 25 His senses possessed, struck with his war-knife,
 Cutting and battle-sharp, which he bore on his burnie:
 The Weders' defence cut the serpent in two.
 The foe they felled, force drove out life,
 And they him then both had destroyed,
 30 Kindred princes: such should a man be,
 A thane¹ in need. That was to the prince
 The last of his victories by his own deeds,
 Of work in the world. . . .

¹military follower, warrior.

[Of the Burial of Beowulf]

For him then prepared the folk of the Geats
A funeral-pyre on the earth firm,
Hung with helmets, with shields of war,
With burnies bright, as he had begged.
Laid they then in the midst the mighty prince, 5
The mourning warriors their lord beloved.
'Gan they then on the mountain the greatest of pyres
The warriors to kindle: the wood-smoke arose
From the burning pile black, the crackling flame
Mingled with mourning (the wind-roar was still), 10
Until it had broken the house of bone,
Hot in the breast. Sad in their minds
With sorrow they mourned their dear lord's death;
Also a sad song uttered the spouse,
Pained in her breast, grieved in her heart, 15
Mournful she frequently fettered her mind,
So that for her husband's most grievous blows
She wept, the grim fate of his bloody death,
. . . terror of fire
. . . heaven swallowed the smoke. 20
Wrought they there then the folk of the Weders
A mound on the steep, which high was and broad,
For the sea-goers to see from afar,
And they built up within ten days,
The warlike one's beacon; the brightest of flames 25
They girt with a wall, as it most worthily
Very wise men might there devise.
They in the mound placed rings and bright jewels,
All such precious things as before in the hoard
Brave-minded men had taken away. 30
They let the earth hold the treasure of earls,
Gold in the ground, where it still lives
As useless to men as it before was.
Then 'round the mound the battle-brave rode,

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Children of nobles (they were twelve in all),
Their sorrow would tell, grieve for their king,
Their mourning utter, and about the man speak;
His earlship they praised, and his noble deeds
5 They extolled to the courtiers, as it is right
That one his dear lord in word should praise,
With soul him love, when he shall forth
From his own body be severed by death.
So then lamented the folk of the Geats
10 The fall of their lord, the hearth-companions,
Said that he was a mighty king,
Mildest to men and most tender-hearted,
To his folk most kind and fondest of praise.

THE SEAFARER¹

PART I

I can sing of myself a true song, of my voyages telling,
15 How oft through laborious days, through the wearisome
hours
I have suffered; have borne tribulations; explored in my ship
Mid the terrible rolling of waves, habitations of sorrow.
Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night-watch hat
held me
At the prow of my craft as it tossed about under the cliffs.
20 My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with ice
chains,
Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart
And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of courage
This he, whose lot happily chances on land, doth not know
Nor how I on the ice-cold sea passed the winter in exile,
25 In wretchedness, robbed of my kinsmen, with icicles hung
The hail flew in showers about me; and there I heard only

¹Reprinted from Cook and Tinker, *Translations from Old English Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

The roar of the sea, ice-cold waves, and the song of the swan ;
 For pastime the gannets'¹ cry served me ; the kittiwakes'¹
 chatter

For laughter of men ; and for mead-drink² the call of the
 sea mew.¹

When storms on the rocky cliffs beat, then the terns, icy-
 feathered,

Made answer ; full oft the sea-eagle forebodingly screamed, 5

The eagle with pinions wave-wet. There none of my kinsmen
 Might gladden my desolate soul ; of this little he knows
 Who possesses the pleasures of life, who has felt in the city
 Some hardship, some trifling adversity, proud and wine-
 flushed.

How weary I oft had to tarry upon the sea-way ! 10

The shadows of night became darker, it snowed from the
 north ;

The world was enchained by the frost ; hail fell upon earth ;
 'Twas the coldest of grain. Yet the thoughts of my heart
 now are throbbing

To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultuous play.

Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander 15

To seek out the home of the stranger in lands afar off.

There is no one that dwells upon earth, so exalted in mind,

So large in his bounty, nor yet of such vigorous youth,

Nor so daring in deeds, nor to whom his liege lord is so kind,

But that he has always a longing, a sea-faring passion 20

For what the Lord God shall bestow, be it honor or death.

No heart for the harp has he, nor for acceptance of treasure,

No pleasure has he in a wife, no delight in the world,

Nor in aught save the roll of the billows ; but always a
 longing,

A yearning uneasiness, hastens him on to the sea. 25

The woodlands are captured by blossoms, the hamlets
 grow fair,

¹Sea birds. The last two are gulls.

²a fermented drink made from honey.

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Broad meadows are beautiful, earth again bursts into life,
And all stir the heart of the wanderer eager to journey,
So he meditates going afar on the pathway of tides.
The cuckoo, moreover, gives warning with sorrowful note,
5 Summer's harbinger¹ sings, and forebodes to the heart bitter
sorrow.

The nobleman comprehends not, the luxurious man,
What some must endure, who travel the farthest in exile.

Now my spirit uneasily turns in the heart's narrow
chamber,

Now wanders forth over the tide, o'er the home of the whale,
10 To the ends of the earth—and comes back to me. Eager and
greedy,

The lone wanderer screams, and resistlessly drives my soul
onward,

Over the whale-path, over the tracts of the sea.

CÆDMONIAN CYCLE²

GENESIS

THE BEGINNING OF CREATION

But after as before was peace in Heaven,
Fair rule of love; dear unto all the Lord
15 Of lords, the King of hosts, to all His own,
And glories of the good who possessed joy
In heaven the almighty Father still increased.
Then peace was among dwellers in the sky,
Blaming and lawless malice were gone out,
20 And angels feared no more, since plotting foes
Who cast off heaven were bereft of light.
Their glory-seats behind them in God's realm,

¹ forerunner.

² Reprinted from Cook and Tinker, *Translations from Old English Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

Enlarged with gifts, stood happy, bright with bloom,
 But ownerless since the cursed spirits went
 Wretched to exile within bars of hell.

Then thought within His mind the Lord of hosts
 How He again might fix within His rule 5
 The great creation, thrones of heavenly light
 High in the heavens for a better band,
 Since the proud scathers¹ had relinquished them.
 The holy God, therefore, in His great might
 Willed that there should be set beneath heaven's span 10
 Earth, firmament,² wide waves, created world,
 Replacing foes cast headlong from their home.
 Here yet was naught save darkness of the cave,
 The broad abyss, whereon the steadfast King
 Looked with His eyes and saw that space of gloom, 15
 Saw the dark cloud lower in lasting night,
 Was deep and dim, vain, useless, strange to God,
 Black under heaven, wan, waste, till through His word
 The King of glory had created life.

Here first the eternal Father, guard of all, 20
 Of heaven and earth, raised up the firmament,
 The almighty Lord set firm by His strong power
 This roomy land; grass greened not yet the plain,
 Ocean far spread hid the wan ways in gloom.
 Then was the Spirit gloriously bright 25
 Of heaven's Keeper borne over the deep
 Swiftly. The Life-giver, the angel's Lord,
 Over the ample ground bade come forth light.
 Quickly the high King's bidding was obeyed,
 Over the waste there shone light's holy ray. 30
 Then parted He, Lord of triumphant might,
 Shadow from shining, darkness from the light.
 Light, by the word of God, was first named day.

¹ those who did scathe or damage.

² sky, heavens.

CYNEWULF CYCLE¹

RIDDLE: THE STORM-SPIRIT IN THE SEA

- The billows crash above me while I move,
 No man knows whither, searching out the earth
 In the vast caverns of the sea. Then stirs
 The ocean, and impels the watery mass
 5 To burst in foam. Fiercely the whale-mere² rises
 And shouts aloud and groans in mighty pain,
 While sounds the tramp of floods along the shore.
 Against precipitous cliffs incessantly
 Rocks, sand, and heaving waves and weeds are hurled.
 10 Yet toiling, robed with the strength of many waters,
 I stir the soil of ocean's ample grounds,
 Nor can I 'scape the whelming tide, till he
 That is my guide allows. O man of wisdom,
 Tell who may wrest me from the encircling grasp
 15 Of water, when the streams again are stilled,
 And waves that covered me beat harmony.

ANDREAS

A STORM AT SEA

- Then was the ocean stirred
 And deeply troubled, then the horn-fish played,
 Shot through the raging deep; the sea-gull gray,
 20 Greedy for slaughter, flew in circling flight.
 The candle of the sky grew straightway dark,
 The winds waxed strong, the waves whirled, and the surge
 Leapt high, the ropes creaked, dripping with the waves;
 The Terror of the waters rose, and stood
 25 Above them with the might of multitudes.

¹ Reprinted from Cook and Tinker, *Translations from Old English Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers. ² sea.

The thanes were sore afraid ; not one of them
 Dared hope that he should ever reach the land,
 Of those who by the sea had sought a ship
 With Andrew, for as yet they did not know
 Who pointed out the course for that sea-bark. 5

ELENE

THE BATTLE

Trumpets resounded before the troop.
 The raven was watching and waiting joyfully,
 The dewy-winged eagle saw from the distance,
 And the wolf from his haunt in the desolate wood
 Howled at the terror of death and hate. 10
 Arrows rained on them as they rushed together ;
 Shields were broken, javelins shattered,
 And the sword that swayed with the swinging arm
 Came crashing down on the death-doomed foe.
 They pressed on resolutely, pushing with effort, 15
 Thrusting with swords and swinging battle-axes,
 And ever their banner was borne forward
 With shouts of triumph that were loud and shrill,
 As the heathen fell joyless on that field.
 Hastily the host of Huns fled away 20
 When the Roman king, the fighter unconquerable,
 The fierce leader, lifted the cross.
 Wide was the ruin that was wrought on the heathen.
 Some perished there in that place of death,
 Some fled half alive to rocky fastnesses, 25
 And won their way back to Danube's banks ;
 And some found death in the depths of the lake-stream :
 But the proud victors chased the vanquished
 From the day's dawning till night came down,
 And with ash-darts and arrows (fierce battle-adders) 30
 They destroyed the hateful host of the enemy.

ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE¹

[William the Conqueror]

A. D. 1087. . . . He died in Normandy the day after the Nativity of St. Mary,² and was buried in Caen, at St. Stephen's monastery, which he had built and richly endowed. Oh, how false and untrustworthy is the good of this world! He who
5 had been a powerful king and the lord of many lands, possessed not then, of all his land, more than the space of seven feet; and he that aforesaid had been adorned with gold and with gems lay covered with mold. . . .

If any one would know what manner of man he was, what
10 honor he had, or of how many lands he was lord, I will write of him as I have known him, I who have looked upon him, and at one time lived in his family. This King William, of whom I speak, was a very wise and powerful man, and more honored and mighty than any of his predecessors. He was
15 mild to the good men who loved God, but severe beyond measure toward those who withstood his will. He erected a noble monastery on the very spot where God granted him to conquer England, establishing monks in it, and making it rich. In his days the great monastery at Canterbury was
20 built, and many others besides throughout all England. Moreover, this land was filled with monks, who lived their life after the rule of St. Benedict. . . . Great state did he hold: thrice every year did he wear his crown when he was in England: at Easter he wore it at Winchester, at Pentecost
25 at Westminster, and at Christmas at Gloucester. And at these times all the powerful men of all England were with him—archbishops and bishops, abbots and earls, thanes and knights. Moreover, he was a very stern and severe man, so that no one durst do anything against his will. He kept
30 earls in bonds who acted contrary to his wishes. He deposed bishops from their sees, and abbots from their monasteries,

¹ Reprinted from Cook and Tinker, *Translations from Old English Prose*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

² September 9.

he cast thanes into prison, and finally spared not his own brother Odo, who was a very powerful bishop in Normandy, with his see at Bayeux, and highest of all men, the king alone excepted. In England he had an earldom; and when the king was absent in Normandy, he was the first in this land; but him he put in prison. . . . He ruled over England, and so closely examined into it, by reason of his astuteness, that there was not a single hide of land in the country whose ownership he did not know, and its value, and afterward enter in his register. . . . Truly men had much hardship in his time, and very many had distress. He had castles built, and afflicted the poor. The king was very harsh, and took from his subjects many a mark of gold, and many a hundred pounds of silver; and this he took of his people rightfully or very wrongfully, and for little need. He fell into avarice, and greediness he loved above everything. He established a great deer-preserve, and passed laws that whosoever should slay hart or hind should be blinded. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also of bears; the stags he loved as if he had been their father; and he decreed that the hares should go free. The rich grumbled, and the poor murmured, but he was so stout that he recked not of all their ill will. They must bend themselves wholly to his will, if they would have life, or land, or goods, or even his peace.

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT¹

FYTTE THE FIRST

XI

Long was there looking, that lord to behold,
 For each man had marvel what might be the meaning 25
 That a horseman and a horse might such a hue catch.
 As grow-green as the grass and greener yet seemed they,
 Than green enamel on gold glowing brighter.

¹ Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

Nobles 'gan whispering ;
 Their verdict was the same,
 To exempt the crownèd king
 And give Gawain the game.

XVII

Then kindly the king commanded him to rise ; 5
 And he came forward quickly and curtsied duly,
 Kneels down before the king and catches the weapon ;
 And he releases it lovingly and lifts up his hand
 And gives him God's blessing and gladly bids him
 That his heart and his hand should both be hardy. 10
 "Take care, cousin," said the king, "that thou carve him
 once,
 And if thou touchest him tidily, truly I trow
 That thou canst endure any dint¹ that he will deal thee."
 Gawain goes to the green man, with gisarme² in hand ;
 And he boldly abides him, abashed was he never. 15
 Then calls to Sir Gawain the champion in green :
 "Let us canvass our compact ere we carry this further.
 First, knight, I must know what thy name is ;
 That tell thou me truly that I may trust to it."
 "In good faith," quoth the good knight, "Gawain men call
 me, 20
 Who shall bid³ thee this buffet, whate'er befalls after,
 And at this time twelve month take from thee another,
 With what weapon so thou wilt, and from no wight else
 Alive."
 That other answers again, 25
 "Sir Gawain, so may I thrive
 As I am wondrous fain⁴
 'Tis thou this dint shalt drive."

¹ blow, stroke.² a long-handled weapon, a poleax.³ offer.⁴ eager.

XVIII

- "By God," quoth the Green Knight, "Sir Gawain, I like it
 That I shall have from thy hand what I here sought for ;
 And thou hast rightly rehearsed, as reason was truly,
 Clearly all the covenant that of the king I asked,
 5 Save that thou must assure me, sir, by thy honour,
 That thou wilt seek me thyself in what spot soever
 Thou thinkst to find me, in faith, and fetch thee such wages
 As thou dealest me to-day before these doughty¹ nobles."
 "In what climes shall I seek thee? In what country is thy
 dwelling?
 10 Of thy habitation have I ne'er heard, by Him that wrought
 me ;
 Nor know I thee, knight, thy court, nor thy name ;
 But direct me to thy dwelling and disclose how men call
 thee,
 And I shall strive with my strength to steer my steps
 thither ;
 And that I swear thee surely and by my sacred honour."
 15 "That is enough at New Year ; no more is needful,"
 Quoth the grim man in green to Gawain the courteous ;
 "If I tell thee truly, when I the tap have taken
 And thou hast smoothly smitten me, if smartly I teach thee
 Of my house and my home and how men call me,
 20 Then mayst thou enquire my country and hold our covenant.
 And if I spend then no speech, thou shalt speed the better,
 For thou mayst stop in this stead² and step no further,
 But stay.
 Take now thy grim tool duly ;
 25 Let 's see thee hack away !"
 "Yea, sir," quoth Gawain, "truly";
 His axe he strokes in play.

¹ valiant, brave.² place.

THE PEARL¹

[Extracts]

A radiant pearl for royal array
 Clean to enclose in gold so clear;
 Out of the Orient, I boldly say,
 Found have I never her precious peer,
 So pure, so perfect at each assay, 5
 So small, so smooth that blissful sphere;
 Wherever I judged of jewels gay,
 I set her apart as the prize most dear.
 Alas! in an arbor I lost her here,
 Slipping through grass to earth, I wot; 10
 I pine, cut off from the loving cheer
 Of my own pearl without a spot.

There where I lost it, since have I long
 Waited and wished for return of the weal²
 That whilom³ made me forget my wrong 15
 And brought me comfort, my spirit to heal,
 That now is oppressed with passions strong
 Till all my senses whirl and reel.
 Yet methought was never so sweet a song
 As the quiet hour to me let steal; 20
 Many strange fancies did it reveal—
 To think that her fairness earth should clot!
 O grave, the rarest of gems thou dost seal,
 My own dear pearl without a spot.

More wonder my judgment stole away; 25
 I saw beyond that river fair
 A crystal cliff as clear as day,
 Its royal rays gleamed through the air;

¹Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

²happiness.

³formerly.

At its foot there sat a child full gay,
 A mannerly maiden, debonair,¹
 All argent² white was her array;
 I knew her well, I had seen her ere.³

5 As glistening gold, refined and rare,
 So sheen⁴ she shone upon the shore;
 Long while I looked upon her there;
 The longer, I knew her more and more.

10 The more I questioned her fair face
 And came to know her figure bright,
 Such joy shed over me its grace
 That scarce before I had known delight;
 Desire to address her grew apace,
 But abashment filled my heart with fright;
 15 Seeing her in so strange a place
 Full well my heart astonish might.

 Then lifts she up her forehead white,
 Her visage fairer than e'er before;
 Bewildered my heart was at the sight
 20 And ever the longer, the more and more.

 Delight me drove in eye and ear;
 My earthly mind was maddened nigh.
 When I saw my darling, I would be near,
 Beyond the water that she stood by:
 25 "Nothing," methought, "can harm me here,
 Deal me a blow and low make lie;
 To wade the stream have I no fear,
 Or to swim the deeps, though I should die."
 But from that purpose withheld was I;
 30 As unto the stream I started still,
 Clean from that plan I was turned awry;
 It was not at my Prince's will.

¹ kindly, gracious.

² silvery.

³ before.

⁴ beautiful.

It pleased him not I should pass quite,
 O'er marvellous meres,¹ so mad arrayed ;
 Though in my rush I had strength and might,
 Yet hastily therein I was stayed ;
 For as I strove to the bank aright, 5
 My haste me of my dream betrayed ;
 Then waked I in that arbor bright,
 My head upon that mound was laid
 Where my own pearl to ground had strayed.
 I roused me, with many a fear a-thrill, 10
 And sighing to myself I said :
 " Now all be at that Prince's will."

LAYAMON²

THE BRUT

[Extracts]

Arthur went to Cornwall,
 The host with him was countless ;
 Modred heard the tidings 15
 And took his way against him
 With host no man could number.
 Many there were death-doomed !
 By the river Tamar
 The troops came together ; 20
 The place was christened Camelford ;
 Forever-more shall last that word !
 And at Camelford was assembled
 Sixty thousand
 And thousands many more too ; 25
 Modred was their leader.

¹ seas.² Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

Then thitherward went riding
 Arthur the royal
 With army unnumbered,
 Doomed though they all were.

5

By the river Tamar
 The troops came together ;
 Raised their royal standards ;
 Rushed there together ;
 Long swords locked they,
 Laying blows on helmets ;
 Sparks they struck out,
 Spears did rattle ;
 Shields were a-shaking,
 Shafts were a-breaking.

10

15

There fought all together
 Folk beyond counting.

Tamar was a flood
 With measureless blood.
 Of men in the fight there

20

Nobody might there
 Distinguish any warrior,
 Nor who did better, who did worse,
 So was that conflict mingled ;
 For each struck adown right,

25

Were he yeoman,¹ or were he knight.
 There was Modred stricken,
 And life in him did sicken.

. . . in that conflict.

30

There fell in that battle
 All of the brave ones,
 Arthur's own henchmen,
 The high and the lowly,
 And all the Britons
 Of Arthur's board too,

¹a common man, a free-born man.

And all his fosterlings
 Of foreign nations many,
 And Arthur sorely wounded
 With broad blade of war-spear.
 Fifteen times was he 5
 Fiendishly wounded ;
 Even into the smallest
 Two gloves might one have thrust.
 Then were there in that battle
 Left among the living 10
 Of two hundred thousand soldiers
 Who lay there slaughtered
 But Arthur the king only
 And two of his warriors.
 Arthur was wounded 15
 Wondrous severely.
 To him came a child¹ then
 Who was of his kindred ;
 He was Cador's first-born,
 Who Earl was of Cornwall. 20
 Constantine his name was ;
 He was to the king dear.
 Arthur looked upon him,
 As he lay on the ground there,
 And these words spake he 25
 With heart full of sorrow :
 "Constantine, welcome art thou !
 Thou wert Cador's first-born !
 To thee do I commit here
 The care of my kingdom ; 30
 And guard well my Britons
 Ever whilst thou livest ;
 And keep thou all the customs
 That loved were in my life-time,

¹A youth of noble family. Cf. Childe Harold, p. 161.

And all the customs splendid
That Uther's reign attended.
And I will fare to Avalon
To the fairest of all maidens,
5 Where Queen Argantè tarries,
Most beautiful of fairies ;
And she shall every wound
Make both whole and sound,
All whole shall she make me
10 With health-giving potions.
And come shall I hereafter
Back to my kingdom
And abide with my Britons
With bliss forever."

15 E'en as he was speaking
There came from sea speeding
A very small boat gliding
Before the waves a-riding ;
And women twain within it
20 Wondrously attired.
And they raised up Arthur anon,
And aboard rapidly bore him,
And adown softly they set him,
And forth went they sailing.

25 Then was fulfilled there
What Merlin said aforetime,
That infinite grieving
Should be at Arthur's leaving.

30 Britons believe ever
That still he is living
And fostered in Avalon¹
With the fairest of all fairies ;
And ever hope the Britons
For Arthur's coming hither.

¹ (äv'á lön) the Island of the Blessed, the paradise of Celtic mythology, cf. p. 249 and note on 233 38.

Was never the man born
Of mother on lucky morn
Who can of the true tale
Of Arthur tell us further.
But once there was a wizard,
Merlin they called him,
With words he predicted—
His sayings were truthful—
That an Arthur should one day
Come England to succour.

5

10

THE AGE OF CHAUCER AND THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

CANTERBURY TALES

EXTRACTS FROM THE PROLOGUE¹

A Knyght ther was and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovede chivalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisie.
5 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,²
And thereto³ hadde he riden, no man ferre,⁴
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthynesse.
At Alisaundre he was whan it was wonne ;
10 Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bigonne⁵
Aboven alle nacions in Pruce.⁶
In Lettow⁷ hadde he reysed⁸ and in Ruce,⁹
No Cristen man so ofte of his degree.
In Gernade¹⁰ at the seege eek¹¹ hadde he be
15 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmarye.¹²
At Lyeys was he, and at Satalye,
Whan they were wonne ; and in the Grete See¹³
At many a noble armee hadde he be.

¹ Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers. ² war. ³ moreover, besides. ⁴ farther. ⁵ begun the board, sat at the head of the table. ⁶ Prussia. ⁷ Lithuania. ⁸ traveled, raided. ⁹ Russia. ¹⁰ Granada. ¹¹ also. ¹² Moorish kingdom in northern Africa. ¹³ Mediterranean.

At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
 And foughten for oure feith at Tramysene
 In lystes thries,¹ and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilke² worthy knyght hadde been also
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye³ 5
 Agayn⁴ another hethen in Turkye;
 And evermoore he hadde a sovereyn prys.⁵
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port⁶ as meeke as is a mayde.
 He never yet no vileynye⁷ ne sayde 10
 In al his lyf unto no maner wight.⁸
 He was a verray, parfit, gentil knyght.

But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were goode, but he was nat gay;
 Of fustian⁹ he wered a gypon¹⁰ 15
 Al bismotered¹¹ with his habergeon¹²;
 For he was late y-come from his viage,¹³
 And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

With hym ther was his sone, a yong Squier,
 A lovyere¹⁴ and a lusty bachelor,¹⁵ 20
 With lokkes crulle,¹⁶ as they were leyd in presse.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,¹⁷
 And wonderly delyvere¹⁸ and greet of strengthe;
 And he hadde been somtyme in chyvachye,¹⁹ 25
 In Flaundes, in Artoys and Pycardye,
 And born hym weel, as of so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady²⁰ grace.
 Embrouded²¹ was he, as it were a meede²²

¹ thrice. ² same. ³ a domain in Asia Minor held by Christians under the Turks. ⁴ against. ⁵ high esteem, renown. ⁶ bearing.
⁷ coarseness, discourteous language. ⁸ any sort of person. ⁹ coarse cloth. ¹⁰ shirt, short coat, tunic. ¹¹ stained. ¹² (häb'ēr jün) coat of mail. ¹³ voyage, journey. ¹⁴ lover. ¹⁵ aspirant to knighthood.
¹⁶ curly. ¹⁷ fair, or moderate, height. ¹⁸ deliver, active. ¹⁹ cavalry expedition, raid. ²⁰ lady's. ²¹ embroidered. ²² meadow.

Al ful of fresshe floures whyte and reede ;
 Syngynge he was or floytynge¹ al the day ;
 He was as fressh as is the monthe of May.
 Short was his gowne, with slevs longe and wyde ;
 5 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde ;
 He coude songes make and wel endite,²
 Juste³ and eek daunce and weel purtreye⁴ and write.
 So hoot he lovede that by nyghtertale⁵
 He sleep namoore than dooth a nyghtyngale.
 10 Curteis he was, lowely and servysable,
 And carf⁶ biforn his fader at the table.
 A Yeman⁷ hadde he, and servants namo⁸
 At that tyme, for hym liste ride soo ;
 And he was clad in cote and hood of grene ;
 15 A sheef of pocok⁹ arwes bright and kene
 Under his belt he bar ful thriftily—
 Wel coude he dresse¹⁰ his takel¹¹ yemanly ;
 His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe—
 And in his hand he bar a myghty bowe.
 20 A not-heed¹² hadde he with a broun visage.
 Of woodecraft wel coude he al the usage.
 Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,¹³
 And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,¹⁴
 And on that oother syde a gay daggere
 25 Harneised wel and sharpe as point of spere ;
 A Cristofre¹⁵ on his brest of silver sheene ;
 An horn he bar, the bawdryk¹⁶ was of grene.
 A forster¹⁷ was he soothly, as I gesse.

¹ fluting, whistling. ² compose. ³ engage in combat on horseback with lances. ⁴ portray, draw. ⁵ night-time. ⁶ carved. ⁷ yeoman, a retainer of lower rank than a squire. ⁸ no more. ⁹ bundle of twenty-four peacock arrows. ¹⁰ put in order, make ready for use. ¹¹ tackle, weapons. ¹² cropped head, that is, with close-cut hair. ¹³ arm guard. ¹⁴ buckler, small shield. ¹⁵ an image of St. Christopher. ¹⁶ baldric, cord or belt, worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm to support the horn. ¹⁷ forester.

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,¹
 An outridere that lovede venerie,²
 A manly man, to been an abbot able.
 Ful many a deyntee³ hors hadde he in stable,
 And whan he rood, men myghte his brydel heere 5
 Gynghen in a whistlynge wynd as cleere
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-belle
 Ther-as this lord was kepere of the celle.⁴
 The reule of Seint Maure or of Seint Beneit,
 By-cause that it was old and som-del streit⁵— 10
 This ilke monk leet olde thynges pace⁶
 And heeld after the newe world the space.
 He yaf⁷ nat of that text a pulled⁸ hen
 That seith that hunters beth nat hooly men,
 Ne that a monk when he is recchelees⁹ 15
 Is likned til a fissh that is waterlees;
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.
 But thilke text heeld he nat worth an oystre;
 And I seyde his opinioun was good;
 What sholde he studie and make hym-selven wood,¹⁰ 20
 Upon a book in cloystre alwey to poure,
 Or swynken¹¹ with his handes and laboure
 As Austyn bit¹²? How shal the world be served?
 Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a pricasour¹³ aright; 25
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swift as fowel in flight:
 Of prikyng¹⁴ and of huntynge for the hare
 Was al his lust,¹⁵ for no cost wolde he spare.
 I seigh¹⁶ his slevs purfiled¹⁷ at the hond
 With grys,¹⁸ and that the fyneste of a lond; 30

¹an exceedingly fine one. ²hunting. ³dainty, fine. ⁴head of
 the branch monastery. ⁵somewhat strict. ⁶pass on, go. ⁷gave,
 cared. ⁸plucked, thin, skinny. ⁹reckless, vagrant, negligent of duty.
¹⁰mad, crazy. ¹¹toil, labor. ¹²bids. ¹³a hard rider. ¹⁴tracking
 (the hare). ¹⁵desire, pleasure. ¹⁶saw. ¹⁷purfiled, edged. ¹⁸a
 costly gray fur.

And for to festne his hood under his chyn
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pyn ;
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
 5 And eek his face as it hadde been enoynt.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt ;¹
 Hise eyen stepe² and rollynge in his heed,
 That stemed³ as a forneys of a leed ;⁴
 His bootes souple, his hors in greet estaat.
 10 Now certainly he was a fair prelaat.
 He was nat pale, as a forpynd goost ;⁵
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.
 His palfrey⁶ was as broun as is a berye.
 A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
 15 In mottelee,⁷ and hye on horse he sat ;
 Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat,
 His botes clasped faire and fetisly.⁸
 His resons⁹ spak he ful solempnely,¹⁰
 Souning¹¹ alway thencrees¹² of his winning.
 20 He wolde the see were kept for anything¹³
 Betwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.
 Wel coude he in eschaunge¹⁴ sheeldes¹⁵ selle.
 This worthy man ful well his wit bisette¹⁶ ;
 Ther wiste no wight¹⁷ that he was in dette,
 25 So estatly¹⁸ was he of governaunce¹⁹
 With his bargaynes and with his chevisaunce.²⁰
 For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
 But sooth to seyn,²¹ I noot²² how men him calle.

¹ in good condition. ² prominent, large, also bright. ³ glowed, flamed. ⁴ fire under a cauldron. ⁵ ghost of one tortured to death.
⁶ saddle horse. ⁷ cloth of a mixed color, gray. ⁸ neatly. ⁹ opinions, remarks. ¹⁰ pompously. ¹¹ sounding, proclaiming. ¹² the increase. ¹³ guarded at any cost. ¹⁴ exchange. ¹⁵ écus, French coins having a shield on one side. ¹⁶ employed. ¹⁷ nobody knew. ¹⁸ stately, impressive. ¹⁹ behavior. ²⁰ expedients, borrowing. ²¹ to tell the truth. ²² I don't know.

A Clerk¹ ther was of Oxenford also
 That unto logyk hadde longe y-go.
 As leene was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake,
 But looked holwe² and ther-to sobrelly. 5
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtepy,³
 For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,⁴
 Ne was so worldly for to have office ;
 For hym was levere⁵ have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bookes clad in blak or reed 10
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie
 Than robes riche, or fithele,⁶ or gay sautrie.⁷
 But al be⁸ that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre ;
 But al that he myghte of his freendes hente⁹ 15
 On bookes and his lernynge he it spente,
 And bisily gan for the soules preye
 Of hem that gaf hym wher-with to scoleye.¹⁰
 Of studie took he moost cure¹¹ and moost heede ;
 Noght o word spak he moore than was neede, 20
 And that was seyde in forme and reverence,
 And short and quyk and ful of hy sentence.¹²
 Sownyng in¹³ moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

¹scholar. ²hollow. ³short overcoat of coarse material. ⁴living, position in the church. ⁵he had rather. ⁶fiddle. ⁷psaltery, a stringed instrument. ⁸although. ⁹get. ¹⁰go to school, study. ¹¹care. ¹²significance, meaning. ¹³tending to, full of.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

[Introduction]

A povre widwe¹ somdel stope² in age,
 Was whilom³ dwelling in a narwe⁴ cotage,
 Biside a grove, standing in a dale.
 This widwe, of which I telle yow my tale,
 5 Syn thilke⁵ day that she was last a wyf,
 In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf,
 For litel was hir catel⁶ and hir rente.⁷
 By Housbondry⁸ of such as God hir sente,
 She fond⁹ hirsself, and eek hir doughtres two.
 10 Three large sowes had she, and namo,¹⁰
 Three kyn¹¹ and eek a sheep that highte¹² Malle.
 Ful sooty was hir bour and eek hir halle,
 In which she eet ful many a slender meel;
 Of poynaunt¹³ sauce hir needed never a deel.¹⁴
 15 No deyntee morsel passed through hir throte;
 Hir diete was accordant to hir cote.
 Repleccioun ne made hir never sik;
 Attempre¹⁵ diete was al hir phisik,
 And exercise, and hertes suffisaunce.¹⁶
 20 The goute lette¹⁷ hir nothing¹⁸ for to daunce,
 N'apoplexie shente¹⁹ nat hir heed;
 No wyn ne drank she, neither whit ne reed;
 Hir bord was served most with whit and blak,
 Milk and broun breed, in which she fond no lak,
 25 Seynd²⁰ bacoun and sometime an ey²¹ or tweye,²²
 For she was as it were a maner²³ deye.²⁴

¹ poor widow. ² somewhat stooped. ³ once. ⁴ narrow, small.
⁵ that same. ⁶ property (chattels). ⁷ income. ⁸ economy. ⁹ found,
 provided for. ¹⁰ no more. ¹¹ cows. ¹² was called. ¹³ poignant,
 sharp, pungent. ¹⁴ deal, portion. ¹⁵ temperate. ¹⁶ sufficiency, con-
 tentment. ¹⁷ prevented, hindered. ¹⁸ not at all. ¹⁹ injured.
²⁰ singed, broiled. ²¹ egg. ²² two. ²³ sort of. ²⁴ dairy-
 woman.

WILLIAM LANGLAND

PIERS PLOWMAN¹

[Extracts from the Prologue]

In a summer season when soft was the sunshine,
 I got me into a garment that grew on a sheep's back ;
 In habit like a hermit unholy in living,
 I went wide in this world wonders to seek out.
 But on a May morning, on Malvern hillside, 5
 I met with a marvel, of magic I thought it.
 I was weary, forwandered,² and went to refresh me
 Under a broad bank by the side of a brooklet.
 And as I lay and leaned there and looked on the waters,
 I slumbered in a sleeping, the sound was so soothing. 10
 Then came to my mind's eye a marvellous vision,
 That I was in a wilderness, where wist³ I never ;
 And as I looked into the east and up where the sun was,
 I saw a tower on a toft⁴ trimly constructed ;
 A deep dale⁵ beneath a dungeon within it, 15
 With deep ditch and dark and dreadful to look on.
 A fair field full of folk found I between them,
 Of all manner of men, the mean and the mighty,
 Working and wandering as the world asketh.
 Some put hand to the plow, played very seldom, 20
 In setting and sowing sweated they hardly,
 And won what these wasters with gluttony devour.
 And some pranked⁶ them in pride, appareled them
 accordingly,
 In quaint guise of clothing came they disfigured.
 To prayers and to penance put themselves many, 25
 All for love of our Lord lived they most strictly,

¹Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers. ²worn out with wandering. ³knew. ⁴knoll, hill. ⁵valley. ⁶dressed in a showy manner.

In hope of having heaven's bliss after ;
 As nuns and as hermits that in their cells hold them,
 Covet not careering about through the country,
 With no lustful luxuries their living to pamper.

5 And some took to trade, to thrive by the better,
 As to our sight it seemeth that such men prosper.

And some, merriments to make, with minstrels' cunning,
 And get gold with their glee,¹ guiltless, methinketh ;
 But jesters and jugglers, Judas'² children,
 10 Forged them wild fantasies as fools pretended,
 Yet have wit at their will to work, were they willing.
 What Paul preacheth of them prove here I dare not :
*Qui loquitur turpiloquium*³ he is Lucifer's⁴ henchman.

Bidders and beggars fast about bustled,
 15 Till their bags and their bellies were brimful and bulging ;
 Faking for their food, and fighting at the alehouse,
 In gluttony, God wot,⁵ go they to slumber,
 And rise up with ribaldry,⁶ these robber rascals ;
 Sleep and sloth too pursue them forever.

20 Pilgrims and palmers⁷ pledged them together
 To seek St. James's and saints' shrines at Rome too ;
 Went they forth on their way with many wise stories,
 And had leave to be liars all their lives after.

Parsons and parish priests complain to their bishops
 25 That their parish hath been poor since the pestilence season,
 To have a license and leave in London to linger,
 To sing there for simony,⁸ for sweet is silver.

There hovered a hundred in hoods of silk stuff ;
 It seemed they were sergeants⁹ to serve in the law courts,
 30 To plead for pennies and pounds for verdicts,
 Not for love of our Lord unloose their lips ever.

¹ music, singing. ² the disciple who betrayed Christ. ³ who talks scandal. ⁴ Satan's. ⁵ knows. ⁶ coarseness, vulgarity. ⁷ wandering monks, carrying palm branches to show that they had visited the Holy Land. ⁸ for hire, traffic in that which is sacred. ⁹ counselors, lawyers.

Thou couldst better measure the mist on Malvern hillsides
 Than get a mum¹ of their mouths till money were showed
 them.

I saw there bishops bold and bachelors of divinity
 Become clerks of account and king's own servants.
 Archdeacons and deans, whose duty binds them 5
 To preach to the people and poor men to care for,
 Have lighted out to London, by leave of their bishops,
 To be clerks of the King's Bench, the country to injure.

Barons and burgesses² and bondmen also
 I saw in that assembly, as I shall show later; 10
 Bakers, butchers, and brewers many;
 Woolen-weavers and weavers of linen;
 Tailors, tanners, and tuckers³ likewise;
 Masons, miners, and many other craftsmen;
 Dikers⁴ and diggers that do their deeds badly, 15
 And drive forth the long day with "*Dieu save Dame*
Emme!"⁵

Cooks and their cookboys crying, "Hot pies! hot!
 Good geese and piglets! Go we dine, go we!"
 Tavern-keepers told them a tale of traffic,
 With wine of Alsace and wine of Gascon, 20
 Of the Rhine and the Rochelle, the roast to digest well.

All this saw I sleeping, and seven times more.

¹ sound, syllable. ² representatives in Parliament. ³ fullers of cloth.
⁴ ditchers. ⁵ a popular song.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

LE MORTE DARTHUR¹

[How Arthur was chosen King]

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened² to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counselled him for to send for
5 all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London come by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some miracle, as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some
10 miracle who should be rightways king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable
15 unto God. So in the greatest church of London (whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no mention) all the estates were long or day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against³ the high altar, a great stone four
20 square, like unto a marble stone, and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus:—Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all
25 England. Then the people marvelled, and told it to the Archbishop: I command, said the Archbishop, that ye keep you within your church, and pray unto God still; that no man

¹ Reprinted from Hopkins and Hughes, *The English Novel before the Nineteenth Century*, Ginn and Company, publishers.

expected. ³ over against, facing.

² thought,

touch the sword till the high mass be all done. So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture,¹ some essayed,² such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. He is not here, said the Archbishop, that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel, said the Archbishop, that we let purvey³ ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword. So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should essay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a jousts⁴ and a tournament,⁵ that all knights that would joust or tourney there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords and the commons together, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So upon New Year's Day, when the service was done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood⁶ about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished⁷ brother; and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass⁸ afore. So as they rode to the joustward, Sir Kay had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. I will well, said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day. So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alit and tied his horse to the stile, and so he went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely

¹inscription. ²tried. ³have provided. ⁴a combat between two knights on horseback with lances. ⁵a jousting contest between two groups of knights. ⁶estates. ⁷foster. ⁸November 1.

pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and delivered him the sword. And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father
 5 Sir Ector, and said: Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of this land. When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alit all three, and went into the church. And anon he made Sir Kay to swear upon a book how he came to that
 10 sword. Sir, said Sir Kay, by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me. How gat ye this sword? said Sir Ector to Arthur. Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword, and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be
 15 swordless, and so I came hither eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain. Found ye any knights about this sword? said Sir Ector. Nay, said Arthur. Now, said Sir Ector to Arthur, I understand ye must be king of this land. Wherefore I, said Arthur, and for what cause? Sir,
 20 said Ector, for God will have it so, for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightways king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again. That is no mastery, said Arthur, and so he put it in the
 25 stone, therewithal Sir Ector essayed to pull out the sword and failed.

.

And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men essayed to pull at the sword that would essay, but none might prevail but Arthur, and pulled it out afore all the lords and commons
 30 that were there; wherefore all the commons cried at once, We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him. And therewith they all kneeled at once, both rich and poor,

and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of the best man that was there. And so anon¹ was the coronation made. And 5 there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs 10 that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved² lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that owned them.

When this was done, that the king had stablished all the 15 countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfus was made chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon the north from Trent forwards, for it was that time the most part the king's enemies. But 20 within few years after, Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance.³ Also Wales, a part of it held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table. 25

¹ at once.

² taken away from.

³ dominion, power.

WILLIAM CAXTON

PROLOGUE TO VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

[Extract]

And fain would I satisfy every man, and so to do took an old book, and read therein, and certainly the English was so rude and broad, that I could not well understand it. And also my Lord Abbot of Westminster did so show to me lately
5 certain evidences¹ written in old English, for to reduce it into our English now used; and certainly it was written in such wise that it was more like to Dutch than English; I could not reduce ne bring it to be understood. And certainly our language now used varieth far from that which was used and
10 spoken when I was born. For we Englishmen be born under the domination of the moon, which is never steadfast but ever wavering, waxing one season and waneth and decreaseth another season. And that common English that is spoken in one shire varieth from another, insomuch that in my days
15 happened that certain merchants were in a ship in Thames for to have sailed over the sea into Zeeland,² and for lack of wind they tarried at the Foreland,³ and went to land for to refresh them. And one of them, named Sheffield, a mercer,⁴ came into a house and asked for meat,⁵ and especially he
20 asked after eggs; and the goodwife answered that she could speak no French, and the merchant was angry, for he also could speak no French, but would have had eggs; and she understood him not. And then at last another said, that he would have "eyren." Then the goodwife said that she understood
25 him well. Lo, what should a man in these days now write, eggs or eyren? Certainly it is hard to please every man because of diversity and change of language, for in these days

¹legal documents. ²a province in the southern part of the Netherlands. ³the promontory at the mouth of the Thames. ⁴dealer in silk and woolen cloth. ⁵food.

every man that is in any reputation in his country will utter his communication and matters in such manners and terms that few men shall understand them. And some honest and great clerks¹ have been with me and desired me to write the most curious terms that I could find; and thus between plain, 5 rude, and curious I stand abashed. But in my judgment the common terms that be daily used be lighter to be understood than the old and ancient English. And forasmuch as this present book is not for a rude uplandish man to labour therein ne² read³ it, but only for a clerk and a noble gentleman that 10 feeleth and understandeth in feats of arms, in love, and in noble chivalry, therefore in a mean between both I have reduced and translated this said book into our English, not over-rude ne curious, but in such terms as shall be understood, by God's grace, according to my copy. 15

THE NUTBROWN MAYDE⁴

[Abridged]

"It stondesth so, a dede is do⁵ wherefore moche harme shal growe.

My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe, I trowe,
Or ellis to flee; the ton⁶ must bee, none other wey I knowe
But to withdrawe as an outlaw and take me to my bowe.
Wherefore adew, my owne hert trewe, none other red⁷ I can; 20
For I muste to the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshed man."

"Now syth⁸ that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shalbe playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shal me fynde;

¹Scholars. In the Dark Ages only the clergy could read and write.
²nor. ³study. ⁴Reprinted from J. M. Manly, *English Prose and Poetry*, Ginn and Company, publishers. ⁵a deed has been done. ⁶one.
⁷I know no other way (plan). ⁸since.

Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde,¹
 Shal ne'er be sayd the Nutbrown Mayde was to her love
 unkind.

Make you redy, for soo am I, all though it were anoon² ;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

5 "I councel yow, remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
 Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe ;
 For ye must there in your hands bere a bowe redy to drawe,
 And as a theef thus must ye lyve ever in drede and awe,
 By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow ; yet had I lever
 than³

10 That I had too the grenewode goo,⁴ alone, a banysshed man."

"I thinke not nay, but as ye saye, it is noo maydens lore ;
 But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
 To com on fote, to hunte and shote to get us mete and store ;
 For soo that I your company may have, I aske noo more ;
 15 From whiche to parte, it makith myn herte as colde as ony
 ston ;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

"For an outlawe this is the lawe, that men hym take and
 binde,
 Wythout pytee hanged to bee, and waver wyth the wynde.
 Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous⁵ coude ye finde ?
 20 For sothe I trowe,⁶ you and your bowe shul drawe for fere
 behynde ;
 And noo merveyle, for lytel avayle were in your councel than ;
 Wherefore I too the woode wyl goo, alone, a banysshed man."

"Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght ;
 Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a knight ;

¹ I will not stay behind.

² anon, at once.

³ I had rather then.

⁴ I had gone to the greenwood.

⁵ rescue, aid.

⁶ indeed I believe.

Yet in suche fere yf that ye were, amonge enemys day and
 nyght,
 I wolde wythstonde, with bowe in hande, to greve them as I
 myght,
 And you to save, as wymen have from deth [ful] many one;
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

"Yet take good hede, for ever I drede that ye coude not
 sustein 5
 The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the
 reyn,
 The colde, the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on
 the playn,
 And, us above, noon other rove¹ but a brake, bussh, or
 twayne;
 Whiche sone shulde greve you, I believe, and ye wolde gladly
 than
 That I had too the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshed man." 10

"Syth I have here ben partynere with you of joy and blysse,
 I muste also parte of your woo endure, as reason is;
 Yet am I sure of oo plesure,² and shortly it is this,
 That where ye bee, me semeth, perdè,³ I coude not fare
 amysse.
 Wythout more speche, I you beseche that we were soon
 agone; 15
 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

"Yef ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust⁴
 to dyne,
 Ther shal no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne
 wine,

¹ roof.² one pleasure.³ certainly (Old French, par Dé, by God).⁴ desire, wish.

Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne,
 Noon other house but levys and bowes, to kever your hed
 and myn.

Loo! myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale
 and wan;

Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo, alone, a banysshed man."

5 "Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier as men say that
 ye bee

Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,¹ where is so grete plente;
 And watir cleere of the ryvere shalbe ful swete to me,
 Wyth whiche in hele² I shal right wele endure, as ye shal
 see;

And, er we goo, a bed or twoo I can provide anoon;

10 For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

"Loo! yet before ye must doo more, yf ye wyl goo with me,—
 As cutte your here³ up by your ere, your kirtel⁴ by the knee,
 Wyth bowe in hande, for to withstonde your enmys, yf nede
 be,

And this same nyght before daylyght to woodward wyl I flee;

15 And if ye wyl all this fulfyller, doo it shortely as ye can;
 Ellis wil I to the grenewode goo, alone, a banysshed man."

"I shal, as now, do more for you than longeth to womanhede,
 To short my here, a bowe to bere to shote in time of nede.

O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most
 drede;

20 But now adiew! I must ensue,⁵ wher fortune doth me leede:
 All this make ye; now lete us flee, the day cummeth fast
 upon;

For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone."

¹victual (now usually in the plural and colloquial), food.

²health.

³hair.

⁴skirt.

⁵follow.

"Myn owne dere love, I see the prove that ye be kynde and trewe ;

Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe !
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaungèd newe ;
 For it were ruthe¹ that for your trouth you shuld have cause
 to rewe.

Be not dismayed, whatsoever I sayd, to you whan I began, 5
 I wyl not too the grenewode goo, I am noo banysshed man."

"Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they shuld endure ; but it is often seen,
 When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the
 splene.²

Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele fro me, I wene. 10
 Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo-begone ;
 For in my mynde of al mankynde I love but you alone."

"Ye shal not nede further to drede, I wyl not disparage³
 You, God defende,⁴ sith you descende of so grete a lynage.
 Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage, 15
 I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
 I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can ;
 Thus have ye wone an erles son, and not a banysshed man."

¹ cause for regret.

² impulsively, capriciously.

³ degrade.

⁴ God forbid.

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

MICHAEL DRAYTON

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

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

And taking many a fort,
10 Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt
In happy hour ;
Skirmishing, day by day,
With those that stopped his way,
15 Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide,
20 To the King sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

- And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
"Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazèd !
Yet have we well begun : 5
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By Fame been raisèd !
- "And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be : 10
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me !
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall She sustain 15
 Loss to redeem me !
- "Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
 No less our skill is, 20
Than when our Grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies."
- The Duke of York so dread 25
The eager vanward led ;
With the main, Henry sped
 Amongst his henchmen :
Exeter had the rear,
A braver man not there ! 30
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

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

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

With Spanish yew so strong ;
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpent stung,
20 Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts ;
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
25 And forth their bilboes¹ drew,
And on the French they flew :
 Not one was tardy.
Arms were from shoulders sent,²
30 Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went :
 Our men were hardy.

¹swords.

²cut, torn.

This while our noble King,
 His broad sword brandishing,
 Down the French host did ding,¹

As to o'erwhelm it.

And many a deep wound lent ;
 His arms with blood besprent,
 And many a cruel dent

Bruisèd his helmet.

5

Gloucester, that duke so good,
 Next of the royal blood,
 For famous England stood
 With his brave brother.

10

Clarence, in steel so bright,
 Though but a maiden knight,
 Yet in that furious fight

15

Scarce such another !

Warwick in blood did wade ;
 Oxford, the foe invade,
 And cruel slaughter made,

Still as they ran up.

20

Suffolk his axe did ply ;
 Beaumont and Willoughby
 Bare them right doughtily ;
 Ferrers, and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day
 Fought was this noble fray ;
 Which Fame did not delay

25

To England to carry.

