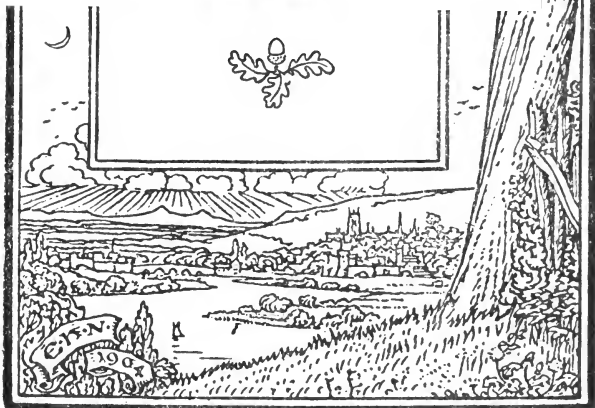


*THE OLD  
COUNTRY*





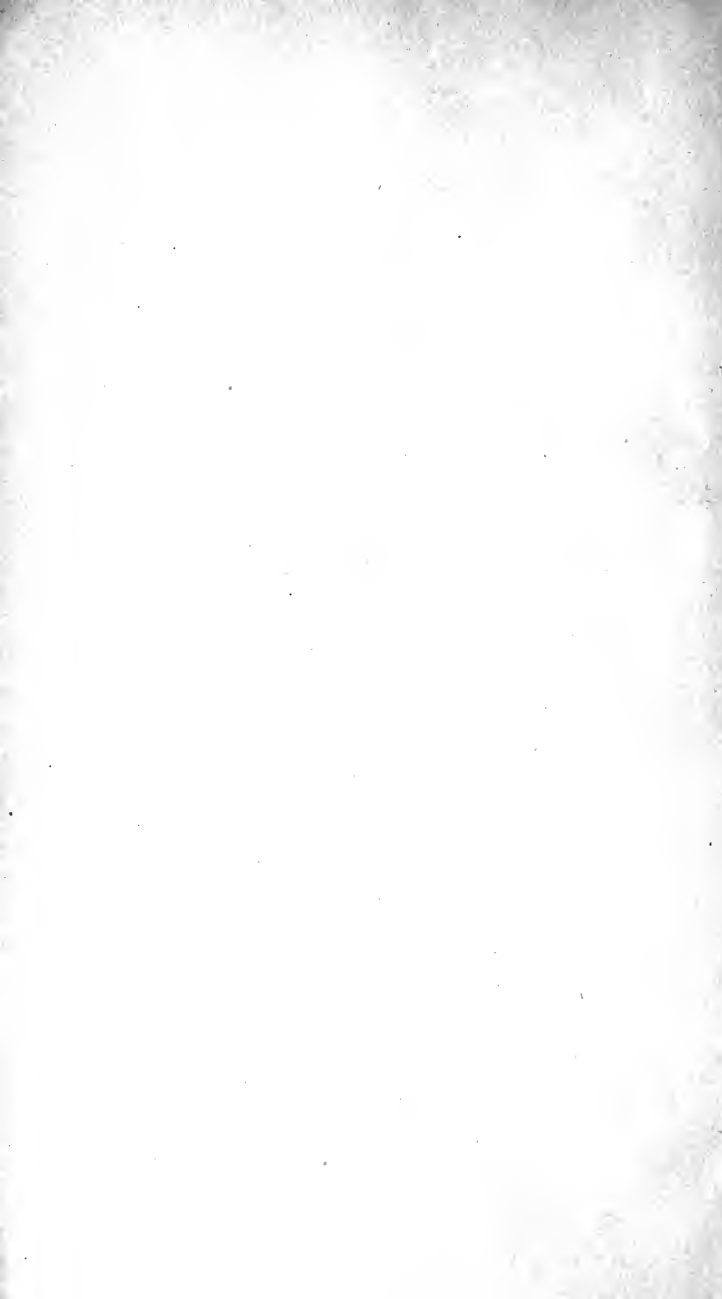


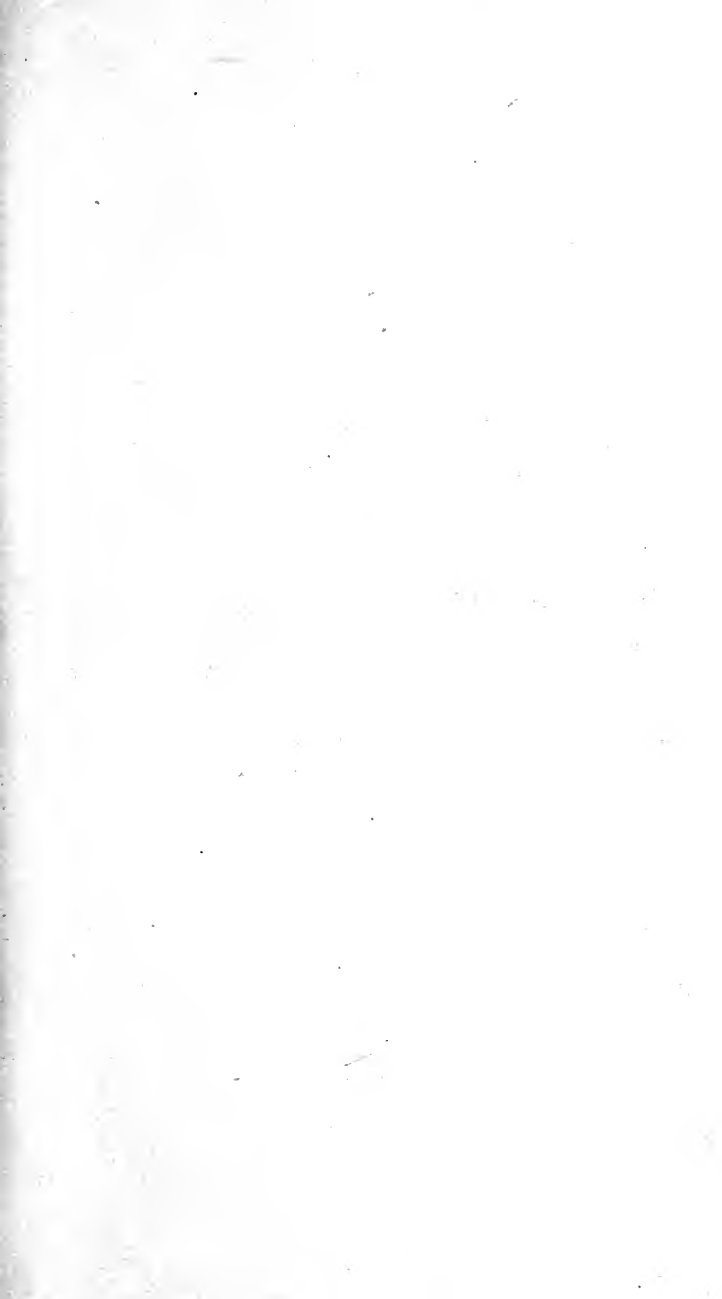
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*THE OLD COUNTRY*







THE BABY THAMES



*The* OLD COUNTRY:

*A BOOK of LOVE  
& PRAISE OF ENGLAND*

EDITED BY  
ERNEST RHYS

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## FOREWORDS

THIS book of the Old Country was first designed and issued during the war, as a reminder for those who, being abroad, were bound to be visited by home-thoughts. As then completed, it contained many items that were of occasional and passing interest, bearing upon the brave services rendered to our men in France and elsewhere by the Red Triangle. These fugitive pages have now given way to more permanent ones, bearing upon the memories, treasured scenes, and old associations, that make England dear to her sons and daughters. For although it is true, as John of Gaunt says in the history-play,<sup>1</sup>

All places that the eye of heaven visits  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens ;

yet is England's ground "sweet soil," mother and nurse in one, to English men and women, which holds them with a powerful charm, never more than when they are far away.

<sup>1</sup> Richard II.

M311775

There is in English Literature an immemorial cult of the praise and honour of the Old Country, and attached to it there is a special dialect too. Many of its allusions and its famous passages are gathered in this anthology; but to give them all would require not one volume, but many. For every shire, every countryside, every village, has its store of fragrant recollections and familiar instances of local colour and humour. Sometimes it is a simple old song that is the remembrancer, like the Lass of Richmond Hill :

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
 More bright than May-day morn,  
 Whose charms all other maids surpass,—  
 A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
 Has won my right good-will;  
 I'd crowns resign to call her mine,  
 Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Or the Suffolk Yeoman's song :

Good neighbours, since you've knock'd me down,  
 I'll sing you a song of songs the crown,  
 For it shall be to the fair renown  
 Of a race that yields to no man.  
 When order first on earth began,  
 Each king was then a husbandman;  
 He honour'd the plough  
 And the marley-mow,  
 Maintain'd his court from off his farm,  
 And kept all round him tight and warm,  
 Like a right-down Suffolk yeoman.

Or "Me and my Comàrade" :

When I was bound apprentice  
 In famous Lincolnshire,  
 Full well I served my master  
 For more than seven year ;  
 Till I took up to poaching,  
 As you shall quickly hear,  
 Oh ! it's my delight on a shiny night,  
 In the season of the year.

As me and my comàrade  
 Were setting of a snare,  
 'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper,—  
 For him we did not care ;  
 For we can wrestle and fight, my boys,  
 And jump o'er any where,—  
 For it's my delight on a shiny night,  
 In the season of the year.

An old tune and words freighted with early native associations are of curious value as home-carriers to those abroad. One may add here a terzet of other passages, which were written out of their wisdom and tenderness, by the great hearts, the master spirits, of our literature ; too slight to fill whole pages, but too memorable to be forgotten. One is Ben Jonson's word on *Amor Patriæ*, in his *Discoveries* :

"There is a necessity all men should love their country : he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there."

Another is Wordsworth's, from his prose-tract on the *Convention of Cintra*, in which he speaks of his sorrow for England if she should betray her trust as

the keeper of the liberty of the nations. It rings like a prose-lyric, to be set by his noble sonnets inspired by the same passionate affection for England :

“O sorrow ! O misery for England, the land of liberty and courage and peace ; the land trustworthy and long approved ; the home of lofty example and benign precept ; the central orb to which, as to a fountain, the nations of the earth ‘ ought to repair, and in their golden urns draw light ’ ;—O sorrow and shame for our country ; for the grass which is upon her fields, and the dust which is in her graves ;—for her good men who now look upon the day ;—and her long train of deliverers and defenders, her Alfred, her Sidneys, and her Milton ; whose voice yet speaketh for our reproach ; and whose actions survive in memory to confound us, or to redeem !”

The third is Shakespeare’s :

“O England, model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might’st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural !”<sup>1</sup>

More to the same effect could be added, which lent a moving accent to that famous concerted lay of England, written by her poets and her prose-writers, from Chaucer down to our own time of troubled peace after war.

It is to England that the book has been mainly confined for want of room. A much larger anthology than this would be required for the book of Great Britain and Ireland.

Grateful acknowledgments are due by the editor,

<sup>1</sup> Prologue to Henry V.

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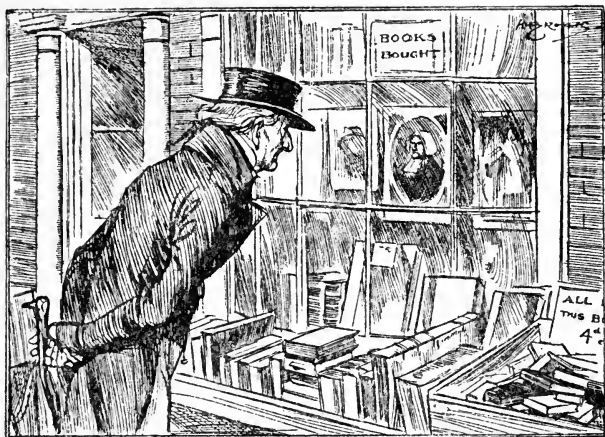
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“Time was, when it was praise and boast enough  
In every clime, and travel where we might,  
That we were born her children.”