O when shall English men
 With such acts fill a pen ?²

30

Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry ?

¹ thrash, beat.

² give a subject for a poem.

EDMUND SPENSER

THE FAERY QUEEN

BOOK I, CANTO I

[The Hermit]

- At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes¹ yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had :
 5 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayèd as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.
- 10 He faire the knight saluted, louting² low,
 Who faire him quited,³ as that courteous was ;
 And after askèd him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 "Ah! my dear sonne," (quoth he) "how should, alas !
 15 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding⁴ his beades all day for his trespass,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits⁵ not with such things to mell.⁶
- "But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 20 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare."
 "Of such," (saide he,) "I chiefly doe inquere,
 And shall you well rewarde to shew the place

¹ clothing.² bowing.³ requited, answered.⁴ telling.⁵ suits, befits.⁶ meddle.

In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare ;
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursèd creature lives so long a space."

"Far hence" (quoth he) "in wastfull wilderness
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight 5
 May ever passe, but thorough¹ great distresse."
 "Now," (saide the Ladie,) "draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be ; for what so strong,
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might ? 10
 The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite² his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

"Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin :
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best." 15
 "Right well, Sir knight, ye have advisèd bin."
 Quoth then that aged man : "the way to win
 Is wisely to advise³ ; now day is spent :
 Therefore with me ye may take up your In
 For this same night." The knight was well content ; 20
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people that did pas
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde⁴ 25
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,⁵
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont⁶ to say
 His holy thinges each morne and even-tyde ;
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine wellèd forth alway. 30

¹ through.² feed.³ consider.⁴ wide, aside, at one side.⁵ built.⁶ used.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will.
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 5 With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas :
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

AMORETTI¹

SONNET LXXV

10 One day I wrote her name upon the strand ;
 But came the waves and washèd it away :
 Agayne I wrote it with a second hand ;
 And came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
 "Vayne man," sayd she, "that doest in vayne assay"²
 15 A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
 For I myselve shall lyke to this decay,
 And eek my name bee wypèd out lykewize."
 "Not so" (quod³ I) ; "let baser things devize
 To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
 20 My verse'your vertues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens wryte your glorious name ;
 Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew."

SONG FROM *EPITHALAMION*⁴

25 Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time ;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb ;

¹ love songs.² essay, try.³ quoth, said.⁴ a poem in honor of a marriage.

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA

XXXIX

Come, Sleep! O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place¹ of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low ;
 5 With shield of proof² shield me from out the prease³
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw :
 O make in me those civil wars to cease ;
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 10 A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head :
 And if these things, as being thine in right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier then else-where, Stella's image see.

PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ENGLISH POETRY

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

15 Over the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 20 Which Neptune obey ;
 Over rocks that are steepest
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glow-worm to lie ;

¹ feeding place, place of refreshment.

² of fine quality, impenetrable.

³ press, throng.

Where there is no space
 For receipt of a fly ;
 Where the midge dares not venture
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 If love come, he will enter 5
 And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
 A child for his might ;
 Or you may deem him
 A coward from his flight ; 10
 But if she whom love doth honor
 Be conceal'd from the day,
 Set a thousand guards upon her,
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him 15
 By having him confined ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor thing, to be blind ;
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
 Do the best that you may, 20
 Blind love, if so ye call him,
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
 To stoop to your fist ;
 Or you may inveigle 25
 The phœnix¹ of the east ;
 The lioness, ye may move her
 To give o'er her prey ;
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
 He will find out his way. 30

¹a legendary bird, which lived for five hundred years, then was consumed by fire, and rose with renewed youth from its ashes.

ROBERT GREENE

SONG FROM *FAREWELL TO FOLLY*

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :
 5 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
 Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest ;
 The cottage that affords no pride nor care ;
 The mean that 'grees with country music best ;
 10 The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare ;
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss :
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

PHILOMELA'S ODE

Sitting by a river's side,
 Where a silent stream did glide,
 15 Muse I did of many things
 That the mind in quiet brings.
 I 'gan think how some men deem
 Gold their god ; and some esteem
 Honour is the chief content
 20 That to man in life is lent.
 And some others do contend,
 Quiet none like to a friend.
 Others hold there is no wealth
 Comparèd to a perfect health.
 25 Some man's mind in quiet stands,
 When he is lord of many lands.
 But I did sigh, and said all this
 Was but a shade of perfect bliss ;

And in my thoughts I did approve,
 Nought so sweet as is true love.
 Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
 When mouth kisseth and heart 'gres,
 With folded arms and lips meeting, 5
 Each soul another sweetly greeting;
 For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
 And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
 If love be so sweet a thing,
 That such happy bliss doth bring, 10
 Happy is love's sugared thrall,
 But unhappy maidens all,
 Who esteem your virgin blisses
 Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
 No such quiet to the mind 15
 As true Love with kisses kind;
 But if a kiss prove unchaste,
 Then is true love quite disgraced.
 Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
 No sweet love but honesty. 20

THOMAS DEKKER

SONG OF THE CYCLOPS

Brave iron, brave hammer, from your sound
 The art of music has her ground;
 On the anvil thou keep'st time,
 Thy knick-a-knock is a smith's best chime.
 Yet thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack, 25
 Make our brawny sinews crack:
 Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
 Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

We shoe the horses of the sun,
 Harness the dragons of the moon; 30

Forge Cupid's quiver, bow, and arrows,
 And our dame's coach that's drawn with sparrows.
 Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Jove's roaring cannons and his rammers
 5 We beat out with our Lemnian¹ hammers;
 Mars his² gauntlet, helm, and spear,
 And Gorgon shield are all made here.
 Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

The grate which, shut, the day outbars,
 10 Those golden studs which nail the stars,
 The globe's case and the axle-tree,
 Who can hammer these but we?
 Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

A warming-pan to heat earth's bed,
 15 Lying i' th' frozen zone half-dead;
 Hob-nails to serve the man i' th' moon,
 And sparrowbills³ to clout Pan's shoon,
 Whose work but ours?
 Till thwick-a-thwack, etc.

Venus' kettles, pots, and pans
 20 We make, or else she brawls and bans;
 Tongs, shovels, andirons have their places,
 Else she scratches all our faces.
 Till thwick-a-thwack, thwick, thwack-a-thwack, thwack
 25 Make our brawny sinews crack:
 Then pit-a-pat, pat, pit-a-pat, pat,
 Till thickest bars be beaten flat.

¹ belonging to Vulcan.

² Mars's.

³ small nails used by shoemakers.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,
Woods, or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks, 5
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.¹

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies, 10
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold, 15
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love. 20

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delights each May morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

¹ love songs.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

PART I, ACT V, SCENE II

[Tamburlaine Boasts of his Victory over the Soldan of Egypt]

Tamb. 'Twas I, my lord, that got the victory,
 And therefore grieve not at your overthrow,
 Since I shall render all into your hands,
 And add more strength to your dominions
 5 Than ever yet confirmed the Egyptian crown.
 The God of war¹ resigns his room² to me,
 Meaning to make me general of the world:
 Jove, viewing me in arms, looks pale and wan,
 Fearing my power should pull him from his throne.
 10 Where'er I come the Fatal Sisters³ sweat,
 And grisly Death, by running to and fro,
 To do their ceaseless homage to my sword;
 And here in Afric, where it seldom rains,
 Since I arrived with my triumphant host,
 15 Have swelling clouds, drawn from wide gasping wounds
 Been oft resolved in bloody purple showers,
 A meteor that might terrify the earth,
 And make it quake at every drop it drinks.
 Millions of souls sit on the banks of Styx⁴
 20 Waiting the back-return of Charon's boat;
 Hell and Elysian⁵ swarm with ghosts of men,
 That I have sent from sundry foughten fields,
 To spread my fame through hell and up to heaven.
 And see, my lord, a sight of strange import,
 25 Emperors and Kings lie breathless at my feet:
 The Turk and his great Empress, as it seems,
 Left to themselves while we were at the fight,
 Have desperately despatched their slavish lives:

¹ Mars. ² gives up his place. ³ the three Fates. ⁴ the river of the lower world, across which Charon ferried the souls of the dead.

⁵ Elysium, heaven.

With them Arabia,¹ too, hath left his life :
 All sights of power to grace my victory ;
 And such are objects fit for Tamburlaine ;
 Wherein, as in a mirror, may be seen
 His honour, that consists in shedding blood, 5
 When men presume to manage arms with him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SONNETS

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
 And look upon myself and curse my fate, 10
 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, 15
 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. 20

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove :
 O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark 25

¹ the king of Arabia.

That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's¹ unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 5 Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

FROM *LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST*

10 When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipped and ways be foul,
 15 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel² the pot.

 When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 20 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who! a merry note,
 25 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

¹from the point of view of astrology, occult influence.²stir, cool.

FROM *TWELFTH NIGHT*

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, 5
 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; 10
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,¹
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

FROM *AS YOU LIKE IT*

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note 15
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither! come hither! come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather. 20

Who doth ambition shun
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither! come hither! come hither! 25
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

¹ often and often.

FROM *AS YOU LIKE IT*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 5 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh ho, the holly !
 10 This life is most jolly.

 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 15 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! etc.

FROM *CYMBELINE*

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages ;
 20 Thou thy worldly task hast done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

 Fear no more the frown o' th' great ;
 25 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
 Care no more to clothe and eat ;
 To thee the reed is as the oak :
 The Sceptre, Learning, Physic,¹ must
 All follow this, and come to dust.

¹ science.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone¹ ;
 Fear not slander, censure rash ;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan :
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign² to thee, and come to dust. 5

No exorciser³ harm thee !
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
 Nothing ill come near thee ! 10
 Quiet consummation have ;
 And renownèd be thy grave !

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

HENRY'S SPEECH BEFORE HARFLEUR

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man 15
 As modest stillness and humility :
 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage : 20
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage⁴ of the head
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a galled⁵ rock
 O'erhang and jutty⁶ his confounded base, 25
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit

¹ thunderbolt.² give over, surrender.³ one who conjures up evil spirits.⁴ portholes.⁵ rubbed, worn by the sea.⁶ jut, project over.

To his full height! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet¹ from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 5 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,²
 10 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture;³ let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 15 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,⁴
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
 Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'

JOHN FLETCHER

SONG TO BACCHUS⁵

God Lyæus,⁶ ever young,
 20 Ever honoured, ever sung;
 Stained with blood of lusty grapes,
 In a thousand lusty shapes,
 Dance upon the mazer's⁷ brim,
 In the crimson liquor swim;
 25 From thy plenteous hand divine
 Let a river run with wine;
 God of youth, let this day here
 Enter neither care nor fear!

¹ fetched. ² freeborn men, freeholders. ³ quality of your training.⁴ leashes.⁵ The god of wine. Cf. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, p. 44.⁶ (Hî é'ús) deliverer from care.⁷ a large drinking bowl.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

LETTER TO BEN JONSON

[Extracts]

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
 To absent friends, because the selfsame thing
 They know they see, however absent) is
 Here our best haymaker! Forgive me this;
 It is our country's style! In this warm shine 5
 I lie and dream of your full Mermaid Wine!

Methinks the little wit I had is lost
 Since I saw you! For wit is like a rest¹
 Held up² at tennis, which men do the best
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen 10
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
 So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest 15
 Of his dull life! Then, when there hath been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past! Wit, that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled! And, when we were gone, 20
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 Right witty! though but downright fools, more wise!

Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
 I hope hath left a better fate in store 25
 For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor,
 Banished unto this home! Fate, once again,
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain

¹ rally, volley.² maintained, kept up.

The way of knowledge for me; and then I,
 Who have no good but in thy company,
 Protest it will my greatest comfort be
 To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee!

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine!
 I'll drink thy Muse's health! thou shalt quaff mine!

BEN JONSON

PROLOGUE TO *THE SAD SHEPHERD*

[*Enter the Prologue.*¹]

He that hath feasted you these forty years,
 And fitted fables for your finer ears,
 Although at first he scarce could hit the bore;
 10 Yet you, with patience harkening more and more,
 At length have grown up to him, and made known
 The working of his pen is now your own:
 He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,
 To hear him this once more, but sit awake.
 15 And though he now present you with such wool
 As from mere English flocks his muse can pull,
 He hopes when it is made up into cloth,
 Not the most curious head here will be loth
 To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,
 20 To match or those of Sicily or Greece.
 His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,
 Of Robin Hood's inviting from the vale
 Of Belvoir, all the shepherds to a feast:
 Where, by the casual absence of one guest,
 25 The mirth is troubled much, and in one man
 As much of sadness shown as passion can:
 The sad young shepherd, whom we here present,
 Like his woes figure, dark and discontent,
 [*The sad Shepherd passeth silently over the stage.*]

¹ The speaker who delivers the prologue.

For his lost love, who in the Trent is said
 To have miscarried¹; 'las! what knows the head
 Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?—
 Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound
 Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown all, 5
 Which in the scope of one day's chance may fall;
 Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,
 And shall grow young again as one doth please.

[*Exit, but instantly reënters.*]

But here's an heresy of late let fall,
 That mirth by no means fits a pastoral²; 10
 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
 Else there's no scene more properly assumes
 The sock.³ For whence can sport in kind arise,
 But from the rural routs⁴ and families?
 Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day, 15
 To tempt your laughter by our rustic play:
 Wherein if we distaste, or be cried down,
 We think we therefore shall not leave the town;
 Nor that the fore-wits⁵ that would draw the rest
 Unto their liking, always like the best. 20
 The wise and knowing critic will not say,
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh
 Wher⁶ every piece be perfect in the kind:
 And then, though in themselves he difference find,
 Yet if the place require it where they stood, 25
 The equal fitting makes them equal good.
 You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,
 As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy:
 Or whatsoever else may either move,
 Or stir affections, and your likings prove. 30

¹perished. ²A poem or drama concerned with the life of shepherds or with rural life in general. ³There's no subject more suitable for comedy. In ancient Greece and Rome actors in comedy wore socks, while those in tragedy wore buskins. ⁴parties. ⁵leaders. ⁶whether.

But that no style for pastoral should go
 Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah! and O!
 Who judgeth so, may singularly err;
 As if all poesie had one character
 5 In which what were not written, were not right;
 Or that the man who made such one poor flight,
 In his whole life, had with his wingèd skill
 Advanced him upmost on the muses' hill.
 When he like poet yet remains, as those
 10 Are painters who can only make a rose.
 From such your wits redeem you, or your chance,
 Lest to a greater height you do advance
 Of folly, to contemn¹ those that are known
 Artificers,² and trust such as are none!

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS³FROM *THE SILENT WOMAN*

15 Still to be neat, still to be drest,
 As you were going to a feast;
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
 Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 20 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 25 Than all the adulteries⁴ of art;
 They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

¹ despise.² skilled workmen.³ in unadorned neatness, elegant simplicity.⁴ adulterations.

SONG TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine ;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise 5
 Doth ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee 10
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not wither'd be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me ;
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear, 15
 Not of itself, but thee.

THE TRIUMPH OF CHARIS¹

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my Lady rideth !
 Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
 And well the car Love guideth. 20
 As she goes, all hearts do duty
 Unto her beauty ;
 And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side, 25
 Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth !

¹ In the Iliad the wife of Vulcan, the personification of beauty and grace.

Do but look on her hair, it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
 Than words that soothe her;
 5 And from her arched brows, such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 10 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
 15 Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar?
 Or the nard¹ in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 Oh so white! Oh so soft! Oh so sweet is she!

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
 20 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 25 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

¹a fragrant ointment.

FRANCIS BACON

ESSAYS

OF TRAVEL

Travel in the younger sort is a part of education; in the elder a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one 5 that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth; for else young men shall go hooded, and look 10 abroad little. It is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries, therefore, be brought 15 in use. The things to be seen and observed are the courts of princes, especially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and 20 fortifications of cities and towns; and so the havens and harbours, antiquities and ruins, libraries, colleges, disputations, and lectures where any are, shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure near great cities; armories, arsenals, magazines, exchanges, bourses,¹ warehouses, exercises 25 of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rareties;

¹ bourses, exchanges (the stock exchange of Paris is known as the Bourse).

and to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go; after all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks,¹ feasts, weddings funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to
5 be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room,² and in a short time to gather much, this you must do first, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or
10 tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town, more or less as the place deserveth,
15 but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant³ of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet⁴ in such places where there is good
20 company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know: thus he may abridge his
25 travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent
30 persons in all kinds which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; they are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words.

¹a form of drama popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in which the actors wore masks and represented allegorical or mythical characters. ²space. ³magnet. ⁴eat, take meals.

And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric¹ and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him; but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse, than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories: and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in² some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his country. 5 10

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar;³ they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and 20 30

¹ hot-tempered.

² embroider.

³ peculiar weakness of the academic temperament.

discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously¹; and some few to be read
 5 wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full
 10 man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets
 15 witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. "Abeunt studia in mores"²—nay, there is no stond³ nor impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises—bowling
 20 is good for the stone and reins, shooting for the lungs and breast, gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like; so, if a man's wits be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again; if his wit be not
 25 apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen,⁴ for they are "cymini sectores"⁵; if he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call upon one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases—so every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.⁶

¹ carefully.

² studies pass into character.

³ stand, difficulty, obstruction.

⁴ Christian philosophers of the Middle Ages.

⁵ splitters of cumin seed, hair-splitters.

⁶ prescription.

THE PURITAN AGE AND THE RESTORATION

JOHN MILTON

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF
TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance¹ might deceive the truth 5
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray 15
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

¹appearance.

Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love ;¹ oh, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 5 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh ;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 10 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

EXTRACTS FROM *AREOPAGITICA*²

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING

To the Parliament of England

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men ; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors :
 15 for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are ; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as
 20 those fabulous dragon's teeth ;³ and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book ; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason
 25 itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a

¹ There was a superstition that he who heard the nightingale sing before the cuckoo would love successfully before the year was over.

² from the high court of Athens, held on the Areopagus (Mars' Hill), which condemned Protagoras to be banished and his books to be burned.

³ which Cadmus sowed ; cf. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 87-90.

man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, 5 for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill¹ the seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a mar- 10 tyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. But lest I should be condemned of introducing license, 15 while I oppose licensing, I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder, till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the *inquisition*, was caught up by our prelates, and hath caught 20 some of our presbyters.

.

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 muing² her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full 25 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 30 sects and schisms.

What should ye do then, should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city, should ye set an oligarchy of twenty in-

¹ destroy.

² renewing by molting.

grossers¹ over it, to bring a famine upon our minds again, when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it, Lords and Commons, they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress
 5 yourselves; and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking, there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government; it is the liberty, Lords and Commons, which your own valorous and happy
 10 counsels have purchased us, liberty which is the nurse of all great wits²; this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven; this is that which hath enfranchised, enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves. Ye cannot make us now less capa-
 15 ble, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth, unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbi-
 20 trary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious, our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things, is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us; ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated
 25 and merciless law, that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye, and excite others? Not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct and his four nobles³ of Danegelt.⁴ Although I dis-
 30 praise not the defence of just immunities, yet love my peace better, if that were all. Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.

.

¹ monopolists, those who corner necessary commodities.

² minds.

³ gold coins, first issued in the reign of Edward III with a value of about

\$5.96. ⁴a tax originally levied to buy off marauding Danes.

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? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that Error uses against her power.

10

PARADISE LOST

Book IV

[Satan's Invocation to the Sun]

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world—at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name, 15
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King! 20
 Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise, 25
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due! Yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
 I sdained¹ subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit 30
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,

¹ disdained.

So burdensome still paying, still to owe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still received ;
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 5 Indebted and discharged—what burden then ?
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other power
 10 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to his part. But other powers as great
 Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed !
 Hadst thou¹ the same free will and power to stand ?
 15 Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
 20 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 25 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.
 Oh, then at last relent ! Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but by submission ; and that word
 30 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
 35 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,

¹Satan here addresses himself.

Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of Hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery ; such joy ambition finds ! 5
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent as void 10
 (For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) ;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission, bought with double smart. 15
 This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace.
 All hope excluded thus, behold instead
 Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind, created, and for him this world ! 20
 So farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse ! All good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least
 Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ; 25
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

JOHN BUNYAN

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

[The Hill Difficulty and the Castle Beautiful]

I beheld then, that they all went on till they came to the
 foot of the hill Difficulty, at the bottom of which there was a
 spring. There were also in the same place two other ways
 besides that which came straight from the gate : one turned 30

to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill; but the narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to re-
5 fresh himself, and then began to go up the hill.

The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again with that up which Christian went,
10 on the other side of the hill; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood; and the other took directly up the
15 way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field, full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from
20 going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshment of weary travellers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him: then he pulled
25 his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given to him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it
30 was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one unto him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." And with that, Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he
35 came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came

two men running hard ; the name of the one was Timorous, and of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, Sirs, what's the matter? you run the wrong way. Timorous answered, that they were going to the city of Zion, and had got up that difficult place: but, said he, the farther we go, the 5 more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again.

Yes, said Mistrust, for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would 10 presently pull us in pieces.

CHR. Then said Christian, You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own country, I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the celestial city, I am sure to be in safety there: I must venture. To go 15 back is nothing but death: to go forward is fear of death and life everlasting beyond it: I will yet go forward. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein 20 and be comforted; but he felt, and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do; for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the celestial city. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do. At 25 last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbor that is on the side of the hill; and falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart? 30 Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if happily he 35 might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times

on his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbor, where he sat and slept; but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping unto his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on, 5 bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, Oh, wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the daytime! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty! that I should so indulge the flesh as to use that rest for ease to my flesh which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! 10 How many steps have I taken in vain! Thus it happened to Israel; for their sin they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow, which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way 15 by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once: yea, now also I am like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. Oh, that I had not slept!

Now by this time he was come to the arbor again, where 20 for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Providence would have it), looking sorrowfully down under the seat, there he espied his roll, the which he with trembling and haste caught up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had gotten his roll 25 again? For this roll was the assurance of his life, and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly did he go up the rest of 30 the hill! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian; and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance; and thus he again began to con- dole with himself: Oh, thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey! I must walk with- 35 out the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures, because of my

sinful sleep! Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift 5 them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was bewailing his unhappy misconduct, he lifted up his eyes, and behold, there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway-side. 10

So I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong¹ off the Porter's lodge;² and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the 15 way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them; for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the Porter at the lodge, whose 20 name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none: keep in the midst of the path, and no 25 hurt shall come unto thee.

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions, but taking good heed to the directions of the Porter; he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate 30 where the Porter was. Then said Christian to the Porter, Sir, what house is this? and may I lodge here to-night? The Porter answered, This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of

¹an eighth of a mile, originally the length of a furrow in a square, ten-acre field. ²gate-keeper's cottage.

pilgrims. The Porter also asked whence he was and whither he was going.

CHR. I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion : but because the sun is now set, I desire,
5 if I may, to lodge here to-night.

PORT. What is your name?

CHR. My name is now Christian, but my name at the first was Graceless.

PORT. But how does it happen that you come so late?
10 The sun is set.

CHR. I had been here sooner, but that, wretched man that I am, I slept in the arbor that stands on the hillside! Nay, I had, notwithstanding that, been here much sooner, but that
15 in my sleep I lost my roll, and came without it to the brow of the hill ; and then feeling for it, and not finding it, I was forced with sorrow of heart to go back to the place where I slept my sleep, where I found it ; and now I am come.

PORT. Well, I will call out one of the maidens of this place, who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the
20 family, according to the rules of the house. So Watchful the Porter rang a bell, at the sound of which came out of the door of the house a grave and beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The Porter answered, This man is on a journey from the
25 city of Destruction to Mount Zion ; but being weary and benighted, he asked me if he might lodge here to-night : so I told him I would call for thee, who, after discourse had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good, even according to the law of the house.

30 Then she asked him whence he was, and whither he was going ; and he told her. She asked him, also, how he got into the way ; and he told her. Then she asked him what he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her. And at last she asked his name. So he said, It is Christian ; and I have
35 so much the more a desire to lodge here to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by the Lord of the hill

for the relief and security of pilgrims. So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and, after a little pause, she said, I will call forth two or three more of the family. So she ran to the door, and called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who, after a little more discourse with him, had him into the family; and many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house, said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord: this house was built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such pilgrims in. Then he bowed his head, and followed them into the house. So when he was come in and sat down, they gave him something to drink, and consented together that, until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with Christian, for the best improvement of time; and they appointed Piety, Prudence, and Charity to discourse with him.

Now I saw in my dream, that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready. So when they had made ready, they sat down to meat. Now the table was furnished with nice things, and with excellent wine, and all their talk at the table was about the Lord of the hill, about what he had done, and wherefore he did what he did, and why he had builded that house; and by what they said, I perceived that he had been a great warrior, and had fought with and slain him that had the power of death; but not without great danger to himself, which made me love him the more.

Thus they discoursed together till late at night; and after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.

JOHN DRYDEN

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S¹ DAY: 1697

'Twas at the royal feast² for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son³:
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 5 On his imperial throne;
 His valiant peers were placed around;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais,⁴ by his side,
 10 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 15 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus,⁵ placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 20 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,

¹ Patron saint of music and musicians. She was supposed to have invented the organ. Her day is November 22.

² held in the royal city of Persepolis, to celebrate the victory of Macedonians and Greeks over the Persians.

³ Alexander the Great.

⁴ a Greek woman who accompanied Alexander on the campaign against Persia.

⁵ a Bœotian musician.

(Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia¹ pressed :
 And while he sought her snowy breast, 5
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around ;
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound : 10
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres. 15

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flushed with a purple grace 20
 He shows his honest face :
 Now give the hautboys² breath ; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, 25
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ; 30
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

¹Alexander's mother. Her name was Olympias. Probably Dryden omitted the *s* for the sake of euphony.

²(hō'boi) a musical instrument.

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

5 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse ;

He sung Darius great and good,

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

10 Fallen from his high estate,

 And weltering in his blood ;

Deserted at his utmost need

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,

15 With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,

Revolving in his altered soul

 The various turns of chance below ;

And, now and then, a sigh he stole,

20 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see

That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

25 Softly sweet, in Lydian¹ measures,

 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;

Honour but an empty bubble ;

 Never ending, still beginning,

30 Fighting still, and still destroying :

 If the world be worth thy winning,

Think, O think it worth enjoying :

 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,

 Take the good the gods provide thee.

¹from Lydia, a country of Asia Minor, noted for its wealth and luxury.

The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair

Who caused his care,

And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again ;

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound

Has raised up his head ;

As awaked from the dead,

And, amazed, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise ;

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain :

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;

And the king seized a flambeau¹ with zeal to destroy ;

¹ torch.

Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 5 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 10 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 15 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

PREFACE TO THE *FABLES*

[Chaucer and Ovid]

20 . . . With Ovid¹ ended the golden age of the Roman
 tongue; from Chaucer the purity of the English tongue be-
 gan. . . . Both of them built on the inventions of other
 men; yet since Chaucer had something of his own, as "The
 Wife of Bath's Tale," "The Cock and the Fox," which I have
 25 translated, and some others, I may justly give our country-
 man the precedence in that part; since I can remember
 nothing of Ovid which was wholly his. Both of them under-
 stood the manners, under which name I comprehend the pas-

¹ Roman poet (43 B.C.—A.D. 17).

sions, and, in a larger sense, the descriptions of persons, and their very habits. For an example, I see Baucis and Philemon¹ as perfectly before me, as if some ancient painter had drawn them; and all the pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales," their humours, their features, and the very dress, as 5 distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark. Yet even there too the figures in Chaucer are much more lively, and set in a better light; which though I have not time to prove, yet I appeal to the reader, and am sure he will clear me from partiality. The thoughts and 10 words remain to be considered in the comparison of the two poets; and I have saved my self one half of that labour, by owning that Ovid lived when the Roman tongue was in its meridian, Chaucer in the dawning of our language; therefore that part of the comparison stands not on an equal foot, any 15 more than the diction of Ennius² and Ovid, or of Chaucer and our present English. The words are given up as a post not to be defended in our poet, because he wanted³ the modern art of fortifying. The thoughts remain to be considered, and they are to be measured only by their propriety; 20 that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the persons described, on such and such occasions. The vulgar⁴ judges, which are nine parts in ten of all nations, who call conceits⁵ and jingles wit, who see Ovid full of them, and Chaucer altogether without them, will think me little less than mad for 25 preferring the Englishman to the Roman: yet, with their leave, I must presume to say, that the things they admire are only glittering trifles, and so far from being witty, that in a serious poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any man who is ready to die for love describe his 30 passion like Narcissus?⁶ Would he think of *inopem me copia*

¹an old peasant couple who entertained the gods unawares; cf. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 77-80. ²Roman poet (239-169 B.C.). ³lacked. ⁴ordinary, of the common people, unlearned. ⁵fanciful notions, artificial or witty turns of expression. ⁶a beautiful youth who fell in love with his own reflection; cf. Gayley, *Classic Myths*, p. 189.

fecit,¹ and a dozen more of such expressions, poured on the neck of one another, and signifying all the same thing? If this were wit, was this a time to be witty, when the poor wretch was in the agony of death? This is just John Littlewit in "Bartholomew Fair,"² who had a conceit (as he tells you) left him in his misery; a miserable conceit. On these occasions the poet should endeavour to raise pity; but instead of this, Ovid is tickling you to laugh. Virgil never made use of such machines; when he was moving you to commiserate the death of Dido, he would not destroy what he was building. Chaucer makes Arcite³ violent in his love, and unjust in the pursuit of it: yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably; he repents not of his love, for that had altered his character; but acknowledges the in-
 15 justice of his proceedings, and resigns Emilia to Palamon.³ What would Ovid have done on this occasion? He would certainly have made Arcite witty on his deathbed. He had complained he was farther off from possession, by being so near, and a thousand such boyisms, which Chaucer rejected
 20 as below the dignity of the subject. They who think otherwise would, by the same reason, prefer Lucan⁴ and Ovid to Homer and Virgil, and Martial⁵ to all four of them. As for the turn of words, in which Ovid particularly excels all poets, they are sometimes a fault, and sometimes a beauty,
 25 as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong passions always to be shunned, because passions are serious, and will admit no playing. . . . It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so
 30 I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks

¹ abundance made me poor. ² comedy by Ben Jonson. ³ (är'sít) a character in Chaucer's "Knight's Tale." Arcite and his friend Palamon (päl'ä mön) contended for the love of Emilia. ⁴ Roman poet (A.D. 39-65).
⁵ Latin poet (about A.D. 40-102).

properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off, a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forego any conceit which 5 came in his way, but swept, like a drag-net, great and small. There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted, whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in 10 discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing, and perhaps knew it was a fault, but hoped the reader would not find it. . . .

Chaucer followed nature everywhere; but was never so bold to go beyond her: and there is a great difference of be- 15 ing *poeta*¹ and *nimis*² *poeta*, if we believe Catullus,³ as much as betwixt a modest behaviour and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus⁴ commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*.⁵ They who lived with him, 20 and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries: there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. . . . We can only say that he lived 25 in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. . . .

¹ a maker, a poet.

² too much, excessively.

³ Roman poet (87-54 B.C.).

⁴ Roman historian (A.D. 55-117).

⁵ suited to the ears of that period.

GEORGE HERBERT

THE PULLEY

When God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessing standing by ;
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can :
 Let the world's riches which dispersed lie
 5 Contract into a span.¹

So strength first made a way ;
 Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,
 Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
 10 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature ;
 15 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
 But keep them with repining restlessness :
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
 20 May toss him to my breast.

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,
 25 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lacked anything.

¹ the distance from the end of the thumb to the end of the little finger, 9 in., hence a limited space or a brief portion of time.

"A guest," I answered, "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?"

5

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred 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."

10

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.

ROBERT HERRICK

DELIGHT IN DISORDER

A sweet disorder in the dress

Kindles in clothes a wantonness¹;

A lawn about the shoulders thrown

Into a fine distraction;

15

An erring lace, which here and there

Enthrals the crimson stomacher²;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby

Ribbons to flow confusedly;

20

A winning wave, deserving note,

In the tempestuous petticoat;

A careless shoestring, in whose tie

I see a wild civility;—

Do more beseem³ me, than when art

25

Is too precise in every part.

¹luxuriousness, playfulness.

²an ornamental garment for the front of the upper part of the body.

³are more seemly, fitting.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying ;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day,
 To-morrow will be dying.

5 The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting,
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

10 That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer ;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

15 Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while ye may, go marry ;
 For, having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT

20 Is this a fast, to keep
 The larder lean,
 And clean
 From fat of veals and sheep?

 Is it to quit the dish
 Of flesh, yet still
 To fill
 The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
 Or ragg'd to go,
 Or show
 A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole 5
 Thy sheaf of wheat
 And meat
 Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate, 10
 And hate;
 To circumcise¹ thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin; 15
 And that's to keep thy Lent.

RICHARD LOVELACE

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
 To war and arms I fly. 20

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

¹purify.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

5 When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates ;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
10 And fetter'd to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

 When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
15 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
20 Know no such liberty.

 When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King ;
25 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

30 Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;

Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

5

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

RELIGIO MEDICI¹

PART THE SECOND

Sect. III.—But, to return from philosophy to charity, I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity² hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness; as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable. There are infirmities not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot condemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus.³ It is no greater charity to clothe his body than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff⁴ in this part of goodness is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged

¹a physician's religion. ²theology. ³the personification of poverty, from the beggar of that name in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. ⁴wicked, mean, cowardly.

by the duty of my condition. I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no
 5 man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head than beget and propagate it in his. And, in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me,
 10 that my acquired parts¹ must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out with or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection; for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and
 15 in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. . . .

ISAAC WALTON

THE COMPLETE ANGLER

CHAPTER V

[Extract]

20 PISCATOR.² My honest Scholar, it is now past five of the clock, we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore-tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it: for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast with a piece of powdered³
 25 beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish-bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry

¹capabilities, talents.
 or corned.

² (pēs cā'tor) fisherman.

³spiced, salted,

breakfast, and I will then give you direction for the making and using of your flies: and in the meantime there is your rod and line; and my advice is, that you fish as you see me do, and let's try which can catch the first fish.

VENATOR.¹ I thank you, Master; I will observe and practice your directions, as far as I am able. 5

PISCATOR. Look you, Scholar, you see I have hold of a good fish: I now see it is a trout; I pray put that net under him, and touch not my line, for if you do, then we break all. Well done, Scholar; I thank you. 10

Now for another. Trust me I have another bite: come, Scholar, come lay down your rod, and help me to land this as you did the other. So, now we shall be sure to have a good dish of fish for supper.

VENATOR. I am glad of that; but I have no fortune; sure, 15 Master, yours is a better rod, and better tackling.

PISCATOR. Nay, then, take mine, and I will fish with yours. Look you, Scholar, I have another; come, do as you did before. And now I have a bite at another. Oh me! he has broke all; there's half a line and a good hook lost. 20

VENATOR. Ay, and a good trout too.

PISCATOR. Nay, the trout is not lost; for pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had.

VENATOR. Master, I can neither catch with the first nor second angle²; I have no fortune. 25

PISCATOR. Look you, Scholar, I have yet another: and now having caught three brace of trouts, I will tell you a short tale as we walk towards our breakfast: A scholar, a preacher I should say, that was to preach to procure the approbation of a parish, that he might be their lecturer, had 30 got from his fellow-pupil the copy of a sermon that was first preached with great commendation by him that composed it; and though the borrower of it preached it word for word as it was at first, yet it was utterly disliked as it was preached by the second to his congregation: which the sermon-borrower 35

¹(wā nā'tor) hunter.

²fishhook.

complained of to the lender of it, and was thus answered: "I lent you indeed my fiddle, but not my fiddle-stick; for you are to know that every one cannot make music with my words, which are fitted for my own mouth." And so, my
5 Scholar, you are to know that, as the ill pronunciation or ill accenting of words in a sermon spoils it, so the ill carriage of your line, or not fishing even to a foot in a right place, makes you lose your labour: and you are to know, that though you have my fiddle, that is, my very rod and tackling with which
10 you see I catch fish, yet you have not my fiddle-stick; that is, you yet have not skill to know how to carry your hand and line, nor how to guide it to a right place: and this must be taught you,—for you are to remember I told you angling is an art,—either by practice, or a long observation, or both.
15 But take this for a rule, when you fish for a trout with a worm, let your line have so much, and no more lead than will fit the stream in which you fish; that is to say, more in a great troublesome stream than in a smaller that is quieter; as near as may be, so much as will sink the bait to the bot-
20 tom, and keep it still in motion, and not more.

But now let's say grace and fall to breakfast: what say you, Scholar, to the providence of an old angler? Does not this meat taste well? and was not this place well chosen to eat it? for this sycamore-tree will shade us from the sun's
25 heat.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LITERATURE

ALEXANDER POPE

ESSAY ON MAN

[Extract]

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk,¹ or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given, 5
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler Heaven;
Some safer world, in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold. 10
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers, 15
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,¹

¹the sun's path through the sky.

²Hampton Court, a royal palace on the Thames River near London.
William of Orange laid out extensive gardens in the Dutch fashion there.

Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great Anna !¹ whom three realms obey,
 5 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.²
 Hither the heroes and the nymphs³ resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
 10 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supplies each pause of chat,
 15 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray :
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;
 20 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.
 Belinda⁴ now, whom thirst of fame invites,
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At ombre⁵ singly to decide their doom ;
 25 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands⁶ prepare in arms to join,

¹ Queen Anne of England, Scotland, and Ireland, 1702-1714.

² pronounced *tā* till about 1750.

³ the group of young people who, in Canto II, set out on a boating party on the Thames.

⁴ The heroine of the poem, in real life Miss Arabella Fermor. The "rash youth" who cut off a lock of her hair and precipitated a quarrel in London society was Lord Petre.

⁵ a Spanish game of cards, popular in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, played by three persons.

⁶ Pope represents Belinda as under the protection of mythical inhabitants of the air, called sylphs, which once had been women. Of these Ariel was Belinda's special guardian.

The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Even mighty Pam,¹ that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
 5 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield.
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field;
 His warlike Amazon² her host invades,
 10 The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The club's black tyrant³ first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien and barbarous pride.
 What boots⁴ the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 15 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
 The embroider'd king who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
 20 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
 Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 25 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,
 The pierced battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
 30 And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;

¹ the knave of clubs in Loo, a game played for stakes with three or five cards dealt to each player. ² queen of spades. ³ king of clubs.

⁴ avails.

Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus'¹ injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
5 Just then Clarissa² drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
10 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
15 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
20 He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.
25 The peer now spreads the glittering forfex³ wide,
To inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;

¹In Greek mythology, Nisus, king of Megara, had a lock of purple hair on which his life and fortune depended. His daughter, Scylla, cut off this lock and sent it to Minos II of Crete, her lover and her father's enemy. Minos, in horror of her treachery, after conquering Nisus, dragged Scylla through the sea at the rudder of his ship. Ultimately Scylla was transformed into a bird, continually preyed upon by her father in the form of an eagle.

²So far as is known, Pope had no one particularly in mind.

³scissors.

Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again ;)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !
 Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes, 5
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies ;
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs, breathe their last ;
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie ! 10
 Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
 (The victor cried,) the glorious prize is mine !
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach-and-six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis¹ shall be read, 15
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise, shall live ! 20
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
 Steel could the labour of the gods² destroy,
 And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 25
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel ?

¹ *The New Atalantis*, by Mrs. Manley, published in 1709, was a popular book of scandalous gossip about prominent persons of the time.

² the walls of Troy, built by Neptune and Apollo.

JONATHAN SWIFT

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

[Extract from Chapter II]

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty foot square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a stang,¹ and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven foot high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

10 The Emperor was already descended from the tower and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but
15 that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat, till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle, while his Majesty had time to dismount. While he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were
20 ready prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicle upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good
25 mouthfuls, and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The Empress and young Princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many

¹ a Swedish measure, equal to 9.74 ft.

ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the Emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller by almost the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the 5 beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters 10 old, of which he had reigned about seven, in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be 15 deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should hap- 20 pen to break loose; it was almost three inches long, the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood 25 upon seemed to resemble a skirt spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His Imperial Majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers, but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) 30 who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch,¹ Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca,² but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was 35

¹ German.

² a hybrid, commercial language.

left with a strong guard, to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me as I sat on the
 5 ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ring-leaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands, which some of the soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the butt-
 10 ends of their pikes into my reach; I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my
 15 penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran; I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket, and I observed both the soldiers and peo-
 20 ple were highly obliged at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

JOSEPH ADDISON

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

A VILLAGE WITCH

Saturday, July 14, 1711

*Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*¹

VIRG.

There are some opinions in which a man should stand neutral,² without engaging his assent to one side or the other.
 25 Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is

¹ Their visions are of their own imagining, Virgil, *Eclogues VIII*, 108.

² neutral.

careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides, in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations¹ that are made from all parts of the world,—not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe,—I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather, to speak my thoughts freely, I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

“In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;

¹ accounts, stories.

Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
 The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
 Which served to keep her carcass from the cold:
 5 So there was nothing of a piece about her.
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With diff'rent color'd rags—black, red, white, yellow—
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description and comparing it with
 10 the object before me, the knight told me that this very old
 woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country,
 that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that
 there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors
 did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If
 15 she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws
 that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any
 mistake at church, and cried "Amen" in a wrong place, they
 never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayer back-
 wards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take
 20 a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it.
 She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the coun-
 try ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed
 upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come
 so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of
 25 the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has
 been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape
 from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay,"
 says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon
 such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll
 30 White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my
 friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in
 a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first
 entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something
 35 that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I
 found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time, he whis-

pered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney-corner, which, as the old knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat. 5

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled 10 about the old woman, advising her, as a justice of peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had 15 been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found, upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was sev- 20 eral times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions¹ had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I 25 hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote,² and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time the 30 poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce³ and familiarities that her imagination forms in a

¹ put her under bonds to appear at the county court, of which sessions were held quarterly. ² to be weak-minded, especially through old age.

³ with the powers of evil.

delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor, decrepit parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

RICHARD STEELE

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

TO LONDON BY STAGE-COACH

Wednesday, August 1, 1711

5 Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.¹
TULL.

Having notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his
10 grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain,² in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs.³ Betty Arable,
15 the great fortune, and the widow, her mother; a recruiting officer,—who took a place because they were to go; young Squire Quickset, her cousin,—that her mother wished her to be married to; Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de
20 Coverley's." I observed, by what he said of myself that, according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of

¹ He who does not see what the occasion demands, or talks too much, or shows off, or lacks consideration for those with whom he is,—such a one is called impertinent. Cicero, *De Oratione*, ii, 4.

² the servant who had charge of the inn bedrooms.

³ formerly applied to a woman whether married or unmarried.

the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, the captain's equipage,¹ was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious² behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character; you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the bridegroom,³ and,"—

¹ retinue.

² disagreeable.

³ groomsmen, best man.

giving the Quaker a clap on the knee,—he concluded, “this sly saint, who, I’ll warrant, understands what’s what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father.”

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, “Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given
5 me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type
10 of thee,—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fullness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt
15 needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee: but, if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer¹ at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee:
25 to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road.”

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with an happy and uncommon impudence,—which can be convicted and support
30 itself at the same time,—cries, “Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky² old fellow, and I’ll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs; but, ladies, I beg pardon.”

35 The captain was so little out of humor, and our company

¹ laugh at, make fun of.

² suspicious.

was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain 5 looked to all disputes on the road,—as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; 10 but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost 15 arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which ex- 20 presseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of 25 men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man; modes and 30 apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be 35 glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

JAMES BOSWELL

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

[Extracts from Chapter XIII (1763)]

He talked very contemptuously of Churchill's poetry, observing, that "it had a temporary currency, only from its audacity of abuse, and being filled with living names, and that it would sink into oblivion." I ventured to hint that he was
 5 not quite a fair judge, as Churchill had attacked him violently. Johnson: "Nay, Sir, I am a very fair judge. He did not attack me violently till he found I did not like his poetry; and his attack on me shall not prevent me from continuing to say what I think of him, from an apprehension
 10 that it may be ascribed to resentment. No, Sir, I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still. However, I will acknowledge that I have a better opinion of him now than I once had; for he has shown more fertility than I expected. To be sure, he is a tree that cannot
 15 produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, Sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs, is better than a tree which produces only a few."

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, Westminster. But on the
 20 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 invited, not
 25 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 of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence." Were this consideration to be applied
 30 to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our

quiet is too often disturbed, it would prevent many painful sensations. I have tried it frequently with good effect. "There is nothing," continued he, "in this mighty misfortune; nay, we shall be better at the Mitre." I told him that I had been at Sir John Fielding's office,¹ complaining of my landlord, and had been informed that though I had taken my lodgings for a year, I might, upon proof of his bad behaviour, quit them when I pleased, without being under an obligation to pay rent for any longer time than while I possessed them. The fertility of Johnson's mind could show itself even upon so small a matter as this. "Why, Sir," said he, "I suppose this must be the law, since you have been told so in Bow-street.¹ But if your landlord could hold you to your bargain, and the lodgings should be yours for a year, you may certainly use them as you think fit. So, Sir, you may quarter two life-guardsmen² upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find into your apartments; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy,³ and may burn a large quantity of asafœtida in his house."

Goldsmith,⁴ as usual, endeavoured with too much eagerness to *shine* and disputed very warmly with Johnson against the well-known maxim of the British constitution, "the king can do no wrong;" affirming, that "what was morally false could not be politically true; and as the king might, in the exercise of his regal power, command and cause the doing of what was wrong, it certainly might be said, in sense and in reason, that he could do wrong." Johnson: "Sir, you are to consider that in our constitution, according to its true principles, the king is the head, he is supreme; he is above everything, and there is no power by which he can be tried. Therefore, it is, Sir, that we hold the king can do no wrong; that whatever may

¹ police headquarters. ² soldiers of the regiments which form the bodyguard of the sovereign. ³ natural science, here chemistry. ⁴ Oliver Goldsmith, one of Boswell's guests at this party at the Mitre Tavern.

happen to be wrong in government may not be above our reach by being ascribed to majesty. Redress is always to be had against oppression by punishing the immediate agents. The king, though he should command, cannot force a judge
 5 to condemn a man unjustly; therefore it is the judge whom we prosecute and punish. Political institutions are formed upon the consideration of what will most frequently tend to the good of the whole, although now and then exceptions may occur. Thus it is better in general that a nation should have
 10 a supreme legislative power, although it may at times be abused. And then, Sir, there is this consideration, that *if the abuse be enormous, nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system.*" I mark this animated sentence with peculiar pleasure, as a noble in-
 15 stance of that truly dignified spirit of freedom which ever glowed in his heart, though he was charged with slavish tenets by superficial observers, because he was at all times indignant against that false patriotism, that pretended love of freedom, that unruly restlessness which is inconsistent with
 20 the stable authority of any good government.

Feeling myself now quite at ease as his companion, though I had all possible reverence for him, I expressed a regret that I could not be so easy with my father, though he was not much older than Johnson, and certainly, however respectable,
 25 had not more learning and greater abilities to depress me. I asked him the reason of this. Johnson: "Why, Sir, I am a man of the world. I live in the world, and I take, in some degree, the colour of the world as it moves along. Your father is a judge in a remote part of the island, and all his notions
 30 are taken from the old world. Besides, Sir, there must always be a struggle between a father and son, while one aims at power and the other at independence." I said, I was afraid my father would force me to be a lawyer. Johnson: "Sir, you need not be afraid of his forcing you to be a laborious
 35 practising lawyer; that is not in his power. For, as the prov-

erb says, 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He may be displeased that you are not what he wishes you to be; but that displeasure will not go far. If he insists only on your having as much law as is necessary for a man of property, and then endeavours to 5 get you into parliament, he is quite in the right."

He enlarged very convincingly upon the excellence of rhyme over blank verse in English poetry. I mentioned to him that Dr. Adam Smith,¹ in his lectures upon composition, when I studied under him in the College of Glasgow, had 10 maintained the same opinion strenuously, and I repeated some of his arguments. Johnson: "Sir, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, 15 I should have hugged him."

WILLIAM COLLINS

ODE

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR 1746

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod 20
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay; 25
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

¹ the economist, author of *The Wealth of Nations*.

THOMAS GRAY

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

5 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

10 Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

15 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 20 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

25 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;

How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor. 5

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.¹
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 10

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke² the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death? 15

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre. 20

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul. 25

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 30

¹ *subject.*² call forth, call into action.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

5 Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
 10 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 15 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 20 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

25 Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 30 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries, 5
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance,¹ by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate, 10

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech 15
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove, 20
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree,
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill, 25
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn." 30

¹ perchance, by chance.

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

5 *Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.*

10 *'No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

[The Schoolmaster]

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 15 There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 20 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 25 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declared how much he knew :
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill, 5
 For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew. 10

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD

LETTER IV

The English seem as silent as the Japanese, yet vainer than the inhabitants of Siam. Upon my arrival I attributed that reserve to modesty which I now find has its origin in pride. Condescend to address them first, and you are sure of their acquaintance ; stoop to flattery, and you conciliate their 15 friendship and esteem. They bear hunger, cold, fatigue, and all the miseries of life without shrinking ; danger only calls forth their fortitude ; they even exult in calamity : but contempt is what they cannot bear. An Englishman fears contempt more than death ; he often flies to death as a refuge 20 from its pressure ; and dies when he fancies the world has ceased to esteem him.

Pride seems the source not only of their national vices, but of their national virtues also. An Englishman is taught to love his king as his friend, but to acknowledge no other mas- 25 ter than the laws which himself has contributed to enact. He despises those nations who, that one may be free, are all content to be slaves ; who first lift a tyrant into terror, and then shrink under his power as if delegated from heaven. Liberty is echoed in all their assemblies ; and thousands might 30 be found ready to offer up their lives for the sound, though

perhaps not one of all the number understands its meaning. The lowest mechanic, however, looks upon it as his duty to be a watchful guardian of his country's freedom, and often uses a language that might seem haughty, even in the mouth of
5 the great emperor who traces his ancestry to the moon.

A few days ago, passing by one of their prisons, I could not avoid stopping, in order to listen to a dialogue which I thought might afford me some entertainment. The conversation was carried on between a debtor through the grate of his
10 prison, a porter, who had stopped to rest his burden, and a soldier at the window. The subject was upon a threatened invasion from France, and each seemed extremely anxious to rescue his country from the impending danger. "For my part," cries the prisoner, "the greatest of my apprehensions
15 is for our freedom; if the French should conquer, what would become of English liberty? My dear friends, liberty is the Englishman's prerogative; we must preserve that at the expense of our lives, of that the French shall never deprive us. It is not to be expected that men who are slaves themselves
20 would preserve our freedom should they happen to conquer." "Ay, slaves," cries the porter, "they are all slaves, fit only to carry burdens every one of them. Before I would stoop to slavery, may this be my poison (and he held the goblet in his hand) may this be my poison—but I would sooner list for a
25 soldier."

The soldier taking the goblet from his friend, with much awe, fervently cried out, "It is not so much our liberties, as our religion, that would suffer by such a change: Ay, our religion, my lads. May the Devil sink me into flames, (such
30 was the solemnity of his adjuration) if the French should come over, but our religion would be utterly undone." So saying, instead of a libation,¹ he applied the goblet to his lips, and confirmed his sentiments with a ceremony of the most persevering devotion.

¹ a drink offering, wine or other liquid poured on the ground in honor of a god.

In short, every man here pretends to be a politician; even the fair sex are sometimes found to mix the severity of national altercation with the blandishments of love, and often become conquerors by more weapons of destruction than their eyes. 5

This universal passion for politics is gratified by daily gazettes, as with us in China. But as in ours the emperor endeavours to instruct his people, in theirs the people endeavour to instruct the administration. You must not, however, imagine that they who compile these papers have any 10 actual knowledge of the politics or the government of a state; they only collect their materials from the oracle of some coffee-house, which oracle has himself gathered them the night before from a beau at a gaming-table, who has pillaged his knowledge from a great man's porter, who has had his in- 15 formation from the great man's gentleman,¹ who has invented the whole story for his own amusement the night preceding.

The English in general seem fonder of gaining the esteem than the love of those they converse with: this gives a for- 20 mality to their amusements; their gayest conversations have something too wise for innocent relaxation; though in company you are seldom disgusted with the absurdity of a fool, you are seldom lifted into rapture by those strokes of vivacity which give instant, though not permanent, pleasure. 25

What they want, however, in gaiety they make up in politeness. You smile at hearing me praise the English for their politeness; you who have heard very different accounts from the missionaries at Peking, who have seen such a different be- 30 haviour in their merchants and seamen at home. But I must still repeat it, the English seem more polite than any of their neighbours: their great art in this respect lies in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries are fond of obliging a stranger; but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation. The English 35

¹ valet, servant to a man of rank.

confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits with an air as if they despised them.

Walking a few days ago between an English and a Frenchman in the suburbs of the city, we were overtaken by a heavy
 5 shower of rain. I was unprepared; but they had each large coats which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation. The Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather, accosted me thus: "Psha, man; what dost shrink at? here, take this coat; I don't want it; I find it no way
 10 useful to me; I had as lief be without it." The Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn. "My dear friend," cries he, "why won't you oblige me by making use of my coat? You see how well it defends me from the rain; I should not choose to part with it to others, but to such a friend as you,
 15 I could even part with my skin to do him service."

From such minute instances as these, most reverend Fum Hoam, I am sensible your sagacity will collect instruction. The volume of nature is the book of knowledge; and he becomes most wise who makes the most judicious selection.
 20 Farewell.

ROBERT BURNS

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

[Abridged]

November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh,
 The short'ning winter day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
 25 The toil-worn Cotter¹ frae his labour goes,—
 This night his weekly moil² is at an end,—
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

¹cottager, peasant, tenant of a small farm. . ²drudgery, hard work.

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor,¹ his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree ;
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher² through 5
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin³ noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle,⁴ blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary kiaugh⁵ and care beguile, 10
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve,⁶ the elder bairns⁷ come drappin in,
At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
Some ca the pleugh,⁸ some herd, some tentie⁹ rin
A cannie¹⁰ errand to a neibor toun.¹¹ 15
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw¹² new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be. 20

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers¹³ :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncoss¹⁴ that he sees or hears.
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ; 25
Anticipation forward points the view ;
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars¹⁵ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

¹ waste land. ² stagger. ³ fluttering. ⁴ fireplace. ⁵ anxiety.
⁶ by and by, presently. ⁷ children. ⁸ drive the plow. ⁹ careful.
¹⁰ canny, prudent, thrifty. ¹¹ farm. ¹² fine, handsome. ¹³ asks.
¹⁴ uncommon things, news. ¹⁵ makes.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
 The younkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
 An' mind their labours wi' an eydent¹ hand,
 An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk² or play :
 5 "An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright !"³

10 But hark! a rap comes gently to the door.
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 15 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek ;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins³ is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,⁴
 20 A strappin youth ; he takes the mother's eye ;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen ;
 The father cracks⁵ of horses, pleughs, and kye.⁶
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate⁷ and laithfu',⁸ scarce can weel behave ;
 25 The mother wi' a woman's wiles can spy
 What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave,
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.⁹

.
 But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch,¹⁰ chief of Scotia's food ;

¹ diligent. ² dally, trifle. ³ half, partly. ⁴ Into the parlor. The entrance of a Scottish cottage was at the kitchen end; one went through the but, or kitchen, to the ben, or parlor. Cf. p. 384. ⁵ talks. ⁶ cows.
⁷ bashful. ⁸ shy. ⁹ rest. ¹⁰ porridge.

The sowpe¹ their only hawkie² does afford,
 That yont the hallan³ snugly chows her cud.
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck⁴ fell,⁵
 An' aft⁶ he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid; 5
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond⁷ auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.⁸

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace 10
 The big ha'-bible,⁹ ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets¹⁰ wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales¹¹ a portion with judicious care; 15
 And, "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days: 20
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. 25

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,

¹sup, liquid, milk. ²cow, especially a white-faced cow. ³beyond the partition. ⁴well-saved cheese. ⁵strong. ⁶often. ⁷twelve-month. ⁸since flax was in bloom. ⁹hall Bible. ¹⁰grey side-locks. ¹¹chooses.

That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 5 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God" :
 10 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind :
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 20 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 25 That stream'd thro' Wallace's¹ undaunted heart,
 Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,—
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 30 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

¹ William Wallace, the Scottish national hero, who in 1297 roused the Scots to resistance after their defeat by Edward I of England.

An' cozie here beneath the blast
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

5 That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But¹ house or hald,
 To thole² the winter's sleety dribble
 10 An' cranreuch³ cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane⁴
 In proving foresight may be vain:
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft a-gley,⁵
 15 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
 The present only toucheth thee:
 But, och! I backward cast my ee⁶
 20 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 25 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 30 The man's the gowd⁷ for a' that.

¹ without.
⁵ askew, amiss.

² endure.
⁶ eye.

³ (krān'rūk) hoar-frost.

⁷ gold.

⁴ alone.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray,¹ an' a' that ;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that, 5
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie,² ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that ; 10
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof³ for a' that :
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind, 15
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,⁴
 Guid faith he mauna fa'⁵ that ! 20
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that,
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may, 25
 As come it will for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree,⁶ an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that, 30
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

¹ coarse gray woolen. ² fellow. ³ blockhead, fool. ⁴ above,
 beyond his power. ⁵ cannot accomplish. ⁶ carry off the prize.

AE FOND KISS

Ae¹ fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 5 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 10 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 15 Never met—or never parted—
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 20 Thine be ilka² joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure !
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

25 O, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,³
 My plaidie to the angry airt,⁴
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

¹ one.² every.³ pasture or grassland.⁴ direction, quarter.

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy beild¹ should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste, 5
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, 10
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

BANNOCKBURN

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed, 15
 Or to victory!
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Chains and slavery! 20

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha for Scotland's king and law 25
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand or Freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

¹(bæld) shelter.

By oppression's woes and pains
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free!
 5 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!—
 Let us do or die!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

Contented wi' little and cantie¹ wi' mair,
 10 Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,
 I gie them a skelp,² as they're creepin alang,
 Wi' a cog³ o' guid swats⁴ and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
 But Man is a soger,⁵ and Life is a faught.⁶
 15 My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
 And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.

A towmond⁷ o' trouble, should that be my fa',⁸
 A night o' guid fellowship sowthers⁹ it a':
 When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
 20 Wha the Deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind chance, let her snapper¹⁰ and stoyte¹¹ on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae!
 Come Ease or come Travail,¹² come Pleasure or Pain,
 My warst word is:—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

¹ cheerful, merry.² slap.³ wooden drinking-vessel.⁴ ale.⁵ soldier.⁶ fight.⁷ twelvemonth.⁸ lot.⁹ solders, mends.¹⁰ stumble.¹¹ stagger.¹² toil.

DANIEL DEFOE

JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR¹

WRITTEN BY A CITIZEN WHO CONTINUED ALL THE WHILE
IN LONDON

[Extracts]

I lived without Aldgate, about midway between Aldgate Church and Whitechapel Bars, on the left hand or north side of the street; and as the distemper had not reached to that side of the city, our neighbourhood continued very easy. But at the other end of the town their consternation was very great; and the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the city, thronged out of town with their families and servants in an unusual manner; and this was more particularly seen in Whitechapel; that is to say, the Broad Street where I lived; indeed, nothing was to be seen but waggons and carts, with goods, women, servants, children, &c.; coaches filled with people of the better sort, and horsemen attending them, and all hurrying away; then empty waggons and carts appeared, and spare horses with servants, who, it was apparent, were returning or sent from the countries to fetch more people; besides innumerable numbers of men on horseback, some alone, others with servants, and, generally speaking, all loaded with baggage and fitted out for travelling, as any one might perceive by their appearance.

This was a very terrible and melancholy thing to see, and as it was a sight which I could not but look on from morning to night, for indeed there was nothing else of moment to be seen, it filled me with very serious thoughts of the misery that was coming upon the city, and the unhappy condition of those that would be left in it.

This hurry of the people was such for some weeks that

there was no getting at the Lord Mayor's door without exceeding difficulty; there was such pressing and crowding there to get passes and certificates of health for such as travelled abroad, for without these there was no being admitted to pass through the towns upon the road, or to lodge in any inn. Now, as there had none died in the city for all this time, my Lord Mayor gave certificates of health without any difficulty to all those who lived in the ninety-seven parishes, and to those within the liberties¹ too for a while.

It must not be forgot here that the city and suburbs were prodigiously full of people at the time of this visitation, I mean at the time that it began; for though I have lived to see a further increase, and mighty throngs of people settling in London more than ever, yet we had always a notion that the numbers of people which, the wars being over, the armies disbanded, and the royal family and the monarchy being restored,² had flocked to London to settle in business, or to depend upon and attend the Court for rewards of services, preferments, and the like, was such that the town was computed to have in it above a hundred thousand people more than ever it held before; nay, some took upon them to say it had twice as many, because all the ruined families of the royal party flocked hither. All the old soldiers set up trades here, and abundance of families settled here. Again, the Court brought with them a great flux of pride and new fashions. All people were grown gay and luxurious, and the joy of the Restoration had brought a vast many families to London.

It was under this John Hayward's care, and within his bounds, that the story of the piper, with which people have made themselves so merry, happened, and he assured me that it was true. It is said that it was a blind piper; but, as

¹ districts outside the City but subject to its jurisdiction, suburbs.

² in 1660.

John told me, the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about ten o'clock at night and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes 5 farthings; and he in return would pipe and sing and talk simply, which diverted the people; and thus he lived. It was but a very bad time for this diversion while things were as I have told, yet the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when anybody asked how he did he 10 would answer, the dead cart had not taken him yet, but that they had promised to call for him next week.

It happened one night that this poor fellow, whether somebody had given him too much drink or no—John Hayward said he had not drink in his house, but that they had given 15 him a little more victuals than ordinary at a public-house in Coleman Street—and the poor fellow, having not usually had a bellyful for perhaps not a good while, was laid all along upon the top of a bulk or stall, and fast asleep, at a door in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that 20 upon the same bulk or stall the people of some house, in the alley of which the house was a corner, hearing a bell, which they always rang before the cart came, had laid a body really dead of the plague just by him, thinking, too, that this poor fellow had been a dead body, as the other was, and laid there 25 by some of the neighbours.

Accordingly, when John Hayward with his bell and the cart came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly. 30

From hence they passed along and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart; yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do 35 remember, was at Mount Mill; and as the cart usually

stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped the fellow awaked and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the
5 cart, he called out, "Hey! where am I?" This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but after some pause John Hayward, recovering himself, said, "Lord, bless us! There's somebody in the cart not quite dead!" So another called to him and said, "Who are you?" The fellow an-
10 swered, "I am the poor piper. Where am I?" "Where are you?" says Hayward. "Why, you are in the dead cart, and we are going to bury you." "But I an't dead though, am I?" says the piper, which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first; so they helped
15 the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

I know the story goes he set up his pipes in the cart and frightened the bearers and others so that they ran away; but John Hayward did not tell the story so, nor say anything of his piping at all; but that he was a poor piper, and that he
20 was carried away as above I am fully satisfied of the truth of.

As this puts me upon mentioning my walking the streets and fields, I cannot omit taking notice what a desolate place the city was at that time. The great street I lived in, which is known to be one of the broadest of all the streets of Lon-
25 don, I mean of the suburbs as well as the liberties, all the side where the butchers lived, especially without the bars, was more like a green field than a paved street, and the people generally went in the middle with the horses and carts. It is true that the farthest end towards Whitechapel Church was
30 not all paved, but even the part that was paved was full of grass also; but this need not seem strange, since the great streets within the city, such as Leadenhall Street, Bishopsgate Street, Cornhill, and even the Exchange itself, had grass growing in them in several places; neither cart or coach were
35 seen in the streets from morning to evening, except some

country carts to bring roots and beans, or peas, hay, and straw to the market, and those but very few compared to what was usual. As for coaches, they were scarce used but to carry sick people to the pest-house, and to other hospitals, and some few to carry physicians to such places as they 5 thought fit to venture to visit; for really coaches were dangerous things, and people did not care to venture into them, because they did not know who might have been carried in them last, and sick, infected people were, as I have said, ordinarily carried in them to the pest-houses, and sometimes 10 people expired in them as they went along.

THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

5 To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran ;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

10 Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle¹ trailed its wreaths ;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

15 The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

20 The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air ;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

¹ A trailing plant with evergreen leaves and blue or white flowers, commonly called myrtle in the United States.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man?

TO A SKY-LARK

WRITTEN AT RYDAL MOUNT

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky! 5
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still! 10

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam; 15
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD

I wandered lonely as a cloud
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
 When all at once I saw a crowd,
 A host, of golden daffodils; 20
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
 And twinkle on the milky way,
 They stretched in never-ending line 25
 Along the margin of a bay:
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced ; but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund company :
 5 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 10 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 15 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 20 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows
 25 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 30 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

- Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain, 5
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.
- No nightingale did ever chant
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas 15
Among the farthest Hebrides.
- Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago; 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?
- Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang 25
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill, 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom¹ of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
5 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
10 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
15 A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
20 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
25 The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
30 With something of angelic light.

¹ vision.

NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT'S NARROW ROOM

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
 And hermits are contented with their cells ;
 And students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; bees that soar for bloom, 5
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells :
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is : and hence for me,
 In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound 10
 Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground ;
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,
 SEPTEMBER 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair : 15
 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 20
 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 splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep ! 25
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee ;
 And was the safeguard of the west : the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 5 She was a maiden City, bright and free ;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
 And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
 And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 10 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay ;
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day :
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

HYMN

BEFORE SUN-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI¹

Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides ; and within a few paces of the Glaciers, the Gentiana Major grows in immense numbers with its 'flowers of loveliest blue.'

15 Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly ; but thou, most awful Form !
 20 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently ! Around thee and above

¹ (shā mōō nē') more commonly Chamonix, in France, north of Mont Blanc.

Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity! 5
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, 10
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there, 15
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake! 20
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the Vale!
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink: 25
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? 30
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 5 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
 And who commanded (and the silence came),
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 10 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
 15 Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 20 God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
 25 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm!
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
 Ye signs and wonders of the element!
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

30 Thou too, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud, 5
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth!
 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
 Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, 10
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM

A FRAGMENT

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran 15
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills, 20
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover! 25
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing, 30

A mighty fountain momentarily was forced :
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 5 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
 10 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war !

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 15 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

A damsel with a dulcimer¹
 20 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she play'd,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 25 Her symphony² and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 30 And all who heard should see them there,—
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!—
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair !

¹a musical instrument with metallic wires and a sounding board.

²playing, an instrumental passage used as preface or refrain in a song.

Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

LORD BYRON

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[Extracts]

CANTO I. FAREWELL

Adieu, adieu! my native shore	5
Fades o'er the waters blue;	
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,	
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.	
Yon sun that sets upon the sea	
We follow in his flight;	10
Farewell awhile to him and thee,	
My native land—Good night!	
A few short hours and he will rise	
To give the morrow birth;	
And I shall hail the main and skies,	15
But not my mother earth.	
Deserted is my own good hall,	
Its hearth is desolate;	
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall,	
My dog howls at the gate.	20
.	
And now I'm in the world alone,	
Upon the wide, wide sea:	
But why should I for others groan,	
When none will sigh for me?	

COLLEGE

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
 Till fed by stranger hands ;
 But long ere I come back again
 He'd tear me where he stands.

5 With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine ;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !
 10 And when you fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
 My native land—Good night !

CANTO III. THE EVE BEFORE WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 15 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 20 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 25 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 30 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press 5
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed, 10
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum 15
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come!
 they come!"

CANTO IV. ROME

Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, 20
 Lone mother of dead empires! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples,—Ye! 25
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe¹ of nations! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;

¹Niobe, in Greek mythology, for her impious pride in saying that her children were superior to the children of Leto (Apollo and Artemis) saw her children destroyed by the gods. She turned to stone, but wept eternally.

An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
 The Scipios¹ tomb contains no ashes now;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 5 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

THE COLISEUM²; THE DYING GLADIATOR

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,
 Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
 10 Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,³
 Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams shine
 As 'twere its natural torches, for divine
 Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
 This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
 15 Of contemplation; and the azure gloom
 Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

Hues which have words and speak to ye of heaven,
 Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
 And shadows forth its glory. There is given
 20 Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
 A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
 His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
 And magic in the ruined battlement,
 For which the palace of the present hour
 25 Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

¹The family which contributed most to the greatness of ancient Rome. Their tomb was discovered in 1780. Byron may mean that modern Rome had lost even the memory of patriotism.

²Coliseum, Colosseum, the greatest ruin of ancient Rome, an amphitheater built about A. D. 80 by the emperors Vespasian and Titus, elliptical in shape, about 615 by 510 feet. The seats are supported by rings of arched galleries. It was used for gladiatorial combats and other spectacles.

³A stately edifice. The Coliseum had no roof.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws, 5
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theatres—where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie: 10
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, 15
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away: 20
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian¹ mother—he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday— 25
 All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire
 And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths,² and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,

¹ Dacia, a district north of the Danube, furnished many gladiators to Rome.

² The Goths, led by Alaric, sacked Rome, A. D. 410.

And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
 Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
 Was death or life—the playthings of a crowd—
 5 My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin! ¹ from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared ;
 10 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared ?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared :
 15 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 20 And the low night-breeze waves along the air
 The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
 Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare—
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
 25 Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
 "When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
 "And when Rome falls—the World." From our own
 land
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall

¹For centuries material from the Coliseum, as from other buildings of ancient Rome, was used to build the medieval and modern city.

In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient ; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unaltered all—
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye will. 5

SONNET ON CHILLON

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 consigned— 10
 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, 15
 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.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE CLOUD

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, 20
 From the seas and the streams ;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one, 25
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

5 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast ;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 10 Lightning my pilot sits ;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—
 It struggles and howls at fits ;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 15 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea ;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 20 The Spirit he loves remains ;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine¹ sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 25 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead,
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 30 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardours of rest and of love,

¹ red, the color of blood.

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 5
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 10
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 15
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl ; 20
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof, 25
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ; 30
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 5 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,¹
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 10 I arise and unbuild it again.

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 15 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 20 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run ;
 25 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad day-light
 30 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

¹ a monument in honor of one who is buried elsewhere; here, the cloudless sky.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 5

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 10

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 15

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 20

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 25

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view : 30

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 5 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 10 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 15 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine:

Chorus Hymenæal,¹
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 20 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 25 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be—
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 30 Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

¹ wedding chorus, from Hymen, god of marriage in classical mythology.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Thing more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 5

We look before and after
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 10

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 15

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound—
Better than all treasures
That in books are found—
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 20

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then—as I am listening now. 25

INDIAN SERENADE

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee, 30

And a spirit in my feet
 Hath led me—who knows how?
 To thy chamber window, Sweet!

5 The wandering airs they faint
 On the dark, the silent stream—
 The Champak¹ odours fail
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
 The nightingale's complaint,
 It dies upon her heart;—
 10 As I must on thine,
 O! belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
 I die! I faint! I fail!
 Let thy love in kisses rain
 15 On my lips and eyelids pale.
 My cheek is cold and white, alas!
 My heart beats loud and fast;—
 Oh! press it to thine own again,
 Where it will break at last:

JOHN KEATS

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

20 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:
 25 What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

¹A tree of the magnolia family, having fragrant yellow flowers, much cultivated in India, where it is regarded as sacred.

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; 5
 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, 10
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu: 15
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 Forever panting, and forever young; 20
 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, 25
 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 this folk, this pious morn? 30
 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 Attic¹ shape! Fair attitude! with brede²
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 5 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
 10 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

TO AUTUMN

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

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

¹ Athenian, Greek, from Attica; the territory of Athens.² embroidery.

Where are the the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
 While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn 5
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft¹; 10
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

When I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high pilèd books, in charact'ry,²
 Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain; 15
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And think that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour! 20
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink. 25

TO SLEEP

O soft embalmer of the still midnight!
 Shutting with careful fingers and benign
 Our gloom-pleasèd eyes, embower'd from the light,
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;

¹small, inclosed field, usually adjoining a house.²characters, letters.

O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
 Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
 Around my bed its lulling charities ;
 5 Then save me, or the passèd day will shine
 Upon my pillow, breeding many woes ;
 Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
 Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole ;
 Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
 10 And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

ON THE SEA

It keeps eternal whisperings around
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
 Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
 Of Hecate¹ leaves them their old shadowy sound.
 15 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell
 Be mov'd for days from whence it sometime fell,
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
 Oh, ye, who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
 20 Feast them upon the wideness of the sea ;
 Oh, ye, whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

25 The poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;

¹In classical mythology, the goddess of darkness and terror of night. She presided over enchantments.

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights; for when tired out with fun
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never: 5
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills. 10

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 bards¹ in fealty to Apollo² hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told 15
 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; 20
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He star'd at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI³

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, 25
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

¹poets. ²the god of poetry and music. ³the beautiful lady
 without mercy.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

5 I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

10 "I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

15 "I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She look'd at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

20 "I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A faery's song.

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna-dew,
 And sure in language strange she said—
 'I love thee true.'

25 "She took me to her elfin grot,¹
 And there she wept and sigh'd full sore,
 And there I shut her wild, wild eyes,
 With kisses four.

¹ grotto.

“And there she lullèd me asleep,
 And there I dream’d—ah! woe betide!—
 The latest dream I ever dream’d
 On the cold hill’s side.

“I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
 They cried—‘La Belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall!’” 5

“I saw their starved lips in the gloom,
 With horrid warning gapèd wide;
 And I awoke, and found me here
 On the cold hill’s side. 10

“And this is why I sojourn here,
 Alone and palely loitering,
 Though the sedge is wither’d from the lake,
 And no birds sing.” 15

SIR WALTER SCOTT

LOCHINVAR

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide Border¹ his steed was the best;
 And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone. 20
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake,² and he stopped not for stone,
 He swam the Eske River where ford there was none;
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate, 25

¹ between England and Scotland.² thicket.

The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,

5 Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
 (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
 "O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

10 "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
 There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
 15 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

20 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
 "Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard¹ did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 25 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
 30 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,

¹ a lively dance.

So light to the saddle before her he sprung ;
 "She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur¹ ;
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grames of the Netherby clan ;
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran : 5
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,²
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

REDGAUNTLET

WANDERING WILLIE'S TALE

Ye maun³ have heard of Sir Robert Redgauntlet of that 10
 ilk,⁴ who lived in these parts before the dear years. The
 country will lang mind him ; and our fathers used to draw
 breath thick if ever they heard him named. He was out wi'
 the Hielandmen in Montrose's time ; and again he was in the
 hills wi' Glencairn in the saxteen hundred and fifty-twa ; and 15
 sae when King Charles the Second came in, wha was in sic
 favour as the Laird of Redgauntlet? He was knighted at
 Lonon court, wi' the King's ain sword ; and being a redhot
 prelatist,⁵ he came down here, rampaung like a lion, with
 commissions of lieutenantancy, (and of lunacy, for what I ken,) 20
 to put down a' the Whigs and Covenanters in the country.
 Wild wark they made of it ; for the Whigs were as dour⁶ as
 the Cavaliers were fierce, and it was which should first tire
 the other. Redgauntlet was aye for the strong hand ; and his
 name is kend⁷ as wide in the country as Claverhouse's or 25
 Tam Dalyell's. Glen, nor dargle,⁸ nor mountain, nor cave,

¹precipice. ²the meadows near Netherby Castle. ³must. ⁴of
 the same name or place ; that is, Redgauntlet of Redgauntlet. ⁵high
 churchman, a name given by Puritans and Presbyterians to those who
 stood for episcopacy in church government. ⁶(dōōr) obstinate.
⁷kenned, known. ⁸dell.

could hide the pair hill-folk¹ when Redgauntlet was out with bugle and bloodhound after them, as if they had been sae mony deer. And troth when they fand them, they didna mak muckle mair² ceremony than a Hielandman wi' a roebuck—
 5 It was just, "Will ye tak the test?"—if not, "Make ready—present—fire!"—and there lay the recusant.³

Far and wide was Sir Robert hated and feared. Men thought he had a direct compact with Satan—that he was proof against steel—and that bullets happed⁴ aff his buff-
 10 coat⁵ like hailstones from a hearth—that he had a mear⁶ that would turn a hare on the side of Carrifra-gawns⁷—and muckle to the same purpose, of whilk mair anon. The best blessing they wared on him was, "Deil scowp wi'⁸ Redgauntlet!" He wasna a bad maister to his ain folk though,
 15 and was weel aneugh liked by his tenants; and as for the lackies and troopers that raid out wi' him to the persecutions, as the Whigs caa'd those killing times, they wad hae drunken themsells blind to his health at any time.

Now you are to ken that my gudesire lived on Redgauntlet's
 20 let's grund—they ca' the place Primrose-Knowe. We had lived on the grund, and under the Redgauntlets, since the riding days, and lang before. It was a pleasant bit; and I think the air is callerer⁹ and fresher there than ony where else in the country. It's a' deserted now; and I sat on the
 25 broken door-cheek three days since, and was glad I couldna see the plight the place was in; but that's a' wide o' the mark. There dwelt my gudesire,¹⁰ Steenie Steenson, a rambling, rattling chiel¹¹ he had been in his young days, and could play weel on the pipes¹²; he was famous at "Hoopers and Girders"
 30 —a' Cumberland couldna touch him at "Jockie Lattin"—and he had the finest finger for the backlilt between Berwick and Carlisle. The like o' Steenie wasna the sort that

¹ Covenanters. ² much more. ³ dissenter, nonconformist.
⁴ hopped. ⁵ a coat of buff leather, worn for defense. ⁶ mare. ⁷ a precipitous mountainside.
⁸ run with, or quaff with. ⁹ cooler.
¹⁰ goodsire, grandsire. ¹¹ chield, young fellow. ¹² bagpipes.

they made Whigs o'. And so he became a Tory, as they ca' it, which we now ca' Jacobites, just out of a kind of needcesity, that he might belang to some side or other. He had nae ill-will to the Whig bodies, and liked little to see the blude rin, though, being obliged to follow Sir Robert in hunting 5 and hosting,¹ watching and warding, he saw muckle mischief, and maybe did some, that he couldna avoid.

Now Steenie was a kind of favourite with his master, and kend a' the folks about the Castle, and was often sent for to play the pipes when they were at their merriment. Auld 10 Dougal MacCallum, the butler, that had followed Sir Robert through gude and ill, thick and thin, pool and stream, was specially fond of the pipes, and aye gae my gudesire his gude word wi' the Laird; for Dougal could turn his master round his finger. 15

Weel, round came the Revolution, and it had like to have broken the hearts baith of Dougal and his master. But the change was not a'thegether sae great as they feared, and other folk thought for. The Whigs made an unco crawling what they wad do with their auld enemies, and in special wi' Sir 20 Robert Redgauntlet. But there were ower mony great folks dipped in the same doings, to mak a spick and span new world. So Parliament passed it a' ower easy; and Sir Robert, bating that he was held to hunting foxes instead of Covenanters, remained just the man he was. His revel was as 25 loud, and his hall as weel lighted, as ever it had been, though maybe he lacked the fines of the nonconformists, that used to come to stock his larder and cellar; for it is certain he began to be keener about the rents than his tenants used to find him before, and they behoved to be prompt to the rent- 30 day, or else the Laird wasna pleased. And he was sic an awesome body, that naebody cared to anger him; for the oaths he swore, and the rage that he used to get into, and the looks that he put on, made men sometimes think him a devil incarnate.

¹ mustering of armed men.

Weel, my gudesire was nae manager—no that he was a very great misguider—but he hadna the saving gift, and he got twa terms' rent in arrear. He got the first brash at Whitsunday put ower wi' fair word and piping; but when
 5 Martinmas came, there was a summons from the grund-officer to come wi' the rent on a day preceese, or else Steenie behoved to flit. Sair wark he had to get the siller; but he was weel-freended, and at last he got the haill scraped together—a thousand merks¹—the maist of it was from a
 10 neighbour they caa'd Laurie Lapraik—a sly tod.² Laurie had walth o' gear—could hunt wi' the hound and rin wi' the hare—and be Whig or Tory, saunt or sinner, as the wind stood. He was a professor³ in this Revolution warld, but he liked an orra sough⁴ of this warld, and a tune on the pipes weel
 15 aneugh at a bytime, and abune a', he thought he had a gude security for the siller he lent my gudesire ower the stocking at Primrose-Knowe.

Away trots my gudesire to Redgauntlet Castle, wi' a heavy purse and a light heart, glad to be out of the Laird's danger.
 20 Weel, the first thing he learned at the Castle was, that Sir Robert had fretted himsell into a fit of the gout, because he did not appear before twelve o'clock. It wasna a'thegether for sake of the money, Dougal thought; but because he didna like to part wi' my gudesire aff the grund. Dougal was
 25 glad to see Steenie, and brought him into the great oak parlour, and there sat the Laird his leesome lane,⁵ excepting that he had beside him a great, ill-favoured jackanape,⁶ that was a special pet of his; a cankered beast it was, and mony an ill-natured trick it played—ill to please it was, and easily
 30 angered—ran about the haill castle—chattering and yowling, and pinching, and biting folk, especially before ill-weather, or disturbances in the state. Sir Robert caa'd it Major Weir, after the warlock⁷ that was burnt; and few folk liked either

¹ marks, Scottish silver coins worth 13½ pence. ² fox. ³ one who professes great devotion to religion. ⁴ extra chant. ⁵ his dear self alone. ⁶ ape, monkey. ⁷ wizard.

the name or the conditions of the creature—they thought there was something in it by ordinar—and my gudesire was not just easy in his mind when the door shut on him, and he saw himself in the room wi' naebody but the Laird, Dougal MacCallum, and the Major, a thing that hadna chanced to 5 him before.

Sir Robert sat, or, I should say, lay, in a great armed chair, wi' his grand velvet gown, and his feet on a cradle; for he had baith gout and gravel, and his face looked as gash and ghastly as Satan's. Major Weir sat opposite to him, in a 10 red laced coat, and the Laird's wig on his head; and aye as Sir Robert girned wi' pain, the jackanape girned too, like a sheep's-head between a pair of tangs—an ill-faur'd,¹ fearsome couple they were. The Laird's buff-coat was hung on a pin behind him, and his broadsword and his pistols within 15 reach; for he keepit up the auld fashion of having the weapons ready, and a horse saddled day and night, just as he used to do when he was able to loup on horseback, and away after any of the hill-folk he could get speerings of. Some said it was for fear of the Whigs taking vengeance, but I 20 judge it was just his auld custom—he wasna gien to fear any thing. The rental-book, wi' its black cover and brass clasps, was lying beside him; and a book of sculduddry² sangs was put betwixt the leaves, to keep it open at the place where it bore evidence against the Goodman of Primrose-Knowe, as 25 behind the hand with his mails³ and duties. Sir Robert gave my gudesire a look, as if he would have withered his heart in his bosom. Ye maun ken he had a way of bending his brows, that men saw the visible mark of a horse-shoe in his forehead, deep-dinted, as if it had been stamped there. 30

"Are ye come light-handed, ye son of a toom⁴ whistle?" said Sir Robert. "Zounds! if you are——"

My gudesire, with as gude a countenance as he could put on, made a leg, and placed the bag of money on the table wi'

¹ ill-favored, ugly.

³ tribute, taxes.

² skulduddry, immoral, immorality.

⁴ empty, empty-sounding.

a dash, like a man that does something clever. The Laird drew it to him hastily—"Is it all here, Steenie, man?"

"Your honour will find it right," said my gudesire.

"Here, Dougal," said the Laird, "gie Steenie a tass¹ of
5 brandy down stairs, till I count the siller and write the receipt."

But they werena weel out of the room, when Sir Robert gied a yelloch that garr'd the Castle rock. Back ran Dougal—in flew the livery-men—yell on yell gied the Laird, ilk ane
10 mair awfu' than the ither. My gudesire knew not whether to stand or flee, but he ventured back into the parlour, where a' was gaun hirdy-girdie—naebody to say "come in," and "gae out." Terribly the Laird roared for cauld water to his feet, and wine to cool his throat; and hell, hell, hell, and its flames,
15 was aye the word in his mouth. They brought him water, and when they plunged his swoln feet into the tub, he cried out it was burning; and folk say that it *did* bubble and sparkle like a seething caldron. He flung the cup at Dougal's head, and said he had given him blood instead of burgundy;
20 and, sure aneugh, the lass washed clotted blood aff the carpet the neist day. The jackanape they caa'd Major Weir, it jibbered and cried as if it was mocking its master; my gudesire's head was like to turn—he forgot baith siller and receipt, and down stairs he banged; but as he ran, the shrieks
25 came faint and fainter; there was a deep-drawn shivering groan, and word gaed through the Castle, that the Laird was dead.

Weel, away came my gudesire, wi' his finger in his mouth, and his best hope was, that Dougal had seen the money-
30 bag, and heard the Laird speak of writing the receipt. The young Laird, now Sir John, came from Edinburgh, to see things put to rights. Sir John and his father never gree'd weel. Sir John had been bred an advocate,² and afterwards sat in the last Scots Parliament and voted for the Union,³

¹ drinking-cup, glass.

² lawyer.

³ with England, in 1707, in the

reign of Queen Anne.

having gotten, it was thought, a rug of the compensations¹— if his father could have come out of his grave, he would have brained him for it on his awn hearthstane. Some thought it was easier counting with the auld rough Knight than the fair-spoken young ane—but mair of that anon. 5

Dougal MacCallum, poor body, neither grat nor graned,² but gaed about the house looking like a corpse, but directing, as was his duty, a' the order of the grand funeral. Now, Dougal looked aye waur and waur³ when night was coming, and was aye the last to gang to his bed, whilk⁴ was in a little 10 round just opposite the chamber of dais,⁵ whilk his master occupied while he was living, and where he now lay in state, as they caa'd it, weel-a-day! The night before the funeral, Dougal could keep his awn counsel nae langer; he cam doun 15 with his proud spirit, and fairly asked auld Hutcheon to sit in his room with him for an hour. When they were in the round, Dougal took ae tass of brandy to himsell, and gave another to Hutcheon, and wished him all health and lang life, and said that, for himsell, he wasna lang for this world; for that, every night since Sir Robert's death, his silver call had 20 sounded from the state-chamber, just as it used to do at nights in his lifetime, to call Dougal to help to turn him in his bed. Dougal said, that being alone with the dead on that floor of the tower, (for naebody cared to wake Sir Robert Redgauntlet like another corpse,) he had never daured to 25 answer the call, but that now his conscience checked him for neglecting his duty; for, "though death breaks service," said MacCallum, "it shall never break my service to Sir Robert; and I will answer his next whistle, so be you will stand by me, Hutcheon." 30

Hutcheon had nae will to the wark, but he had stood by Dougal in battle and broil, and he wad not fail him at this pinch; so down the carles⁶ sat ower a stoup of brandy, and

¹a haul, a good bargain, in the adjustments made by the terms of the Union. ²wept nor groaned. ³worse and worse. ⁴which.

⁵parlor, or best bedroom. ⁶fellows, boors.

Hutcheon, who was something of a clerk,¹ would have read a chapter of the Bible; but Dougal would hear naething but a blaud² of Davie Lindsay, whilk was the waur preparation.

When midnight came, and the house was quiet as the grave,
 5 sure aneugh the silver whistle sounded as sharp and shrill as if Sir Robert was blowing it, and up gat the twa auld serving-men, and tottered into the room where the dead man lay. Hutcheon saw aneugh at the first glance; for there were torches in the room, which showed him the foul fiend, in his
 10 ain shape, sitting on the Laird's coffin! Over he cowped³ as if he had been dead. He could not tell how lang he lay in a trance at the door, but when he gathered himself, he cried on his neighbour, and getting nae answer, raised the house, when Dougal was found lying dead within twa steps of the
 15 bed where his master's coffin was placed. As for the whistle, it was gaen anes and aye⁴; but mony a time was it heard at the top of the house on the bartizan,⁵ and amang the auld chimneys and turrets, where the howlets have their nests. Sir John hushed the matter up, and the funeral passed over
 20 without mair bogle⁶-wark.

But when a' was ower, and the Laird was beginning to settle his affairs, every tenant was called up for his arrears, and my gudesire for the full sum that stood against him in the rental-book. Weel, away he trots to the Castle, to tell his
 25 story, and there he is introduced to Sir John, sitting in his father's chair, in deep mourning, with weepers⁷ and hanging cravat, and a small walking rapier by his side, instead of the auld broadsword, that had a hundred-weight of steel about it, what with blade, chape,⁸ and basket-hilt. I have heard their
 30 communing so often tauld ower, that I almost think I was there mysell, though I couldna be born at the time. (In fact,

¹ scholar, one who can read and write. ² fragment. ³ upset, cap-sized.
⁴ gone once and forever. ⁵ a small structure for observation or defense built over an angle of a wall or over an entrance gate.
⁶ specter, goblin. ⁷ mourning bands. ⁸ metal trimming of a scabbard, sometimes the whole scabbard.

Alan, my companion, mimicked, with a good deal of humour, the flattering, conciliating tone of the tenant's address, and the hypocritical melancholy of the Laird's reply. His grandfather, he said, had, while he spoke, his eye fixed on the rental-book, as if it were a mastiff-dog that he was afraid 5 would spring up and bite him.)

"I wuss¹ ye joy, sir, of the head seat, and the white loaf, and the braid lairdship. Your father was a kind man to friends and followers; muckle grace to you, Sir John, to fill his shoon—his boots, I suld say, for he seldom wore shoon, 10 unless it were muils when he had the gout."

"Ay, Steenie," quoth the Laird, sighing deeply and putting his napkin to his een, "his was a sudden call, and he will be missed in the country; no time to set his house in order— 15 weel prepared Godward, no doubt, which is the root of the matter—but left us behind a tangled hesp² to wind, Steenie. —Hem! hem! We maun go to business, Steenie; much to do, and little time to do it in."

Here he opened the fatal volume. I have heard of a thing they call Doomsday-book—I am clear it has been a rental 20 of back-ganging tenants.

"Stephen," said Sir John, still in the same soft, sleekit tone of voice—"Stephen Stevenson, or Steenson, ye are down here for a year's rent behind the hand—due at last term."

Stephen. "Please your honour, Sir John, I paid it to your 25 father."

Sir John. "Ye took a receipt then, doubtless, Stephen; and can produce it?"

Stephen. "Indeed I hadna time, an it like your honour; for nae sooner had I set down the siller, and just as his 30 honour Sir Robert, that's gaen, drew it till him to count it, and write out the receipt, he was ta'en wi' the pains that removed him."

"That was unlucky," said Sir John, after a pause. "But ye maybe paid it in the presence of somebody. I want but 35

¹ wish.

² hasp, skein.

a *talis qualis*¹ evidence, Stephen. I would go ower strictly to work with no poor man."

Stephen. "Troth, Sir John, there was naebody in the room but Dougal MacCallum the butler. But, as your honour
5 kens, he has e'en followed his auld master."

"Very unlucky again, Stephen," said Sir John, without altering his voice a single note. "The man to whom ye paid the money is dead—and the man who witnessed the payment is dead too—and the siller, which should have been to the
10 fore, is neither seen nor heard tell of in the repositories. How am I to believe a' this?"

Stephen. "I dinna ken, your honour; but there is a bit memorandum note of the very coins; for, God help me! I had to borrow out of twenty purses; and I am sure that ilka
15 man there set down will take his grit oath for what purpose I borrowed the money."

Sir John. "I have little doubt ye *borrowed* the money, Steenie. It is the *payment* to my father that I want to have some proof of."

20 *Stephen.* "The siller maun be about the house, Sir John. And since your honour never got it, and his honour that was canna have ta'en it wi' him, maybe some of the family may have seen it."

Sir John. "We will examine the servants, Stephen; that
25 is but reasonable."

But lackey and lass, and page and groom, all denied stoutly that they had ever seen such a bag of money as my gudesire described. What was waur, he had unluckily not mentioned to any living soul of them his purpose of paying his rent. Ae
30 quean² had noticed something under his arm, but she took it for the pipes.

Sir John Redgauntlet ordered the servants out of the room, and then said to my gudesire, "Now, Steenie, ye see you have fair play; and, as I have little doubt ye ken better where to
35 find the siller than any other body, I beg, in fair terms, and

¹such as may be, reasonable.

²one young woman.

for your own sake, that you will end this fasherie¹; for, Stephen, ye maun pay or flit."

"The Lord forgie your opinion," said Stephen, driven almost to his wit's end—"I am an honest man."

"So am I, Stephen," said his honour; "and so are all the 5 folks in the house, I hope. But if there be a knave amongst us, it must be he that tells the story he cannot prove." He paused, and then added, mair sternly, "If I understand your trick, sir, you want to take advantage of some malicious reports concerning things in this family, and particularly re- 10 specting my father's sudden death, thereby to cheat me out of the money, and perhaps take away my character, by insinuating that I have received the rent I am demanding.—Where do you suppose this money to be?—I insist upon knowing."

My gudesire saw every thing look sae muckle against him, 15 that he grew nearly desperate—however, he shifted from one foot to another, looked to every corner of the room and made no answer.

"Speak out, sirrah," said the Laird, assuming a look of his father's, a very particular ane, which he had when he was 20 angry—it seemed as if the wrinkles of his frown made that self-same fearful shape of a horse's shoe in the middle of his brow;—"Speak out, sir! I *will* know your thoughts;—do you suppose that I have this money?"

"Far be it frae me to say so," said Stephen. 25

"Do you charge any of my people with having taken it?"

"I wad be laith to charge them that may be innocent," said my gudesire; "and if there be any one that is guilty, I have nae proof."

"Somewhere the money must be, if there is a word of truth 30 in your story," said Sir John; "I ask where you think it is—and demand a correct answer?"

"In hell, if you *will* have my thoughts of it," said my gudesire, driven to extremity,—*"in hell!* with your father, his jackanape, and his silver whistle." 35

¹ annoyance, nonsense.

Down the stairs he ran, (for the parlour was nae place for him after such a word,) and he heard the Laird swearing blood and wounds behind him, as fast as ever did Sir Robert, and roaring for the bailie¹ and the baron-officer.

5 Away rode my gudesire to his chief creditor, (him they caa'd Laurie Lapraik,) to try if he could make ony thing out of him; but when he tauld his story, he got but the warst word in his wame—thief, beggar, and dyvour,² were the saftest terms; and to the boot of these hard terms, Laurie
10 brought up the auld story of his dipping his hand in the blood of God's saunts, just as if a tenant could have helped riding with the Laird, and that a laird like Sir Robert Redgauntlet. My gudesire was, by this time, far beyond the bounds of patience, and, while he and Laurie were at deil speed the
15 liars, he was wanchancie³ aneugh to abuse Lapraik's doctrine as weel as the man, and said things that garr'd⁴ folk's flesh grue⁵ that heard them;—he wasna just himsell, and he had lived wi' a wild set in his day.

At last they parted, and my gudesire was to ride hame
20 through the wood of Pitmurkie, that is a' fou⁶ of black firs, as they say.—I ken the wood, but the firs may be black or white for what I can tell.—At the entry of the wood there is a wild common, and on the edge of the common, a little lonely change-house,⁷ that was keepit then by an ostler-wife,
25 they suld hae caa'd her Tibbie Faw, and there puir Steenie cried for a mutchkin⁸ of brandy, for he had had no refreshment the haill day. Tibbie was earnest wi' him to take a bite of meat, but he couldna think o't, nor would he take his foot out of the stirrup, and took off the brandy wholly at twa
30 draughts, and named a toast at each:—the first was, the memory of Sir Robert Redgauntlet, and might he never lie quiet in his grave till he had righted his poor bond-tenant; and the second was, a health to Man's Enemy, if he would

¹sheriff, magistrate. ²bankrupt. ³unlucky. ⁴made.
⁵creep. ⁶all full. ⁷alehouse, small inn, perhaps originally an inn where travelers changed horses. ⁸three quarters of an English pint.

but get him back the pock¹ of siller, or tell him what came o't, for he saw the haill world was like to regard him as a thief and a cheat, and he took that waur than even the ruin of his house and hauld.²

On he rode, little caring where. It was a dark night turned, 5
and the trees made it yet darker, and he let the beast take
its ain road through the wood; when, all of a sudden, from
tired and wearied that it was before, the nag began to spring,
and flee, and stend,³ that my gudesire could hardly keep the
saddle—Upon the whilk, a horseman, suddenly riding up be- 10
side him, said, "That's a mettle beast of yours, freend; will
you sell him?"—So saying, he touched the horse's neck with
his riding-wand, and it fell into its auld heigh-ho of a
stumbling trot. "But his spunk's soon out of him, I think,"
continued the stranger, "and that is like mony a man's cour- 15
age, that thinks he wad do great things till he come to the
proof."

My gudesire scarce listened to this, but spurred his horse,
with "Gude e'en to you, freend."

But it's like the stranger was ane that doesna lightly yield 20
his point; for, ride as Steenie liked, he was aye beside him
at the self-same pace. At last my gudesire, Steenie Steenson,
grew half angry; and, to say the truth, half feared.

"What is it that ye want we me, freend?" he said. "If
ye be a robber, I have nae money; if ye be a leal man, want- 25
ing company, I have nae heart to mirth or speaking; and if
ye want to ken the road, I scarce ken it mysell."

"If you will tell me your grief," said the stranger, "I am
one that, though I have been sair miscaa'd⁴ in the world, am
the only hand for helping my freends." 30

So my gudesire, to ease his ain heart, mair than from any
hope of help, told him the story from beginning to end.

"It's a hard pinch," said the stranger; "but I think I can
help you."

¹ poke, bag.

² hold, holding.

³ twist, take long steps.

⁴ sorely abused.

"If you could lend the money, sir, and take a lang day—I ken nae other help on earth," said my gudesire.

"But there may be some under the earth," said the stranger. "Come, I'll be frank wi' you; I could lend you the money
5 on bond, but you would maybe scruple my terms. Now, I can tell you, that your auld Laird is disturbed in his grave by your curses, and the wailing of your family, and if ye daur venture to go to see him, he will give you the receipt."

My gudesire's hair stood on end at this proposal, but he
10 thought his companion might be some humoursome chield that was trying to frighten him, and might end with lending him the money. Besides, he was bauld wi' brandy, and desperate wi' distress; and he said, he had courage to go to the gate of hell, and a step farther, for that receipt.—The
15 stranger laughed.