COWPER.





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“AND DID THOSE FEET  
IN ANCIENT TIME”

*From the Prophetic Books  
of*

WILLIAM BLAKE

(1757-1827)

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of Fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight;  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

# AND DID THOSE FEET IN ANCIENT TIME

Stanzas from Set to Music by  
BLAKE'S "PROPHETIC BOOKS" C. HUBERT H. PARRY

Slow but with animation.

(Solo)

And did those feet in an-cient time Walk up-on Eng-land's moun-tains  
green? And was the Ho - ly Lamb of God On Eng-land's plea-sant pas - tures  
seen? And did the Coun - ten-ance Di-vine Shine forth up - on our cloud-ed  
hills? And was Jo - ru - sa-lem build - ed here A-mong those dark Sa-tan - ic

*mf cresc.*  
*mf*  
*poco cresc.*  
*mf*  
*poco cresc.*  
*poco rif.*  
*poco rif.*



mills? (ALL AVAILABLE VOICES) Bring me my

bow of burn-ing gold! Bring me my ar-sows of de-sire! Bring me my

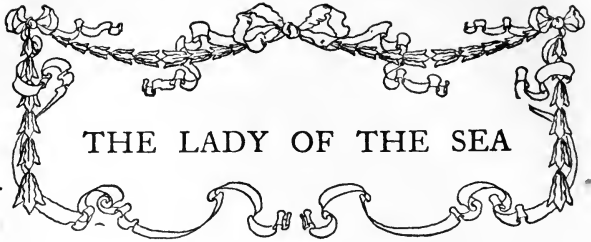
spear! O clouds un-fold! Bring me my Cha-ri-ot of

Fire! I will not cease from men-tal fight; Nor shall my

sword sleep in my hand Till we have built Je-ru-sa-

-lem In Eng-land's green and plea-sant land.

*mf* *mf* *mf* *f* *p* *Allargando* *rit.* *rit.* *ff* *ff*



## THE LADY OF THE SEA

BY WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623)

AN ELIZABETHAN'S PRAISE OF BRITAIN

BRITAIN is known to be the most flourishing and excellent, most renowned and famous isle of the whole world. So rich in commodities, so beautiful in situation, so resplendent in all glory, that if the most Omnipotent had fashioned the world round like a ring, as he did like a globe, it might have been most worthily the only gemme therein.

For the air is most temperate and wholesome, fitted in the midst of the temperate zone, subject to no storms and tempests as the more southern and northern are, but stored with infinite delicate fowl. For water, it is walled and garded by the ocean, most commodious for traffick to all parts of the world, and watered with pleasant fishful and navigable rivers, which yield safe havens and roads, and furnished with shipping and sailers, that it may rightly be termed the "Lady of the Sea." That I may say nothing of healthful baths, and of meers stored both with fish and fowl; the earth fertill of all kind of grain, manured with good husbandry, rich in mineral of coals, tinne, lead, copper, not

without gold and silver ; abundant in pasture, replenished with cattel both tame and wilde (for it hath more parkes than all Europe besides), plentifully wooded, provided with all compleat provisions of war, beautified with many populous cities, fair borroughs, good towns and well-built villages, strong munitions, magnificent palaces of the prince, stately houses of the nobility, frequent hospitals, beautiful churches, fair colledges, as well in other places as in the two Universities, which are comparable to all the rest in Christendome, not only in antiquity, but also in learning, buildings, and endowments. As for government ecclesiastical and civil, which is the very soul of a kingdom, I need to say nothing, when as I write to home-born and not to strangers.