Weel, they rode on through the thickest of the wood, when, all of a sudden, the horse stopped at the door of a great house; and, but that he knew the place was ten miles off, my father would have thought he was at Redgauntlet Castle.
20 They rode into the outer court-yard, through the muckle faulding yetts,¹ and aneath the auld portcullis; and the whole front of the house was lighted, and there were pipes and fiddles, and as much dancing and deray² within as used to be in Sir Robert's house at Pace³ and Yule,⁴ and such high
25 seasons. They lap off, and my gudesire, as seemed to him, fastened his horse to the very ring he had tied him to that morning, when he gaed to wait on the young Sir John.

"God!" said my gudesire, "if Sir Robert's death be but a dream!"

30 He knocked at the ha' door just as he was wont, and his auld acquaintance, Dougal MacCallum,—just after his wont, too,—came to open the door, and said, "Piper Steenie, are ye there, lad? Sir Robert has been crying for you."

My gudesire was like a man in a dream—he looked for

¹ many folding gates.

² disturbance, disorderly merriment.

³ Easter.

⁴ Christmas.

the stranger, but he was gane for the time. At last he just tried to say, "Ha! Dougal Driveower, are ye living? I thought ye had been dead."

"Never fash¹ yoursell wi' me," said Dougal, "but look to yoursell; and see ye tak naething frae onybody here, neither 5 meat, drink, or siller, except just the receipt that is your ain."

So saying, he led the way out through halls and trances² that were weel kend to my gudesire, and into the auld oak parlour; and there was as much singing of profane sangs, and birling³ of red wine, and speaking blasphemy and scul- 10 duddry, as had ever been in Redgauntlet Castle when it was at the blithest.

But, Lord take us in keeping! what a set of ghastly revellers they were that sat round that table!—My gudesire kend mony that had long before gane to their place, for often 15 had he piped to the most part in the hall of Redgauntlet. There was the fierce Middleton, and the dissolute Rothes, and the crafty Lauderdale; and Dalzell, with his bald head and a beard to his girdle; and Earlshall, with Cameron's blude on his hand; and wild Bonshaw, that tied blessed Mr. Cargill's 20 limbs till the blude sprang; and Dunbarton Douglas, the twice-turned traitor baith to country and king. There was the Bluidy Advocate MacKenzie, who, for his worldly wit and wisdom, had been to the rest as a god. And there was Claverhouse, as beautiful as when he lived, with his long, 25 dark, curled locks, streaming down over his laced buff-coat, and his left hand always on his right spule⁴-blade, to hide the wound that the silver bullet had made. He sat apart from them all, and looked at them with a melancholy, haughty countenance; while the rest halloed, and sung, and laughed, 30 that the room rang. But their smiles were fearfully contorted from time to time; and their laughter passed into such wild sounds, as made my gudesire's very nails grow blue, and chilled the marrow in his banes.

¹ trouble, bother.

² passageways.

³ drinking, carousing.

⁴ shoulder.

They that waited at the table were just the wicked serving-men and troopers, that had done their work and cruel bidding on earth. There was the Lang Lad of the Nethertown, that helped to take Argyle; and the Bishop's summoner, that they
 5 called the Deil's Rattle-bag; and the wicked guardsmen, in their laced coats; and the savage Highland Amorites, that shed blood like water; and many a proud serving-man, haughty of heart and bloody of hand, cringing to the rich, and making them wickeder than they would be; grinding the
 10 poor to powder, when the rich had broken them to fragments. And mony, mony mair were coming and ganging, a' as busy in their vocation as if they had been alive.

Sir Robert Redgauntlet, in the midst of a' this fearful riot, cried, wi' a voice like thunder, on Steenie Piper, to come to
 15 the board-head where he was sitting; his legs stretched out before him, and swathed up with flannel, with his holster pistols aside him, while the great broadsword rested against his chair, just as my gudesire had seen him the last time upon earth—the very cushion for the jackanape was close to
 20 him, but the creature itsell was not there—it wasna its hour, it's likely; for he heard them say as he came forward, "Is not the Major come yet?" And another answered, "The jackanape will be here betimes the morn." And when my gudesire came forward, Sir Robert, or his ghaist, or the deevil in his
 25 likeness, said, "Weel, piper, hae ye settled wi' my son for the year's rent?"

With much ado my father gat breath to say, that Sir John would not settle without his honour's receipt.

"Ye shall hae that for a tune of the pipes, Steenie," said
 30 the appearance of Sir Robert—"Play us up 'Weel hoddled,¹ Luckie.²'"

Now this was a tune my gudesire learned frae a warlock, that heard it when they were worshipping Satan at their meetings; and my gudesire had sometimes played it at the ranting
 35 suppers in Redgauntlet Castle, but never very willingly; and

¹ waddled.

² a title given to an elderly woman.

now he grew cauld at the very name of it, and said, for excuse, he hadna his pipes wi' him.

"MacCallum, ye limb of Beelzebub," said the fearful Sir Robert, "bring Steenie the pipes that I am keeping for him!"

MacCallum brought a pair of pipes might have served the piper of Donald of the Isles. But he gave my gudesire a nudge as he offered them; and looking secretly and closely, Steenie saw that the chanter was of steel, and heated to a white heat; so he had fair warning not to trust his fingers with it. So he excused himself again, and said, he was faint and frightened, and had not wind aneugh to fill the bag. 10

"Then ye maun eat and drink, Steenie," said the figure; "for we do little else here; and it's ill speaking between a fou man and a fasting."

Now these were the very words that the bloody Earl of Douglas said to keep the King's messenger in hand, while he cut the head off MacLellan of Bombie, at the Threave Castle; and that put Steenie mair and mair on his guard. So he spoke up like a man, and said he came neither to eat, or drink, or make minstrelsy; but simply for his ain—to ken what was come o' the money he had paid, and to get a discharge for it; and he was so stout-hearted by this time, that he charged Sir Robert for conscience-sake—(he had no power to say the holy name)—and as he hoped for peace and rest, to spread no snares for him, but just to give him his ain. 25

The appearance gnashed its teeth and laughed, but it took from a large pocket-book the receipt, and handed it to Steenie. "There is your receipt, ye pitiful cur; and for the money, my dog-whelp of a son may go look for it in the Cat's Cradle."

My gudesire uttered mony thanks, and was about to retire, when Sir Robert roared aloud, "Stop though, thou sack-doudling¹ son of a whore! I am not done with thee. **HERE** we do nothing for nothing; and you must return on this very day twelvemonth, to pay your master the homage that you owe me for my protection." 35

¹ bag-pipe playing.

My father's tongue was loosed of a suddenty, and he said aloud, "I refer mysell to God's pleasure, and not to yours."

He had no sooner uttered the word than all was dark
5 around him; and he sunk on the earth with such a sudden shock, that he lost both breath and sense.

How lang Steenie lay there, he could not tell; but when he came to himsell, he was lying in the auld kirkyard¹ of Redgauntlet parochine² just at the door of the family aisle,
10 and the scutcheon³ of the auld knight, Sir Robert, hanging over his head. There was a deep morning fog on grass and gravestane around him, and his horse was feeding quietly beside the minister's twa cows. Steenie would have thought the whole was a dream, but he had the receipt in his hand, fairly
15 written and signed by the auld Laird; only the last letters of his name were a little disorderly, written like one seized with sudden pain.

Sorely troubled in his mind, he left that dreary place, rode through the mist to Redgauntlet Castle, and with much ado
20 he got speech of the Laird.

"Well, you dyvour bankrupt," was the first word, "have you brought me my rent?"

"No," answered my gudesire, "I have not; but I have brought your honour Sir Robert's receipt for it."

25 "How, sirrah?—Sir Robert's receipt!—You told me he had not given you one."

"Will your honour please to see if that bit line is right?"

Sir John looked at every line, and at every letter, with much attention; and at last, at the date, which my gudesire
30 had not observed,—"*From my appointed place,*" he read, "*this twenty-fifth of November.*"—"What!—That is yesterday!—Villain, thou must have gone to hell for this!"

"I got it from your honour's father—whether he be in heaven or hell, I know not," said Steenie.

¹ churchyard, cemetery.

² parish.

³ escutcheon, shield with armorial bearings.

"I will delate¹ you for a warlock to the Privy Council!" said Sir John. "I will send you to your master, the devil, with the help of a tar-barrel and a torch!"

"I intend to delate mysell to the Presbytery," said Steenie, "and tell them all I have seen last night, whilk are things 5 fitter for them to judge of than a borrel² man like me."

Sir John paused, composed himsell, and desired to hear the full history; and my gudesire told it him from point to point, as I have told it you—word for word, neither more nor less. 10

Sir John was silent again for a long time, and at last he said, very composedly, "Steenie, this story of yours concerns the honour of many a noble family besides mine; and if it be a leasing-making,³ to keep yourself out of my danger, the least you can expect is to have a redhot iron driven through 15 your tongue, and that will be as bad as scauding your fingers with a redhot chanter. But yet it may be true, Steenie; and if the money cast up, I shall not know what to think of it.—But where shall we find the Cat's Cradle? There are cats enough about the old house, but I think they kitten without 20 the ceremony of bed or cradle."

"We were best ask Hutcheon," said my gudesire; "he kens a' the odd corners about as weel as—another serving-man that is now gane, and that I wad not like to name."

Aweel, Hutcheon, when he was asked, told them, that a 25 ruinous turret, lang disused, next to the clock-house, only accessible by a ladder, for the opening was on the outside, and far above the battlements, was called of old the Cat's Cradle.

"There will I go immediately," said Sir John; and he took 30 (with what purpose, Heaven kens) one of his father's pistols from the hall-table, where they had lain since the night he died, and hastened to the battlements.

It was a dangerous place to climb, for the ladder was auld and frail, and wanted ane or twa rounds. However, up got 35

¹accuse.

²rough, common.

³slander.

Sir John, and entered at the turret door, where his body stopped the only little light that was in the bit turret. Something flees at him wi' a vengeance, maist dang him back ower — bang gaed the knight's pistol, and Hutcheon, that held the
 5 ladder, and my gudesire that stood beside him, hears a loud skelloch.¹ A minute after, Sir John flings the body of the jackanape down to them, and cries that the siller is fund, and that they should come up and help him. And there was the bag of siller sure aneugh, and mony orra things besides, that
 10 had been missing for mony a day. And Sir John, when he had ripped² the turret weel, led my gudesire into the dining-parlour, and took him by the hand, and spoke kindly to him, and said he was sorry he should have doubted his word, and that he would hereafter be a good master to him, to make
 15 amends.

"And now, Steenie," said Sir John, "although this vision of yours tends, on the whole, to my father's credit, as an honest man, that he should, even after his death, desire to see justice done to a poor man like you, yet you are sensible
 20 that ill-dispositioned men might make bad constructions upon it, concerning his soul's health. So, I think, we had better lay the hail dirdum³ on that ill-deedie⁴ creature, Major Weir, and say naething about your dream in the wood of Pitmurkie. You had taken ower muckle brandy to be very
 25 certain about onything; and, Steenie, this receipt," (his hand shook while he held it out,)—"it's but a queer kind of document, and we will do best, I think, to put it quietly in the fire."

"Od, but for as queer as it is, it's a' the voucher I have for
 30 my rent," said my gudesire, who was afraid, it may be, of losing the benefit of Sir Robert's discharge.

"I will bear the contents to your credit in the rental-book, and give you a discharge under my own hand," said Sir John, "and that on the spot. And, Steenie, if you can hold your

¹ scream.² searched.³ whole disturbance.⁴ mischievous.

tongue about this matter, you shall sit, from this term downward, at an easier rent."

"Mony thanks to your honour," said Steenie, who saw easily in what corner the wind was; "doubtless I will be comformable to all your honour's commands; only I would 5 willingly speak wi' some powerful minister on the subject, for I do not like the sort of soumons of appointment whilk your honour's father—"

"Do not call the phantom my father!" said Sir John, interrupting him. 10

"Weel, then, the thing that was so like him,"—said my gudesire; "he spoke of my coming back to him this time twelvemonth, and it's a weight on my conscience."

"Aweel, then," said Sir John, "if you be so much distressed in mind, you may speak to our minister of the parish; he is 15 a douce¹ man, regards the honour of our family, and the mair that he may look for some patronage from me."

Wi' that, my gudesire readily agreed that the receipt should be burnt, and the Laird threw it into the chimney with his ain hand. Burn it would not for them, though; but away it 20 flew up the lum,² wi' a lang train of sparks at its tail, and a hissing noise like a squib.

My gudesire gaed down to the manse, and the minister, when he had heard the story, said, it was his real opinion, that though my gudesire had gaen very far in tampering with 25 dangerous matters, yet, as he had refused the devil's arles,³ (for such was the offer of meat and drink,) and had refused to do homage by piping at his bidding, he hoped, that if he held a circumspect walk hereafter, Satan could take little advantage by what was come and gane. And, indeed, my 30 gudesire, of his ain accord, long forswore baith the pipes and the brandy—it was not even till the year was out, and the fatal day passed, that he would so much as take the fiddle, or drink usquebaugh⁴ or tippenny.⁵

¹ sensible, quiet.

² chimney.

³ earnest money.

⁴ whisky.

⁵ two-penny ale.

Sir John made up his story about the jackanape as he liked himself; and some believe till this day there was no more in the matter than the filching nature of the brute. Indeed, ye'll no hinder some to threap,¹ that it was nane o' the Auld
 5 Enemy that Dougal and my gudesire saw in the Laird's room, but only that wanchancy creature, the Major, capering on the coffin; and that, as to the blowing on the Laird's whistle that was heard after he was dead, the filthy brute could do that as weel as the Laird himsell, if no better. But Heaven
 10 kens the truth, whilk first came out by the minister's wife, after Sir John and her ain gudeman were baith in the moulds. And then my gudesire, wha was failed in his limbs, but not in his judgment or memory—at least nothing to speak of—was obliged to tell the real narrative to his freends, for the credit
 15 of his good name. He might else have been charged for a warlock.

JANE AUSTEN

THE WATSONS

CHAPTER VI²

The change in Emma's home society and style of life, in consequence of the death of one friend and the imprudence of another, had indeed been striking. From being the first
 20 object of hope and solicitude to an uncle who had formed her mind with the care of a parent, and of tenderness to an aunt whose amiable temper had delighted to give her every indulgence; from being the life and spirit of a house where all had been comfort and elegance, and the expected heiress of an
 25 easy independence, she was become of importance to no one—a burden on those whose affections she could not expect, an addition in a house already overstocked, surrounded by in-

¹ aver, assert.

² Reprinted by permission of D. Appleton & Company, publishers.

ferior minds, with little chance of domestic comfort, and as little hope of future support. It was well for her that she was naturally cheerful, for the change had been such as might have plunged weak spirits in despondence.

She was very much pressed by Robert and Jane to return 5 with them to Croydon, and had some difficulty in getting a refusal accepted, as they thought too highly of their own kindness and situation to suppose the offer could appear in less advantageous light to anybody else. Elizabeth gave them her interest, though evidently against her own, in privately 10 urging Emma to go.

"You do not know what you refuse, Emma," said she, "nor what you have to bear at home. I would advise you by all means to accept the invitation; there is always something 15 lively going on at Croydon. You will be in company almost every day, and Robert and Jane will be very kind to you. As for me, I shall be no worse off without you than I have been used to be; but poor Margaret's disagreeable ways are new to *you*, and they would vex you more than you think for, if you stay at home." 20

Emma was, of course, uninfluenced, except to greater esteem for Elizabeth by such representations; and the visitors departed without her.

On the following day, as Emma and Elizabeth were in the best parlour, setting the sofa before the fire for their father 25 to lie on, for a little change, they heard a carriage stopping at the garden gate; and a minute or two later Nanny showed in Mrs. Blake and her little boy, closely followed by Mr. Howard.

Charles was carrying a beautiful bunch of greenhouse 30 flowers and, on seeing Emma, he ran eagerly forward, saying—

"I have brought you these flowers, ma'am, because you were so good as to dance with me. Lord Osborne gave me anything I liked for you, and cut some for you himself." 35

Emma blushed as she smiled and curtsied, and blushed

again as she advanced to receive her other visitors and present her sister to them.

They had often observed Elizabeth at balls, and had considered her handsome, but they had never before spoken to her, and were at once favourably impressed by her unaffected good-humour and pleasant manner. Before long they were conversing with almost as little formality as though they had been old friends. On questioning Emma, Mrs. Blake easily drew from her some account of her former life and, on learning her aunt's name, recollected having heard it mentioned by friends in a manner entirely agreeable to Emma's feelings.

Presently Mr. Watson came into the room, and although he was a good deal surprised at finding himself in company, as Mr. Howard at once came forward with a show of friendliness, he had not time to lose his temper.

He was a man of considerable information, and finding the present society entirely congenial to him, contributed not a little to the pleasure of the visit, even going so far as to show Charles a volume of coloured prints; and before taking leave, Mr. Howard had persuaded him to join him, with his three daughters, at dinner, on the following Thursday, promising to send the carriage for them, and assuring him of his return at an early hour.

On Margaret's coming in from the village, where she had gone on an errand, she was all amazement on learning the arrangement; and displeased her father by enquiring if Mr. Musgrave and Lord Osborne were to be present.

"Mr. Howard expressly said they were to be by themselves," he replied, with the importance of an invalid. "He took particular care to assure me that I should suffer as little fatigue as possible."

He was therefore by no means too well pleased when, on the appointed evening, shortly after they had assembled in the drawing-room at Wickstead, Lord Osborne and Mr. Musgrave were ushered in; and before any explanation could be vouchsafed him, dinner was announced.

Turning to Lord Osborne, Mr. Howard said—

“As I cannot very well, my lord, ask Mr. Watson to hand in his daughter, I must ask him to conduct Mrs. Blake; and I will lead with Miss Watson if you will be good enough to give your arm to Miss Emma Watson; while Mr. Musgrave takes in Miss Margaret.”

This arrangement was agreeable to all, except Mr. Musgrave, who, had he been of greater sensibility, would have been embarrassed by Margaret's manner towards him; and, as it was, felt not a little irritated by her determination to consider his escort as a *personal compliment*, rather than as *inevitable* on his part.

He had long since tired of his fancy for her, which indeed had always been of the slightest; and now in his determination to free himself from her, did not hesitate to go beyond the limits of propriety, openly disregarding her, and entering into conversation with everyone else in preference to her. Greatly mortified, she would have sunk under this neglect but for the kindness of Mrs. Blake, who addressed her as often as possible; and even Lord Osborne, vaguely aware that there was something wanting in ease, observed to her across the table that the roads were monstrous wet when it rained.

In the meantime, his lordship had not been enjoying himself either, to any great extent; for Emma, having perceived a volume on the drawing-room table with which she was familiar, on finding herself placed beside her host at the dinner table, fell to discussing it with him with much sense and spirit; and from this proceeded to contrast her favourite authors and the merits of their respective works. As Lord Osborne had as little knowledge of literature as well might be, he was compelled, despite the kindly efforts of his host, to sit more or less in silence, trying to look as if he had not less in his head than might reasonably be expected.

Elizabeth was only too glad to share her partner with her sister, as she did not very well know what to say to him; and she enjoyed listening to their conversation, the more so as

they repeatedly explained to her the situation, or the point, in question. Moreover, she could not help hoping that another future, far different to what she had feared for her young sister, might possibly be in store for her.

5 With dessert, Charles arrived on the scene, which created a diversion in Lord Osborne's favour, as he came to place himself between the latter and his dear Miss Emma Watson, and both joined in the endeavour to entertain him.

On the ladies withdrawing, Lord Osborne turned to
10 Mr. Watson and said—

“You have a very beautiful daughter, sir,” but he received in reply such a chilling bow that he could find nothing more to say; and Tom Musgrave nearly choked himself over his wine in the effort to control his merriment at his friend's
15 discomfiture. Mr. Howard then placed himself at the other side of Mr. Watson, and speedily restored him to good-humour by discussing the late visitation with him.

They were not long in returning to the drawing-room for tea; and shortly after, Mrs. Blake and Mr. Watson began to
20 play the new game of *écarté*,¹ proposing to one another with a pleasant air; whilst the others, seating themselves round the larger table, started *vingt-un*.²

They had scarcely commenced, however, when a carriage
25 drove up to the door, and Miss Osborne and Miss Carr were shown in.

“Oh, Mr. Howard! how could you have used us so?” cried Miss Osborne archly. “I protest we are vastly offended with you!—to give a party and leave us out!”

Miss Carr joined in, in the same strain. She had never
30 heard of anything so perfidious—it was really beyond everything she had ever known in all her life!

Mr. Howard received them with the quiet courtesy that was habitual to him; and when he deemed it possible to make

¹ (*ã kär tä'*) a game of cards for two players.

² short for *vingt et un* (*vãñ tä ûn'*), twenty-one, a game which may be played by two or more.

his voice heard, expressed his sense of the honour they had done him ; but observed that one family was scarcely a party, adding that Lord Osborne and Mr. Musgrave had been good enough to invite themselves.

Lord Osborne remained silent, looking rather ashamed ; 5 but Mr. Tom Musgrave protested vigorously that if Howard were such a sly dog, plotting to cut them out like this, they were bound to look after themselves !

The Miss Watsons and their father having been presented, and tea declined, and Miss Carr having, further, declared 10 that there was nothing she so doted on as vintg-un, the game was once more started.

Miss Osborne at once took possession of the chair at Mr. Howard's right hand, which had previously been occupied by Emma ; and just as he was about to request the latter 15 to accept the one at his left, he found it already secured by Miss Carr. Lord Osborne, therefore, shared Emma with Charles ; and Tom Musgrave devoted himself assiduously to Miss Carr. Presently he was heard endeavouring to persuade her to accept him as her cavalier at the next meet. 20 Unfortunately this reminded Charles of the stuffed fox, and again he implored Emma to come and see it, adding—

“Lord Osborne will now ask you himself, ma'am—will you not, Lord Osborne?”

Before he could reply, Emma had hastily excused herself ; 25 but Miss Carr, leaning forward, said impertinently—

“It is a pity you should not see the castle, Miss Watson ; it is thrown open to the public every Wednesday—all except the private apartments.”

Emma coloured and made no reply ; but Lord Osborne 30 quite shocked his sister and her friend by saying—

“Lady Osborne will wait on Miss Watson.”

Miss Osborne stared at her brother, but there was something in his face that compelled her to lower her eyes. Never before had he so asserted himself, and she had not deemed 35 him capable of it.

At the conclusion of the game, Mr. Watson asked to return home—declining to wait for supper—and took leave with his daughters.

Mr. Howard conducted them to the carriage, and as
5 Emma curtsied in passing him, held out his hand to her, and retaining hers for a moment, thanked her in a low tone for the honour she had done him in coming.

CHARLES LAMB

ESSAYS OF ELIA

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first
10 seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*,¹ where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-
15 fang, literally the Cook's holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect
20 mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till
25 it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China

¹earthly changes.

pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour 5 or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed 10 from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of 15 any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with 20 his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understand- 25 ing, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the 30 smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him 35 quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those

remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

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

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

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

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

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

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Never-
35 theless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than

ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent 5 to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town.¹ Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of 10 the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face 15 of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty. 20

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and 25 now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to 30 the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house 35

¹ county seat, town where trials by jury are held.

to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the
5 most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.—

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary
10 object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,¹ I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.²

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoy—but a young and tender suckling
15 —under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*,³ the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble, and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *prælude*,⁴ of a grunt.

20 *He must be roasted.* I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*,
25 as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the
30 shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna,—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

¹ edible world. ² the chief of viands. ³ love of uncleanness, the opposite of *munditia*; cf. p. 68. ⁴ prelude.

Behold him, while he is "doing"—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies— 5 shooting stars—

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a 10 sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

15

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die. 20

He is the best of savors.¹ Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth² the lips that approach her—like lovers' 25 kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop. 30

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

¹ savors, flavors.

² abrades, takes off the skin.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little
5 means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as
10 great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic¹ fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn,² barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive
15 them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so
20 particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a
25 holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plumcake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counter-
30 feit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombrity of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end
35 of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into

¹ farmyard.² the flesh of the boar.

tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would 5 eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, 10 and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey imposter. 15

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this 20 process might have towards intenerating¹ and dulcifying² a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto— 25

I remember an hypothesis; argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread 35

¹making tender.

²sweetening.

crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But, banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank
 5 and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower.

DREAM-CHILDREN: A REVERIE

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children: to stretch their imagination to the con-
 10 ception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa
 15 lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen
 20 fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be
 25 called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress
 30 of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept

up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs 5 they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish, indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of 10 the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told 15 what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was: and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, 20 called cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition 25 of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she 30—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the 35 twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the

old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I could never be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved
5 oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them,
10 because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass,
15 with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky
20 pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a
25 bunch of grapes which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner
30 she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves,
35 and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he

loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to 5 carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowance enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor 10 remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at 15 first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to 20 be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had 25 on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as 30 much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or 35 whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both

the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are
 5 not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages, before we have existence, and a name"—and immedi-
 10 ately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

JOAN OF ARC

[Extracts]

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the
 15 poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy¹ from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous
 20 station at the right hand of kings? The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious *act*, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so
 25 they did to the gentle girl. Judged by the voices of all who saw them *from a station of good will*, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent for-

¹David, who killed Goliath, the giant commander of the Philistines.

tunes. The boy rose to a splendour and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword among his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Judah. The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself 5 from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domrémy as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her 10 voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the 15 vision of coronets and honour from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Domrémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she will not hear 20 thee. Cite her by the apparitors¹ to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*.² When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have 25 been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams des- 30 tined to comfort the sleep which is so long! This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her

¹ officers who attended judges or magistrates.

² in contumacy, in contempt of court.

belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death; she saw not in vision, perhaps, the aërial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end, on every road, pouring into
 5 Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there, until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future. But
 10 the voice that called her to death, *that* she heard for ever.

Great was the throne of France even in those days, and great was He that sat upon it; but well Joanna knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for *her*; but, on the contrary, that she was for *them*; not she by them, but
 15 they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until, in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joanna knew, early at Domrémy she had read that bitter
 20 truth, that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for *her*. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for *her*!

.

Domrémy stood upon the frontiers, and, like other frontiers, produced a *mixed* race, representing the *cis*¹ and the
 25 *trans*.² A river (it is true) formed the boundary line at this point—the river Meuse; and *that*, in old days, might have divided the populations; but in these days it did not; there were bridges, there were ferries, and weddings crossed from the right bank to the left. Here lay two great roads, not so
 30 much for travellers that were few, as for armies that were too many by half. These two roads, one of which was the great highroad between France and Germany, *decussated* at this very point; which is a learned way of saying that they formed a St. Andrew's Cross, or letter X. I hope the com-

¹ on this side of.

² across, on the other side of.

positor will choose a good large X ; in which case the point of intersection, the *locus* of conflux and intersection for these four diverging arms, will finish the reader's geographical education, by showing him to a hair's-breadth where it was that Domrémy stood. These roads, so grandly situated, as great 5 trunk arteries between two mighty realms, and haunted for ever by wars or rumours of wars, decussated (for anything I know to the contrary) absolutely under Joanna's bedroom window ; one rolling away to the right, past M. D'Arc's old barn, and the other unaccountably preferring to sweep round 10 that odious man's pig-sty to the left.

On whichever side of the border chance had thrown Joanna, the same love to France would have been nurtured. For it is a strange fact, noticed by M. Michelet and others, that the Dukes of Bar and Lorraine had for generations pursued 15 the policy of eternal warfare with France on their own account, yet also of eternal amity and league with France in case anybody else presumed to attack her. Let peace settle upon France, and before long you might rely upon seeing the little vixen Lorraine flying at the throat of France. Let 20 France be assailed by a formidable enemy, and instantly you saw a Duke of Lorraine insisting on having his own throat cut in support of France ; which favour accordingly was cheerfully granted to him in three great successive battles : twice by the English, viz., at Crécy and Agincourt, once by 25 the Sultan at Nicopolis.

This sympathy with France during great eclipses, in those that during ordinary seasons were always teasing her with brawls and guerilla inroads, strengthened the natural piety 30 to France of those that were confessedly the children of her own house. The outposts of France, as one may call the great frontier provinces, were of all localities the most devoted to the Fleurs de Lys. To witness, at any great crisis, the generous devotion to these lilies of the little fiery cousin that in gentler weather was for ever tilting at the breast of France, 35 could not but fan the zeal of France's legitimate daughters ;

while to occupy a post of honour on the frontiers against an old hereditary enemy of France would naturally stimulate this zeal by a sentiment of martial pride, by a sense of danger always threatening, and of hatred always smouldering. That
5 great four-headed road was a perpetual memento to patriotic ardour. To say "This way lies the road to Paris, and that other way to Aix-la-Chapelle; this to Prague, that to Vienna," nourished the warfare of the heart by daily ministrations of sense. The eye that watched for the gleams of lance or hel-
10 met from the hostile frontier, the ear that listened for the groaning of wheels, made the highroad itself, with its relations to centres so remote, into a manual of patriotic duty.

The situation, therefore, *locally*, of Joanna was full of profound suggestions to a heart that listened for the stealthy
15 steps of change and fear that too surely were in motion. But, if the place were grand, the time, the burden of the time, was far more so. The air overhead in its upper chambers was *hurtling* with the obscure sound; was dark with sullen fermenting of storms that had been gathering for a hundred and
20 thirty years. The battle of Agincourt in Joanna's childhood had reopened the wounds of France. Crécy and Poitiers, those withering overthrows for the chivalry of France, had, before Agincourt occurred, been tranquilised by more than
25 half a century; but this resurrection of their trumpet wails made the whole series of battles and endless skirmishes take their stations as parts in one drama. The graves that had closed sixty years ago seemed to fly open in sympathy with a sorrow that echoed their own. The monarchy of France laboured in extremity, rocked and reeled like a ship fighting
30 with the darkness of monsoons. The madness of the poor king (Charles VI), falling in at such a crisis, like the case of women labouring in child-birth during the storming of a city, trebled the awfulness of the time. Even the wild story of the incident which had immediately occasioned the explosion
35 of this madness—the case of a man unknown, gloomy, and perhaps maniacal himself, coming out of a forest at noonday,

laying his hand upon the bridle of the king's horse, checking him for a moment to say, "Oh, king, thou art betrayed," and then vanishing, no man knew whither, as he had appeared for no man knew what—fell in with the universal prostration of mind that laid France on her knees, as before the slow unweaving of some ancient prophetic doom. The famines, the extraordinary diseases, the insurrections of the peasantry up and down Europe—these were chords struck from the same mysterious harp; but these were transitory chords. There had been others of deeper and more ominous sound. The termination of the Crusades, the destruction of the Templars, the Papal interdicts, the tragedies caused or suffered by the house of Anjou, and by the Emperor—these were full of a more permanent significance. But, since then, the colossal figure of feudalism was seen standing, as it were on tiptoe, at Crécy, for flight from earth: that was a revolution unparalleled; yet *that* was a trifle by comparison with the more fearful revolutions that were mining below the Church. By her own internal schisms, by the abominable spectacle of a double Pope—so that no man, except through political bias, could even guess which was Heaven's vicegerent, and which the creature of Hell—the Church was rehearsing, as in still earlier forms she had already rehearsed, those vast rents in her foundations which no man should ever heal.

These were the loftiest peaks of the cloudland in the skies that to the scientific gazer first caught the colors of the *new* morning in advance. But the whole vast range alike of sweeping glooms overhead dwelt upon all meditative minds, even upon those that could not distinguish the tendencies nor decipher the forms. It was, therefore, not her own age alone, as affected by its immediate calamities, that lay with such weight upon Joanna's mind, but her own age as one section in a vast mysterious drama, unweaving through a century back, and drawing nearer continually to some dreadful crisis. Cataracts and rapids were heard roaring ahead; and signs were seen far back, by help of old men's memories, which an-

swered secretly to signs now coming forward on the eye, even as locks answer to keys. It was not wonderful that in such a haunted solitude, with such a haunted heart, Joanna should see angelic visions, and hear angelic voices. These voices
5 whispered to her for ever the duty, self-imposed, of delivering France. Five years she listened to these monitory voices with internal struggles. At length she could resist no longer. Doubt gave way; and she left her home for ever in order to present herself at the dauphin's court.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

ALFRED TENNYSON

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques¹ of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
The hard brands² shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel ;
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,³
And when the tide of combat stands, 10
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle to the end, 15
To save from shame and thrall⁴ ;
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine ;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

¹ helmets.
⁴slavery.

²swords.

³ fields of knightly combat or tournament.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns.
 5 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ;
 The stalls are void,¹ the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 10 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres²
 I find a magic bark.
 15 I leap on board ; no helmsman steers ;
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the Holy Grail :
 With folded feet, in stoles³ of white,
 20 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And starlike mingles with the stars.

25 When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 30 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
 And gilds the driving hail.

¹ the seats in the choir are empty.
loose garments.

² mountain lakes.

³ long

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens¹ and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given 5
 Such hope, I know not fear ;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams, 10
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes, 15
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls. 20
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 "O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel,² hall,³ and grange⁴ ; 25
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,⁵
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

¹ marshes.
⁵ fence, paling.

² inn.

³ palace, manor house.

⁴ farmhouse.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete¹ and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel; I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades²
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 15 Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 25 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains: but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire

¹ measure, allot.

² (hī'á dēz) a cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus. The ancients thought that when they rose with the sun they brought rain.

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle,—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 5
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 10
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners, 15
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me,—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 20
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep 25
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 30
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho' 35

We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 5 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

THE REVENGE

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET, 1591

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

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no
 coward;
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
 15 But I've ninety men or more that are lying sick ashore
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord
 Howard,
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

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

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to fight,
And he sail'd away from Flores till the Spaniard came in
sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now, 5
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."
And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.
Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet." 10

Sir Richard spoke, and he laugh'd, and we roared a hurrah,
and so
The little Revenge ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick
below;
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were
seen,
And the little Revenge ran on thro' the long sea-lane between. 15

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and
laugh'd,
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft
Running on and on, till delay'd
By their mountain-like San Philip that, of fifteen hundred
tons,
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of
guns, 20
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great San Philip hung above us like a
cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away 25

From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great San Philip, she bethought herself and went,
 5 Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;
 And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand to
 hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their pikes and musque-
 teers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes his
 ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

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

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;
 And it chanced that, when half of the summer night was gone,
 20 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the head,
 And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over the
summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in a
ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we
still could sting,
So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain, 5
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark
and cold, 10
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was
all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again! 15
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in
twain! 20
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!"

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let
us go; 25
We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow."
And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at
last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign
grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :

5 "I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and
true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.

With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"—

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and
true,

10 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,
And they mann'd the Revenge with a swarthier alien crew,

15 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from
sleep,

And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,

And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,

And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake
grew,

20 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and
their flags,

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy
of Spain,

And the little Revenge herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
 Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
 Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
 Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she;
 Give her the glory of going on, and still to be. 5

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
 Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm
 and the fly?
 She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
 To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
 Give her the wages of going on, and not to die. 10

THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the
 plains—
 Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which he seems?
 Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in
 dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb, 15
 Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the reason why,
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel "I am I"?

Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy
 doom,
 Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and
 gloom. 20

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can
meet—

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.

5 Law is God, say some; no God at all, says the fool,
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot
see;

But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Flower in the crannied wall,
10 I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

HANDS ALL ROUND

15 First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest;
That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak for ever live
20 With stronger life from day to day;
That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
25 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

To all the loyal hearts who long
 To keep our English Empire whole!
 To all our noble sons, the strong
 New England of the Southern Pole!
 To England under Indian skies, 5
 To those dark millions of her realm!
 To Canada whom we love and prize,
 Whatever statesman hold the helm.
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound! 10
 To this great name of England drink, my friends,
 And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be
 True leaders of the land's desire!
 To both our Houses, may they see 15
 Beyond the borough and the shire!
 We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
 We founded many a mighty state;
 Pray God our greatness may not fail
 Thro' craven fears of being great! 20
 Hands all round!
 God the traitor's hope confound!
 To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
 And the great name of England, round and round.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd 25
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonness about their Lord,
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, 30
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,

A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

- 5 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 10 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 15 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 20 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
 25 And took it, and have worn it like a king:
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 30 Watch what thou seest, and lightly¹ bring me word."
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.

¹swiftly.

Yet I thy hest¹ will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men, 5
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur, 10
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work 15
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd 20
 There in the many-knotted water-flags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave? 25
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale: 30
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere. 35

¹ behest, command.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
 As thou art lief¹ and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”

- 5 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 10 His palms together, and he cried aloud:
 “*And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
 15 What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 20 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
 What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 25 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, ‘King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.’
 30 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost.”*
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 35 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

¹ beloved.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
 And answer made the bold Sir Bèdivere :
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds." 5
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye 10
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl 15
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands." 20
 Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon, 25
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,¹
 Seen where the moving isles of winter² shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur : 30
 But ere he³ dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King. 35

¹ Aurora Borealis.² icebergs.³ the sword, Excalibur.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.

Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

5 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
10 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

15 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :

"My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

20 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
25 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

30 But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

35 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based 5
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.
 Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, 10
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoed, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose 15
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world. 20
 Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap, 25
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon 30
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves¹ and cuisses¹ dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne—were parch'd with dust; 35

¹armor for the legs, below and above the knee.

Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 5 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 10 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 15 The holy Elders¹ with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world ;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 20 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 25 Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 30 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 35 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

¹the Wise Men from the East.

For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) 5
 To the island-valley of Avilion¹;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea, 10
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood 15
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

BUGLE SONG

FROM *THE PRINCESS*

The splendour falls on castle walls 20
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying. 25

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

¹variation from Avalon; cf. p. 22.

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
5 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

IN MEMORIAM

[Proem]

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
10 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
15 Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die ;
20 And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou.
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know, 5
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ; 10
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ; 15
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee. 20

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries, 25
Confusions of a wasted youth ;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

ROBERT BROWNING

MY STAR

All that I know
 Of a certain star
 Is, it can throw
 (Like the angled spar)
 5 Now a dart of red,
 Now a dart of blue;
 Till my friends have said
 They would fain see, too,
 My star that dartles the red and the blue!
 10 Then it stops like a bird: like a flower, hangs furled:
 They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it.
 What matter to me if their star is a world?
 Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX"

[16—]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
 15 I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
 "Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
 "Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
 Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
 And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

 20 Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
 Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
 I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
 Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
 Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
 25 Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime, 5
 So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last, 10
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance 15
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her, 20
 We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I, 25
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!" 30

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

5 Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
 10 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is,—friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 15 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent.

HERVÉ RIEL

On the sea and the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French,—woe to France !
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter thro' the blue,
 20 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
 chase ;
 First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-
 ville ;
 25 Close on him fled, great and small,
 Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signalled to the place

"Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board; 5

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?"
laughed they:

"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred
and scored,

Shall the Formidable here with her twelve and eighty guns

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons, 10

And with flow at full beside?

Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.

Reach the mooring? Rather say,

While rock stands or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay!" 15

Then was called a council straight.

Brief and bitter the debate:

"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take
in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and
bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound? 20

Better run the ships aground!"

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

"Not a minute more to wait!

Let the Captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach! 25

France must undergo her fate.

"Give the word!" But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

5 But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for
the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And, "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé
Riel:

"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or
rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings,
tell

10 On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disem-
bogues?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

15 Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me
there's a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,

20 Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;

25 And if one ship misbehave,
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries
Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its
chief.

Captains, give the sailor place!

He is Admiral, in brief.

5

Still the north-wind, by God's grace!

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship, with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
profound!

10

See, safe thro' shoal and rock,

How they follow in a flock,

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

15

All are harboured to the last,

And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate

Up the English come, too late!

So, the storm subsides to calm:

They see the green trees wave

20

On the heights o'erlooking Grève.

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

25

As they cannonade away!

'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!

Out burst all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

30

Let France, let France's King

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 5 In the frank blue Breton eyes,
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Tho' I find the speaking hard.
 10 Praise is deeper than the lips:
 You have saved the King his ships,
 You must name your own reward.
 'Faith our sun was near eclipse!
 Demand whate'er you will,
 15 France remains your debtor still.
 Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Dam-
 freville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 20 Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
 "Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done,
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 run?—

Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
 25 Since the others go ashore—
 Come! A good whole holiday!
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
 Aurore!"
 That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost:
 30 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;

Not a head in white and black
 On single fishing-smack,
 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
 All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
 the bell.
 Go to Paris: rank on rank 5
 Search the heroes flung pell-mell
 On the Louvre, face and flank!
 You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
 So, for better and for worse,
 Hervé Riel, accept my verse! 10
 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
 Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle
 Aurore!

UP AT A VILLA—DOWN IN THE CITY

(AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY)

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
 The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
 Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there! 15

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
 There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
 While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a
 beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
 Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull, 20
 Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
 —I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned
 wool.

But the city, oh the city—the square with the houses! Why?
 They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to
 take the eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry ;
 You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hur-
 ries by ;
 Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun
 gets high ;
 And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

- 5 What of a villa? Tho' winter be over in March by rights,
 'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off
 the heights:
 You've the brown ploughed land before, where the oxen
 steam and wheeze,
 And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-
 trees.

- Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once ;
 10 In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
 'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers
 well,
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and
 sell.

- Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and
 splash!
 15 In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-
 bows flash
 On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle
 and pash
 Round the lady atop in her conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
 Tho' all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a
 sort of sash.

- All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you
 linger,
 20 Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted fore-
 finger.

Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and
mingle,

Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala¹ is shrill,
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous
firs on the hill.

Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever
and chill. 5

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells
begin :

No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence² rattles in :
You get the pick of news, and it costs you never a pin.

By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood,
draws teeth :

Or the Pulcinello³-trumpet breaks up the market beneath. 10
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping
hot !

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves⁴
were shot.

Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law
of the Duke's !

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-
so, 15

Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, St. Jerome, and Cicero,
“And moreover,” (the sonnet goes rhyming,) “the skirts of
St. Paul has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous
than ever he preached.”

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne
smiling and smart,

¹ cicada, locust. ² stagecoach. ³ (pōōl chē nē'lō) Punchinello,
the clown of the traveling players, or Punch, the puppet in the Punch and
Judy show. ⁴ patriots struggling for the unity and independence
of Italy.

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck
in her heart!

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
No keeping one's haunches still: it's the greatest pleasure in
life.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear! fowls, wine, at double
the rate.

5 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays
passing the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the
city!

Beggars can scarcely be choosers: but still—ah, the pity, the
pity!

Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls
and sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yel-
low candles;

10 One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with
handles,

And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better pre-
vention of scandals:

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life!

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
15 Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
20 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not 5
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint 10
 Half-flush that dies along her throat": such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed: she liked whate'er 15
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule 20
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name 25
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss, 30
 Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh sir, she smiled, no doubt, 35
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without

Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 5 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 10 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 15 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 20 In England—now!
 And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
 Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 25 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 30 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

RABBI BEN EZRA

Grow old along with me!
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made:
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith, "A whole I planned, 5
 Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
 Not that, admiring stars, 10
 It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them
 all!"

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark! 15
 Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed 20
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed
 beast?

Rejoice we are allied 25
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!

A spark disturbs our clod ;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

- Then, welcome each rebuff
 5 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
 Be our joys three-parts pain !
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !
- 10 For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me :
- 15 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

- What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play ?
 To man, propose this test—
 20 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

- Yet gifts should prove their use :
 I own the Past profuse
 Of power each side, perfection every turn :
 25 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole ;
 Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn ?"

- Not once beat "Praise be Thine !
 I see the whole design,
 30 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too :

Perfect I call Thy plan :
 Thanks that I was a man !
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do ! ”

For pleasant is this flesh ;
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh 5
 Pulled over to the earth, still yearns for rest :
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

Let us not always say 10
 “Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole ! ”
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry “All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
 soul ! ” 15

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth’s heritage,
 Life’s struggle having so far reached its term :
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed 20
 From the developed brute ; a God tho’ in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new :
 Fearless and unperplexed, 25
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby ;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold : 30

And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame :
 Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

- For, note when evening shuts,
 5 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the gray :
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."
- 10 So, still within this life,
 Tho' lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain :
 15 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

- For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
 Here, work enough to watch
 20 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

- As it was better, youth
 Should strive, thro' acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made :
 25 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor be afraid!

- Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 30 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,

With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small, 5
Announced to each his station in the Past !
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last !

Now, who shall arbitrate? 10
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive ;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me : we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that : whom shall my soul believe? 15

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price ;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand, 20
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account :
All instincts immature, 25
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke thro' language and escaped : 30

All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 5 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

10 Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
 15 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 20 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What tho' the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 25 What tho' about thy rim,
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up!
 To uses of a cup,
 30 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,

The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips a-glow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with
 earth's wheel?

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men! 5
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

So, take and use Thy work, 10
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
 My times be in Thy hand!
 Perfect the cup as planned!
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same! 15

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat 20
 With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river,
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay, 25
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
5 Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
10 Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river)
15 "The only way since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
20 Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
25 For the reed which grows never more again
30 As the reed with the reeds of the river.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue, 5
 I saw in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move 10
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair ;
 And a voice said in mastery while I strove,
 "Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death!" I said.
 But there,
 The silver answer rang: "Not Death, but Love."

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. 15
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of everyday's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight. 20
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise ;
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith ;
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose 25
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

- Come, dear children, let us away ;
Down and away below !
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
5 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away !
This way, this way !
- 10 Call her once before you go,—
Call once yet !
In a voice that she will know,—
“Margaret! Margaret!”
Children’s voices should be dear
15 (Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;
Children’s voices, wild with pain,—
Surely she will come again !
Call her once, and come away ;
This way, this way !
20 “Mother dear, we cannot stay !
The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret ! Margaret !
- Come, dear children, come away down ;
Call no more !
25 One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore ;
Then come down !
She will not come, though you call all day ;
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
 We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
 In the caverns where we lay,
 Through the surf and through the swell,
 The far-off sound of a silver bell? 5
 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
 Where the winds are all asleep;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round, 10
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
 Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye, 15
 Round the world for ever and aye?
 When did music come this way?
 Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away? 20
 Once she sate with you and me,
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off bell. 25
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green
 sea;
 She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
 'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee." 30
 I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
 Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
 She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?
 Children dear, were we long alone?
 "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
 Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
 5 Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
 We went up the beach, by the sandy down
 Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
 Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
 To the little gray church on the windy hill.
 10 From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
 But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
 We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
 And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
 She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
 15 "Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
 Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
 The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
 But, ah! she gave me never a look,
 For her eyes were sealed to the holy book!
 20 Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
 Come away, children, call no more!
 Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
 Down to the depths of the sea!
 25 She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
 Singing most joyfully.
 Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
 For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
 For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
 30 For the wheel where I spun,
 And the blessed light of the sun!"
 And so she sings her fill,
 Singing most joyfully,
 Till the spindle drops from her hand,
 35 And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear, 5
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair. 10

Come away, away, children ;
Come, children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber 15
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl, 20
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever 25
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ; 30
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom ;

Up the still, glistening beaches,
 Up the creeks we will hie,
 Over banks of bright seaweed
 The ebb-tide leaves dry.
 5 We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
 At the white sleeping town ;
 At the church on the hill-side—
 And then come back down,
 Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
 10 But cruel is she !
 She left lonely for ever
 The kings of the sea."

DOVER BEACH

The sea is calm to-night.
 The tide is full, the moon lies fair
 15 Upon the straits ;—on the French coast, the light
 Gleams and is gone ; the cliffs of England stand,
 Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
 Come to the window, sweet is the night-air !
 Only, from the long line of spray
 20 Where the sea meets the moon-blanchèd land,
 Listen ! you hear the grating roar
 Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
 At their return, up the high strand,
 Begin and cease, and then again begin,
 25 With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
 The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
 Heard it on the Ægean and it brought
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
 30 Of human misery ; we
 Find also in the sound a thought,
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
 But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar, 5
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems 10
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,
 So various, so beautiful, so new,
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
 And we are here as on a darkling plain 15
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire which in the heart resides;
 The spirit bloweth and is still, 20
 In mystery our soul abides.

But tasks in hours of insight willed
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone; 25
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
 Not till the hours of light return,
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul, 30
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,

Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,
 Thy struggling, tasked morality,—
 Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

5 And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
 Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
 See, on her face a glow is spread,
 A strong emotion on her cheek!
 “Ah, child!” she cries, “that strife divine,
 10 Whence was it, for it is not mine?

“There is no effort on *my* brow—
 I do not strive, I do not weep;
 I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
 In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
 15 Yet that severe, that earnest air,
 I saw, I felt it once—but where?

“I knew not yet the gauge of time,
 Nor wore the manacles of space;
 I felt it in some other clime,
 20 I saw it in some other place.
 ’Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
 And lay upon the breast of God.”

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said!
 25 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will!
 30 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talk'd thee, hiss'd thee, tore thee?
 Better men fared thus before thee;
 Fired their ringing shot and pass'd,
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb! 5
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall,
 Find thy body by the wall!

CULTURE AND ANARCHY

CHAPTER I. SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

[Extracts]

The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness 10 and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a 15 badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may 20 lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us.

I have before now pointed out that we English do not, like the foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense. With us the word is always used in a some- 25 what disapproving sense. A liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always

conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the *Quarterly Review*, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, Monsieur Sainte-Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it, in my judgment, was.

5 And its inadequacy consisted chiefly in this: that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp Monsieur Sainte-Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and

10 omitting either to perceive that Monsieur Sainte-Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it ought really to be accounted worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters

15 which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity,—a desire after the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are,—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a

20 balance and regulation of mind which is not often attained without fruitful effort, and which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of mind which is what we mean to blame when we blame curiosity. Montesquieu says:—

25 “The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.” This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as a fruit of this passion; and it is a worthy ground, even though we let the

30 term *curiosity* stand to describe it.

But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire to see things as they are, natural and proper in an intelligent being, appears as the ground of it. There is a view in which all the love of our

35 neighbour, the impulses towards action, help, and beneficence, the desire for removing human error, clearing human

confusion, and diminishing human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and pre-eminent part. Culture is then properly described not as 5 having its origin in curiosity, but as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a *study of perfection*. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its 10 worthy motto Montesquieu's words: "To render an intelligent being yet more intelligent!" so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can have than these words of Bishop Wilson: "To make reason and the will of God 15 prevail!"

Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be over-hasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, which proceed from its own state of 20 development and share in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is, that it is possessed by the scientific passion as well as by the passion of doing good; that it demands worthy notions of reason and the will of God, and does not readily 25 suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them. And knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which is not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever 30 before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

This culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than that other, which is founded solely on the scientific pas- 35 sion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardour,

times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all round us, to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine, —social, political, religious,—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded. The danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail therein. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new.

The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness works in the end for light also; he who works for light works in the end for sweetness also. But he who works for sweetness and light united, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has but one great passion, the passion

for sweetness and light. Yes, it has one yet greater!—the passion for making them *prevail*. It is not satisfied till we *all* come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. If I have not shrunk from saying that we must work for sweetness and light, so neither have I shrunk from saying that we must have a broad basis, must have sweetness and light for as many as possible. Again and again I have insisted how those are the happy moments of humanity, how those are the marking epochs of a people's life, how those are the flowering times for literature and art and all the creative power of genius, when there is a *national* glow of life and thought, when the whole of society is in the fullest measure permeated by thought, sensible to beauty, intelligent and alive. Only it must be *real* thought and *real* beauty; *real* sweetness and *real* light. Plenty of people will try to give the masses, as they call them, an intellectual food prepared and adapted in the way they think proper for the actual condition of the masses. The ordinary popular literature is an example of this way of working on the masses. Plenty of people will try to indoctrinate the masses with the set of ideas and judgments constituting the creed of their own profession or party. Our religious and political organisations give an example of this way of working on the masses. I condemn neither way; but culture works differently. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watch-words. It seeks to do away with classes; to make all men live in an atmosphere of sweetness and light, and use ideas, as it uses them itself, freely,—to be nourished and not bound by them.

This is the *social idea*; and the men of culture are the true apostles of equality. The great men of culture are those who have had a passion for diffusing, for making prevail, for carrying from one end of society to the other, the best knowl-

edge, the best ideas of their time; who have laboured to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanise it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet
5 still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light. Such a man was Abelard in the Middle Ages, in spite of all his imperfections; and thence the boundless emotion and enthusiasm which Abelard excited. Such were Lessing and Herder in
10 Germany, at the end of the last century; and their services to Germany were in this way inestimably precious. Generations will pass, and literary monuments will accumulate, and works far more perfect than the works of Lessing and Herder will be produced in Germany; and yet the names of these
15 two men will fill a German with a reverence and enthusiasm such as the names of the most gifted masters will hardly awaken. And why? Because they *humanised* knowledge; because they broadened the basis of life and intelligence; because they worked powerfully to diffuse sweetness and light,
20 to make reason and the will of God prevail. With Saint Augustine they said: "Let us not leave thee alone to make in the secret of thy knowledge, as thou didst before the creation of the firmament, the division of light from darkness; let the children of thy spirit, placed in their firmament, make their
25 light shine upon the earth, mark the division of night and day, and announce the revolution of the times; for the old order is passed, and the new arises; the night is spent, the day is come forth; and thou shalt crown the year with thy blessing, when thou shalt send forth labourers into thy har-
30 vest sown by other hands than theirs; when thou shalt send forth new labourers to new seed-times, whereof the harvest shall be not yet."

WILLIAM MORRIS

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON

TO THE SEA

O bitter sea, tumultuous sea,
 Full many an ill is wrought by thee!—
 Unto the wasters of the land
 Thou holdest out thy wrinkled hand ;
 And when they leave the conquered town, 5
 Whose black smoke makes thy surges brown,
 Driven betwixt thee and the sun
 As the long day of blood is done,
 From many a league of glittering waves
 Thou smilest on them and their slaves. 10

The thin bright-eyed Phœnician
 Thou drawest to thy waters wan,
 With ruddy eve and golden morn
 Thou temptest him, until, forlorn,
 Unburied, under alien skies 15
 Cast up ashore his body lies.

Yea, whoso sees thee from his door,
 Must ever long for more and more ;
 Nor will the beechen bowl suffice,
 Or homespun robe of little price, 20
 Or hood well-woven from the fleece
 Undyed, or unspiced wine of Greece ;
 So sore his heart is set upon
 Purple, and gold, and cinnamon ;
 For as thou cravest, so he craves, 25
 Until he rolls beneath thy waves,
 Nor in some landlocked, unknown bay
 Can satiate thee for one day.

Now, therefore, O thou bitter sea,
 With no long words we pray to thee, 30

But ask thee, hast thou felt before
Such strokes of the long ashen oar?
And hast thou yet seen such a prow
Thy rich and niggard waters plough?

5 Nor yet, O sea, shalt thou be cursed,
If at thy hands we gain the worst,
And, wrapt in water, roll about
Blind-eyed, unheeding song or shout,
Within thine eddies far from shore,
10 Warmed by no sunlight any more.

 Therefore, indeed, we joy in thee,
And praise thy greatness, and will we
Take at thy hands both good and ill,
Yea, what thou wilt, and praise thee still,
15 Enduring not to sit at home,
And wait until the last days come,
When we no more may care to hold
White bosoms under crowns of gold,
And our dulled hearts no longer are
20 Stirred by the clangorous noise of war,
And hope within our souls is dead,
And no joy is remembered.

 So, if thou hast a mind to slay,
Fair prize thou hast of us to-day;
25 And if thou hast a mind to save,
Great praise and honour shalt thou have;
But whatso thou wilt do with us,
Our end shall not be piteous,
Because our memories shall live
30 When folk forget the way to drive
The black keel through the heaped-up sea,
And half dried up thy waters be.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

BY THE NORTH SEA¹

[Extracts]

A land that is lonelier than ruin ;
 A sea that is stranger than death :
 Far fields that a rose never blew in,
 Wan waste where the winds lack breath ;
 Waste endless and boundless and flowerless 5
 But of marsh-blossoms fruitless as free :
 Where earth lies exhausted, as powerless
 To strive with the sea.

Far flickers the flight of the swallows,
 Far flutters the weft of the grass 10
 Spun dense over desolate hollows
 More pale than the clouds as they pass :
 Thick woven as the weft of a witch is
 Round the heart of a thrall that hath sinned,
 Whose youth and the wrecks of its riches 15
 Are waifs on the wind.

The pastures are herdless and sheepless,
 No pasture or shelter for herds :
 The wind is relentless and sleepless,
 And restless and songless the birds ; 20
 Their cries from afar fall breathless,
 Their wings are as lightnings that flee ;
 For the land has two lords that are deathless :
 Death's self, and the sea.

.
 For the heart of the waters is cruel, 25
 And the kisses are dire of their lips,

¹ Reprinted from *Studies in Verse*, by permission of William Heinemann, Ltd.

And their waves are as fire is to fuel
 To the strength of the sea-faring ships,
 Though the sea's eye gleam as a jewel
 To the sun's eye back as he dips.

5 Though the sun's eye flash to the sea's
 Live light of delight and of laughter,
 And her lips breathe back to the breeze
 The kiss that the wind's lips waft her
 From the sun that subsides, and sees
 10 No gleam of the storm's dawn after.

And the wastes of the wild sea-marches
 Where the borderers are matched in their might—
 Bleak fens that the sun's weight parches,
 Dense waves that reject his light—
 15 Change under the change-coloured arches
 Of changeless morning and night.

The waves are as ranks enrolled
 Too close for the storm to sever :
 The fens lie naked and cold,
 20 But their heart fails utterly never :
 The lists are set from of old,
 And the warfare endureth for ever.

CHARLES DICKENS

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

CHAPTER V. BOFFIN'S BOWER

[Abridged]

Over against a London house, a corner house not far from
 Cavendish Square, a man with a wooden leg had sat for some
 25 years, with his remaining foot in a basket in cold weather,
 picking up a living on this wise:—Every morning at eight

o'clock he stumped to the corner, carrying a chair, a clothes-horse, a pair of trestles, a board, a basket, and an umbrella, all strapped together. Separating these, the board and trestles became a counter, the basket supplied the few small lots of fruit and sweets that he offered for sale upon it and became 5 a foot-warmer, the unfolded clothes-horse displayed a choice collection of halfpenny ballads and became a screen, and the stool planted within it became his post for the rest of the day. All weathers saw the man at the post. This is to be accepted in a double sense, for he contrived a back to his wooden stool, 10 by placing it against the lamp-post. When the weather was wet, he put up his umbrella over his stock in trade, not over himself; when the weather was dry, he furled that faded article, tied it round with a piece of yarn, and laid it cross-wise under the trestles: where it looked like an unwhole- 15 somely forced lettuce that had lost in color and crispness what it had gained in size.

On the front of his sale-board hung a little placard, like a kettle-holder, bearing the inscription in his own small text :

*Errands gone
On with fi
Delity By
Ladies and Gentlemen
I remain
Your humble Servt:
Silas Wegg.*

He had not only settled it with himself in course of time, that 20 he was errand-goer by appointment to the house at the corner (though he received such commissions not half a dozen times in a year, and then only as some servant's deputy), but also that he was one of the house's retainers and owed vassalage to it and was bound to leal and loyal interest in it. For this 25 reason he always spoke of it as "Our House," and, though his

knowledge of its affairs was mostly speculative and all wrong, claimed to be in its confidence.

The only article in which Silas dealt, that was not hard, was gingerbread. On a certain day, some wretched infant
 5 having purchased the damp gingerbread-horse (fearfully out of condition), and the adhesive bird cage, which had been exposed for the day's sale, he had taken a tin box from under his stool to produce a relay of those dreadful specimens, and was going to look in at the lid, when he said to himself,
 10 pausing, "Oh! Here you are again!"

The words referred to a broad, round-shouldered, one-sided old fellow in mourning, coming comically ambling towards the corner, dressed in a pea overcoat, and carrying a large stick. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters,
 15 and thick gloves like a hedger's. Both as to his dress and to himself, he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager, childish-inquiring gray eyes under his ragged eyebrows and broad-brimmed hat. A
 20 very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

"Here you are again," repeated Mr. Wegg, musing. "And what are you now? Are you in the Funns, or where are you? Have you lately come to settle in this neighborhood, or do you own to another neighborhood? Are you in independent
 25 circumstances, or is it wasting the motions of a bow on you? Come! I'll speculate! I'll invest a bow in you."

Which Mr. Wegg, having replaced his tin box, accordingly did, as he rose to bait his gingerbread-trap for some other devoted infant. The salute was acknowledged with—
 30 "Morning, sir! Morning! Morning!"

("Calls me Sir!" said Mr. Wegg to himself. "*He* won't answer. A bow gone!")

"Morning, morning, morning!"

"Appears to be rather a 'arty old cock, too," said Mr. Wegg,
 35 as before. "Good morning to you, sir."

"Do you remember me, then?" asked his new acquaintance, stopping in his amble, one-sided, before the stall, and speaking in a pouncing way, though with great good-humor.

"I have noticed you go past our house, sir, several times in the course of the last week or so." 5

"Our house," repeated the other. "Meaning"—

"Yes," said Mr. Wegg, nodding, as the other pointed the clumsy forefinger of his right glove at the corner house.

"Oh! Now, what," pursued the old fellow, in an inquisitive manner, carrying his knotted stick in his left arm as if 10 it were a baby, "what do they allow you now?"

"It's job-work that I do for our house," returned Silas, dryly, and with reticence; "it's not yet brought to an exact allowance."

"Now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, hugging his stick closer, 15 "I want to make a sort of offer to you. Do you remember when you first see me?"

The wooden Wegg looked at him with a meditative eye, and also with a softened air as descrying possibility of profit. "Let me think. I ain't quite sure, and yet I generally take a 20 powerful sight of notice, too. Was it on a Monday morning, when the butcher-boy had been to our house for orders, and bought a ballad of me, which being unacquainted with the tune, I run it over to him?"

"Right, Wegg, right! But he bought more than one." 25

"Yes, to be sure, sir; he bought several; and wishing to lay out his money to the best, he took my opinion to guide his choice, and we went over the collection together. To be sure we did. Here was him as it might be, and here was myself as it might be, and there was you, Mr. Boffin, as you 30 identically are, with your self-same stick under your very same arm, and your very same back towards us. To—be—sure!" added Mr. Wegg, looking a little round Mr. Boffin, to take him in the rear, and identify this last extraordinary coincidence, "your wery self-same back!" 35

"What do you think I was doing, Wegg?"

"I should judge, sir, that you might be glancing your eye down the street."

"No, Wegg. I was a-listening."

5 "Was you, indeed?" said Mr. Wegg, dubiously.

"Not in a dishonorable way, Wegg, because you was singing to the butcher; and you wouldn't sing secrets to a butcher in the street, you know."

"It never happened that I did so yet, to the best of my
10 remembrance," said Mr. Wegg, cautiously. "But I might do it. A man can't say what he might wish to do some day or another." (This, not to release any little advantage he might derive from Mr. Boffin's avowal.)

"Well," repeated Boffin, "I was a-listening to you . . .
15 with hadmiration amounting to haw. I thought to myself, 'Here's a man with a wooden leg—a literary man with'"—

"N—not exactly so, sir," said Mr. Wegg.

"Why, you know every one of these songs by name and by tune, and if you want to read or to sing any one on 'em
20 off straight, you've only to whip on your spectacles and do it!" cried Mr. Boffin. "I see you at it!"

"Well, sir," returned Mr. Wegg, with a conscious inclination of the head; "we'll say literary, then."

"'A literary man—with a wooden leg—and all Print is
25 open to him!' That's what I thought to myself, that morning," pursued Mr. Boffin, leaning forward to describe, uncramped by the clothes-horse, as large an arc as his right arm could make; "'all Print is open to him!' And it is, ain't it?"

30 "Why, truly, sir," Mr. Wegg admitted, with modesty; "I believe you couldn't show me the piece of English print, that I wouldn't be equal to collaring and throwing."

"On the spot?" said Mr. Boffin.

"On the spot."

35 "I know'd it! Then consider this. Here am I, a man without a wooden leg, and yet all print is shut to me."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Wegg returned with increasing self-complacency. "Education neglected?"

"Neg—lected!" repeated Boffin, with emphasis. "That ain't no word for it. I don't mean to say but what if you showed me a B, I could so far give you change for it as to
5 answer Boffin."

"Come, come, sir," said Mr. Wegg, throwing in a little encouragement, "that's something, too."

"It's something," answered Mr. Boffin; "but I'll take my oath it ain't much."
10

"Perhaps it's not as much as could be wished by an inquiring mind, sir," Mr. Wegg admitted.

"Now, look here. I'm retired from business. Me and Mrs. Boffin—Henerietty Boffin—which her father's name was Henery, and her mother's name was Hetty, and so you
15 get it—we live on a compittance under the will of a diseased governor."

"Gentleman dead, sir?"

"Man alive, don't I tell you? A diseased governor? Now, it's too late for me to begin shoveling and sifting at alpha-
20 beds and grammar-books. I'm getting to be a old bird, and I want to take it easy. But I want some reading—some fine bold reading, some splendid book in a gorging Lord-Mayor's-Show of wollumes" (probably meaning gorgeous, but misled by association of ideas); "as'll reach right down your pint
25 of view, and take time to go by you. How can I get that reading, Wegg? By," tapping him on the breast with the head of his thick stick, "paying a man truly qualified to do it, so much an hour (say twopence) to come and do it."

"Hem! Flattered, sir, I am sure," said Wegg, beginning
30 to regard himself in quite a new light. "Hem! This is the offer you mentioned, sir?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I am considering of it, Mr. Boffin."

"I don't," said Boffin, in a free-handed manner, "want to
35 tie a literary man—with a wooden leg—down too tight. A

halfpenny an hour sha'n't part us. The hours are your own to choose, after you've done for the day with your house here. I live over Maiden-Lane way—out Holloway direction—and you've only got to go East-and-by-North when you've finished here, and you're there. Twopence halfpenny an hour,"

5 said Boffin, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket and getting off the stool to work the sum on the top of it in his own way; "two long'uns and a short'un—twopence halfpenny; two short'uns is a long'un and two two long'uns is four

10 long'uns—making five long'uns; six nights a week at five long'uns a night," scoring them all down separately, "and you mount up to thirty long'uns. A round'un! Half a crown!"

Pointing to this result as a large and satisfactory one, Mr. Boffin smeared it out with his moistened glove, and sat

15 down on the remains.

"Half a crown," said Wegg, meditating. "Yes. (It ain't much, sir.) Half a crown."

"Per week, you know."

"Per week. Yes. As to the amount of strain upon the

20 intellect now. Was you thinking at all of poetry?" Mr. Wegg inquired, musing.

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

"It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned. "For when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but

25 right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind."

"To tell you the truth, Wegg," said Boffin, "I wasn't thinking of poetry, except in so fur as this:—If you was to happen now and then to feel yourself in the mind to tip me

30 and Mrs. Boffin one of your ballads, why then we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, sir," said Wegg. "But not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage myself for that; and therefore when I dropped into poetry, I should ask

35 to be considered so fur in the light of a friend."

At this, Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled, and he shook Silas

earnestly by the hand; protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

"What do you think of the terms, Wegg?" Mr. Boffin then demanded, with unconcealed anxiety.

Silas, who had stimulated this anxiety by his hard reserve of manner, and who had begun to understand his man very well, replied with an air; as if he were saying something extraordinarily generous and great,—

"Mr. Boffin, I never bargain."

"So I should have thought of you!" said Mr. Boffin, 10 admiringly.

"No, sir. I never did 'aggle and I never will 'aggle. Consequently I meet you at once, free and fair, with—Done, for double the money!"

Mr. Boffin seemed a little unprepared for this conclusion, 15 but assented, with the remark, "You know better what it ought to be than I do, Wegg," and again shook hands with him upon it.

"Could you begin to-night, Wegg?" he then demanded.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wegg, careful to leave all the eager- 20 ness to him. "I see no difficulty if you wish it. You are provided with the needful implement—a book, sir?"

"Bought him at a sale," said Mr. Boffin. "Eight wollumes. Red and gold. Purple ribbon in every wollume, to keep the place where you leave off. Do you know him?" 25

"The book's name, sir?" inquired Silas.

"I thought you might have know'd him without it," said Mr. Boffin, slightly disappointed. "His name is Decline-And-Fall-Off The-Rooshan-Empire." (Mr. Boffin went over these stones slowly and with much caution.) 30

"Ay indeed!" said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head with an air of friendly recognition.

"You know him, Wegg?"

"I haven't been not to say right slap through him, very lately," Mr. Wegg made answer, "having been otherways 35 employed, Mr. Boffin. But know him? Old familiar declin-

ing and falling off the Rooshan? Rather, sir! Ever since I was not so high as your stick." . . .

"Where I live," said Mr. Boffin, "is called The Bower. Boffin's Bower is the name Mrs. Boffin christened it when we
5 come into it as a property. If you should meet with anybody that don't know it by that name (which hardly anybody does), when you've got nigh upon about a odd mile, or say and a quarter if you like, up Maiden Lane, Battle Bridge, ask for Harmony Jail, and you'll be put right. I shall expect
10 you, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, clapping him on the shoulder with the greatest enthusiasm, "most jyfully. I shall have no peace or patience till you come. Print is now opening ahead of me. This night, a literary man—*with* a wooden leg"—he bestowed an admiring look upon that decoration,
15 as if it greatly enhanced the relish of Mr. Wegg's attainments—"will begin to lead me a new life! My fist again, Wegg. Morning, morning, morning!"

Pushing the gate, which stood ajar, Wegg looked into an enclosed space where certain tall, dark mounds rose high
20 against the sky, and where the pathway to the Bower was indicated, as the moonlight showed, between two lines of broken crockery set in ashes. A white figure advancing along this path, proved to be nothing more ghostly than Mr. Boffin, easily attired for the pursuit of knowledge, in an undress gar-
25 ment of short white smock-frock. Having received his literary friend with great cordiality, he conducted him to the interior of the Bower, and there presented him to Mrs. Boffin, —a stout lady of a rubicund and cheerful aspect, dressed (to Mr. Wegg's consternation) in a low evening-dress of sable
30 satin, and a large black velvet hat and feathers.

"Mrs. Boffin, Wegg," said Boffin, "is a highflyer at Fashion. And her make is such that she does it credit. As to myself, I ain't yet as Fash'nable as I may come to be. Henrietty, old lady, this is the gentleman that's agoing to decline
35 and fall off the Rooshan Empire."

"And I am sure I hope it'll do you both good," said Mrs. Boffin.

It was the queerest of rooms, fitted and furnished more like a luxurious amateur tap-room than anything else within the ken of Silas Wegg. There were two wooden settles by the fire, one on either side of it, with a corresponding table before each. On one of these tables, the eight volumes were ranged flat, in a row, like a galvanic battery; on the other, certain squat case-bottles of inviting appearance seemed to stand on tiptoe to exchange glances with Mr. Wegg over a front row of tumblers and a basin of white sugar. On the hob, a kettle steamed; on the hearth, a cat reposed. Facing the fire between the settles, a sofa, a footstool, and a little table formed a centrepiece devoted to Mrs. Boffin. They were garish in taste and color, but were expensive articles of drawing-room furniture that had a very odd look beside the settles and the flaring gas-light pendent from the ceiling. There was a flowery carpet on the floor; but, instead of reaching to the fireside, its glowing vegetation stopped short at Mrs. Boffin's footstool, and gave place to a region of sand and sawdust. Mr. Wegg also noticed, with admiring eyes, that, while the flowery land displayed such hollow ornamentation as stuffed birds and waxen fruits under glass shades, there were, in the territory where vegetation ceased, compensatory shelves on which the best part of a large pie and likewise of a cold joint were plainly discernible among other solids. The room itself was large, though low; and the heavy frames of its old-fashioned windows, and the heavy beams in its crooked ceiling, seemed to indicate that it had once been a house of some mark, standing alone in the country.

"Do you like it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin, in his pouncing manner.

"I admire it greatly, sir," said Wegg. "Peculiar comfort at this fireside, sir."

"Do you understand it, Wegg?"

"Why, in a general way, sir," Mr. Wegg was beginning

slowly and knowingly, with his head stuck on one side, as evasive people do begin, when the other cut him short,—

“You *don't* understand it, Wegg, and I'll explain it. These arrangements is made by mutual consent between Mrs. Boffin
5 and me. Mrs. Boffin, as I've mentioned, is a highflyer at Fashion; at present I'm not. I don't go higher than comfort, and comfort of the sort that I'm equal to the enjoyment of. Well then. Where would be the good of Mrs. Boffin and me quarreling over it? We never did quarrel before we come
10 into Boffin's Bower as a property; why quarrel when we *have* come into Boffin's Bower as a property? So Mrs. Boffin, she keeps up her part of the room, in her way; I keep up my part of the room in mine. In consequence of which we have at once, Sociability (I should go melancholy mad without
15 Mrs. Boffin), Fashion, and Comfort. If I get by degrees to be a higher-flyer at Fashion, then Mrs. Boffin will by degrees come for'arder. If Mrs. Boffin should ever be less of a dab at Fashion than she is at the present time, then Mrs. Boffin's carpet would go back'arder. If we should both continny as
20 we are, why then *here* we are, and give us a kiss, old lady.”

Mrs. Boffin who, perpetually smiling, had approached and drawn her plump arm through her lord's, most willingly complied. Fashion, in the form of her black velvet hat and feathers, tried to prevent it; but got deservedly crushed in
25 the endeavor.

“So now, Wegg,” said Mr. Boffin, wiping his mouth with an air of much refreshment, “you begin to know us as we are. This is a charming spot, is the Bower; but you must get to appreciate it by degrees. It's a spot to find out the
30 merits of, little by little, and a new'un every day. There's a serpentine walk up each of the mounds, that gives you the yard and neighborhood changing every moment. When you get to the top, there's a view of the neighboring premises, not to be surpassed. The premises of Mrs. Boffin's late father
35 (Canine Provision Trade), you look down into, as if they was your own. And the top of the High Mound is crowned with

a lattice-work Arbor, in which, if you don't read out loud many a book in the summer, ay, and as a friend, drop many a time into poetry too, it sha'n't be my fault. Now, what'll you read on?"

"Thank you, sir," returned Wegg, as if there were nothing 5 new in his reading at all. "I generally do it on gin and water."

"Keeps the organ moist, does it, Wegg?" asked Mr. Boffin, with innocent eagerness.

"N-no, sir," replied Wegg, coolly; "I should hardly describe it so, sir. I should say, mellers it. Mellers it, is the 10 word I should employ, Mr. Boffin."

His wooden conceit and craft kept exact pace with the delighted expectation of his victim. The visions rising before his mercenary mind, of the many ways in which this connection was to be turned to account, never obscured the foremost 15 idea natural to a dull over-reaching man, that he must not make himself too cheap.

Mrs. Boffin's Fashion, as a less inexorable deity than the idol usually worshipped under that name, did not forbid her mixing for her literary guest, or asking if he found the result 20 to his liking. On his returning a gracious answer and taking his place at the literary settle, Mr. Boffin began to compose himself as a listener, at the opposite settle, with exultant eyes.

"Sorry to deprive you of a pipe, Wegg," he said, filling his own; "but you can't do both together. Oh, and another 25 thing I forgot to name! When you come in here of an evening, and look round you, and notice anything on a shelf that happens to catch your fancy, mention it."

Wegg, who had been going to put on his spectacles, immediately laid them down, with the sprightly observation,— 30

"You read my thoughts, sir. *Do* my eyes deceive me, or is that object up there a—*a pie?* It can't be a pie."

"Yes, it's a pie, Wegg," replied Mr. Boffin, with a glance of some little discomfiture at the *Decline and Fall*.

"*Have* I lost my smell for fruits, or is it a *apple-pie*, sir?" 35 asked Wegg.

"It's a veal and ham pie," said Mr. Boffin.

"Is it indeed, sir? And it would be hard, sir, to name the pie that is a better pie than a veal and hammer," said Mr. Wegg, nodding his head emotionally.

5 "Have some, Wegg?"

"Thank you, Mr. Boffin, I think I will, at your invitation. I wouldn't at any other party's, at the present juncture; but at yours, sir!—And meaty jelly too, especially when a little salt, which is the case where there's ham, is melling to the
10 organ, is very melling to the organ." Mr. Wegg did not say what organ, but spoke with a cheerful generality.

So, the pie was brought down, and the worthy Mr. Boffin exercised his patience until Wegg, in the exercise of his knife and fork, had finished the dish: only profiting by the oppor-
15 tunity to inform Wegg, that, although it was not strictly Fashionable to keep the contents of a larder thus exposed to view, he (Mr. Boffin) considered it hospitable; for the reason, that instead of saying, in a comparatively unmeaning manner, to a visitor, "There are such and such edibles downstairs; will
20 you have anything up?" you took the bold practical course of saying, "Cast your eye along the shelves, and, if you see anything you like there, have it down."

And now, Mr. Wegg at length pushed away his plate and put on his spectacles, and Mr. Boffin lighted his pipe and
25 looked with beaming eyes into the opening world before him, and Mrs. Boffin reclined in a fashionable manner on her sofa: as one who would be part of the audience if she found she could, and would go to sleep if she found she couldn't.

"Hem!" began Wegg, "this, Mr. Boffin and Lady, is the
30 first chapter of the first wollume of the Decline and Fall off"—here he looked hard at the book, and stopped.

"What's the matter, Wegg?"

"Why, it comes into my mind, do you know, sir," said Wegg with an air of insinuating frankness (having first again
35 looked hard at the book), "that you made a little mistake this morning, which I had meant to set you right in, only

something put it out of my head. I think you said Rooshan Empire, sir?"

"It is Rooshan; ain't it, Wegg?"

"No, sir. Roman. Roman."

"What's the difference, Wegg?"

5

"The difference, sir?" Mr. Wegg was faltering and in danger of breaking down, when a bright thought flashed upon him. "The difference, sir? There you place me in a difficulty, Mr. Boffin. Suffice it to observe that the difference is best postponed to some other occasion when Mrs. Boffin does not 10 honor us with her company. In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we had better drop it."

Mr. Wegg thus came out of his disadvantage with quite a chivalrous air; and not only that, but by dint of repeating with a manly delicacy, "In Mrs. Boffin's presence, sir, we 15 had better drop it!" turned the disadvantage on Boffin, who felt that he had committed himself in a very painful manner.

Then Mr. Wegg, in a dry, unflinching way, entered on his task; going straight across country at everything that came before him; taking all the hard words, biographical and 20 geographical; getting rather shaken by Hadrian, Trajan, and the Antonines; stumbling at Polybius (pronounced Polly Beeious, and supposed by Mr. Boffin to be a Roman virgin, and by Mrs. Boffin to be responsible for that necessity of dropping it); heavily unseated by Titus Antoninus Pius; 25 up again and galloping smoothly with Augustus; finally, getting over the ground well with Commodus,—who, under the appellation of Commodious, was held by Mr. Boffin to have been quite unworthy of his English origin, and "not to have acted up to his name" in his government of the Roman 30 people. With the death of this personage, Mr. Wegg terminated his first reading; long before which consummation several total eclipses of Mrs. Boffin's candle behind her black velvet disc, would have been very alarming, but for being regularly accompanied by a potent smell of burnt pens when 35 her feathers took fire, which acted as a restorative and woke

her. Mr. Wegg, having read on by rote and attached as few ideas as possible to the text, came out of the encounter fresh ; but Mr. Boffin, who had soon laid down his unfinished pipe, and had ever since sat intently staring with his eyes and mind
 5 at the confounding enormities of the Romans, was so severely punished that he could hardly wish his literary friend Good night, and articulate "To-morrow."

"Commodious," gasped Mr. Boffin, staring at the moon, after letting Wegg out at the gate and fastening it: "Com-
 10 modious fights in that wild-beast-show, seven hundred and thirty-five times, in one character only! As if that wasn't stunning enough, a hundred lions is turned into the same wild-beast-show all at once! As if that wasn't stunning enough, Commodious, in another character, kills 'em all off
 15 in a hundred goes! As if that wasn't stunning enough, Vittle-us (and well named too) eats six millions' worth, English money, in seven months! Wegg takes it easy, but upon-my-soul to a old bird like myself these are scarers. And even now that Commodious is strangled, I don't see a way to
 20 our bettering ourselves." Mr. Boffin added as he turned his pensive steps towards the Bower and shook his head, "I didn't think this morning there was half so many Scarers in Print. But I'm in for it now!"

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

THE VIRGINIANS

VOLUME II. CHAPTER I. FRIENDS IN NEED

Quick, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington
 25 through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Any one who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street road at that period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey ;—scarce any lights, save those car-

ried by link-boys; badly hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man, as the journey from Marlborough to London which he had performed in the morning. 5

He had written to Harry announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between England and France at that time; the French privateers were for ever on the look-out for British 10 merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; 15 it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in 20 London, and asked for his brother. Scared at the likeness between them, the maid-servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington 25 had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in 30 Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. . . .

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his 35 terror at the sudden re-appearance of the master whom he

supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanour when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to
 5 him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. Oh, George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whene'er you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet:—if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the
 10 provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart, when, jolting through the dark streets towards the house of his brother's captivity, George came to think of his aunt's behaviour. "She *does* feel my
 15 poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself. "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas, the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend
 20 it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's¹ house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and
 25 they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as by his flaring tallow-torch he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr.
 30 Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another upstairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

35 The room into which George was introduced was a small

¹ deputy sheriff's.

apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment. 5

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says, there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do your business 10 by breakfast-time in the morning. Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, sir!" he said. "I know who *you* are. You must 15 be Colonel Lambert of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months amongst the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to 20 my Harry," continued the lad with a faltering voice.

"James! James! here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had 25 taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?" 30

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine." 35

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor

Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honours, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honour before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly good,—if your honour wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officer's hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood . . . when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might—to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter frankly told Harry. "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behaviour to your senior, and what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You see, sir, what his answer hath been

to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, 5 as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry *Peccavimus*¹! Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive 10 him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, 15 will you be so kind, sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and—and, God bless him for his generous behaviour." And here the young gentleman turned his head away, and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I'll—I'll follow,—on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown! I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my message first. Just—just 25 prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling—understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door, Mr. Gumbo 30 entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions,—his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning—himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

¹ (pě kă'vè mōos) we have sinned.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweetheart?"

No, Gum had not got no new sweetheart, Master.

"Give me my coat. What has brought thee back?"

5 Gum grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He downstairs now with
10 Colonel Lambert!" Whilst Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost—what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation.

"Is anybody—is—my mother come?"

15 "No, sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master, looking oddly at him, flings the door open and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it, just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*and for doing so, I say*
20 *thank you, and God bless you in my mother's name and mine.*"

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room,—where, if you please, we
25 will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there, turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart,—his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more
30 here," says the Colonel. "Good-night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick,
35 Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-bye, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

GEORGE ELIOT

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS

[Extract from Book III. "The Downfall"]

CHAPTER III. THE FAMILY COUNCIL

It was at eleven o'clock the next morning that the aunts and uncles came to hold their consultation. The fire was lighted in the large parlor, and poor Mrs. Tulliver, with a confused impression that it was a great occasion, like a funeral, unbagged the bell-rope tassels, and unpinned the curtains, adjusting them in proper folds, looking round and shaking her head sadly at the polished tops and legs of the tables, which sister Pullet herself could not accuse of insufficient brightness. 5

Mr. Deane was not coming, he was away on business; but Mrs. Deane appeared punctually in that handsome new gig with the head to it, and the livery-servant driving it, which had thrown so clear a light on several traits in her character to some of her female friends in St. Ogg's. Mr. Deane had been advancing in the world as rapidly as Mr. Tulliver had been going down in it. . . . 15

Mrs. Deane was the first to arrive; and when she had taken her seat in the large parlor, Mrs. Tulliver came down to her with her comely face a little distorted, nearly as it would have been if she had been crying. She was not a woman who could shed abundant tears, except in moments when the prospect of losing her furniture became unusually vivid, but she felt how unfitting it was to be quite calm under present circumstances. 20

"Oh, sister, what a world this is!" she exclaimed as she entered; "what trouble, oh dear!" 25

Mrs. Deane was a thin-lipped woman, who made small well-considered speeches on peculiar occasions, repeating them afterward to her husband, and asking him if she had not spoken very properly.

"Yes, sister," she said deliberately, "this is a changing world, and we don't know to-day what may happen to-morrow. But it's right to be prepared for all things, and if trouble's sent, to remember as it isn't sent without a
5 cause. I'm very sorry for you as a sister, and if the doctor orders jelly for Mr. Tulliver, I hope you'll let me know. I'll send it willingly; for it is but right he should have proper attendance while he's ill."

"Thank you, Susan," said Mrs. Tulliver, rather faintly,
10 withdrawing her fat hand from her sister's thin one. "But there's been no talk o' jelly yet." Then after a moment's pause she added, "There's a dozen o' cut jelly-glasses up-stairs—I shall never put jelly into 'em no more."

Her voice was rather agitated as she uttered the last words,
15 but the sound of wheels diverted her thoughts. Mr. and Mrs. Glegg were come, and were almost immediately followed by Mr. and Mrs. Pullet.

Mrs. Pullet entered crying, as a compendious mode, at all times, of expressing what were her views of life in general,
20 and what, in brief, were the opinions she held concerning the particular case before her.

Mrs. Glegg had on her fuzziest front, and garments which appeared to have had a recent resurrection from rather a
creasy form of burial; a costume selected with the high moral
25 purpose of instilling perfect humility into Bessy and her children.

"Mrs. G., won't you come nearer the fire?" said her husband, unwilling to take the more comfortable seat without offering it to her.

30 "You see I've seated myself here, Mr. Glegg," returned this superior woman; "*you* can roast yourself, if you like."

"Well," said Mr. Glegg, seating himself good-humoredly, "and how's the poor man upstairs?"

"Dr. Turnbull thought him a deal better this morning,"
35 said Mrs. Tulliver; "he took more notice, and spoke to me; but he's never known Tom yet,—looks at the poor lad as if

he was a stranger, though he said something once about Tom and the pony. The doctor says his memory's gone a long way back, and he doesn't know Tom because he's thinking of him when he was little. Eh dear, eh dear!" . . .

"Sister Pullet," said Mrs. Glegg, severely, "if I understand 5 right, we've come together this morning to advise and consult about what's to be done in this disgrace as has fallen upon the family. . . .

"If we aren't come together for one to hear what the other 'ull do to save a sister and her children from the parish, I 10 shall go back. *One* can't act without the other, I suppose; it isn't to be expected as *I* should do everything."

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Pullet, "I don't see as you've been so very forrard at doing. So far as I know, this is the first time as here you've been, since it's been known as 15 the bailiff's in the house; and I was here yesterday, and looked at all Bessy's linen and things, and I told her I'd buy in the spotted tablecloths. I couldn't speak fairer; for as for the teapot as she doesn't want to go out o' the family, it stands to sense I can't do with two silver teapots, 20 not if it *hadn't* a straight spout, but the spotted damask I was allays fond on."

"I wish it could be managed so as my teapot and chany¹ and the best castors needn't be put up for sale," said poor Mrs. Tulliver, beseechingly, "and the sugar-tongs the first 25 things ever I bought."

"But that can't be helped, you know," said Mr. Glegg. "If one o' the family chooses to buy 'em in, they can, but one thing must be bid for as well as another."

"And it isn't to be looked for," said uncle Pullet, with un- 30 wonted independence of idea, "as your own family should pay more for things nor they'll fetch. They may go for an old song by auction."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Tulliver, "to think o' my chany being sold i' that way, and I bought it when I was 35

¹ china.

married, just as you did yours, Jane and Sophy; and I know you didn't like mine, because o' the sprig, but I was fond of it; and there's never been a bit broke, for I've washed it myself; and there's the tulips on the cups, and the roses, as
 5 anybody might go and look at 'em for pleasure. You wouldn't like *your* chany to go for an old song and be broke to pieces, though yours has got no color in it, Jane,—it's all white and fluted, and didn't cost so much as mine. And there's the castors, sister Deane, I can't think but you'd like to have the
 10 castors, for I've heard you say they're pretty."

"Well, I've no objection to buy some of the best things," said Mrs. Deane, rather loftily; "we can do with extra things in our house."

"Best things!" exclaimed Mrs. Glegg, with severity, which
 15 had gathered intensity from her long silence. "It drives me past patience to hear you all talking o' best things, and buying in this, that, and the other, such as silver and chany. You must bring your mind to your circumstances, Bessy, and not be thinking o' silver and chany; but whether you shall get so
 20 much as a flock-bed to lie on, and a blanket to cover you, and a stool to sit on. You must remember, if you get 'em, it'll be because your friends have bought 'em for you, for you're dependent upon *them* for everything; for your husband lies there helpless, and hasn't got a penny i' the world to call his
 25 own. And it's for your own good I say this, for it's right you should feel what your state is, and what disgrace your husband's brought on your own family, as you've got to look to for everything, and be humble in your mind."

Mrs. Glegg paused, for speaking with much energy for the
 30 good of others is naturally exhausting. Mrs. Tulliver, always borne down by the family predominance of sister Jane, who had made her wear the yoke of a younger sister in very tender years, said pleadingly:

"I'm sure, sister, I've never asked anybody to do anything,
 35 only buy things as it 'ud be a pleasure to 'em to have, so as they mightn't go and be spoiled i' strange houses. I never

asked anybody to buy the things in for me and my children ; though there's the linen I spun, and I thought when Tom was born,—I thought one o' the first things when he was lying i' the cradle, as all the things I'd bought wi' my own money, and been so careful of, 'ud go to him. But I've said nothing 5 as I wanted my sisters to pay their money for me. What my husband has done for *his* sister's unknown, and we should ha' been better off this day if it hadn't been as he's lent money and never asked for it again."

"Come, come," said Mr. Glegg, kindly, "don't let us make 10 things too dark. What's done can't be undone. We shall make a shift among us to buy what's sufficient for you; though, as Mrs. G. says, they must be useful, plain things. We mustn't be thinking o' what's unnecessary. A table, and a chair or two, and kitchen things, and a good bed, and such- 15 like. Why, I've seen the day when I shouldn't ha' known myself if I'd lain on sacking i'stead o' the floor. We get a deal o' useless things about us, only because we've got the money to spend."

"Mr. Glegg," said Mrs. G., "if you'll be kind enough to let 20 me speak, i'stead o' taking the words out o' my mouth,—I was going to say, Bessy, as it's fine talking for you to say as you've never asked us to buy anything for you; let me tell you, you *ought* to have asked us. Pray, how are you to be purvided for, if your own family don't help you? You must 25 go to the parish, if they didn't. And you ought to know that, and keep it in mind, and ask us humble to do what we can for you, i'stead o' saying, and making a boast, as you've never asked us for anything."

"You talked o' the Mosses, and what Mr. Tulliver's done 30 for 'em," said uncle Pullet, who became unusually suggestive where advances of money were concerned. "Haven't *they* been anear you? They ought to do something as well as other folks; and if he's lent 'em money, they ought to be made to pay it back."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Deane; "I've been thinking 35

so. How is it Mr. and Mrs. Moss aren't here to meet us? It is but right they should do their share."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Tulliver, "I never sent 'em word about Mr. Tulliver, and they live so back'ard among the lanes
5 at Basset, they niver hear anything only when Mr. Moss comes to market. But I niver gave 'em a thought. I wonder Maggie didn't, though, for she was allays so fond of her aunt Moss."

"Why don't your children come in, Bessy?" said Mrs. Pul-
10 let, at the mention of Maggie. "They should hear what their aunts and uncles have got to say; and Maggie,—when it's me as have paid for half her schooling, she ought to think more of her aunt Pullet than of aunt Mosses. I may go off sudden when I get home to-day; there's no telling."

15 "If I'd had *my* way," said Mrs. Glegg, "the children 'ud ha been in the room from the first. It's time they knew who they've to look to, and it's right as *somebody* should talk to 'em, and let 'em know their condition i' life, and what they're come down to, and make 'em feel as they've got to suffer for
20 their father's faults."

"Well, I'll go and fetch 'em, sister," said Mrs. Tulliver, resignedly. She was quite crushed now, and thought of the treasures in the storeroom with no other feeling than blank despair.

25 She went upstairs to fetch Tom and Maggie, who were both in their father's room, and was on her way down again, when the sight of the storeroom door suggested a new thought to her. She went toward it, and left the children to go down by themselves.

30 The aunts and uncles appeared to have been in warm discussion when the brother and sister entered,—both with shrinking reluctance; for though Tom, with a practical sagacity which had been roused into activity by the strong stimulus of the new emotions he had undergone since yester-
35 day, had been turning over in his mind a plan which he meant to propose to one of his aunts or uncles, he felt by

no means amicably toward them, and dreaded meeting them all at once as he would have dreaded a large dose of concentrated physic, which was but just endurable in small draughts. As for Maggie, she was peculiarly depressed this morning; she had been called up, after brief rest, at three o'clock, and had that strange dreamy weariness which comes from watching in a sick-room through the chill hours of early twilight and breaking day,—in which the outside daylight life seems to have no importance, and to be a mere margin to the hours in the darkened chamber. Their entrance interrupted the conversation. The shaking of hands was a melancholy and silent ceremony, till uncle Pullet observed, as Tom approached him:

“Well, young sir, we’ve been talking as we should want your pen and ink; you can write rarely now, after all your schooling, I should think.”

“Ay, ay,” said Uncle Glegg, with admonition which he meant to be kind, “we must look to see the good of all this schooling, as your father’s sunk so much money in, now,—

‘When land is gone and money’s spent,
Then learning is most excellent.’

Now’s the time, Tom, to let us see the good o’ your learning. Let us see whether you can do better than I can, as have made my fortin without it. But I began wi’ doing with little, you see; I could live on a basin o’ porridge and a crust o’ bread-and-cheese. But I doubt high living and high learning ’ull make it harder for you, young man, nor it was for me.”

“But he must do it,” interposed aunt Glegg, energetically, “whether it’s hard or no. He hasn’t got to consider what’s hard; he must consider as he isn’t to trusten to his friends to keep him in idleness and luxury; he’s got to bear the fruits of his father’s misconduct, and bring his mind to fare hard and to work hard. And he must be humble and grateful to his aunts and uncles for what they’re doing for his mother and father, as must be turned out into the streets and go to

the workhouse if they didn't help 'em. And his sister, too," continued Mrs. Glegg, looking severely at Maggie, who had sat down on the sofa by her aunt Deane, drawn to her by the sense that she was Lucy's mother, "she must make up
5 her mind to be humble and work; for there'll be no servants to wait on her any more,—she must remember that. She must do the work o' the house, and she must respect and love her aunts as have done so much for her, and saved their money to leave to their nephews and nieces."

10 Tom was still standing before the table in the center of the group. There was a heightened color in his face, and he was very far from looking humbled, but he was preparing to say, in a respectful tone, something he had previously meditated, when the door opened and his mother re-entered.

15 Poor Mrs. Tulliver had in her hands a small tray, on which she had placed her silver teapot, a specimen teacup and saucer, the castors, and sugar-tongs.

"See here, sister," she said, looking at Mrs. Deane, as she set the tray on the table, "I thought, perhaps, if you looked
20 at the teapot again,—it's a good while since you saw it,—you might like the pattern better; it makes beautiful tea, and there's a stand and everything; you might use it for every day, or else lay it by for Lucy when she goes to housekeeping. I should be so loath for 'em to buy it at the Golden Lion,"
25 said the poor woman, her heart swelling, and the tears coming,—“my teapot as I bought when I was married, and to think of its being scratched, and set before the travelers and
3 folks, and my letters on it,—see here, E. D.,—and everybody to see 'em.”

30 “Ah, dear, dear!” said aunt Pullet, shaking her head with deep sadness, “it's very bad,—to think o' the family initials going about everywhere,—it niver was so before; you're a very unlucky sister, Bessy. But what's the use o' buying the teapot, when there's the linen and spoons and everything to
35 go, and some of 'em with your full name,—and when it's got that straight spout, too.”

"As to disgrace o' the family," said Mrs. Glegg, "that can't be helped wi' buying teapots. The disgrace is, for one o' the family to ha' married a man as has brought her to beggary. The disgrace is, as they're to be sold up. We can't hinder the country from knowing that." 5

Maggie had started up from the sofa at the allusion to her father, but Tom saw her action and flushed face in time to prevent her from speaking. "Be quiet, Maggie," he said authoritatively, pushing her aside. It was a remarkable manifestation of self-command and practical judgment in a 10 lad of fifteen, that when his aunt Glegg ceased, he began to speak in a quiet and respectful manner, though with a good deal of trembling in his voice; for his mother's words had cut him to the quick.

"Then, aunt," he said, looking straight at Mrs. Glegg, "if 15 you think it's a disgrace to the family that we should be sold up, wouldn't it be better to prevent it altogether? And if you and my aunt Pullet," he continued, looking at the latter, "think of leaving any money to me and Maggie, wouldn't it be better to give it now, and pay the debt we're going to be 20 sold up for, and save my mother from parting with her furniture?"

There was silence for a few moments, for every one, including Maggie, was astonished at Tom's sudden manliness of tone. Uncle Glegg was the first to speak. 25

"Ay, ay, young man, come now! You show some notion o' things. But there's the interest, you must remember; your aunts get five per cent on their money, and they'd lose that if they advanced it; you haven't thought o' that."

"I could work and pay that every year," said Tom, 30 promptly. "I'd do anything to save my mother from parting with her things."

"Well done!" said uncle Glegg, admiringly. He had been drawing Tom out, rather than reflecting on the practicability of his proposal. But he had produced the unfortunate result 35 of irritating his wife.

"Yes, Mr. Glegg!" said that lady, with angry sarcasm. "It's pleasant work for you to be giving my money away, as you've pretended to leave at my own disposal. And my money, as was my own father's gift, and not yours, Mr. Glegg; 5 and I've saved it, and added to it myself, and had more to put out almost every year, and it's to go and be sunk in other folks's furniture, and encourage 'em in luxury and extravagance as they've no means of supporting; and I'm to alter my will, or have a codicil made, and leave two or three hundred less behind me when I die,—me as have allays done 10 right and been careful, and the eldest o' the family; and my money's to go and be squandered on them as have had the same chance as me, only they've been wicked and wasteful. Sister Pullet, *you* may do as you like, and you may let your 15 husband rob you back again o' the money he's given you, but that isn't *my* sperrit."

"La, Jane, how fiery you are!" said Mrs. Pullet. "I'm sure you'll have the blood in your head, and have to be cupped. I'm sorry for Bessy and her children,—I'm sure I 20 think of 'em o' nights dreadful, for I sleep very bad wi' this new medicine,—but it's no use for me to think o' doing anything, if you won't meet me half-way."

"Why, there's this to be considered," said Mr. Glegg. "It's no use to pay off this debt and save the furniture, when 25 there's all the law debts behind, as 'ud take every shilling, and more than could be made out o' land and stock, for I've made that out from Lawyer Gore. We'd need save our money to keep the poor man with, instead o' spending it on furniture as he can neither eat nor drink. You *will* be so hasty, 30 Jane, as if I didn't know what was reasonable."

"Then speak accordingly, Mr. Glegg!" said his wife, with slow, loud emphasis, bending her head toward him significantly.

Tom's countenance had fallen during this conversation, 35 and his lip quivered; but he was determined not to give way. He would behave like a man. Maggie, on the contrary, after

her momentary delight in Tom's speech, had relapsed into her state of trembling indignation. Her mother had been standing close by Tom's side, and had been clinging to his arm ever since he had last spoken; Maggie suddenly started up and stood in front of them, her eyes flashing like the eyes of a young lioness. 5

"Why do you come, then," she burst out, "talking and interfering with us and scolding us, if you don't mean to do anything to help my poor mother,—your own sister,—if you've no feeling for her when she's in trouble, and won't 10 part with anything, though you would never miss it, to save her from pain? Keep away from us then, and don't come to find fault with my father,—he was better than any of you; he was kind,—he would have helped *you*, if you had been in trouble. Tom and I don't ever want to have any of your 15 money, if you won't help my mother. We'd rather not have it! We'll do without you."

Maggie, having hurled her defiance at aunts and uncles in this way, stood still, with her large dark eyes glaring at them, as if she were ready to await all consequences. 20

Mrs. Tulliver was frightened; there was something portentous in this mad outbreak; she did not see how life could go on after it. Tom was vexed; it was no *use* to talk so. The aunts were silent with surprise for some moments. At length, in a case of aberration such as this, comment presented itself 25 as more expedient than any answer.

"You haven't seen the end o' your trouble wi' that child, Bessy," said Mrs. Pullet; "she's beyond everything for boldness and unthankfulness. It's dreadful. I might ha' let alone paying for her schooling, for she's worse nor 30 ever."

"It's no more than what I've allays said," followed Mrs. Glegg. "Other folks may be surprised, but I'm not. I've said over and over again,—years ago I've said,—'Mark my words; that child 'ull come to no good; there isn't a bit 35 of our family in her.' And as for her having so much school-

ing, I never thought well o' that. I'd my reasons when I said I wouldn't pay anything toward it."

"Come, come," said Mr. Glegg, "let's waste no more time in talking,—let's go to business. Tom, now, get the pen and
5 ink—"

While Mr. Glegg was speaking, a tall dark figure was seen hurrying past the window.

"Why, there's Mrs. Moss," said Mrs. Tulliver. "The bad news must ha' reached her, then;" and she went out to open
10 the door, Maggie eagerly following her.

"That's fortunate," said Mrs. Glegg. "She can agree to the list o' things to be bought in. It's but right she should do her share when it's her own brother."

Mrs. Moss was in too much agitation to resist Mrs. Tulliver's movement, as she drew her into the parlor automatically, without reflecting that it was hardly kind to take her among so many persons in the first painful moment of arrival. The tall, worn, dark-haired woman was a strong contrast to the Dodson sisters as she entered in her shabby dress, with
15 her shawl and bonnet looking as if they had been hastily huddled on, and with that entire absence of self-consciousness which belongs to keenly felt trouble. Maggie was clinging to her arm; and Mrs. Moss seemed to notice no one else
20 except Tom, whom she went straight up to and took by
25 the hand.

"Oh, my dear children," she burst out, "you've no call to think well o' me; I'm a poor aunt to you, for I'm one o' them as take all and give nothing. How's my poor brother?"

"Mr. Turnbull thinks he'll get better," said Maggie. "Sit
30 down, aunt Gritty. Don't fret."

"Oh, my sweet child, I feel torn i' two," said Mrs. Moss, allowing Maggie to lead her to the sofa, but still not seeming to notice the presence of the rest. "We've three hundred pounds o' my brother's money, and now he wants it, and you all
35 want it, poor things!—and yet we must be sold up to pay it, and there's my poor children,—eight of 'em, and the little

un of all can't speak plain. And I feel as if I was a robber. But I'm sure I'd no thought as my brother—"

The poor woman was interrupted by a rising sob.

"Three hundred pounds! oh dear, dear," said Mrs. Tulliver, who, when she had said that her husband had done 5 "unknown" things for his sister, had not had any particular sum in her mind, and felt a wife's irritation at having been kept in the dark.

"What madness, to be sure!" said Mrs. Glegg. "A man with a family! He'd no right to lend his money i' that way; 10 and without security, I'll be bound, if the truth was known."

Mrs. Glegg's voice had arrested Mrs. Moss's attention, and looking up, she said:

"Yes, there *was* security; my husband gave a note for it. We're not that sort o' people, neither of us, as 'ud rob my 15 brother's children; and we looked to paying back the money, when the times got a bit better."

"Well, but now," said Mr. Glegg, gently, "hasn't your husband no way o' raising this money? Because it 'ud be a little 20 fortin, like, for these folks, if we can do without Tulliver's being made a bankrupt. Your husband's got stock; it is but right he should raise the money, as it seems to me,—not but what I'm sorry for you, Mrs. Moss."

"Oh, sir, you don't know what bad luck my husband's had with his stock. The farm's suffering so as never was for want 25 o' stock; and we've sold all the wheat, and we're behind with our rent,—not but what we'd like to do what's right, and I'd sit up and work half the night, if it 'ud be any good; but there's them poor children,—four of 'em such little uns—"

"Don't cry so, aunt; don't fret," whispered Maggie, who 30 had kept hold of Mrs. Moss's hand.

"Did Mr. Tulliver let you have the money all at once?" said Mrs. Tulliver, still lost in the conception of things which had been "going on" without her knowledge.

"No; at twice," said Mrs. Moss, rubbing her eyes and 35 making an effort to restrain her tears. "The last was after

my bad illness four years ago, as everything went wrong, and there was a new note made then. What with illness and bad luck, I've been nothing but cumber all my life."

"Yes, Mrs. Moss," said Mrs. Glegg, with decision, "yours
5 is a very unlucky family; the more's the pity for *my* sister."

"I set off in the cart as soon as ever I heard o' what had happened," said Mrs. Moss, looking at Mrs. Tulliver. "I should never ha' stayed away all this while, if you'd thought well to let me know. And it isn't as I'm thinking all about
10 ourselves, and nothing about my brother, only the money was so on my mind, I couldn't help speaking about it. And my husband and me desire to do the right thing, sir," she added, looking at Mr. Glegg, "and we'll make shift and pay the money, come what will, if that's all my brother's got to trust
15 to. We've been used to trouble, and don't look for much else. It's only the thought o' my poor children pulls me i' two."

"Why, there's this to be thought on, Mrs. Moss," said Mr. Glegg, "and it's right to warn you,—if Tulliver's made a bankrupt, and he's got a note-of-hand of your husband's for
20 three hundred pounds, you'll be obliged to pay it; th' assignees 'ull come on you for it."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Mrs. Tulliver, thinking of the bankruptcy, and not of Mrs. Moss's concern in it. Poor Mrs. Moss herself listened in trembling submission, while
25 Maggie looked with bewildered distress at Tom to see if *he* showed any signs of understanding this trouble, and caring about poor aunt Moss. Tom was only looking thoughtful, with his eyes on the tablecloth.

"And if he isn't made bankrupt," continued Mr. Glegg, "as
30 I said before, three hundred pounds 'ud be a little fortin for him, poor man. We don't know but what he may be partly helpless, if he ever gets up again. I'm very sorry if it goes hard with you, Mrs. Moss, but my opinion is, looking at it one way, it'll be right for you to raise the money; and looking
35 at it th' other way, you'll be obliged to pay it. You won't think ill o' me for speaking the truth."

"Uncle," said Tom, looking up suddenly from his meditative view of the tablecloth, "I don't think it would be right for my aunt Moss to pay the money if it would be against my father's will for her to pay it; would it?"

Mr. Glegg looked surprised for a moment or two before he said: "Why, no, perhaps not, Tom; but then he'd ha' destroyed the note, you know. We must look for the note. What makes you think it 'ud be against his will?"

"Why," said Tom, coloring, but trying to speak firmly, in spite of a boyish tremor, "I remember quite well, before I went to school to Mr. Stelling, my father said to me one night, when we were sitting by the fire together, and no one else was in the room—"

Tom hesitated a little, and then went on.

"He said something to me about Maggie, and then he said: 'I've always been good to my sister, though she married against my will, and I've lent Moss money; but I shall never think of distressing him to pay it; I'd rather lose it. My children must not mind being the poorer for that.' And now my father's ill, and not able to speak for himself, I shouldn't like anything to be done contrary to what he said to me."

"Well, but then, my boy," said uncle Glegg, whose good feeling led him to enter into Tom's wish, but who could not at once shake off his habitual abhorrence of such recklessness as destroying securities, or alienating¹ anything important enough to make an appreciable difference in a man's property, "we should have to make away wi' the note, you know, if we're to guard against what may happen, supposing your father's made bankrupt—"

"Mr. Glegg," interrupted his wife, severely, "mind what you're saying. You're putting yourself very forrard in other folks's business. If you speak rash, don't say it was my fault."

"That's such a thing as I never heard of before," said uncle Pullet, who had been making haste with his lozenges in order to express his amazement,— "making away with a

¹transferring to another.

note! I should think anybody could set the constable on you for it."

"Well, but," said Mrs. Tulliver, "if the note's worth all that money, why can't we pay it away, and save my things
5 from going away? We've no call to meddle with your uncle and aunt Moss, Tom, if you think your father 'ud be angry when he gets well."

Mrs. Tulliver had not studied the question of exchange, and was straining her mind after original ideas on the subject.

10 "Pooh, pooh, pooh! you women don't understand these things," said uncle Glegg. "There's no way o' making it safe for Mr. and Mrs. Moss but destroying the note."

"Then I hope you'll help me to do it, uncle," said Tom, earnestly. "If my father shouldn't get well, I should be very
15 unhappy to think anything had been done against his will that I could hinder. And I'm sure he meant me to remember what he said that evening. I ought to obey my father's wish about his property."

Even Mrs. Glegg could not withhold her approval from
20 Tom's words; she felt that the Dodson blood was certainly speaking in him, though, if his father had been a Dodson, there would never have been this wicked alienation of money. Maggie would hardly have restrained herself from leaping on Tom's neck, if her aunt Moss had not prevented her by her-
25 self rising and taking Tom's hand, while she said, with rather a choked voice:

"You'll never be the poorer for this, my dear boy, if there's a God above; and if the money's wanted for your father, Moss and me 'ull pay it, the same as if there was ever such
30 security. We'll do as we'd be done by; for if my children have got no other luck, they've got an honest father and mother."

"Well," said Mr. Glegg, who had been meditating after Tom's words, "we shouldn't be doing any wrong by the
35 creditors, supposing your father *was* bankrupt. I've been thinking o' that, for I've been a creditor myself, and seen no

end o' cheating. If he meant to give your aunt the money before ever he got into this sad work o' lawing, it's the same as if he'd made away with the note himself; for he'd made up his mind to be that much poorer. But there's a deal o' things to be considered, young man," Mr. Glegg added, looking admonishingly at Tom, "when you come to money business, and you may be taking one man's dinner away to make another man's breakfast. You don't understand that, I doubt?"

"Yes, I do," said Tom, decidedly. "I know if I owe money to one man, I've no right to give it to another. But if my father had made up his mind to give my aunt the money before he was in debt, he had a right to do it."

"Well done, young man! I didn't think you'd be so sharp," said uncle Glegg, with much candor. "But perhaps your father *did* make away with the note. Let us go and see if we can find it in the chest."

THOMAS HARDY

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE¹

CHAPTER I. A FACE ON WHICH TIME MAKES BUT LITTLE IMPRESSION

A Saturday afternoon in November was approaching the time of twilight, and the vast tract of unenclosed wild known as Egdon Heath embrowned itself moment by moment. Overhead the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was a tent which had the whole heath for its floor.

The heaven being spread with this pallid screen and the earth with the darkest vegetation, their meeting-line at the horizon was clearly marked. In such contrast the heath

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wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour was come: darkness had to a great extent arrived hereon, while day stood distinct in the sky. Looking upwards, a furze¹-cutter
 5 would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot² and go home. The distant rims of the world and of the firmament³ seemed to be a division in time no less than a division in matter. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an
 10 hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread.

In fact, precisely at this transitional point of its nightly
 15 roll into darkness the great and particular glory of the Egdon waste began, and nobody could be said to understand the heath who had not been there at such a time. It could best be felt when it could not clearly be seen, its complete effect and explanation lying in this and the succeeding hours before
 20 the next dawn: then, and only then, did it tell its true tale. The spot was, indeed, a near relation of night, and when night showed itself an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shades and the scene. The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the
 25 evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternization towards which each advanced half-way.

30 The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many

¹ a spiny, evergreen shrub, used for fuel. ² bundle of sticks or twigs.

³ sky.

things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis —the final overthrow.

It was a spot which returned upon the memory of those who loved it with an aspect of peculiar and kindly congruity. Smiling champagnis¹ of flowers and fruit hardly do this, for they are permanently harmonious only with an existence of better reputation as to its issues than the present. Twilight combined with the scenery of Egdon Heath to evolve a thing majestic without severity, impressive without showiness, emphatic in its admonitions, grand in its simplicity. The qualifications which frequently invest the façade of a prison with far more dignity than is found in the façade of a palace double its size lent to this heath a sublimity in which spots renowned for beauty of the accepted kind are utterly wanting. Fair prospects wed happily with fair times; but alas, if times be not fair! Men have oftener suffered from the mockery of a place too smiling for their reason than from the oppression of surroundings oversadly tinged. Haggard Egdon appealed to a subtler and scarcer instinct, to a more recently learnt emotion, than that which responds to the sort of beauty called charming and fair.

Indeed, it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new Vale of Tempe may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young. The time seems near, if it has not actually arrived, when the chastened sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain will be all of nature that is absolutely in keeping with the moods of the more thinking among mankind. And ultimately, to the commonest tourist, spots like Iceland may become what the vineyards and myrtle-gardens of South Europe are to him now; and Heidelberg and Baden be passed unheeded as he hastens from the Alps to the sand-dunes of Scheveningen.

¹ level fields.

The most thorough-going ascetic could feel that he had a natural right to wander on Egdon: he was keeping within the line of legitimate indulgence when he laid himself open to influences such as these. Colours and beauties so far sub-
 5 dued were, at least, the birthright of all. Only in summer days of highest feather did its mood touch the level of gaiety. Intensity was more usually reached by way of the solemn than by way of the brilliant, and such a sort of intensity was often arrived at during winter darkness, tempests, and mists.
 10 Then Egdon was aroused to reciprocity; for the storm was its lover, and the wind its friend. Then it became the home of strange phantoms; and it was found to be the hitherto unrecognized original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight
 15 dreams of flight and disaster, and are never thought of after the dream till revived by scenes like this.

It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful, nor ugly: neither commonplace, unmeaning, nor tame; but, like man, slighted and
 20 enduring; and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony. As with some persons who have long lived apart, solitude seemed to look out of its countenance. It had a lonely face, suggesting tragical possibilities.

This obscure, obsolete, superseded country figures in
 25 Domesday. Its condition is recorded therein as that of heathy, furzy, briary wilderness—"Bruaria." Then follows the length and breadth in leagues; and, though some uncertainty exists as to the exact extent of this ancient lineal measure, it appears from the figures that the area of Egdon
 30 down to the present day has but little diminished. "Turbaria Bruaria"—the right of cutting heath-turf—occurs in charters relating to the district. "Overgrown with heth and mosse," says Leland of the same dark sweep of country.

Here at least were intelligible facts regarding landscape—
 35 far-reaching proofs productive of genuine satisfaction. The untameable, Ishmaelitic thing that Egdon now was it always

had been. Civilization was its enemy; and ever since the beginning of vegetation its soil had worn the same antique brown dress, the natural and invariable garment of the particular formation. In its venerable one coat lay a certain vein of satire on human vanity in clothes. A person on a 5 heath in raiment of modern cut and colours has more or less an anomalous look. We seem to want the oldest and simplest human clothing where the clothing of the earth is so primitive.

To recline on a stump of thorn in the central valley of Egdon, between afternoon and night, as now, where the eye 10 could reach nothing of the world outside the summits and shoulders of heathland which filled the whole circumference of its glance, and to know that everything around and underneath had been from prehistoric times as unaltered as the stars overhead, gave ballast to the mind adrift on change, 15 and harassed by the irrepressible New. The great inviolate place had an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim. Who can say of a particular sea that it is old? Distilled by the sun, kneaded by the moon, it is renewed in a year, in a day, or in an hour. The sea changed, the fields changed, the 20 rivers, the villages, and the people changed, yet Egdon remained. Those surfaces were neither so steep as to be destructible by weather, nor so flat as to be the victims of floods and deposits. With the exception of an aged highway, and a still more aged barrow¹ presently to be referred to— 25 themselves almost crystallized to natural products by long continuance—even the trifling irregularities were not caused by pickaxe, plough, or spade, but remained as the very finger-touches of the last geological change.

The above-mentioned highway traversed the lower levels 30 of the heath, from one horizon to another. In many portions of its course it overlaid an old vicinal way, which branched from the great Western road of the Romans, the Via Iceniana,

¹A hill or mound, often one built over the remains of the dead. Cf. the barrow, called howe or burg, which Beowulf's followers built in his honor, p. 5.

or Ikenild Street, hard by. On the evening under consideration it would have been noticed that, though the gloom had increased sufficiently to confuse the minor features of the heath, the white surface of the road remained almost as
5 clear as ever.

THE ROMAN ROAD¹

The Roman Road runs straight and bare
As the pale parting-line in hair
Across the heath. And thoughtful men
Contrast its days of Now and Then,
10 And delve, and measure, and compare ;

Visioning on the vacant air
Helméd legionaries, who proudly rear
The Eagle, as they pace again
The Roman Road.

15 But no tall brass-helméd legionnaire
Haunts it for me. Uprises there
A mother's form upon my ken,
Guiding my infant steps, as when
We walked that ancient thoroughfare,
20 The Roman Road.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

EL DORADO²

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably

¹ From *Time's Laughingstocks*, reprinted by permission of Macmillan & Co., Limited, and Harper & Brothers, publishers.

² From *Virginibus Puerisque*, Charles Scribner's Sons, authorized publishers.

into the bag which contains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theatre unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colours, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colours: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting: and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his

knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlour; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labours.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and goodwill. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle towards an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely

unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making 5 books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find 10 another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighbourhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the 15 seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realisable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a 20 variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall 25 never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not 30 whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labour. 35

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER III

Of the blessings which civilisation and philosophy bring with them a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the peer.¹ The market-place which the rustic can now
5 reach with his cart in an hour was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly lighted walk was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able
10 to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over
15 by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science; and some have
20 been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present only one inhabitant of the capi-
25 tal in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity² between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary year and London in a year of cholera.

¹ a nobleman, a member of the House of Lords.

² healthfulness.

Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying¹ influence of civilisation on the national character. The groundwork of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The implacability of hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving-stones. If he was tied to the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to plead, a woman burned for coining,² excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled

¹softening, making less harsh.

²making counterfeit coins.

horse or an overdriven ox. Fights compared with which a boxing-match is a refined and humane spectacle were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces
 5 with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes¹ the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock² an atmosphere of stench and
 10 pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench,³ bar,⁴ and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo
 15 widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and water-casks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks⁵ to be ill fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the
 20 murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merci-
 25 ful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class doubtless has gained largely by this great moral change: but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless.
 30 The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of doubt. Yet, in spite of evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange

¹sessions of the superior courts.
²the prisoner's place in a court room.

³judges.

⁴lawyers.

⁵prison ships.

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 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. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a week; that the carpenter at Greenwich may receive ten shillings a day; that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every diligent and thrifty workingman. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich.

THOMAS CARLYLE

SARTOR RESARTUS

THE EVERLASTING YEA

[Extracts]

20 'Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing
'and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the
'Mountains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around
'me, for walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the
'Four azure Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen
25 'gilding. And then to fancy the fair Castles, that stood shel-
'tered in these Mountain hollows; with their green flower-
'lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough: or
'better still, the straw-roofed Cottages, wherein stood many

'a Mother baking bread, with her children round her:—all
 'hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds; yet
 'there and alive, as sure as if I beheld them. Or to see, as
 'well as fancy, the nine Towns and Villages, that lay round
 'my mountain-seat, which, in still weather, were wont to 5
 'speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with metal tongue; and,
 'in almost all weather, proclaimed their vitality by repeated
 'Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary horologue, I might
 'read the hour of the day. For it was the smoke of cookery,
 'as kind housewives at morning, midday, eventide, were boil- 10
 'ing their husbands' kettles; and ever a blue pillar rose up
 'into the air, successively or simultaneously, from each of the
 'nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such and such
 'a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting! For you
 'have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and 15
 'scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in
 'miniature, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my
 'wide Wayfarings, I had learned to look into the business of
 'the World in its details, here perhaps was the place for
 'combining it into general propositions, and deducing infer- 20
 'ences therefrom.

'Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in
 'anger through the distance: round some Schreckhorn, as
 'yet grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there
 'tumultuously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair; 25
 'till, after a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam,
 'your Schreckhorn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour
 'had held snow. How thou fermentest and elaboratest in
 'thy great fermenting-vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere,
 'of a World, O Nature!—Or what is Nature? Ha! why do 30
 'I not name thee God? Art thou not the "Living Garment of
 'God"? O Heavens, is it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever
 'speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee, that lives
 'and loves in me?

'Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that 35
 'Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my

'soul. Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova
 'Zembla; ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that
 'strays bewildered, weeping, in unknown tumults; like soft
 'streamings of celestial music to my too-exasperated heart,
 5 'came that Evangel. The Universe is not dead and demoniacal,
 'a charnel-house with spectres; but godlike, and my Father's!
 'With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow
 'man: with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wander-
 'ing, wayward man! Art thou not tried, and beaten with
 10 'stripes, even as I am? Ever, whether thou bear the royal
 'mantle or the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so
 'heavy-laden; and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my
 'Brother, my Brother, why cannot I shelter thee in my
 'bosom, and wipe away all tears from thy eyes!—Truly, the
 15 'din of many-voiced Life, which, in this solitude, with
 'the mind's organ, I could hear, was no longer a maddening
 'discord, but a melting one; like inarticulate cries, and sob-
 'bings of a dumb creature, which in the ear of Heaven are
 'prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor joys, was now my
 20 'needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame; Man, with his so
 'mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had become the dearer
 'to me; and even for his sufferings and his sins, I now first
 'named him Brother. Thus was I standing in the porch of
 'that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow*"; by strange, steep ways, had I
 25 'too been guided thither; and ere long its sacred gates would
 'open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie disclosed to me.
 ' . . . Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Great-
 'ness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all
 'his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will
 30 'the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsterers and Con-
 'fectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock
 'company, to make one Shoeblock HAPPY? They cannot ac-
 'complish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoeblock also has
 'a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if
 35 'you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and satura-
 'tion, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's in-*

'*finite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoebblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple payment of our wages, of our deserts; requires neither thanks nor complaint; only such *overplus* as there may be do we account Happiness; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now consider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves, and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way, and many a Blockhead cry: See there, what a payment; was ever worthy gentleman so used!—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy Vanity; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot: fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to die in hemp.

'So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator as by lessening your Denominator*. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

'I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest

'years, thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting
'and self-tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word: is it
'not because thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet
'gentleman) is not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-
5 'bedded, and lovingly cared-for? Foolish soul! What Act
'of Legislature was there that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A
'little while ago thou hadst no right to *be* at all. What if
'thou wert born and predestined not to be Happy, but to be
'Unhappy! Art thou nothing other than a Vulture, then,
10 'that fliest through the Universe seeking after somewhat to
'eat; and shrieking dolefully because carrion enough is not
'given thee? Close thy *Byron*; open thy *Goethe*.'

'*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!' cries he else-
where: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he
15 'can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessed-
'ness! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages
'and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken
'and suffered; bearing testimony, through life and through
'death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike
20 'only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired
'Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens!
'and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou
'become contrite, and learn it! O thank thy Destiny for
'these; thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need
25 'of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By be-
'nignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated
'chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring
'billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into
'the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This
30 'is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved:
'wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.'

And again: 'Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth
'with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained
'thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and
35 'even because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno
'was needed, and he too was sent. . . .'

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP

THE HERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS

[Johnson]

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain 5 of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson's life could 10 have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and 15 the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery: 20 the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he 25 could come at: school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes 30 at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servi-

tor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out ; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door ; and the rawboned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with dim eyes, with what
 5 thoughts,—pitches them out of window ! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will ; but not beggary : we cannot stand beggary ! Rude stubborn self-help here ; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life,
 10 this pitching-away of the shoes. An original man ;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate ! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that ;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on
 15 the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us !—

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he ? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them ;
 20 only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man ; that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new* : Johnson believed alto-
 25 gether in the old ; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him ; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas ; he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by
 30 the old formulas ; the happier was it for him that he could so stand : but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe
 35 glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal, upon this man too ! How he harmonised his

Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances: that is a thing worth seeing. A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe.' That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltaire, is to me a venerable place. 5

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false;—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we 10 may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true*. What we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad; they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude; found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred 15 or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out a way of doing somewhat,—were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet*; he has articulated 20 the dim-struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that; these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path.' And now see: the second man travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer; yet with 25 improvements, with changes where such seem good; at all events with enlargements, the Path ever *widening* itself as more travel it;—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther 30 end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance; you may call them the *skin*, 35 the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a sub-

stance that is already there: *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols . . . are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of
 5 the high significance of *true* Formulas; that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world.—

Mark, too, how little Johnson boasts of his 'sincerity.' He has no suspicion of his being particularly sincere,—of
 10 his being particularly anything! A hard-struggling, weary-hearted man, or 'scholar' as he calls himself, trying hard to get some honest livelihood in the world, not to starve, but to live—without stealing! A noble unconsciousness is in him. He does not 'engrave *Truth* on his watch-seal'; no, but he
 15 stands by truth, speaks by it, works and lives by it. Thus it ever is. Think of it once more. The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being
insincere! To his large, open, deep-feeling heart Nature is
 20 a Fact: all hearsay is hearsay; the unspeakable greatness of this Mystery of Life, let him acknowledge it or not, nay even though he seem to forget it or deny it, is ever present to *him*,—fearful and wonderful, on this hand and on that. He has a basis of sincerity; unrecognised, because never questioned or
 25 capable of question. Mirabeau, Mahomet, Cromwell, Napoleon: all the Great Men I ever heard-of have this as the primary material of them. Innumerable commonplace men are debating, are talking everywhere their commonplace doctrines, which they have learned by logic, by rote, at second-
 30 hand: to that kind of man all this is still nothing. He must have truth; truth which *he* feels to be true. How shall he stand otherwise? His whole soul, at all moments, in all ways, tells him that there is no standing. He is under the noble necessity of being true. Johnson's way of thinking
 35 about this world is not mine, any more than Mahomet's was: but I recognise the everlasting element of heart-*sincerity* in

both; and see with pleasure how neither of them remains ineffectual. Neither of them is as *chaff* sown; in both of them is something which the seed-field will *grow*.

Johnson was a Prophet to his people; preached a Gospel to them,—as all like him always do. The highest Gospel he 5 preached we may describe as a kind of Moral Prudence: ‘in a world where much is to be done, and little is to be known,’ see how you will *do* it! A thing well worth preaching. ‘A world where much is to be done, and little is to be known:’ do not sink yourselves in boundless bottomless abysses of 10 Doubt, of wretched god-forgetting Unbelief;—you were miserable then, powerless, mad: how could you *do* or work at all? Such Gospel Johnson preached and taught;—coupled, theoretically and practically, with this other great Gospel, ‘Clear your mind of Cant!’ Have no trade with Cant: stand 15 on the cold mud in the frosty weather, but let it be in your own *real* torn shoes: ‘that will be better for you,’ as Mahomet says! I call this, I call these two things *joined together*, a great Gospel, the greatest perhaps that was possible at that time. 20

Johnson’s Writings, which once had such currency and celebrity, are now, as it were, disowned by the young generation. It is not wonderful; Johnson’s opinions are fast becoming obsolete: but his style of thinking and of living, we may hope, will never become obsolete. I find in Johnson’s 25 Books the indisputablest traces of a great intellect and a great heart;—ever welcome, under what obstructions and perversions soever. They are *sincere* words, those of his; he means things by them. A wondrous buckram style,—the best he could get to then; a measured grandiloquence, step- 30 ping or rather stalking along in a very solemn way, grown obsolete now; sometimes a tumid *size* of phraseology not in proportion to the contents of it: all this you will put-up with. For the phraseology, tumid or not, has always *something within it*. So many beautiful styles and books, with *nothing* 35 in them;—a man is a *malefactor* to the world who writes

such! *They* are the avoidable kind!—Had Johnson left nothing but his *Dictionary*, one might have traced there a great intellect, a genuine man. Looking to its clearness of definition, its general solidity, honesty, insight and successful method, it may be called the best of all Dictionaries. There is in it a kind of architectural nobleness; it stands there like a great solid square-built edifice, finished, symmetrically complete: you judge that a true Builder did it.

JOHN RUSKIN

THE STONES OF VENICE

VOLUME II. CHAPTER IV. ST. MARK'S

§ X. And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral

square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side where the canons' children are walking with their nurserymaids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go a'long the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so, higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and coloured on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees, like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangour of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

§ XI. Think for a little while of that scene, and the meaning of all its small formalisms, mixed with its serene sublimity. Estimate its secluded, continuous, drowsy felicities, and its evidence of the sense and steady performance of such kind of duties as can be regulated by the cathedral clock; and weigh the influence of those dark towers on all who have passed through the lonely square at their feet for centuries, and on all who have seen them rising far away over the wooded plain, or catching on their square masses the last rays of the sunset, when the city at their feet was indicated only by the mist at the bend of the river. And then let us quickly recollect that we are in Venice, and land at the extremity of

the Calle Lunga San Moisè, which may be considered as there answering to the secluded street that led us to our English cathedral gateway.

§ XII. We find ourselves in a paved alley, some seven feet
5 wide where it is widest, full of people, and resonant with cries of itinerant salesmen—a shriek in their beginning, and dying away into a kind of brazen ringing, all the worse for its confinement between the high houses of the passage along which we have to make our way. Over-head an inextricable con-
10 fusion of rugged shutters, and iron balconies and chimney flues pushed out on brackets to save room, and arched windows with projecting sills of Istrian stone, and gleams of green leaves here and there where a fig-tree branch escapes over a lower wall from some inner cortile, leading the eye up
15 to the narrow stream of blue sky high over all. On each side, a row of shops, as densely set as may be, occupying, in fact, intervals between the square stone shafts, about eight feet high, which carry the first floors: intervals of which one is narrow and serves as a door; the other is, in the more
20 respectable shops, wainscotted to the height of the counter and glazed above, but in those of the poorer tradesmen left open to the ground, and the wares laid on benches and tables in the open air, the light in all cases entering at the front only, and fading away in a few feet from the threshold
25 into a gloom which the eye from without cannot penetrate, but which is generally broken by a ray or two from a feeble lamp at the back of the shop, suspended before a print of the Virgin. The less pious shopkeeper sometimes leaves his lamp unlighted, and is contented with a penny print; the
30 more religious one has his print coloured and set in a little shrine with a gilded or figured fringe, with perhaps a faded flower or two on each side, and his lamp burning brilliantly. Here at the fruiterer's, where the dark-green water-melons are heaped upon the counter like cannon balls, the Madonna
35 has a tabernacle of fresh laurel leaves; but the pewterer next door has let his lamp out, and there is nothing to be

seen in his shop but the dull gleam of the studded patterns on the copper pans, hanging from his roof in the darkness. Next comes a "Vendita Frittole e Liquori," where the Virgin, enthroned in a very humble manner beside a tallow candle on a back shelf, presides over certain ambrosial morsels of a 5 nature too ambiguous to be defined or enumerated. But a few steps farther on, at the regular wine-shop of the calle, where we are offered "Vino Nostrani a Soldi 28.32," the Madonna is in great glory, enthroned above ten or a dozen large red casks of three-year-old vintage, and flanked by 10 goodly ranks of bottles of Maraschino, and two crimson lamps; and for the evening, when the gondoliers will come to drink out, under her auspices, the money they have gained during the day, she will have a whole chandelier.

§ XIII. A yard or two farther, we pass the hostelry of the 15 Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall, we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a pointed shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge and Campo San Moisè, whence to the 20 entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the square), the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful façade of San Moisè, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the mod- 25 ernising of the shops as they near the piazza, and the mingling with the lower Venetian populace of lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the "Bocca di Piazza," and then we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and, in the midst of it, as we advance 30 slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and, on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into 35 sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude case-

ments and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.

§ XIV. And well may they fall back, for beyond those
5 troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth,
and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a
kind of awe, that we may see it far away—a multitude of
pillars and white domes, clustered into a long low pyramid
of coloured light; a treasure-heap, it seems, partly of gold,
10 and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath
into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic, and
beset with sculpture of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate
as ivory—sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm leaves
and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging
15 and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into
an endless network of buds and plumes; and, in the midst of
it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred, and robed to the feet,
and leaning to each other across the gates, their figures in-
distinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through
20 the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morn-
ing light as it faded back among the branches of Eden, when
first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the
walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones,
jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine spotted with
25 flakes of snow, and marbles, that half refuse and half yield
to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, “their bluest veins to kiss”
—the shadow, as it steals back from them, revealing line
after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the
waved sand; their capitals rich with interwoven tracery,
30 rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and
vine, and mystical signs, all beginning and ending in the
Cross; and above them, in the broad archivolts, a continuous
chain of language and of life—angels, and the signs of
heaven, and the labours of men, each in its appointed season
35 upon the earth; and above these, another range of glittering
pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers

—a confusion of delight, amidst which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's Lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far 5 into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst.

Between that grim cathedral of England and this, what an 10 interval! There is a type of it in the very birds that haunt them; for, instead of the restless crowd, hoarse-voiced and sable-winged, drifting on the bleak upper air, the St. Mark's porches are full of doves, that nestle among the marble foliage, and mingle the soft iridescence of their living plumes, 15 changing at every motion, with the tints, hardly less lovely, that have stood unchanged for seven hundred years.

§ XV. And what effect has this splendour on those who pass beneath it? You may walk from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not 20 see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priest and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike regardlessly. Up to the very recesses of the porches, the meanest tradesmen of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats—not 25 "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continuous line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle classes lounge, and read empty journals; in its centre the Austrian bands play during 30 the time of vespers, their martial music jarring with the organ notes—the march drowning the miserere, and the sullen crowd thickening round them—a crowd, which, if it had its will, would stiletto every soldier that pipes to it. And in the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men 35 of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in

the sun like lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and stony depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their
 5 bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the images of Christ and His angels look down upon it continually.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR

THE HERCULES OF CAMARINA

Address to the Students of the Art School of South Lambeth
 March 15th, 1869

[Extract]

Among the photographs of Greek coins which present so many admirable subjects for your study, I must speak for
 10 the present of one only: the Hercules of Camarina. You have, represented by a Greek workman, in that coin, the face of a man, and the skin of a lion's head. And the man's face is like a man's face, but the lion's skin is not like a lion's skin.

Now there are some people who will tell you that Greek
 15 art is fine, because it is true; and because it carves men's faces as like men's faces as it can.

And there are other people who will tell you that Greek art is fine because it is not true; and carves a lion's skin so as to look not at all like a lion's skin.

20 And you fancy that one or other of these sets of people must be wrong, and are perhaps much puzzled to find out which you should believe.

But neither of them are wrong, and you will have eventually to believe, or rather to understand and know, in reconciliation, the truths taught by each;—but for the present,
 25 the teachers of the first group are those you must follow.

It is they who tell you the deepest and usefulest truth, which involves all others in time. *Greek art, and all other*

art, is fine when it makes a man's face as like a man's face as it can. Hold to that. All kinds of nonsense are talked to you, now-a-days, ingeniously and irrelevantly about art. Therefore, for the most part of the day, shut your ears, and keep your eyes open: and understand primarily, what you 5 may, I fancy, understand easily, that the greatest masters of all greatest schools—Phidias, Donatello, Titian, Velasquez, or Sir Joshua Reynolds—all tried to make human creatures as like human creatures as they could; and that anything less like humanity than their work, is not so good as theirs. 10

Get that well driven into your heads; and don't let it out again, at your peril.

Having got it well in, you may then farther understand, safely, that there is a great deal of secondary work in pots, and pans, and floors, and carpets, and shawls, and archi- 15 tectural ornament, which ought, essentially, to be *unlike* reality, and to depend for its charm on quite other qualities than imitative ones . . .

Granted, however, that these tresses may be finely placed, still they are not like a lion's mane. So we come back to the 20 question,—if the face is to be like a man's face, why is not the lion's mane to be like a lion's mane? Well, because it can't be like a lion's mane without too much trouble;—and inconvenience after that, and poor success, after all. Too much trouble, in cutting the die into fine fringes and jags; in- 25 convenience after that,—because fringes and jags would spoil the surface of a coin; poor success after all,—because, though you can easily stamp cheeks and foreheads smooth at a blow, you can't stamp projecting tresses fine at a blow, whatever pains you take with your die. 30

So your Greek uses his common sense, wastes no time, loses no skill, and says to you, "Here are beautifully set tresses, which I have carefully designed and easily stamped. Enjoy them; and if you cannot understand that they mean lion's mane, heaven mend your wits." 35

See then, you have in this work, well-founded knowledge,

simple and right aims, thorough mastery of handicraft, splendid invention in arrangement, unerring common sense in treatment,—merits, these, I think, exemplary enough to justify our tormenting you a little with Greek Art. But it
 5 has one merit more than these, the greatest of all. It always means something worth saying. Not merely worth saying for that time only, but for all time. What do you think this helmet of lion's hide is always given to Hercules for? You can't suppose it means only that he once killed a lion, and
 10 always carried the skin afterwards to show that he had, as Indian sportsmen send home stuffed rugs, with claws at the corners, and a lump in the middle which one tumbles over every time one stirs the fire. What *was* this Nemean Lion, whose spoils were evermore to cover Hercules from
 15 the cold? Not merely a large specimen of *Felis Leo*, ranging the fields of Nemea, be sure of that. This Nemean cub was one of a bad litter. Born of Typhon and Echidna,—of the whirlwind and the snake,—Cerberus his brother, the Hydra of Lerna his sister,—it must have been difficult to get his
 20 hide off him. He had to be found in darkness too, and dealt upon without weapons, by grip at the throat—arrows and club of no avail against him. What does all that mean?

It means that the Nemean Lion is the first great adversary of life, whatever that may be—to Hercules, or to any of us,
 25 then or now. The first monster we have to strangle, or be destroyed by, fighting in the dark, and with none to help us, only Athena standing by to encourage with her smile. Every man's Nemean Lion lies in wait for him somewhere. The slothful man says, there is a lion in the path. He says well.
 30 The quiet *un*slothful man says the same, and knows it too. But they differ in their farther reading of the text. The slothful man says, I shall be slain, and the unslothful, I shall be. It is the first ugly and strong enemy that rises against us, all future victory depending on victory over that.
 35 Kill it; and through all the rest of life, what was once dreadful is your armour and you are clothed with that conquest

for every other, and helmed with its crest of fortitude for evermore.

Alas, we have most of us to walk bare-headed; but that is the meaning of the story of Nemea,—worth laying to heart and thinking of, sometimes, when you see a dish garnished 5 with parsley, which was the crown at the Nemean games.

WALTER PATER

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE¹

[Extract]

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it 10 chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighbourhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came 15 to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had 20 lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carv- 25 ings daintier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and that place, yet with

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a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of
 5 some things in the story of his spirit—in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favourable upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown up to him. In that half-spiritualised house he
 10 could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there—of which indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part; inward and outward being woven through
 15 and through each other into one inextricable texture—half, tint and trace and accident of homely colour and form, from the wood and the bricks; half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main
 20 streams at least of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a
 25 period in their lives), really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates—descent from Watteau, the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms—might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness and comely whiteness about
 30 everything there—the curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately; might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh
 35 way its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water.

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear-tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which 5 the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china. Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the 10 white mice ran in the twilight—an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still sweet, thrums of coloured silks, among its lumber—a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighbouring steeples; for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, 15 which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which 20 gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness or special fineness, in the objects which present themselves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life; 25 earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly; and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the roadside, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of 30 earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty.

This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumours of the town, among high garden-walls, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and brown-and-golden Wall- 35 flower—*Flos Parietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father

taught them to call it, while he was with them. Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with
5 him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him. The coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighbouring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular
10 darkneses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells—
15 a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble—all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and incidents never failed to throw him into a well-recognised imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could trace home
20 to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there,
25 in his way through the world.

AN ESSAY OF RECENT LITERATURE

RUDYARD KIPLING

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN¹

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds
are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain ;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper
of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again !
Who hath seen the beaver busied ? Who hath watched the
black-tail mating ?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry ?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is
waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly ?

He must go—go—go away from here !

On the other side the world he's overdue.

*'Send your road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you,*

And the Red Gods call for you !

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round
the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust ;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits
the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.

¹ Reprinted from *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, by permission of the author and of Doubleday, Page & Company and Methuen & Company, Ltd., publishers.

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard
the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?

Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are
turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

5 *Let him go—go, etc.*

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know that
racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask
and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?

10 It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and
traces,

To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—

To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our
faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

15 Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and
short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your
port

On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—

20 Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and
sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers
trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented
glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes, 5

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—

To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that
windy rift 10

Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen
drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow
lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know. 15

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,

And the Red Gods calls me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of
Council rise— 20

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their
last supplies:

Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them
to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and
sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath
the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,

5 Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats
discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings
the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick! ah, heave
the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

10 *And we go—go—go away from here!*

On the other side the world we're overdue!

*'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-
fret comes o'er you,*

And the Red Gods call for you!

THE BELL BUOY¹

They christened my brother of old—

15 And a saintly name he bears—

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry-stairs,

Where the minster-towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

20 Would I change with my brother a league inland?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

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In the flush of the hot June prime,
 O'er smooth flood-tides afire,
 I hear him hurry the chime
 To the bidding of checked Desire;
 Till the sweated ringers tire 5
 And the wild bob-majors die.
 Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

When the smoking scud is blown,
 When the greasy wind-rack lowers, 10
 Apart and at peace and alone,
 He counts the changeless hours.
 He wars with darkling Powers
 (I war with a darkling sea);
 Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk? 15
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
 There was never a hand to toll,
 When they made me guard of the bay,
 And moored me over the shoal. 20
 I rock, I reel, and I roll—
 My four great hammers ply—
 Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed, 25
 The fog-bank glides unguessed,
 The seaward lights are veiled,
 The spent deep feigns her rest:
 But my ear is laid to her breast,
 I lift to the swell—I cry! 30
 Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw ;

I turn in the clearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew ;

5 And the mud boils foul and blue

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear the banks ?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim,

10 The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The grey, grained ice of the seas,

Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,

The plunging colliers lie.

15 Would I barter my place for the Church's grace ?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

The lanterns gather and grow,

20 And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet—

“Ready about—stand by!”

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay ?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

25 I dip and I surge and I swing

In the rip of the racing tide,

By the gates of doom I sing,

On the horns of death I ride.

A ship-length overside,

30 Between the course and the sand,

Fretted and bound I bide

Peril whereof I cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland ?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

'FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE'¹

(1914)

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war,
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away, 5
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
 Though all we knew depart,
 The old Commandments stand:— 10
 'In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
'No law except the Sword 15
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.'
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe. 20

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days 25
In silent fortitude,

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Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

5 Though all we made depart,
 The old Commandments stand:—
 'In patience keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand.'

10 No easy hope or lies
 Shall bring us to our goal,
 But iron sacrifice
 Of body, will, and soul.
 There is but one task for all—
 One life for each to give.
 Who stands if Freedom fall?
 Who dies if England live?

JOSEPH CONRAD

TYPHOON¹

CHAPTER XVI

15 As soon as his mate had gone, Captain MacWhirr sidled
and staggered as far as the wheel-house. Its door being
hinged forward, he had to fight the gale for admittance, and
when at last he managed to enter, it was as if he had been
fired through the wood. He stood within, holding the handle.

20 The steering gear leaked steam and in the confined space
the glass of the binnacle made a shiny oval in a thin white
fog. The wind howled, hummed, whistled, with sudden
booming gusts that rattled the doors and the shutters in the
vicious patter of sprays. Two coils of lead-line and a small

25 canvas bag hung on a long lanyard swung wide off and came
back, clinging to the bulkheads. The gratings under foot
were nearly afloat, with every sweeping blow of a sea water
squirted violently through the cracks all round the door, and

¹ Reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers.

the man at the helm had flung down his cap, his coat, and stood propped against the gear-casing in a striped cotton shirt open on his breast. The little brass wheel in his hands seemed a bright and fragile toy. The cords of his neck stood hard and lean, a dark patch lay in the hollow of his throat, 5 and his face was still and sunken as in death.

Captain MacWhirr wiped his eyes. The sea that had nearly taken him overboard had to his great annoyance washed his sou-wester hat off his bald head. The fluffy, fair hair, soaked and darkened, resembled a mean skein of cotton 10 threads festooned round his bare skull. He breathed heavily and his face, glistening with sea water, was of a hot crimson with the wind, with the sting of sprays. He looked as though he had come off sweating from before a furnace.

"You here?" he muttered heavily. 15

The second mate had also found his way into the wheel-house. He had fixed himself in a corner with his knees up, a fist pressed against each temple, and this attitude suggested rage, sorrow, resignation, surrender, with a sort of concentrated unforgiveness. He said mournfully and defiantly: 20

"My watch below now. Ain't it?"

The steam-gear clattered, stopped, clattered again; and the helmsman's eyeballs seemed to project out of a hungry face, as if the compass card behind the binnacle glass had been meat. God knows how long he had been there steering, 25 as if forgotten by all his shipmates. The bells had not been struck, there had been no reliefs, the ship's routine had gone down wind, but he was trying to keep her head north-northeast. The rudder might have been gone for all he knew, the fires out, the engines broken down, the ship ready to roll 30 over like a corpse. He was anxious not to get muddled and lose control of her head, because the compass card swung far both ways, wriggling on the pivot, and sometimes seemed to whirl right around. It was hard to make out the course she was making. He suffered from mental stress. He was horri- 35 bly afraid also of the wheel-house going. Mountains of

water kept on falling on it. When the ship took one of her desperate dives the corners of his lips twitched.

Captain MacWhirr looked up at the wheel-house clock. Screwed to the bulkhead, it had a white face, on which the
5 black hands appeared to stand quite still. It was half-past one in the morning.

"Another day," he muttered to himself. The second mate heard him and, lifting his head as one grieving amongst ruins:

10 "You won't see it break," he exclaimed. His wrists and his knees could be seen to shake violently. "No, by God, you won't! . . ." He took his head again between his fists.

The body of the helmsman had moved slightly, but his head didn't budge on his neck,—like a stone head fixed to
15 look one way from a column. During a roll that all but took his booted legs from under him, and in the very stagger to save himself, Captain MacWhirr said austerely:

"Don't you pay any attention to that man."

And then, with an indefinable change of tone, very grave,
20 he added:

"He isn't on duty."

The sailor said nothing. The hurricane boomed, shaking the little place, which seemed air-tight; and the light of the binnacle flickered all the time.

25 "You haven't been relieved," Captain MacWhirr went on, looking down. "I want you to stick on, though, as long as you can. You've got the hang of her. Another man coming here might make a mess of it. Wouldn't do. No child's play. And the hands are probably busy with a job down below
30 . . . Think you can?"

The steering-gear leaped into an abrupt short clatter, stopped smouldering like an ember, and the still man, with a motionless gaze, burst out as if all the passion in him had gone into his lips:

35 "By heavens, sir, I can steer for ever if you don't talk to me."

"Oh! Aye! All right . . ." The Captain lifted his eyes for the first time to the man. . . . "Hackett."

And he seemed to dismiss this matter from his mind. He stooped to the engine-room speaking-tube, blew in, and bent his head. Mr. Rout, below, answered, and at once Captain 5 MacWhirr put his lips to the mouthpiece.

CHAPTER XVII

With the uproar of the gale around him he applied alternately his lips and his ear, and the engineer's voice mounted to him, harsh and as if out of the heat of an engagement. One of the stokers was disabled, the others had given up, the 10 second engineer and the donkey-man were firing up. The third was standing by the steam valve. The engines were being tended by hand. How was it above?

"Bad enough. It rests with you," said Captain MacWhirr. Was the mate down there yet? No? He would be presently. 15 Would Mr. Rout let him talk through the speaking-tube. Through the deck speaking-tube. Because he—the Captain—was going out again on the bridge directly. There was some trouble with the Chinamen. They were fighting amongst themselves. Couldn't allow fighting, anyhow. 20

Mr. Rout had gone away, and Captain MacWhirr could feel against his ear the pulsation of the engines like the beat of the ship's heart. Mr. Rout's voice down there cried something, distantly. The ship pitched headlong, the pulsation leaped with a hissing tumult and stopped dead. Cap- 25 tain MacWhirr's face was impassive and his eyes were fixed aimlessly at the crouching shape of the second mate. Again Mr. Rout's voice cried out in the depths, and the pulsating beat recommenced, with slow strokes—growing swift.

Mr. Rout came back to the tube. 30

"It don't matter much what they do," he said hastily; and then, with irritation, "She takes these dives as if she never meant to come up again."

"Awful sea," said the Captain's voice from above.

"Don't let me drive her under," barked Solomon Rout up the pipe.

"Dark and rain. Can't see what's coming," uttered the voice. "Must—keep—her—moving—enough to steer—and chance it," it went on to state distinctly.

"I am doing as much as I dare."

"We are—getting—smashed up—a good deal up here," proceeded the voice mildly. "Doing—fairly well—though. Of course, if the wheel-house should go . . ."

Mr. Rout, bending an attentive ear, muttered peevishly something under his breath.

But the deliberate voice up there became animated to ask :

"Jukes turned up yet?" Then, after a short wait: "I wish he would bear a hand. I want him to be done and come up here in case of anything—look after the ship. I am all alone. The second mate lost . . ."

"What?" shouted Mr. Rout into the engine-room, taking his head away. Then up the tube he cried, "Gone overboard?" and clapped his ear to.

"Lost his nerve," the voice from above was proceeding in a matter-of-fact tone. "Damn awkward, this."

Mr. Rout, listening with bowed neck, opened his eyes wide. However, he heard something like the sounds of a scuffle and broken exclamations coming down to him. He strained his hearing, and all the time Beale, the third engineer, with his arms upraised, held between the palms of his hands the rim of a little black wheel projecting at the side of a big copper pipe. He seemed to be poising it above his head, as though it were a correct attitude in some sort of game.

To steady himself he pressed his shoulder against the white bulkhead, with one knee bent and a sweat-rag tucked in the belt hung upon his hip. His smooth cheek was begrimed and flushed, and the coal-dust on his eyelids, like the black pencilling of a make-up, enhanced the liquid brilliance of the whites, giving to his youthful face something of a feminine,

exotic, and fascinating aspect. When the ship pitched he would with hasty movements of his hands screw hard at the little wheel.

"Gone crazy," began the Captain's voice suddenly. "Rushed at me—just now. Had to knock him down—this 5 minute. You heard, Mr. Rout?"

"The devil!" muttered Mr. Rout. "Look out, Beale."

His voice rang out like the blast of a warning trumpet between the iron walls of the engine-room. Painted white, they rose high into the dusk of the skylight, sloping like a roof; 10 and the whole lofty space resembled a chamber in a monument, divided by floors of iron grating with lights flickering at different levels, and the still gloom within the columnar stir of machinery under the motionless swelling of the cylinders. A loud and wild resonance, made up of all the noises 15 of the hurricane, dwelt in the still warmth of the air. There was in it the smell of hot metal, of oil, and a slight mist of steam. The blows of the sea seemed to traverse it, in an unringing, stunning shock, from side to side.

Gleams, like pale, long flames, trembled upon the polish 20 of metal, from the flooring below the enormous crank-heads emerged in their turns with a flash of brass and steel—going over; while the connecting rods, big-jointed, like skeleton limbs, seemed to thrust them down and pull them up again with an irresistible precision. And deep in the half-light 25 other rods dodged to and fro, crossheads nodded quickly, disks of metal rubbed against each other, swift and gentle in a commingling of shadows and gleams.

ALFRED NOYES

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN¹

[Introduction]

Under that foggy sunset London glowed,
 Like one huge cob-webbed flagon of old wine.
 And, as I walked down Fleet Street, the soft sky
 Flowed thro' the roaring thoroughfares, transfused
 5 Their hard sharp outlines, blurred the throngs of black
 On either pavement, blurred the rolling stream
 Of red and yellow busses, till the town
 Turned to a golden suburb of the clouds.
 And, round that mighty bubble of St. Paul's,
 10 Over the up-turned faces of the street,
 An air-ship slowly sailed, with whirring fans,
 A voyager in the new-found realms of gold,
 A shadowy silken chrysalis whence should break
 What radiant wings in centuries to be.

15 So, wandering on, while all the shores of Time
 Softened into Eternity, it seemed
 A dead man touched me with his living hand,
 A flaming legend passed me in the streets
 Of London—laugh who will—that City of Clouds,
 20 Where what a dreamer yet, in spite of all,
 Is man, that splendid visionary child
 Who sent his fairy beacon through the dusk,
 On a blue bus before the moon was risen,—
This Night, at eight, The Tempest!

Dreaming thus,

25 (Small wonder that my footsteps went astray!)
 I found myself within a narrow street,
 Alone. There was no rumour, near or far,

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Of the long tides of traffic. In my doubt
 I turned and knocked upon an old inn-door,
 Hard by, an ancient inn of mullioned panes,
 And crazy beams and over-hanging eaves :
 And, as I knocked, the slowly changing west 5
 Seemed to change all the world with it and leave
 Only that old inn steadfast and unchanged,
 A rock in the rich-coloured tides of time.

And, suddenly, as a song that wholly escapes
 Remembrance, at one note, wholly returns, 10
 There, as I knocked, memory returned to me.
 I knew it all—the little twisted street,
 The rough wet cobbles gleaming, far away,
 Like opals, where it ended on the sky ;
 And, overhead, the darkly smiling face 15
 Of that old wizard inn ; I knew by rote
 The smooth sun-bubbles in the worn green paint
 Upon the doors and shutters.

There was one
 Myself had idly scratched away one dawn,
 One mad May-dawn, three hundred years ago, 20
 When out of the woods we came with hawthorn boughs
 And found the doors locked, as they seemed to-night.
 Three hundred years ago—nay, Time was dead !
 No need to scan the sign-board any more
 Where that white-breasted siren of the sea 25
 Curled her moon-silvered tail among such rocks
 As never in the merriest seaman's tale
 Broke the blue-bliss of fabulous lagoons
 Beyond the Spanish Main.

And, through the dream,
 Even as I stood and listened, came a sound 30
 Of clashing wine-cups : then a deep-voiced song

Made the old timbers of the Mermaid Inn
 Shake as a galleon shakes in a gale of wind
 When she rolls glorying through the Ocean-sea.

SONG

Marchaunt Adventurers, chanting at the windlass,
 5 Early in the morning, we slipped from Plymouth Sound,
 All for Adventure in the great New Regions,
 All for Eldorado and to sail the world around!
 Sing! the red of sun-rise ripples round the bows again.
 Marchaunt Adventurers, O sing, we're outward bound,
 10 All to stuff the sunset in our old black galleon,
 All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

Chorus: Marchaunt Adventurers!
 Marchaunt Adventurers!

Marchaunt Adventurers, O, whither are ye bound?—
 15 All for Eldorado and the great new Sky-line,
 All to seek the merchandise that no man ever found.

Marchaunt Adventurers, O, what'ull ye bring home again?—
 Wonders and works and the thunder of the sea!
 Whom will ye traffic with?—The King of the Sunset!
 20 What shall be your pilot then?—A wind from Galilee.
 Nay, but ye be marchaunts, will ye come back empty-
 handed?—

Ay, we be marchaunts, though our gain we ne'er shall see.
 Cast we now our bread upon the waste wild waters.
 After many days, it shall return with usury.

25 *Chorus:* Marchaunt Adventurers!
 Marchaunt Adventurers!

What shall be your profit in the mighty days to be?—
 Englande!—Englande!—Englande!—Englande!—
 Glory everlasting and the lordship of the sea!

And there, framed in the lilac patch of sky
 That ended the steep street, dark on its light,
 And standing on those glistening cobblestones
 Just where they took the sunset's kiss, I saw
 A figure like foot-feathered Mercury, 5
 Tall, straight and splendid as a sunset-cloud.
 Clad in a crimson doublet and trunk-hose,
 A rapier at his side; and, as he paused,
 His long fantastic shadow swayed and swept
 Against my feet.

A moment he looked back, 10
 Then swaggered down as if he owned a world
 Which had forgotten—did I wake or dream?—
 Even his gracious ghost!

Over his arm
 He swung a gorgeous murrey-coloured cloak
 Of Cyprus velvet, caked and smeared with mud. 15
 As on the day when—did I dream or wake?
 And had not all this happened once before?—
 When he had laid that cloak before the feet
 Of Gloriana! By that mud-stained cloak,
 'Twas he! Our Ocean-Shepherd! Walter Raleigh! 20
 He brushed me passing, and with one vigorous thrust
 Opened the door and entered. At his heels
 I followed—into the Mermaid!—through three yards
 Of pitch-black gloom, then into an old inn-parlour
 Swimming with faces in a mist of smoke 25
 That up-curved, blue, from long Winchester pipes,
 While—like some rare old picture, in a dream
 Recalled—quietly listening, laughing, watching,
 Pale on that old black oaken wainscot floated
 One bearded oval face, young, with deep eyes, 30
 Whom Raleigh hailed as "Will!"

But as I stared
 A sudden buffet from a brawny hand
 Made all my senses swim, and the room rang

With laughter as upon the rush-strewn floor
 My feet slipped and I fell. Then a gruff voice
 Growled over me—"Get up now, John-a-dreams,
 Or else mine host must find another drawer!
 5 Hast thou not heard us calling all this while?"
 And, as I scrambled up, the rafters rang
 With cries of "Sack! Bring me a cup of sack!
 Canary! Sack! Malmsey! and Muscadell!"
 I understood and flew. I was awake,
 10 A leather-jerkined pot-boy to these gods,
 A prentice Ganymede to the Mermaid Inn!

PRINCETON¹

(1917)

The first four lines of this poem were written for inscription on the first joint memorial to the American and British soldiers who fell in the Revolutionary War. This memorial was recently dedicated at Princeton.

*Here Freedom stood, by slaughtered friend and foe,
 And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
 Looked through the ages: then, with eyes aglow,
 15 Laid them, to wait that future, side by side.*

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
 Through dog-wood red and white,
 And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
 The windows fill with light,
 20 Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
 Twin lanthorns of the law,
 And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
 The halls of old Nassau.

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
 25 Where red-coats used to pass,

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And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold 5
The green earth takes the plough.

Through this May night if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories, 10
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their hosts are joined at last.

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue, 15
Where those dim lilacs wave,
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave,
Then with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword, 20
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man,
"Hasten Thy Kingdom, Lord.

"Land of new hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars 25
Takes life, takes form, from thee,
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one." 30

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,

With eyes like stars upon the brave night-air,
 And young as when they died,
 To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
 Ring for the world's release.
 5 They see you, piercing like gray swords through flowers,
 And smile from hearts at peace.

SONG FROM *DRAKE*¹

Ye that follow the vision
 Of the world's weal afar,
 Have ye met with derision
 10 And the red laugh of war ;
 Yet the thunder shall not hurt you,
 Nor the battle-storms dismay ;
 Tho' the sun in heaven desert you,
 "Love will find out the way."

15 When the pulse of hope falters,
 When the fire flickers low
 On your faith's crumbling altars,
 And the faithless gods go ;
 When the fond hope ye cherished
 20 Cometh, kissing, to betray ;
 When the last star hath perished,
 "Love will find out the way."

When the last dream bereaveth you,
 And the heart turns to stone,
 25 When the last comrade leaveth you
 In the desert, alone ;
 With the whole world before you
 Clad in battle-array,
 And the starless night o'er you,
 30 "Love will find out the way."

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Your dreamers may dream it
 The shadow of a dream,
 Your sages may deem it
 A bubble on the stream;
 Yet our kingdom draweth nigher 5
 With each dawn and every day,
 Through the earthquake and the fire
 "Love will find out the way."

Love will find it, tho' the nations
 Rise up blind, as of old, 10
 And the new generations
 Wage their warfares of gold;
 Tho' they trample child and mother
 As red clay into the clay,
 Where brother wars with brother, 15
 "Love will find out the way."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE¹

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping
 slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the
 cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

¹From *Poems*, by W. B. Yeats. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD¹

5 When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep ;

 How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 10 And loved your beauty with love false or true ;
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

 And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sad, *From us fled Love* ;
 15 *He paced upon the mountains far above,*
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

A WINDOW IN THRUMS²

CHAPTER II. ON THE TRACK OF THE MINISTER

On the afternoon of the Saturday that carted me and my two boxes to Thrums, I was ben in the room playing Hendry at the dambrod. I had one of the room chairs, but Leebie
 20 brought a chair from the kitchen for her father. Our door stood open, and as Hendry often pondered for two minutes with his hand on a "man," I could have joined in the gossip that was going on but the house.

¹From *Poems*, by W. B. Yeats. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

²From *A Window in Thrums*; copyright, 1896. Reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons and Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd.

"Ay, weel, then, Leeby," said Jess, suddenly, "I'll warrant the minister'll no be preachin' the morn."

This took Leeby to the window.

"Yea, yea," she said (and I knew she was nodding her head sagaciously); I looked out at the room window, but all I could see was a man wheeling an empty barrow down the brae. 5

"That's Robbie Tosh," continued Leeby; "an' there's nae doot 'at he's makkin' for the minister's, for he has on his black coat. He'll be to row the minister's luggage to the post-cart. Ay, an' that's Davit Lunan's barrow. I ken it by the shaft's bein' spliced wi' yarn. Davit broke the shaft at the saw-mill." 10

"He'll be gaen awa for a curran (number of) days," said Jess, "or he would juist hae taen his bag. Ay, he'll be awa to Edinbory, to see the lass." 15

"I wonder wha'll be to preach the morn—tod, it'll likely be Mr. Skinner, frae Dundee; him an' the minister's chief, ye ken."

"Ye nicht gang up to the attic, Leeby, an' see if the spare bedroom vent (chimney) at the manse is gaen. We're sure, if it's Mr. Skinner, he'll come wi' the post frae Tilliedrum the nicht, an' sleep at the manse." 20

"Weel, I assure ye," said Leeby, descending from the attic, "it'll no be Mr. Skinner, for no only is the spare bedroom vent no gaen, but the blind's drawn doon frae tap to fut, so they're no even airin' the room. Na, it canna be him; an' what's mair, it'll be naebody 'at's to bide a'nicht at the manse." 25

"I wouldna say that; na, na. It may only be a student; an' Marget Dundas (the minister's mother and housekeeper) no nichtna think it necessary to put on a fire for him." 30

"Tod, I'll tell ye wha it'll be. I wonder I didna think o' 'im sooner. It'll be the lad Wilkie; him 'ats' mither mairit on Sam'l Duthie's wife's brither. They bide in Cupar, an' I mind 'at when the son was here twa or three year syne he was juist gaen to begin the diveenity classes in Glesca." 35

"If that's so, Leeby, he would be sure to bide wi' Sam'l. Hendry, hae ye heard 'at Sam'l Duthie's expeckin' a stranger the nicht?"

"Haud yer tongue," replied Hendry, who was having the
5 worst of the game.

"Ay, but I ken he is," said Leeby triumphantly to her mother, "for ye mind when I was in at Johnny Watt's (the draper's) Chirsty (Sam'l's wife) was buyin' twa yards o' chintz, an' I couldna think what she would be wantin' 't for!"

10 "I thocht Johnny said to ye 'at it was for a present to Chirsty's auntie?"

"Ay, but he juist guessed that; for, though he tried to get oot o' Chirsty what she wanted the chintz for, she wouldna tell 'im. But I see noo what she was after. The
15 lad Wilkie'll be to bide wi' them, and Chirsty had bocht the chintz to cover the airm-chair wi'. It's ane o' thae hair-bottomed chairs, but terrible torn, so she'll hae covered it for 'im to sit on."

"I wouldna wonder but ye're richt, Leeby; for Chirsty
20 would be in an oncommon fluster if she thocht the lad's mither was likely to hear 'at her best chair was torn. Ay, ay, bein' a man, he wouldna think to tak aff the chintz an' hae a look at the chair without it."

Here Hendry, who had paid no attention to the conversa-
25 tion, broke in:

"Was ye speirin' had I seen Sam'l Duthie? I saw 'im yesterday buyin' a fender at Will'um Crook's roup."

"A fender! Ay, ay, that settles the queestion," said Leeby; "I'll warrant the fender was for Chirsty's parlor. It's
30 preyed on Chirsty's mind, they say, this fower-and-thirty year 'at she doesna hae a richt parlor fender."

"Leeby, look! That's Robbie Tosh wi' the barrow. He has a mighty load o' luggage. Am thinkin' the minister's bound for Tilliedrum."

35 "Na, he's no, he's gaen to Edinbory, as ye micht ken by the bandbox. That'll be his mither's bonnet he's takkin'

back to get altered. Ye'll mind she was never pleased wi' the set o' the flowers."

"Weel, weel, here comes the minister himsel, an' very snod he is. Ay, Marget's been puttin' new braid on his coat, an' he's carryin' the sma' black bag he bocht in Dundee last 5 year: he'll hae's nicht-shirt an' a comb in't, I dinna doot. Ye nicht rin to the corner, Leebby, an' see if he cries in at Jess McTaggart's in passin'."

"It's my opeenion," said Leebby, returning excitedly from the corner, "'at the lad Wilkie's no to be preachin' the morn, 10 after a'. When I gangs to the corner, at ony rate, what think ye's the first thing I see but the minister an' Sam'l Duthie meetin' face to face? Ay, weel, it's gospel am tellin' ye when I say as Sam'l flung back his head an' walkit richt by the minister!" 15

"Losh keep's a', Leebby; ye say that? They maun hae haen a quarrel."

"I'm thinkin' we'll hae Mr. Skinner i' the poopit the morn after a'."

"It may be, it may be. Ay, ay, look, Leebby, whatna bit 20 kimmer's that wi' the twa jugs in her hand?"

"Eh! Ou, it'll be Lawyer Ogilvy's servant lassieky gaen to the farm o' T'nowhead for the milk. She gangs ilka Saturday nicht. But what did ye say—twa jugs? Tod, let's see! Ay, she has so, a big jug an' a little ane. The little 25 ane'll be for cream; an', sal, the big ane's bigger na usual."

"There maun be something gaen on at the lawyer's if they're buyin' cream, Leebby. Their reg'lar thing's twopence worth o' milk."

"Ay, but I assure ye that sma' jug's for cream, an' I dinna 30 doot mysel but 'at there's to be fower pence worth o' milk this nicht."

"There 's to be a puddin' made the morn, Leebby. Ou, ay, a' thing points to that; an' we're very sure there's nae puddins at the lawyer's on the Sabbath onless they hae 35 company."

"I dinna ken wha they can hae, if it be na that brither o' the wife's 'at bides oot by Aberdeen."

"Na, it's no him, Leeby; na, na. He's no weel to do, an' they wouldna be buyin' cream for 'im."

5 "I'll run up to the attic again, an' see if there's ony stir at the lawyer's hoose."

By-and-bye Leeby returned in triumph.

"Ou, ay," she said, "they're expectin' veesitors at the lawyer's, for I could see twa o' the bairns dressed up to the
10 nines, an' Mistress Ogilvy doesna dress at them in that way for naething."

"It far beats me though, Leeby, to guess wha's comin' to them. Ay, but stop a meenute, I wouldna wonder, no, really I would not wonder but what it'll be—"

15 "The very thing 'at was passin' through my head, mother."

"Ye mean 'at the lad Wilkie'll be to bide wi' the lawyer i'stead o' wi' Sam'l Duthie? Sal, am thinkin' that's it. Ye ken Sam'l an' the lawyer married on cousins; but Mistress Ogilvy ay lookit on Chirsty as dirt aneath her feet. She
20 would be glad to get a minister, though, to the hoose, an' so I warrant the lad Wilkie'll be to bide a'nicht at the lawyer's."

"But what would Chirsty be doin' gettin' the chintz an' the fender in that case?"

25 "Ou, she'd been expectin' the lad, of course. Sal, she'll be in a mighty tantrum aboot this. I wouldna wonder though she gets Sam'l to gang ower to the U. P.'s."

Leeby went once more to the attic.

"Ye're wrang, mother," she cried out. "Whaevers to
30 preach the morn is to bide at the manse, for the minister's servant's been at Baker Duff's buyin' short-bread—half a lippy, nae doot."

"Are ye sure o' that, Leeby?"

"Oh, am certain. The servant gaed in to Duff's the noo,
35 an' as ye ken fine, the manse fowk doesna deal wi' him, except they're wantin' short-bread. He's Auld Kirk."

Leeby returned to the kitchen, and Jess sat for a time ruminating.

"The lad Wilkie," she said at last, triumphantly, "'ll be to bide at Lawyer Ogilvy's; but he'll be gaen to the manse the morn for a tea-dinner." 5

"But what," asked Leeby, "about the milk an' the cream for the lawyer's?"

"Ou, they'll be hae'n a puddin' for the supper the nicht. That's a mighty genteel thing, I've heard."

It turned out that Jess was right in every particular. 10

GEORGE W. RUSSELL

DUST¹

I heard them in their sadness say,
 "The earth rebukes the thought of God;
 We are but embers wrapped in clay
 A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay, 15
 Mother, thy rudest sod to me
 Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
 And haunted by all mystery.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON

A DEFENCE OF UGLY THINGS²

There are some people who state that the exterior, sex, or physique of another person is indifferent to them, that 20 they care only for the communion of mind with mind; but these people need not detain us. There are some statements

¹From *Collected Poems by A. E.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company.

²Reprinted from *The Defendant* by permission of the author and of Dodd, Mead and Company and J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., publishers.

that no one ever thinks of believing, however often they are made.

But while nothing in this world would persuade us that a great friend of Mr. Forbes Robertson, let us say, would experience no surprise or discomfort at seeing him enter the room in the bodily form of Mr. Chaplin, there is a confusion constantly made between being attracted by exterior, which is natural and universal, and being attracted by what is called physical beauty, which is not entirely natural and not in the least universal. Or rather, to speak more strictly, the conception of physical beauty has been narrowed to mean a certain kind of physical beauty which no more exhausts the possibilities of external attractiveness than the respectability of a Clapham builder exhausts the possibilities of moral attractiveness.

The tyrants and deceivers of mankind in this matter have been the Greeks. All their splendid work for civilization ought not to have wholly blinded us to the fact of their great and terrible sin against the variety of life. It is a remarkable fact that while the Jews have long ago been rebelled against and accused of blighting the world with a stringent and one-sided ethical standard, nobody has noticed that the Greeks have committed us to an infinitely more horrible asceticism—an asceticism of the fancy, a worship of one æsthetic type alone. Jewish severity had at least common-sense as its basis; it recognized that men lived in a world of fact, and that if a man married within the degrees of blood certain consequences might follow. But they did not starve their instinct for contrasts and combinations; their prophets gave two wings to the ox and any number of eyes to the cherubim with all the riotous ingenuity of Lewis Carroll. But the Greeks carried their police regulation into elfland; they vetoed not the actual adulteries of the earth but the wild weddings of ideas, and forbade the banns of thought.

It is extraordinary to watch the gradual emasculation of the monsters of Greek myth under the pestilent influence of

the Apollo Belvedere. The chimæra was a creature of whom any healthy-minded people would have been proud ; but when we see it in Greek pictures we feel inclined to tie a ribbon round its neck and give it a saucer of milk. Who ever feels that the giants in Greek art and poetry were really big—big 5 as some folk-lore giants have been? In some Scandinavian story a hero walks for miles along a mountain ridge, which eventually turns out to be the bridge of the giant's nose. That is what we should call, with a calm conscience, a large giant. But this earthquake fancy terrified the Greeks, and 10 their terror has terrified all mankind out of their natural love of size, vitality, variety, energy, ugliness. Nature intended every human face, so long as it was forcible, individual, and expressive, to be regarded as distinct from all others, as a poplar is distinct from an oak, and an apple-tree from a 15 willow. But what the Dutch gardeners did for trees the Greeks did for the human form ; they lopped away its living and sprawling features to give it a certain academic shape ; they hacked off noses and pared down chins with a ghastly horticultural calm. And they have really succeeded so far 20 as to make us call some of the most powerful and endearing faces ugly, and some of the most silly and repulsive faces beautiful. This disgraceful *via media*, this pitiful sense of dignity, has bitten far deeper into the soul of modern civilization than the external and practical Puritanism of Israel. The 25 Jew at the worst told a man to dance in fetters ; the Greek put an exquisite vase upon his head and told him not to move.

Scripture says that one star differeth from another in glory, and the same conception applies to noses. To insist that one type of face is ugly because it differs from that of the Venus 30 of Milo is to look at it entirely in a misleading light. It is strange that we should resent people differing from ourselves ; we should resent much more violently their resembling ourselves. This principle has made a sufficient hash of literary criticism, in which it is always the custom to complain of the 35 lack of sound logic in a fairy tale, and the entire absence of

true oratorical power in a three-act farce. But to call another man's face ugly because it powerfully expresses another man's soul is like complaining that a cabbage has not two legs. If we did so, the only course for the cabbage would be
5 to point out with severity, but with some show of truth, that we were not a beautiful green all over.

But this frigid theory of the beautiful has not succeeded in conquering the art of the world, except in name. In some quarters, indeed, it has never held sway. A glance at Chinese
10 dragons or Japanese gods will show how independent are Orientals of the conventional idea of facial and bodily regularity, and how keen and fiery is their enjoyment of real beauty, of goggle eyes, of sprawling claws, of gaping mouths and writhing coils. In the Middle Ages men broke away
15 from the Greek standard of beauty, and lifted up in adoration to heaven great towers, which seemed alive with dancing apes and devils. In the full summer of technical artistic perfection the revolt was carried to its real consummation in the study of the faces of men. Rembrandt declared the sane
20 and manly gospel that a man was dignified, not when he was like a Greek god, but when he had a strong, square nose like a cudgel, a boldly-blocked head like a helmet, and a jaw like a steel trap.

This branch of art is commonly dismissed as the grotesque.
25 We have never been able to understand why it should be humiliating to be laughable, since it is giving an elevated artistic pleasure to others. If a gentleman who saw us in the street were suddenly to burst into tears at the mere thought of our existence, it might be considered disquieting and un-
30 complimentary; but laughter is not uncomplimentary. In truth, however, the phrase 'grotesque' is a misleading description of ugliness in art. It does not follow that either the Chinese dragons or the Gothic gargoyles or the goblinish old women of Rembrandt were in the least intended to be comic.
35 Their extravagance was not the extravagance of satire, but simply the extravagance of vitality; and here lies the whole

key of the place of ugliness in æsthetics. We like to see a crag jut out in shameless decision from the cliff, we like to see the red pines stand up hardily upon a high cliff, we like to see a chasm cloven from end to end of a mountain. With equally noble enthusiasm, we like to see the red hair of a friend stand up hardily in bristles upon his head, we like to see his mouth broad and clean cut like the mountain crevasse. At least some of us like all this ; it is not a question of humour. We do not burst with amusement at the first sight of the pines or the chasm ; but we like them because they are expressive of the dramatic stillness of Nature, her bold experiments, her definite departures, her fearlessness and savage pride in her children. The moment we have snapped the spell of conventional beauty, there are a million beautiful faces waiting for us everywhere, just as there are a million beautiful spirits.

JOHN MASEFIELD

THE WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET¹

[Introduction to Part I]

Down Bye Street, in a little Shropshire town,
 There lived a widow with her only son :
 She had no wealth nor title to renown,
 Nor any joyous hours, never one. 20
 She rose from ragged mattress before sun
 And stitched all day until her eyes were red,
 And had to stitch, because her man was dead.

Sometimes she fell asleep, she stitched so hard,
 Letting the linen fall upon the floor ; 25
 And hungry cats would steal in from the yard,

¹From *Collected Poems of John Masefield*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company and Sidgwick and Jackson, publishers.

And mangy chickens pecked about the door,
 Craning their necks so ragged and so sore
 To search the room for bread-crumbs, or for mouse,
 But they got nothing in the widow's house.

5 Mostly she made her bread by hemming shrouds
 For one rich undertaker in the High Street,
 Who used to pray that folks might die in crowds
 And that their friends might pay to let them lie sweet ;
 And when one died the widow in the Bye Street
 10 Stitched night and day to give the worm his dole.
 The dead were better dressed than that poor soul.

Her little son was all her life's delight,
 For in his little features she could find
 A glimpse of that dead husband out of sight,
 15 Where out of sight is never out of mind.
 And so she stitched till she was nearly blind,
 Or till the tallow candle end was done,
 To get a living for her little son.

Her love for him being such she would not rest,
 20 It was a want which ate her out and in,
 Another hunger in her withered breast
 Pressing her woman's bones against the skin.
 To make him plump she starved her body thin.
 And he, he ate the food, and never knew,
 25 He laughed and played as little children do.

When there was little sickness in the place
 She took what God would send, and what God sent
 Never brought any colour to her face
 Nor life into her footsteps when she went.
 30 Going, she trembled always withered and bent,
 For all went to her son, always the same,
 He was the first served whatever blessing came.

Sometimes she wandered out to gather sticks,
For it was bitter cold there when it snowed.
And she stole hay out of the farmer's ricks
For bands to wrap her feet in while she sewed,
And when her feet were warm and the grate glowed 5
She hugged her little son, her heart's desire,
With "Jimmy, ain't it snug beside the fire?"

So years went on till Jimmy was a lad
And went to work as poor lads have to do,
And then the widow's loving heart was glad 10
To know that all the pains she had gone through,
And all the years of putting on the screw,
Down to the sharpest turn a mortal can,
Had borne their fruit, and made her child a man.

THE OLD FRONT LINE¹

[Extracts]

This description of the old front line, as it was when the 15
Battle of the Somme began, may some day be of use. All
wars end; even this war will some day end, and the ruins
will be rebuilt and the field full of death will grow food, and
all this frontier of trouble will be forgotten. When the
trenches are filled in, and the plough has gone over them, the 20
ground will not long keep the look of war. One summer
with its flowers will cover most of the ruin that man can
make, and then these places, from which the driving back of
the enemy began, will be hard indeed to trace, even with
maps. It is said that even now in some places the wire has 25
been removed, the explosive salved, the trenches filled, and
the ground ploughed with tractors. In a few years' time,
when this war is a romance in memory, the soldier looking

¹ From *The Old Front Line*, by John Masefield. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

for his battlefield will find his marks gone. Centre Way, Peel Trench, Munster Alley, and these other paths to glory will be deep under the corn, and gleaners will sing at Dead Mule Corner.

5 If the description of this old line be dull to read, it should be remembered that it was dull to hold. The enemy had the lookout posts, with the fine views over France, and the sense of domination. Our men were down below with no view of anything but of stronghold after stronghold, just up above,
10 being made stronger daily. And if the enemy had strength of position he had also strength of equipment, of men, of guns, and explosives of all kinds. He had all the advantages for nearly two years of war, and in all that time our old front line, whether held by the French or by ourselves, was
15 nothing but a post to be endured, day in day out, in all weathers and under all fires, in doubt, difficulty, and danger, with bluff and makeshift and improvisation, till the tide could be turned. If it be dull to read about and to see, it was, at least, the old line which kept back the tide and stood
20 the siege. It was the line from which, after all those months of war, the tide turned and the besieged became the attackers.

Much of the relief and munitioning of the fighting lines was done at night. Men going into the lines saw little of where they were going. They entered the gash of the communication trench, following the load on the back of the man
25 in front, but seeing perhaps nothing but the shape in front, the black walls of the trench, and now and then some gleam of a star in the water under foot. Sometimes as they marched they would see the starshells, going up and bursting like
30 rockets, and coming down with a wavering slow settling motion, as white and bright as burning magnesium wire, shedding a kind of dust of light upon the trench and making the blackness intense when they went out. . . .

In the fire trench they saw little more than the parapet.

If work were being done in the No Man's Land, they still saw little save by these lights that floated and fell from the enemy and from ourselves. They could see only an array of stakes tangled with wire, and something distant and dark which might be similar stakes, or bushes, or men, in front of what could only be the enemy line. When the night passed, and those working outside the trench had to take shelter, they could see nothing, even at a loophole or periscope, but the greenish strip of ground, pitted with shell-holes and fenced with wire, running up to the enemy line. There was little else for them to see, looking to the front, for miles and miles, up hill and down dale.

The soldiers who held this old front line of ours saw this grass and wire day after day, perhaps, for many months. It was the limit of their world, the horizon of their landscape, the boundary. What interest there was in their life was the speculation, what lay beyond that wire, and what the enemy was doing there. They seldom saw an enemy. They heard his songs and they were stricken by his missiles, but seldom saw more than, perhaps, a swiftly moving cap at a gap in the broken parapet, or a grey figure flitting from the light of a starshell. Aëroplanes brought back photographs of those unseen lines. Sometimes, in raids in the night, our men visited them and brought back prisoners; but they remained mysteries and unknown.

The tumult of these days and nights cannot be described nor imagined. The air was without wind yet it seemed in a hurry with the passing of death. Men knew not which they heard, a roaring that was behind and in front, like a presence, or a screaming that never ceased to shriek in the air. No thunder was ever so terrible as that tumult. It broke the drums of the ears when it came singly, but when it rose up along the front and gave tongue together in full cry it humbled the soul.

In our trenches after seven o'clock on that morning, our men waited under a heavy fire for the signal to attack. Just before half-past seven, the mines at half a dozen points went up with a roar that shook the earth and brought down the parapets in our lines. Before the blackness of their burst had thinned or fallen the hand of Time rested on the half-hour mark, and along all that old front line of the English there came a whistling and a crying. The men of the first wave climbed up the parapets, in tumult, darkness, and the presence of death, and having done with all pleasant things, advanced across the No Man's Land to begin the Battle of the Somme.

HERBERT ASQUITH

THE VOLUNTEER¹

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
 Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
 15 Thinking that so his days would drift away
 With no lance broken in life's tournament :
 Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
 The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
 And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
 20 Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied
 From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;
 His lance is broken ; but he lies content
 With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
 25 And falling thus, he wants no recompense,
 Who found his battle in the last resort ;
 Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
 Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

¹ Reprinted by permission of Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., publishers.

NOTES

Heavy-faced figures refer to pages, and regular figures refer to lines. For diacritical marks see Key to Pronunciation preceding the Index

2 13 Wedergeats: Weather Geats, a tribe of the southern part of the Scandinavian peninsula.

3 15 kinsman of Ecgtheow: Beowulf was Ecgtheow's son.—**31 The yellow wood:** The shields of the Geats were regularly of wood. In preparation for his battle with the dragon Beowulf had made an iron shield.

12 21 monks . . . after the rule of St. Benedict: St. Benedict of Nursia (480-544) reformed abuses in the monastic life of his time. Members of the order of monks which he founded, named from him Benedictines, are sometimes called Black Monks from their dress.—**24 Pentecost: Whitsunday,** a church festival celebrating the descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles, the seventh Sunday after Easter.

13 8 hide: a measure of land, variously defined, as the amount necessary to support one free household, the amount one ox can plow in a year; in Domesday Book it was 120 acres, Domesday Book being the register mentioned here.—**13 mark:** a weight for gold or silver, formerly in common use in various parts of Europe, usually about eight ounces.—**17 hart . . . hind:** the male and female of the red deer.

15 17 canvass our compact: restate our agreement. The Green Knight, who had entered Arthur's banqueting-hall without armor, had proposed, as a Christmas game, to give his gisarme, or battle-ax, to one of the assembled knights who should agree to strike him a blow with it and a year and a day later receive from the Green Knight a blow in return.

19 13 Cornwall: in the southwest of England, now a county.—**15 Mordred (mō'dréd):** Arthur's nephew and a Knight of the Round Table, who rebelled against the king.—**21 Camelford:** today a town in Cornwall, which claims to be the ancient Camelot, King Arthur's capital. (See page 248.) It is not, however, "by the river Tamar," which forms the boundary between Cornwall and Devonshire. Tradition has associated Camelot with other places in Wales, in Somersetshire, and near Winchester.

22 2 Uther: king of Britain, father of Arthur.—**26 Merlin:** the magician, poet, and prophet. (See Tennyson's poem "Merlin" and the "Idylls of the King.") Old Welsh poems, attributed to Merlin, have come down to the present day.

24 9 Alisaundre: Alexandria in Egypt, taken in 1365, by the King of Cyprus, Pierre de Lusignan, who, however, immediately abandoned it.—**15 Algezir:** Algeciras, a seaport of southern Spain, near Gibraltar, held

by the Moors 713-1344, when Alphonso XI of Castile, after besieging it for twenty months with the help of crusaders from all over Europe, captured and destroyed it. In 1704 Spanish colonists from Granada began to resettle the place.—16 **Lyeys, Satalye**: now Ayas and Adalia, in Armenia and Asia Minor respectively. They were taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan.

26 26 Cristofre: St. Christopher was the patron saint of forests. Brooches of this sort were valued as charms against accidents.

27 2 outridere: the officer of the monastery whose duty it was to ride out to look after the estates belonging to the monastery.—23 **Austyn**: Augustine. St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo (354-430), wrote a long letter to some nuns, advising them about the regulation of their life. In the eleventh century, on the basis of this letter and other writings by St. Augustine, there was formulated the Rule of St. Augustine, followed by the Augustinian monks and nuns. St. Augustine, the missionary to England and first archbishop of Canterbury, was a Benedictine monk. He died about 613.

28 21 Middelburgh . . . Orewelle: an island port off the Dutch coast . . . the English port of Orwell, now Harwich. From 1384 to 1388 Middelburgh was the wholesale wool market. Today it is the capital of the province of Zeeland.

29 1 Clerk: During the Dark Ages only the clergy could read and write.—13 **philosophre . . . gold in cofre**: In the Middle Ages "philosophy" meant all the liberal arts and sciences, including the search for the philosophers' stone, which was supposed to have the power of turning baser metals into gold and silver. Chaucer is poking fun at a popular superstition.

30 12 sooty: Until the time of Queen Elizabeth chimneys were rare in England. Probably the smoke from the widow's fire had no outlet except a hole in the roof and cracks in the walls.—**bour**: bower, sleeping-place, private apartments. Chaucer humorously applies to the two rooms of the hut (which the family doubtless shared with the animals) the names of the principal apartments of a castle, hall and bower, as we in a similar case might speak of the drawing-room and boudoir.

31 5 Malvern hillside: a chain of hills ten miles long, forming the watershed between the Severn and Wye rivers, in the west of England.

32 12 What Paul preacheth: in the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians: "Because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience."—21 **St. James's**: the shrine of St. James of Compostella in the province of Galicia, northwestern Spain. It was a popular resort of pilgrims.—25 **pestilence season**: 1349. The black death (bubonic plague) carried off about half the population of England at this time.

33 8 King's Bench: the highest court of common law, consisting of the chief justice (originally the king himself) and four junior judges.

34 3 Merlin: see note on **22 26**.—**4 Canterbury:** a city in the south-east of England. It was the capital of Ethelbert, fourth Saxon king of Kent, in 597, when Augustine and his monks entered there on the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. The Archbishop of Canterbury, known as the Primate of all England, still officiates at the coronation of an English sovereign.

37 16 seneschal, constable, chamberlain, warden: high officials under the crown. These titles show something of the various origins of the English language. Seneschal (from the Teutonic by way of the French) originally meant old servant; constable (from the Low Latin *comes stabuli*), count of the stable, master of the horse; the chamberlain (similar words are found in both German and French) originally had charge of the king's private apartments, then he became steward of the royal household and the court, then receiver of the public funds; a warden (found in Middle English and Old French) was a watchman or guard. Cf. the warder of the cliffs in *Beowulf* and the Warden of the Cinque Ports.

38 11 domination of the moon: faith in astrology was still lively in Caxton's day.

44 Agincourt (ǎj'in kōrt, French á'zhǎn'kooor'): a village in northern France where on St. Crispin's Day, October 25, 1415, Henry V of England was victor over the French. The French outnumbered the English more than four to one, but were unable, because of the nature of the ground with woods on each side, to extend their front, and they were hampered by their heavy armor in miry ground. The English lost 13 men at arms and 100 foot; the French lost 5000 of the nobility killed and 1000 more taken prisoner. Sir Thomas Erpingham commanded the archers. See also page 225.

45 17 Poitiers (pwǎ tyǎ'): a town of western France, 61 miles from Tours. The battle here between King John of France and Edward the Black Prince on September 19, 1356, was the second of three great English victories in the Hundred Years' War, the others being Crécy and Agincourt.—**Cressy:** Crécy, a town of northern France, where on August 26, 1346, the English under Edward III, great grandfather of Henry V, won a decisive victory over the French under King Philip of Valois. King Edward himself took no active part in the battle, and held his division in reserve, wishing to give the honor of the victory to his young son, called the Black Prince from the color of his armor. When word was brought him that the prince was in serious danger, he sent only a few knights as reinforcement, saying, "Let the boy win his spurs." At Crécy the English archers with their long bows not only defeated the French cross-bowmen but withstood successive attacks by the French knights and kept most of them from even reaching the English line. Feudal warfare placed its main reliance on the mounted, mail-clad knight. Because the common foot-soldiers were the decisive element in the English victory, Crécy sometimes is spoken of as marking, on the military side, the beginning of the decay of feudalism.

50 25 Tithon: favorite of Aurora, goddess of the dawn. He obtained from the gods the gift of immortality, but not of immortal youth, and grew old and gray. The line means that the gray of dawn has turned to the rose of dawn.

52 *Astrophel and Stella*: star-lover and star. Stella was Lady Penelope Devereux, sister to the Earl of Essex.

55 *Song of the Cyclops*: from "London's Tempe." The Cyclopes were one-eyed giants who worked in the shops of Vulcan, the god of metal-working, under Mount Etna. Vulcan, when cast out of heaven, fell to the island of Lemnos.

56 2 dame's coach . . . sparrows: Venus, consort of Vulcan, was represented sometimes with sparrows, sometimes with doves.—**7 Gorgon:** in Greek mythology, a monster represented as a young woman with snaky hair, so frightful that every living thing on looking at her was turned to stone. Her head, cut off by Perseus, was given to Athena, who placed it on her shield. It is represented on the ægis of Zeus (Jove) also. See Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 208-210.—**17 Pan:** the god of wild life, protector of flocks and shepherds, inventor of the shepherd's pipe, or flute, represented with the body of a man and the horns and hoofs of a goat. See Gayley, *Classic Myths*, p. 45.

58 *Tamburlaine*: Mongol conqueror (1333?-1405), born near Samarkand.

63 *Harfleur*: French seaport, near Havre, captured by Henry V in 1415, before the battle of Agincourt. See note on 44.

64 18 Saint George: patron saint of England from the time of Edward III.

65 6 Mermaid Wine: wine of the Mermaid Tavern in London, frequented by Jonson. In the days when few could read, street signs were pictures or models of persons, animals, or things. A mermaid is a mythical inhabitant of the sea represented as a woman with the tail of a fish.

66 21 Sherwood: a royal forest in Nottinghamshire, England, famous as the refuge of Robin Hood.

67 1 Trent: a river which flows through Nottinghamshire.

70 *The Noble Nature*: from *A Pindaric Ode*.

75 5 my semblance might deceive: Milton looked younger than his years, as a portrait of him at this period shows.

77 13 ethereal and fifth essence: Aristotle taught that every natural substance is made up of matter (which he divided into earth, air, fire, and water) and its essence, or immaterial part.

90 7 Darius: Darius III, king of Persia, defeated by Alexander in the battle of Arbela. As a matter of fact, he was not killed until the year following Alexander's destruction of the royal palaces of Persepolis.

91 18 Revenge: for the destruction of Greek temples by the Persians. Alexander fired the Persian palaces as a symbol of his conquest, and then ordered the flames put out. See Breasted, *Ancient Times*, p. 437.

93 6 Tabard: the inn from which Chaucer's pilgrims set out for Canterbury. A tabard was a herald's coat (see note on 65 6). The Tabard Inn was burned in the great fire of Southwark and rebuilt in 1676. That inn was torn down in 1875 and replaced by a modern tavern.—**7 Southwark:** a suburb of London, now a metropolitan borough, on the south side of the Thames. Here stood the Globe Theatre, where many of Shakespeare's plays were produced for the first time.

94 11 Arcite: The story of Palamon and Arcite appears first in the works of Boccaccio (bök kä'chö), an Italian author (1313-1375). Dryden worked the story over in his play, "The Two Noble Kinsmen."

95 4 One of our late great poets: Abraham Cowley (1618-1667).—**19 auribus istius temporis accommodata:** Investigations made since Dryden's time show that Chaucer's versification was more accurate than Dryden thought; pronunciation had changed a good deal, and many errors had been made in copying Chaucer's work.

99 5 dole: to give in charity. Since charity is not always given cheerfully, the word in modern usage has come to mean to give in small portions, grudgingly.

100 Althea: Lucy Sacheverell. She is also the Lucasta of the preceding poem. The grates at which she whispered were those of the prison to which the Long Parliament sent Lovelace because of his petition in behalf of King Charles I.

103 20 broke: correct as the past participle when Walton wrote.

105 4 milky way: where, according to some of the ancients, the souls of the just went after death.

106 4 three realms: Scotland had been united with England only five years before Pope wrote this poem.—**14 Snuff:** The taking of snuff had just come into fashion.—**19 dine:** In Queen Anne's time dinner ordinarily was at three o'clock. Among fashionable people it was at four or later.

109 16 The berries crackle, and the mill . . . : Apparently the entire preparation of coffee, including roasting and grinding, was carried on in the drawing-room at this period.—**20 China's earth:** "China" really came from China, or at least from the Orient, in Pope's day, the first successful attempts at imitation in Europe being made about 1740.—**27 Coffee . . . makes the politician wise:** In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries coffee-houses were very popular, filling the place which newspapers, magazines, and clubs fill today. Politics naturally formed the subject of discussion at many of them, and to such an extent that Charles II tried to suppress coffee-houses as centers of political agitation. All sorts of groups, however, made coffee-houses their headquarters: bankers gathered at one, doctors at another; at one the talk would be of books or plays, at another of religion.

111 16 small pillow: It was customary for a fashionable lady to receive morning calls propped up in bed with a small, richly ornamented

pillow.—17 solemn days: Formal calls were paid on days of marriage or mourning.

113 1 ladies . . . in their chairs: Sedan chairs were much used in cities until about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Franklin, when he was old and gouty, was carried about Philadelphia in a sedan chair.

115 31 Otway: Thomas Otway (1652–1685), English dramatic poet.

122 1 Churchill's poetry: Charles Churchill (1731–1764) was an English poet and satirist. He had attacked Johnson in "The Ghost."—

19 Downing-street, Westminster: where now the government offices are located.—26 the Mitre: a tavern near Fleet Street and the Temple. See notes on 65 6 and 93 6.

123 5 Sir John Fielding's office: Sir John Fielding was successor to his half brother, Henry Fielding, the novelist, as principal justice of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster. He entered office in 1754, after Henry Fielding had undermined his health in an effort to subdue a specially turbulent "gang of villains and cutthroats." This post of justice of the peace carried with it, besides a salary, a house in Bow Street. Bow Street Police Court is now the most important of the police courts in metropolitan London.

126 1 Curfew: "cover fire," a bell rung at a certain hour in the evening, warning citizens to cover or extinguish their fires.

128 1 village-Hampden: John Hampden (1594–1643) stood for the rights of the people and the power of Parliament against the king by refusing to pay the twenty shillings of ship money levied on his property by Charles I. He was killed in the civil war which led to the execution of the king.

137 19 "springs exulting on triumphant wing": quoted from Pope's "Windsor Forest."

138 9 "An honest man's the noblest work of God": quoted from Pope's "Essay on Man."

143 Bannockburn: where the Scots defeated the English in 1314. After the death of Wallace, Robert Bruce declared himself king of Scotland and roused the Scots against the English under Edward II. From the hostility of this period grew the long border warfare, celebrated in song and story, during which life and property were never safe from raiders from across the frontier.

145 1 without Aldgate: outside the old walled City of London toward the east. The City, containing 673 acres, is now one of the smallest of the twenty-nine divisions of metropolitan London. Through Aldgate one of the two main highways from the east enters London. The City gates were closed regularly at sunset until 1760, when they were pulled down. The walls of the City, however, never were formally pulled down; they disappeared gradually as buildings encroached upon them.—2 Whitechapel: still one of the poorer districts of London, while the fashionable residence quarters are still in the "west part of the city."

146 29 John Hayward's care: John Hayward was a grave-digger in the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, a "large parish." Coleman Street runs from a point near the Bank of England to London Wall.

148 32 Leadenhall Street: leads from Aldgate High Street to Cornhill, passing the head of Bishopsgate Street. At the head of Cornhill are the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England, the financial center of London.

151 Rydal Mount: in the Lake District, Wordsworth's home for more than thirty years.

153 17 Will no one tell me what she sings? The Highland Lass sang in Gaelic.

154 *She was a Phantom of Delight*: Mrs. Wordsworth was the subject of this poem, written about two years after marriage.

155 6 Furness-fells: hills west of Windermere.—*Upon Westminster Bridge:* Wordsworth obtained this view of London at six o'clock in the morning from the top of the Dover coach, as he was setting out with his sister Dorothy for France. He composed the poem on the journey.

156 *The Extinction of the Venetian Republic*: Venice, at the head of the Adriatic, enjoyed great commercial advantages during the Middle Ages, when great numbers of crusaders sought the Holy Land and when all western Europe was eager to buy the silks, spices, and other products of the East. The victory of the Venetians (A. D. 1000) over the Dalmatian pirates gave Venice control of the Adriatic. Every year on Ascension Day this victory was celebrated by a magnificent ceremony in which the doge, the chief magistrate, flung a ring into the sea, saying, "We wed thee, O sea, in token of perpetual dominion." The supremacy of Venice in Oriental trade lasted until the voyages of Columbus, Magellan, and other explorers opened new trade routes and transferred the advantage of position to the cities of western Europe. For two hundred years after the fall of Constantinople, Venice held the first important line of defense against the Turks. In 1797 Napoleon divided the territory of the Venetian Republic and handed part of it, with the city itself, over to Austria.

159 *Kubla Khan*: Coleridge said he composed this poem in his sleep after reading a passage from "Purchas his Pilgrimage" in which are found some of the names and ideas in the poem. When he wakened, he had a clear recollection of the poem and began to write it down, but was called away on business, and when he returned most of the remainder of the poem had escaped his memory. Kublai Khan (1216?–1294) was a grandson of Jenghis Khan, founder of the Mongol dynasty. "Khan" is Tatar for "sovereign." Kublai reigned over an extensive empire in central Asia, China, and Russia.

161 *Childe*: a medieval title for a youth of noble birth. Its exact significance has been lost. Childe Harold, the hero of this poem, is a young man who has been bored by pleasures and seeks novelty in travel.

162 *The Eve before Waterloo*: June 15, 1815. The British army was encamped near Brussels. To avoid a panic among the citizens of Brussels, Wellington ordered his officers to attend a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond. The battle of the next day was that of Quatre Bras; Waterloo came two days later.

165 **10** *Gladiator*: Some gladiators were voluntary; others were barbarian captives forced to fight for the amusement of Rome. The statue of The Dying Gladiator, now called The Dying Gaul, is in the Capitoline Museum in Rome.

166 **22** *laurels . . . Cæsar's head*: A decree of the Senate permitted Julius Cæsar to wear a laurel wreath on all occasions. He was especially pleased at the decree because it enabled him to conceal his baldness.—**26** *"While stands the Coliseum . . . the World"*: a superstition which has come down to us through the Venerable Bede.

167 *Chillon*: a castle on the shore of Lake Geneva. In the dungeons beneath it were confined early reformers and prisoners of state. The pillars in these dungeons still show the rings to which prisoners were fettered.—**18** *Bonnivard*: François de Bonivard (1493-1570), a Swiss patriot, was imprisoned in Chillon for six years by the Duke of Savoy and was set free only when his native city of Geneva had established its independence.

174 *Grecian Urn*: It is said that this urn was one still kept at Holland House in London, but Keats's descriptions of the carvings do not fit this vase exactly.—**26** *Tempe*: a beautiful valley in Greece, between the mountains Olympus and Ossa.—*Arcady*: Arcadia, a picturesque mountainous district in Greece, noted for the contentment and happiness of its people. In Arcadia Apollo served as a herdsman and Hercules performed some of his labors.

177 *When I Have Fears*: written in January, 1818.

179 **18** *Chapman*: George Chapman (1559?-1634), English poet, translated Homer into English verse.—**21** *Cortez*: It was Balboa who first crossed the Isthmus of Panama (Darien) to the Pacific.—*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*: Keats took the title from a French poem which he had read in a poor translation.

181 *Lochinvar*: known also as Lady Heron's Song, from *Marmion*.—**24** *Eske River*: on the border between England and Scotland.—**25** *Netherby gate*: Netherby Castle was on the eastern, or English, bank.

182 **11** *Love swells like the Solway . . . tide*: Solway Firth, into which the Eske empties, is very shallow and subject to extreme and rapid ebb and flow of the tide.

183 **14** *Montrose's time*: James Graham, Marquess of Montrose (1612-1650), commanded the forces of Charles I in Scotland during the Civil War. Except Cromwell, he was the greatest soldier in that war.—**15** *Glencairn*: William, ninth earl of Glencairn, was deprived of his peerage by the Scots parliament for taking the part of Charles I in the Civil War. In 1653 Charles II gave him command of the royalist forces in Scotland. His rising

was unsuccessful, and he was imprisoned; but after the Restoration he was made lord chancellor.—21 **Whigs**: the "country" party which grew up in England and Scotland during the reigns of Charles I and Charles II. They stood for the power of parliament against the Tories, who upheld the power of the king and court. Both names were first used, in 1680, in derision by the opposite sides: "Whigs" was short for "Whigamores," Scots dissenters; "Tories" were originally Irish highwaymen or outlaws. Tories came to be called "Conservatives" and Whigs "Liberals."—**Covenanters**: signers of the National Covenant of Scotland, 1638, in protest against the restoration of episcopacy and the prayer book.—23 **Cavaliers**: the royalist party, Tories. Originally a cavalier was a horseman, a knight.—25 **Claverhouse**: John Graham of Claverhouse (about 1649–1689). Both as an officer in the army and as a civil official, he was active in the efforts to suppress the Covenanters. He was known to one side as a relentless persecutor, to the other as a gallant soldier and loyal statesman. He died in battle in behalf of the deposed James II, who had created him Viscount Dundee in 1688. He is celebrated in Scott's song, "Bonny Dundee."—26 **Tam Dalyell**: (died 1685) was made in 1666 commander-in-chief in Scotland to subdue the Covenanters. His severity made his name a terror to the peasants.

184 5 tak the test: There were various Test Acts, intended to secure conformity to the established order. That of 1681 was so self-contradictory that no one could logically and honestly subscribe to its requirements.—17 **killing times**: 1685 was known especially as the killing time.—30 **Cumberland**: a county in northwest England, including part of the Lake District. Carlisle, its capital, is near the border, not far from the old Roman Wall, while Berwick-on-Tweed is on the east coast. For centuries Berwick was fought over by the English and Scots, though the Tweed became the boundary between England and Scotland in the twelfth century.

185 2 Jacobites: from *Jacobus*, the Latin form of James; the extreme royalists who refused to accept the deposition of James II.—16 **the Revolution**: that of 1688, which deposed James II and brought in William and Mary.

186 4 Whitsunday . . . Martinmas: May 15 and November 11, respectively, when, according to Scottish law, rents and interest were due.

191 1 Alan: Alan Fairford, one of the characters in *Redgauntlet*, to whom Darsie Latimer, another character, is writing an account of his adventures with the blind fiddler, Wandering Willie, to whom he refers here as "my companion."—20 **Doomsday-book**: Domesday Book, the book in which was recorded the inventory or survey of the lands of England ordered by William the Conqueror in 1086. See 13 8.

197 17 Middleton . . . Rothes: These men and the others named were active in the persecution of the Covenanters.—20 **Mr. Cargill**: the Covenanting minister who excommunicated the king. He was beheaded.

198 6 Amorites: a heathen tribe in Palestine, with whom the Israelites

were long at war. The name is applied to the wild Highland clans who sided with the Jacobites.

204 17 The change in Emma's . . . style of life: Emma Watson, the youngest daughter of an invalid clergyman, had been brought up by a childless aunt and her husband. Shortly after the death of the uncle, who had taken a father's place toward Emma, the aunt married an army officer, who did not wish Emma as a member of his family. Consequently, just before the story opens, Emma had been returned unexpectedly to her own family, whom she had not seen since she was a very little girl. At least from the point of view of Emma and her family, the aunt's second marriage had been an "imprudence."

205 5 Robert and Jane: Emma's brother and his wife, who had just brought home another sister, Margaret, from a visit she had been making them at Croydon, near London, where the aërodrome is now.—**9 Elizabeth:** the oldest sister, who managed the household.—**28 Mrs. Blake and . . . Mr. Howard:** sister and brother living in the neighboring village of Wickstead, where Mr. Howard was rector, close to Osborne Castle. Emma had attracted their attention by her kindness in dancing with little Charles Blake at the first party she had attended after returning to her father's house.

206 27 Mr. Musgrave and Lord Osborne: the most conspicuous, if not the only "eligible" bachelors in the neighborhood. Mr. Musgrave had paid some attention to Margaret Watson before her visit to Croydon.

208 17 the late visitation: a church meeting which Mr. Watson had exerted himself to attend.—**24 Miss Osborne and Miss Carr:** Lord Osborne's sister and a friend who was visiting her at Osborne Castle.

210 8 my friend M.: Thomas Manning, Lamb's lifelong friend. He knew fifteen languages, and was considered the greatest Chinese scholar in England; but this particular Chinese manuscript was a merry invention of Lamb's.—**13 Confucius (551-478 B.C.):** Chinese philosopher.

215 14 Ere sin could blight: quoted from Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant."

216 28 over London Bridge: indicates that Lamb was making up the incident. His school was not across the river.

217 27 St. Omer's: a Catholic college for English boys in the city of St. Omer, France. Lamb never studied there.

218 17 ballad of the Children in the Wood: in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

219 6 the Abbey: Westminster.

220 30 their uncle, John L—: This essay was written a short time after the death of Lamb's brother John.

221 30 Alice W—n: Alice Winterton (in real life Ann Simmons), the sweetheart of Lamb's boyhood. She married a wealthy pawnbroker named Bartrum.

222 8 Lethe (lē'thē): in classical mythology, the river whose waters

caused forgetfulness, in the land of the dead.—11 the faithful **Bridget**: Lamb's sister **Mary**.—**Joan of Arc**: born some time between 1410 and 1412 at Domrémy, a little village on the border of Champagne and Lorraine, near the town of Vaucouleurs (vō kōō lūr'), in what is now the Department of the Vosges, France. She roused the French against the conquering English and led them to victory, making possible the coronation of Charles VII at Reims. She was burned at the stake in Rouen (rwän) in 1431. Cf. George Bernard Shaw's play, "Saint Joan."

224 16 the lilies of France: the fleurs-de-lys, the symbol of the royal power in France until the destruction of the monarchy by the Revolution of 1789.

225 14 Michelet (mēsh lē'): Jules Michelet (1798-1874). His monumental *History of France* in nineteen volumes was not completed until 1867; but Volumes IV and V, covering the period 1380-1461, were published in 1840-1841. In this essay on Joan of Arc, published in *Tait's Magazine* in March and August, 1847, De Quincey criticizes Michelet's treatment of Joan of Arc.—**25 Crécy . . . Agincourt**: see note on **45 17** and **44**.—**26 Nicopolis**: In 1396 John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy, led a band of crusaders, mostly French knights, against the Ottoman Turks, then advancing into Europe. These crusaders went down the Danube into the Balkans, and met a decisive defeat at Nicopolis, now Nikopol in Bulgaria.

226 21 Poitiers: Poitiers. See note on **45 17**.—**31 Charles VI**: "Charles the Mad," King of France (1380-1422). He declared as his heir his son-in-law, King Henry V of England, the victor at Agincourt, thus disinheriting his son, the dauphin, who was crowned at Reims as Charles VII.

227 6 famines: There were three severe famines in England and France in the fourteenth century.—**7 extraordinary diseases**: In 1348-1349 all Europe suffered a terrible epidemic of bubonic plague, known as the black death. In some parts of France it was said that only a tenth to a sixteenth of the population survived. See note on **32 25**.—**insurrections of the peasantry**: In France the rising known as the Jacquerie (zhäk ré') from the name Jacques Bonhomme (zhäk bō nōm'), given in contempt by the nobles to the peasants, occurred in 1358. In England the peasants' revolt led by Wat Tyler came in 1381. The discontent of the peasantry was caused partly by the shortage of laborers after the black death, partly by the breaking down of the feudal system, partly by the burdens of the Hundred Years' War.—**11 Crusades**: wars undertaken to deliver the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. Begun in 1096, they are commonly regarded as coming to an end about 1271. However, the name long continued to be used in diplomacy and in launching military enterprises, especially against Mohammedans. Henry V of England was planning a new crusade when he died in 1422.—**Templars**: a religious and military order, known as the Knights of the Temple or Knights Templars from its quarters

at Jerusalem in the palace known as Solomon's Temple; organized about 1118 for the protection of the Holy Sepulcher and of pilgrims. The Templars spread throughout Europe; they grew rich, powerful, haughty, roused the hatred and jealousy of rulers in both church and state, and finally were suppressed in 1312. Scott makes Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert in *Ivanhoe* a Templar.—12 **Papal interdicts**: decrees by the Pope prohibiting the offices of the church. When a city or country was placed under an interdict the churches were closed and all the functions of the church, including marriage, baptism, and burial, were suspended. In 1200 Pope Innocent III pronounced an interdict against France, and a few years later one against England.—13 **Emperor**: emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The last of the Hohenstaufen emperors, Conradin, grandson of Frederick II, was beheaded in 1268 by Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, to whom the Pope had given the southern possessions of the Hohenstaufens. The oppression and cruelty of Charles roused the popular revolt of 1282, known as the Sicilian Vespers, in which the people of Sicily tried to exterminate the French and did kill thousands of them.—15 **feudalism**: For a simple exposition of this complex form of social organization, see *Medieval and Modern Times*, by James Harvey Robinson, pp. 103-109.—20 **a double Pope**: The Great Schism, in which rival popes struggled for supremacy, lasted from 1378 to 1417.

229 Sir Galahad: in the legends of Arthur and the Round Table, the son of Sir Lancelot and the fair Elaine, of whom it was prophesied that she should be the mother of the noblest knight ever born. Sir Galahad was the only knight who could sit in the Siege Perilous. He succeeded in the quest of the Holy Grail, the cup or platter used by Christ at the Last Supper, which was visible to none but the pure in heart.

232 Ulysses: king of Ithaca, one of the Ionian Isles. He is the chief hero of Homer's *Odyssey* and one of the heroes of the *Iliad*. When he returned to Ithaca after twenty years' absence only his dog knew him.—3 **aged wife**: Penelope. During her husband's long absence she had put off importunate suitors by saying that even if Ulysses were dead she could not marry again till she had finished a shroud for her old father-in-law. Then every night she took out the work she had done during the day, so that the shroud was never finished.—17 **Troy**: a city of Asia Minor, south of the Dardanelles. Because Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, had eloped with Paris, a prince of Troy, the allied armies of Greece besieged Troy for ten years, finally capturing it and burning it to the ground. Ulysses did not want to go on the expedition against Troy, and pretended madness in the hope of exemption; but having embarked on the enterprise, he passed through many other adventures before returning to Ithaca.

233 83 Happy Isles: the Islands of the Blessed, supposed by the ancients to lie west of Gibraltar, in the Western Ocean. Cf. "Avalon" in Celtic mythology (p. 22), Keats's "western islands" (p. 179), and the modern

phrase "going west," for dying.—34 **Achilles** (à kíl'ěz): Greek hero in the siege of Troy and king of the fierce tribe of the Myrmidons (mûr'mi dônz).

234 **The Revenge**: A contemporary account of this battle by Sir Walter Raleigh, who was cousin to Sir Richard Grenville, has come down to us, and was followed by Tennyson in this poem. Sir Walter Raleigh said, "If Lord Howard had stood to his guns, the Spanish fleet would have been annihilated."—6 **Sir Richard Grenville**: commanded the fleet of seven ships which carried Sir Walter Raleigh's colonists to Roanoke Island in North Carolina in 1585. On the way home he captured a Spanish ship. The next year he went again to America with provisions for the colonists, who had disappeared. He did much for the commercial development of Bideford (bid'ê férd) in Devonshire, in the southwest of England, a sea-coast town which was a possession of the Grenville family from the time of the Norman Conquest until the eighteenth century. For a long time it had a considerable trade with Mediterranean ports, Spain, and America, its importation of tobacco from Maryland and Virginia being especially important. At the time of this battle, Sir Richard Grenville was second in command to Lord Thomas Howard, who had been sent out to intercept Spanish treasure ships. He was in command of the *Revenge*, a ship of five hundred tons which Drake had commanded against the Spanish Armada in 1588. Cf. Kingsley's picture of Sir Richard Grenville in *Westward Ho!* and Stevenson's in the essay on "English Admirals" in *Virginibus Puerisque*.—7 **pinnace**: a light sailing vessel, often used as a tender for a large vessel.—17 **Inquisition**: an ecclesiastical court concerned with the detection and punishment of heretics. In Spain during the sixteenth century it was under state control and was notoriously cruel.

235 9 **Seville** (sév'il): an important commercial and industrial city of Spain, at times its capital.—10 **Don**: Spanish equivalent to "Mr." Formerly given only to noblemen and gentlemen.—25 **galleons** (gäl'ê ûnz): large sailing vessels, sometimes with three or four decks, used for both war and commerce. Galleons were used especially by the Spanish as treasure ships in their trade with America.

236 2 **larboard** . . . **starboard**: the left-hand and right-hand sides respectively of a ship to one on board who faces the bow. Larboard is now port.

238 5 **Queen and Faith**: under Elizabeth England became Protestant.

239 **Pantheism**: the doctrine that the universe, as a whole, is God. The doctrine varies from that which regards the material world as the only reality to that which regards the material world as the expression of a divine personality. See Carlyle's phrase, "Living Garment of God," p. 341.

240 **Hands All Round**: shows Tennyson as the nation's laureate, the writer of "occasional" poetry.

241 28 **Lyonness**: a legendary place, supposed to adjoin Cornwall but to have disappeared long ago forty fathoms deep in the sea.

242 13 **Camelot**: see note on 19 21.—15 **Merlin**: see note on 22 26.

—19 **my brand Excalibur** (ëks käl'i bûr): Arthur's magical sword. There were two legends about this sword, or two swords. One is told in Malory's *Morte Darthur* (see page 34). The other (told by Tennyson) is that the sword was held up from the middle of a lake by an arm "clothed in white samite," which disappeared under the water when Arthur took the sword. Samite was a fabric of heavy silk, sometimes interwoven with gold threads.

249 13 **swan** . . . ere her death: The swan was believed to sing just before dying.

252 "*How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*": The distance from Ghent to Aix-la-Chapelle, by the route which the names of the towns indicate, is over ninety miles. Browning wrote the poem while he was at sea and longing for a ride on his horse York. Though the incident is imaginary, the date, 16—, shows that Browning had in mind the troubled times of the Thirty Years' War and of the struggles of the Netherlands against the tyranny of Spain. Possibly he had in mind the temporary union of the various parts of the Netherlands against the Duke of Alva, but if so he forgot that this union was accomplished at Ghent in 1576.—18 **postern**: a back door or gate, planned for escape. The use of this word and the indirect route suggest a city besieged or in danger and a countryside partly occupied by the enemy.—23 **pique**: pommel.

253 5 **Mecheln**: Mechelin. The Flemish form is Mechelen.

254 5 **buff-coat**: see page 184, note 5. The buff-coat and the long jack-boots, worn partly as armor in the seventeenth century, would add appreciably to the weight carried.—*Hervé Riel*: Browning published this poem in the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1871, and gave the proceeds, a hundred pounds, to aid sufferers from the siege of Paris. The story of Hervé Riel is a true one from the war, between England and the Netherlands on one side and France on the other, in which France aided the exiled English king, James II.—17 **the Hogue**: La Hogue (là ôg'): cape and adjacent roadstead on the coast of Normandy. Exiled Jacobites and French troops were encamped here, waiting for the French fleet under the Count of Tourville to clear a passage for them to cross into England. There was a series of naval engagements, extending over four days, partly in foggy weather. The name was given from the final blow, when the English burned thirteen French ships under the eyes of James II and the French generals.—21 **St. Malo** (săn mă lô'): a seaport town in Brittany, at the mouth of the Rance, on the left bank. The tides here are so violent that the appearance of the coast changes constantly.—23 **the squadron that escaped**: About half the French fleet under Damfreville escaped to the shelter of the harbor fortifications.

256 5 **pressed**: forced into the naval service.—6 **Croisickese**: a native of Croisic in Brittany.—8 **Malouins** (mă lōō ăn'): inhabitants of St. Malo.—11 **Grève**: La Grève (là grêv'), the sands between St. Malo and Mont St. Michel.—**disembogues**: empties.—15 **Solidor**: a fort at the mouth of the Rance.

257 27 rampired: fortified, inclosed with a rampart.

259 7 the Louvre (lōō'vr'): the great palace in Paris, now used as a museum of art.

261 2 thrid: archaic for thread.—**16 Dante:** Dante Alighieri (dän'tā ä'lê gyâ'rê) (1265-1321), the chief poet of Italy.—**Boccaccio** (bök kâ'chō) (1313-1375): Italian poet and story-writer.—**Petrarca:** Francesco Petrarch (1304-1374), Italian poet, famous especially for his sonnets.—**St. Jerome** (340-420): one of the Latin fathers of the church, author of the translation of the Bible known as the Vulgate.—**19 the procession! our Lady:** On Holy Thursday the image of the Virgin was carried in procession through the streets.

262 5 oil pays passing the gate: In some countries of Europe cities still tax all provisions brought into them. All vehicles, including street-cars, are halted at the city limits for customs examination.—**Ferrara:** capital of the province of Ferrara in northern Italy, the seat of the Este (ês'tā) family, famous from the tenth century. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Estes were dukes of Ferrara. Like the tyrants of other Italian city-states, of whom the Medicis in Florence are the most famous example, they combined liberality toward art and science with absolute despotism in government. In this poem the Duke of Ferrara is represented as just ending a conference with the representative of an unnamed count concerning his marriage with the count's daughter. Casually the duke lifts a curtain and shows the count's ambassador the picture of his last duchess, intending that his next duchess shall have a hint of what to expect if she fails to show adequate appreciation of the honor of being his wife.—**19 "Fra Pandolf":** like "Claus of Innsbruck" (see page 264, line 12), an artist of Browning's imagination.

264 10 Neptune: in Roman mythology, god of the sea.

265 Rabbi Ben Ezra (about 1092-1167): born in Toledo, Spain. He traveled widely in northern Africa and western Europe, carrying to the Jews of Italy, France, and England the treasures of Moorish knowledge. Distinguished as a poet and as a writer on mathematics and astronomy, he is known especially for his sensible and lively commentaries on the Hebrew Bible. It is characteristic of Browning's scholarly knowledge that this poem represents the real rabbi's view of life as well as Browning's. Here old age is not to be dreaded as a time of weakness and weariness but is to be the climax and fruition of all the joys and hopes and struggles that have gone before, a time of understanding and of joyful anticipation of life after death as an "adventure brave and new" (see page 267, line 24). The figure which represents life as the potter's wheel, and the soul as a cup or pitcher which God, the master potter, makes for his own use, is taken from the Bible. "But now, O Lord, thou art our father; we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand" (Isaiah lxiv, 8. See also Jeremiah xviii, 3-6, and Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, stanzas 83-90).—**11 Jove:** the planet Jupiter.

267 27 **indue**: put on.

268 3 **Young**: when I was young.

269 7 **Was I . . . Right?** Was I, whom the world accused, right, or were they, whom my soul scorned, right?

271 16 **Pan**: see note on 56 17.—18 **ban**: bane, destruction.

273 1 **Theocritus** (thē ōk'ri tūs): Greek poet of the third century before Christ. The lines referred to are from the fifteenth idyl, "Tardiest of the Immortals are the beloved Hours, but dear and desired they come, for always, to all mortals, they bring some gift with them." Cf. Emerson's poem "Days."

275 21 **sate** (sāt or sāt): archaic form of "sat."

276 6 **down**: dune, hill.

277 32 **heaths**: waste land, open and level, with vegetation consisting largely of heath plants, or heather.—**broom**: a shrub with slender branches, small leaves, and showy yellow flowers.

278 **Dover Beach**: on the southeast coast of England, the point nearest France, the Channel (straits) here being only about twenty miles wide.—27 **Sophocles** (sōf'ō klēz) (496-406 B.C.): Greek tragic poet.

280 17 **gauge** (gāj): measure.—18 **manacles**: handcuffs, fetters.

282 3 **Sainte-Beuve** (sānt būv'): Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869). For many years a literary essay by him appeared every Monday in a Paris newspaper.—23 **Montesquieu** (môn tēs kē ū'): Charles de Secondat de Montesquieu (1689-1755), French philosopher and jurist.

284 28 **sweetness and light**: Though Matthew Arnold is often called the apostle of sweetness and light, this phrase was used originally by Swift in *The Battle of the Books*: "The two noblest things, which are sweetness and light."

286 7 **Abelard** (ā bā lār'): French scholastic philosopher (1079-1142). One of the greatest of medieval teachers, he was interested especially in giving rational expression to the teachings of the church. He is remembered in modern times chiefly in connection with the beautiful and learned Héloïse.—9 **Lessing**: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781), German dramatist, scholar, and critic. He is known for his explanation of the laws of art, especially the drama, poetry, and sculpture.—**Herder**: Johann Gottfried Herder (1744-1803), German writer on literature and art. In contrast with Lessing, who directed artists to the study of Greek models, Herder urged German writers to be true to themselves and to develop their national qualities and national traditions.—20 **St. Augustine** (ō gūs'tin) (354-430): Bishop of Hippo. See note on 27 23.

287 **Jason**: commander of the Argonauts on the voyage in search of the golden fleece. See Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 230-236.—11 **Phœnician** (fē nish'ān): one of the early inhabitants of the coast of Syria. They were the earliest sailors and merchants. Tyre and Sidon were their principal cities at home, and Carthage was their most important colony.—24 **Purple**: Tyrian purple was the dye most sought for luxury and splendor. It was not the color we call purple, but a vivid red.

289 13 weft: web, something woven.—**14 thrall:** bondman, slave.

290 18 fens: marshes.—**24 Cavendish (cāv'ĕn dish) Square:** in the West End, just off Oxford Street, near the fashionable shopping district of Bond and Regent streets.

291 24 vassalage: the service which a vassal or dependent owed his lord. This word, like "retainer," one who owes service (often military) to a household, comes down from the feudalism of the Middle Ages. See note on **227 15**.

292 13 pea overcoat: an overcoat of thick, coarse woolen.—**22 Funns:** funds. Wegg means, "I wonder if you have an income from government bonds."

295 16 compittance: Boffin seems to have confused "pittance," an inadequate allowance, with "com'petence," a comfortable income.—**dis-eased:** Boffin means "deceased."—**23 Lord-Mayor's-Show:** the gorgeous procession in which the newly elected Mayor of London goes from the City to Westminster Hall to take the oath of office. A dinner is part of the celebration.

296 3 Maiden-Lane: then a suburban lane. It has been replaced by York Road, which passes the Great Northern and Midland railway stations.

298 8 Battle Bridge: near King's Cross; took its name from the great battle between the Romans under Paulinus and the Britons under Queen Boadicea, which for many years was supposed to have been fought here. It is now thought that this battle was fought outside London, somewhere on Watling Street between London and Chester.

299 4 tap-room: barroom.

303 21 Hadrian, Trajan, the Antonines, Augustus, Commodus: Roman emperors.—**22 Polybius (pō lib'ī ūs)** (205-123 B.C.): Greek historian.—**35 burnt pens:** quills. The word "pen" originally meant a quill, or feather. Metal pens did not come into common use until the middle of the nineteenth century.

304 16 Vittle-us: Vitellius (vī tēl'ī ūs) (A.D. 15-69), Roman emperor.—**The Virginians:** The Virginians were twin brothers, George and Harry Warrington. George, serving under Colonel George Washington in Braddock's campaign, was wounded in the disastrous defeat and taken as a prisoner to Canada, where he was kept for over a year, his family mourning him as dead. In grief over the loss of his brother, Harry, at the age of seventeen, went to England and was received as the heir to a great colonial estate. Society at this period was absorbed in gambling. At first Harry made such large sums at cards and the races and by various bets that he was called the Fortunate Youth. Then his luck changed; he lost everything, and was imprisoned for debt. George, having escaped from Canada, came to London in search of his brother.—**25 Strand and Fleet Street:** The main thoroughfare running east from the center of London. The Strand begins at Trafalgar Square, whence the Haymarket runs to the

head of Piccadilly. Originally the Strand was the bank of the Thames, while Fleet Street took its name from Fleet Brook.

305 3 Piccadilly: a famous street in the West End of London, about a mile long. Bond and Regent streets connect it with Oxford Street (see note on 304 25). Harry Warrington in his time of prosperity had taken lodgings at the house of a Mr. Ruff in Bond Street.—**4 Marlborough:** a town about seventy miles from London on the way from Bristol, where George had landed.—**27 Clarges Street . . . Bond Street:** Harry's Aunt Bernstein, a pleasure-loving old lady, had a house in Clarges Street, six blocks down Piccadilly from Bond Street.—**34 Gumbo:** the negro servant Harry had brought with him from Virginia.

306 21 the Temple: the London house of the Knights Templars (see note on 227 11). From the fourteenth century the property has been occupied by schools of law, the Inner Temple (within the City limits) and the Middle Temple. In 1670 a gateway, known as Temple Bar, was built by Sir Christopher Wren between Fleet Street and the Strand. For a long time it was customary to expose the heads of criminals on spikes on the top of Temple Bar. At this point George turned from the Strand into Chancery Lane and thence into Cursitor Street, where Harry was locked up in the house of the bailiff, or deputy sheriff.

307 28 James Wolfe: later General Wolfe, killed in 1759, in his victory over Montcalm at Quebec.

308 31 you were wrong, Mr. Warrington: Colonel Lambert had returned, as being altogether too expensive, gifts which Harry, at the height of his success in gaming, had sent to the Lambert girls, and Harry had resented angrily this implied criticism of his conduct.

310 30 ladies in Hill Street: Mrs. Lambert and the Lambert daughters.

311 *The Downfall*: Mr. Tulliver, on receiving news of the unfavorable decision of a lawsuit, as a result of which he will probably be forced into bankruptcy, has suffered an apoplectic stroke and lies helpless as this chapter opens.—**7, 10 sister Pullet, Mrs. Deane:** Mrs. Tulliver's sisters. Their maiden name was Dodson.—**13 St. Ogg's:** the neighboring town.

312 15 Mrs. Glegg: another sister of Mrs. Tulliver.

313 16 bailiff: deputy sheriff.

314 20 flock-bed: a bed filled with locks (flocks) of coarse wool or with rags.

320 9 codicil: a document adding to or modifying a will.—**18 to be cupped:** to have blood drawn in order to relieve congestion.

327 19 Egdon Heath: under this name Hardy has grouped a number of tracts of waste land interspersed with woodland and tillage.

329 11 façade (fà säd'): the front of a building.—24 Vale of Tempe (têm'pè): a valley in Greece between Mount Olympus and Mount Ossa, celebrated by the poets as the symbol of all that is loveliest in woodland beauty.—**Thule (thū'lè):** the "farthest north" of the Greeks and Romans,

perhaps Norway was meant, perhaps Iceland, or the Faroe or Shetland Islands.—35 **Scheveningen** (skä'vén ing'ën): a seaside resort near The Hague.

330 1 ascetic: one who practices extreme self-denial.—25 **Domesday**: see note on 191 20.—33 **Leland**: John Leland (about 1506–1552), a student of English antiquities, who, at the time when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries, tried to preserve the manuscripts of the monastic libraries.—36 **Ishmaelitic** (ish'mâ ēl it ish): outcast, wild; from Ishmael, the outcast son of Abraham and Hagar, of whom it was foretold: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him" (Genesis xvi, 12).

331 32 vicinal way (vis'ī nāl): the road which served the neighborhood, in distinction from the great highway, which carried the traffic through the whole region; from *vicinalis*, Latin for "neighboring."—33 **Via Iceniana** (wē'á ē'kēn ī'ä'nà): The Romans were wonderfully skillful roadbuilders, and in spite of centuries of neglect through barbarous and medieval times, many of their roads can be traced still.

332 1 Ikenild Street: in its general course, believed to be older than the Roman occupation, a prehistoric ridgeway across the Chiltern and Berkshire hills, which the Romans improved and used through part of its course.—**El Dorado** (ēl dô rä'dô): the golden; a city or country rich in gold, which the Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century thought existed in the interior of South America; hence a place of fabulous wealth.

333 29 amulet: a charm worn to ward off evil.

335 23 chimæra (kī mē'rà): in Greek mythology a she monster breathing fire, having the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon (see Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 214–215); hence a frightful or foolish creature of the imagination.

336 17 Ormond: James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde (1610–1688), Irish soldier and statesman.

337 21 Whigs . . . Tories: see note on 183 21.—22 **Stafford**: William Howard, Viscount Stafford (1614–1680), accused by Titus Oates of taking part in the popish plots, and beheaded.—24 **Russell**: Lord William Russell (1639–1683), a leader of the Whig, or country, party, accused of plotting insurrection and the death of the king, declared guilty, and executed. When the passions of the time had died down it was realized that both Russell and Stafford had suffered unjustly, and the sentences against them were reversed so as to permit their descendants to enjoy their titles.—25 **Tower**: the Tower of London, fortress and state-prison, on the Thames, just outside the old city wall on the east, on the site of an old Roman fortress; built by William the Conqueror to overawe the citizens of London.—**Lincoln's Inn Fields**: now a public garden. Lincoln's Inn, one of the four great law schools in London, took its name from the property of the Earl of Lincoln which it acquired early in the fourteenth century. Its gatehouse, opening on Chancery Lane (see note on 306 21), was built in the

time of King Henry VIII. Ben Jonson is said to have worked as a brick-layer on the adjacent wall.—29 tied to the cart's tail: Criminals were often tied to the rear of a cart and whipped as they were dragged through the streets.—32 Bridewell: a prison, pulled down in 1864. Before the prison there was a Bridewell Palace on this spot, which took its name from a "miraculous" well of St. Bride or St. Bridget. Bridewell Palace is the scene of the third act of Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*.—34 pressed to death: If a person were accused of a crime and refused to answer either "guilty" or "not guilty" to the indictment, he might be pressed to death. Though this form of punishment gradually fell into disuse, it was not formally abolished until 1772.

338 33 of the Stuarts: during the Stuart monarchy, 1603–1689, including the period of the Great Rebellion and Cromwell's Protectorate.

341 8 horologue (hōr'ō lōg): horologe (hōr'ō lōj); timepiece, clock.—23 Schreckhorn: Peak of Terror.

342 1 Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla: Barents, whose expedition was wrecked on Nova Zembla in 1596, wrote of the first glimpse of the sun in the northern winter: "On January 27, we saw it mounting in all its roundness on the horizon, which rendered us very happy. We thank God for the mercy he vouchsafed to us by restoring the light."—5 Evangel: gospel, good news.—6 charnel-house: place where the bodies or bones of the dead are placed.—11 gabardine: gaberdine (gāb'ēr dēn'); a coarse, loose coat or smock.—27 Man's Unhappiness: see Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," p. 265.

343 3 Hochheimer (hōk'hīm er): a kind of wine, from Hochheim, near Mainz in Germany.—Ophiuchus (ōf i ū'kūs): a constellation, represented on charts as a man holding the Serpent in his hands.—33 the Wisest of our time: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (fōn gū'tē) (1749–1832), the greatest of German writers and one of the great men of the world. He taught that the greatest happiness is to be found in unselfish, useful work.—34 Entsagen: ēnt sǎ'gēn.

344 12 Close thy Byron; open thy Goethe: stop trying, like Byron, to make yourself happy; try instead, like Goethe, to be of use to others.—13 Es leuchtet mir ein: ēs loix'tēt mēr in.—33 Zeno (zē'nō) (about 336–264 B.C.): Greek philosopher, founder of the school of Stoics.—34 thou canst love the Earth . . . for this a Greater than Zeno was needed: an allusion to the words of Christ, "Love your enemies . . . do good to them that hate you" (Matthew v, 44).

345 1 Johnson: Dr. Samuel Johnson.—18 hypochondria: imaginary illness or illness caused by an unhealthy condition of the nervous system.—19 Hercules . . . Nessus'-shirt: Hercules (hūr'cū lēz) was poisoned by putting on a shirt dipped in the blood of the treacherous Nessus. See Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 225–226. Johnson suffered from scrofula, which disfigured his face and impaired his sight.—29 Fourpence-halfpenny a day: When Johnson first went to London and was struggling to earn a

living by his pen he thought that he dined well on six pennyworth of meat and a pennyworth of bread at an alehouse.—31. **College Servitor** . . . **Gentleman Commoner**: at Oxford students formerly were divided into six groups. Gentleman Commoners held next to the highest social rank, while College Servitors had the lowest place and helped pay their way by performing certain menial duties.

346 34 Pedantry: overemphasis of unimportant details.

347 3 Church of St. Clement Danes: built in 1688, from plans by Sir Christopher Wren, in the middle of the Strand (see note on 304 25).—5 **Voltaire**: François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694–1778), French philosopher and man of letters, noted for his mocking skepticism.

348 25 Mirabeau (mē rā bō'): Honoré Gabriel Victor Riquetti, Comte de Mirabeau (1749–1791), French statesman of the earlier part of the Revolution.—**Mahomet** (mā hōm'ēt): Mohammed (about 570–632), Arabian prophet, founder of Islam or Mohammedanism.—**Cromwell**: Oliver Cromwell (1599–1658), English general and statesman who ruled as Lord Protector of England after the execution of Charles I.—**Napoleon**: Napoleon Bonaparte (1769–1821), Corsican, who made himself Emperor of France and tried to conquer all Europe.

349 29 buckram: stiff, precise.—32 **tumid**: swollen, pompous.

350 10 St. Mark's Place: the great central square of Venice, in front of St. Mark's Cathedral.—27 **fruit walls**: In England, where the summers are cool, the choicer fruits, such as pears, peaches, and nectarines, often are grown against walls for the sake of the additional warmth for ripening them.

351 3 canons: clergymen connected with the cathedral.

352 1 Calle Lunga San Moisè (cāl'lā lōōn'gā sán mō ē'zā): long street of St. Moses.—12 **Istrian stone**: fine limestone, much like marble, from Istria (Is'trī ā), the peninsula at the head of the Adriatic.—14 **cortile** (kōr tē'lā): courtyard.

353 3 "Vendita Frittole e Liquori" (vān dē'ta frēt tō'lā ā lē kō'rē): fried food and drinks for sale.—5 **ambrosial** (ām brō'zhī āl): delicious, from "ambrosia," in classical mythology the food of the gods.—8 "**Vino Nostrani a Soldi** . . ." (vē'nō nōs trā'nē ā sōl'dē): local (home-grown) wine at . . . cents.—11 **Maraschino** (mār ā skē'nō): a liqueur made from the marasca cherry, a wild, black cherry.—12 **gondoliers** (gōn dō'lērs'): men who row gondolas, the long, slender boats which served Venice as cabs.—20 **Campo**: square.

354 26 Cleopatra-like: See Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II, Scene v.—32 **archivolts** (ār'kī vōlts): stone-work composing arched or "vaulting" construction.

355 2 Greek horses: four horses of gilded bronze over the principal entrance to St. Mark's Cathedral. They are believed to have adorned the triumphal arches of Nero and Trajan. Constantine sent them to Constantinople, whence the Doge Enrico Dandolo carried them to Venice as

spoils of war in 1204.—3 **St. Mark's Lion**: the winged lion, symbol of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice.—7 **Lido** (lĕ'dō): the long bar across the lagoon from Venice, famous for its bathing beach.—30 **Austrian bands**: bands of the Austrian garrison. In 1797 Napoleon destroyed the independence of Venice and gave the city to Austria. It was made part of United Italy in 1866.—32 **miserere** (mĭz ě rĕ'rĕ or mĕ zā rā'rā): "have mercy"; the first word, in Latin, of the fifty-first Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God."—34 **stiletto**: stab. Astiletto is a slender, pointed dagger.

356 5 **centesimi** (sĕn tĕs'ī mĕ): Italian copper coins worth a fifth of a cent each.—**Camarina** (cā mā rĕ'nā): a city on the southern coast of Sicily, founded in 599 B.C., destroyed and rebuilt several times. It was finally and completely destroyed in A.D. 853.—**South Lambeth**: a district in London, south of the Thames.—10 **Hercules**: The slaying of the Nemean (nĕ mĕ'ān) lion was the first labor of Hercules. See Gayley, *Classic Myths*, pp. 216-217. The city of Nemea (nĕ'mĕ ā) gave its name to the Nemean games, similar to the Olympic games, held every two years beginning in 573 B.C. The prize awarded the victor in these games was a wreath of parsley.

357 7 **Phidias** (fĭd'ī ās) (about 500-432 B.C.): the greatest of Greek sculptors, contemporary and associate of Pericles.—**Donatello** (dōn ā tĕl'lō) (1386-1466): Italian sculptor.—**Titian** (tĭsh'ān) (1477-1576): Venetian painter.—**Velasquez** (vā lĕs'kāth) (1599-1660): Spanish painter.—8 **Sir Joshua Reynolds** (1723-1792): English portrait painter.

358 18 **Cerberus** (sŭr'bĕr ūs): the three-headed dog with the tail of a serpent which guarded the entrance to the infernal regions.—**Hydra of Lerna**: the nine-headed water serpent which laid waste the country of Argos. The destruction of this monster was the second labor of Hercules.—27 **Athena** (ā thĕ'nā): goddess of wisdom, of law and civic virtue, and of the arts both of peace and of war.

360 26 **Watteau** (vā tō') (1684-1721): Jean Antoine, French painter.

361 13 **thrums**: bits, scraps.

362 20 **urbanity**: from the Latin *urbanitas*, the quality of the city man, hence refinement. Cf. Matthew Arnold's definition: "Urbanity, the tone of the city, of the center, the tone which always aims at a spiritual and intellectual effect, and, not excluding the use of banter, never disjoins banter itself from politeness, from felicity."

363 5 **black-tail**: black-tailed deer.—7 **ouananiche** (wā nā nĕsh'): a small, very active, landlocked salmon, found in and near Lake St. John, Canada.—11 **'Send**: God send, God grant.

364 10 **traces**: used in fishing. A trace is a short line between the main line and the bait, in a spinning tackle.—16 **fishing-luggers**: A lugger is a vessel carrying one or more lugsails, a lugsail being a four-sided sail hung more or less obliquely on the mast by means of a yard (spar) which is raised and lowered with the sail.

365 7 **lemure**: animals in some respects like monkeys and in some re-

spects like foxes, found chiefly in Madagascar and neighboring islands.—**16 Ovis Poli**: the wild sheep of the Pamir plateau on the edge of Turkestan, named for the Venetian Marco Polo, who saw it on his travels to the East in the thirteenth century. The rams have very large, wide-sweeping horns.

366 1 spoor: track, trail.—**18 minster-towers**: towers of the church of a monastery. Because the church has remained often after the monastery has disappeared, "minster" has come to be used of any large church.—**19 kestrels**: small European falcons, somewhat resembling the sparrow hawk of North America.

367 6 bob-majors: Bob-major is the name given to a system of change ringing on eight bells.

368 13 bitt: a heavy timber or iron fastened to the deck of a ship for securing ropes, cables, etc.—**trees**: crosstrees, pieces of timber or metal placed horizontally at the top of a mast. To the trees are fastened the ropes (shrouds) which support the mast.—**21 sheet**: rope which regulates the angle of a sail to the wind.—**22 "Ready about—stand by!"**: notice to the crew to tack; that is, to shift the sails so that the wind will strike them at the same angle but on the other side of the ship.

369 4 The Hun: here meaning "the German," reminiscent of the time in the fifth century when the Huns under Attila, "the Scourge of God," invaded Gaul (France) and threatened western Europe.

370 21 binnacle: a case containing the ship's compass with a lamp for use at night.

371 21 My watch below: my time off duty. A watch on shipboard is usually four hours.

372 29 job down below: Captain MacWhirr had sent the first mate, Jukes, to quell a panic and riot among the coolie passengers whom the ship was taking back to China.

376 Mermaid Tavern: see page 65 and note on 65 6.—**3 Fleet Street**: see note on 304 25.—**9 mighty bubble of St. Paul's**: the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. This great church, built on a slight eminence, dominates the City. One going through Fleet Street from the Strand (westward) looks toward St. Paul's.—**24 The Tempest**: Shakespeare's play.

377 3 mullioned panes: panes set between slender, upright bars.—**29 Spanish Main**: the mainland of Spanish America.

378 2 galleon: see note on 235 25.—**4 Marchaunt Adventurers**: the Merchant Adventurers of England, incorporated in 1551 for the discovery of unknown lands, with Sebastian Cabot as governor for life. It was one of the early companies chartered for foreign trade, and attained great wealth and influence. At one time it employed in the Netherlands alone as many as 50,000 persons and was influential enough to keep the Spanish Inquisition out of Antwerp in the time of Charles V.—**7 Eldorado**: see note on 332.

379 5 foot-feathered Mercury: In classical mythology Mercury, the

messenger of the gods, had winged feet.—7 doublet: a close-fitting garment worn in western Europe from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century. It reached from the neck to the waist or a little below, and was made with or without sleeves.—trunk-hose: short, puffed and slashed breeches.—8 rapier: a straight, narrow, two-edged sword.—14 murrey-coloured: mulberry-colored, dark crimson.—19 Gloriana: Queen Elizabeth.—31 Whom Raleigh hailed as "Will!": Shakespeare.

380 7 Sack: white wine from southern Europe.—8 Canary: wine from the Canary Islands, similar to Madeira.—Malmsey (mä'm'zī): a rich, sweet wine, originally made in Greece.—Muscadel (müs ká dël'): muscatel, a rich, sweet wine, made from muscat grapes, produced in Italy and France. The names of these imported wines suggest the growing commerce of Elizabethan England.—11 Ganymede: in classical mythology, cup-bearer to the gods.—20 Magdalen (môd'līn): Magdalen College, perhaps the most beautiful of the colleges of Oxford University, founded in 1458. In 1687 James II interfered unconstitutionally in the election of a president of Magdalen, in spite of the brave and determined resistance made by the Fellows of the College. This incident roused the feeling of educated Englishmen against James and helped to bring about the Revolution of the following year.—21 lanthorns (länt'hôrn's): archaic form of "lanterns."—23 Nassau: Nassau Hall at Princeton, built in 1756 and named in honor of King William, originally housed the whole college. In 1783, when the State House in Philadelphia was threatened by mutinous soldiers, Congress sat for a time in Nassau Hall.

381 1 Mercer: Hugh Mercer, born in Aberdeen, Scotland, about 1720. After the Battle of Culloden, in which he served as surgeon's assistant in the army of the Young Pretender, he emigrated to Virginia and practiced medicine there. He served as a volunteer in Braddock's expedition against Fort Duquesne. At the outbreak of the Revolution he joined the Continental Army, and was made brigadier general. He was mortally wounded at the Battle of Princeton in 1777.

382 14 "Love will find out the way": see page 52.

383 Innisfree: Heather Island.—24 linnet's wings: The linnet, a common songbird, is named from its fondness for the seeds of flax (*linum*) and hemp.

384 Thrums: Barrie gives this name to a little village of weavers. Thrums are the ends of a weaver's warp threads. See also note on 361 13.—18 ben in the room: in the parlor. See page 136, note 4.—Hendry: a weaver, head of the household. Jess, his wife, was a cripple, who had not been out of the kitchen for many years but kept eyes and hands busy beside the kitchen window. Leebie was their only daughter.—19 dam-brod (däm'brôd): checkerboard.

385 7 brae (brä): hillside.—18 chief: friendly, intimate.—23 manse: the minister's house.—36 Glesca: Glasgow.

386 8 the draper's: a shop where cloth is sold.—**26** speirin' (spēr'in): asking.—**27** roup (roup): auction.

387 4 snod (snöd): trim, neat.—**20** whatna bit kimmer: what little girl.

388 27 U. P.'s: United Presbyterians.—**32** lippy: a fourth of a peck.—**36** Auld Kirk: old church.

390 4 Mr. Forbes Robertson: Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, English actor, noted for his interpretation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.—**6** Mr. Chaplin: Charles Chaplin, motion-picture actor.—**14** Clapham: a district in London south of the Thames, in the neighborhood of the school where Ruskin talked about the Hercules of Camarina (see page 356).

391 1 Apollo Belvedere (bēl vē dēr' or bēl vā dā'rā): a statue in the Vatican, long regarded as the ideally perfect figure of a man.—chimæra: see note on **335 23**.—**23** *via media* (wē'á má'dí à): middle way.—**30** Venus of Milo (mē'lō): a statue found on the island of Melos (Italian *Milo*) and now in the museum of the Louvre in Paris, by many considered the most beautiful example we have of Greek sculpture.

392 24 grotesque (grō tēs'k'): ludicrous, whimsical, extravagant.—**33** gargoyles (gär'goilz): waterspouts, often fantastically carved, projecting from the roof of a building, usually ending in the misshapen head of an animal or a man.

393 17 Shropshire: a county in the west of England, adjoining Wales; the inhabitants are occupied largely in mining and grazing.

395 16 Somme (süm): river in France, 147 miles long, from Saint-Quentin to the English Channel. The Battle of the Somme, east and north-east of Amiens, lasted four months, from July to November, 1916. The Germans were driven back a few miles, at a cost of six or seven hundred thousand killed and wounded on each side.—**26** salved (sälvd): saved, rescued.

396 2 paths to glory: see page 127, line 10.

398 16 tournament: see page 35, note 5.—**20** oriflamme (ör'í flām): the sacred banner of St. Denis, carried in battle by the early kings of France; hence, a battle flag.—**28** Agincourt: see note on **44**.

INDEX AND PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

- ā, as in fate; ā, as in senate; ǎ, as in fat; ä, as in arm; á, as in ask; ȧ, as in all;
a, as in what; â, as in care; ñ, as in sofa
- ē, as in mete; ê, as in event: ě, as in met; ê, as in there; ě, as in maker
- ī, as in ice; Ī, as in it
- ō, as in old; ô, as in obey; ȝ, as in not: ȝ, as in move; ô, as in horse: ȝȝ, as in
food; ȝȝ, as in foot
- ū, as in use; ũ, as in unite: ũ, as in up; Ź, as in circus; û, as in fur; ȝ, as in
rule; ü, French sound of u, as in vue
- ou, as in out
- κ, like ch in German ich or ach
- ŋ, like n in ink
- N, indicating nasalization of preceding vowel, as in bon
- th, as in thin; th, as in then

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