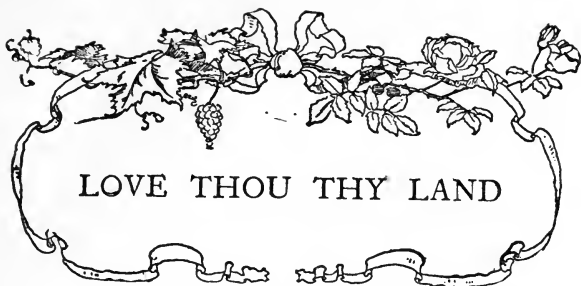
But to praise Britain according as the dignity thereof requires, is a matter which may exercise, if not tire, the happiest wit furnished with the greatest variety of learning ; and some have already busied their brains and pens herein, with no small labour and travel : let, therefore, these few lines in this behalf suffice, out of an ancient writer :—

“ Britain, thou art a glorious isle, extolled and renowned among all nations ; the navies of Tharsis cannot be compared to thy shipping, bringing in all precious commodities of the world : the sea is thy wall, and strong fortifications do secure thy ports ; chivalry, clergy and merchandise do flourish in thee. The Pisans, Genoeses and Venetians do bring thee sapphires, emeralds, and carbuncles from the East : Asia serveth thee with silke and purple, Africa with cinnamon and balm, Spain with gold, and Germany with silver. Thy weaver, Flanders,

doth drape cloth for thee of thine own wooll ;  
Thy Gascoigne doth send thee wine ; buck and  
doe are plentiful in thy forrests ; droves of cattel  
and flocks of sheep are upon thy hills. All the  
perfection of the goodliest land is in thee. Thou  
hast all the fowl of the ayr. In plenty of fish thou  
dost surpass all regions. And albeit thou art not  
stretched out with large limits, yet bordering nations  
clothed with thy fleeces do wonder at thee for thy  
blessed plenty. Thy swords have been turned  
into plough-shares : peace and religion flourisheth  
in thee, so that thou art a mirrour to all Christian  
kingdomes.”

Adde hereunto, if you please, these few lines out  
of a far more ancient panegyrist in the time of  
Constantine the Great.

“O happy Britain, and more blissful than all  
other regions ! Nature hath enriched thee with  
all the commodities of heaven and earth, wherein  
there is neither extreme cold in winter, nor scorch-  
ing heat in summer ; wherein there is such abun-  
dant plenty of corn as may suffice both for bread  
and wine ; wherein are woods without wild beasts,  
and the fields without noysom serpents ; but in-  
finite numbers of milch cattel, and sheep weighed  
down with rich fleeces ; and, that which is most  
comfortable, long days and—lightsome nights.”



LOVE THOU THY LAND

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

(1809—1892)

LOVE thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,  
Love, that endures not sordid ends,  
For English natures, freemen, friends,  
Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,  
Nor feed with crude imaginings  
The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings,  
That every sophister can lime.

Deliver not the tasks of might  
To weakness, neither hide the ray  
From those, not blind, who wait for day,  
Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds ;  
But let her herald, Reverence, fly  
Before her to whatever sky

Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years :  
Cut Prejudice against the grain :  
But gentle words are always gain :  
Regard the weakness of thy peers :

Nor toil for title, place, or touch  
Of pension, neither count on praise :  
It grows to guerdon after-days :  
Nor deal in watch-words overmuch ;  
Not clinging to some ancient saw ;  
Not master'd by some modern term ;  
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm :  
And in its season bring the law ;  
That from Discussion's lip may fall  
With Life, that, working strongly, binds—  
Set in all lights by many minds,  
To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,  
And moist and dry, devising long,  
Thro' many agents making strong,  
Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control  
Our being, lest we rust in ease.  
We all are changed by still degrees,  
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free  
To ingroove itself with that, which flies,  
And work, a joint of state, that plies  
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act ;  
For all the past of Time reveals  
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,  
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife  
A motion toiling in the gloom—  
The Spirit of the years to come  
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits  
Completion in a painful school ;  
Phantoms of other forms of rule,  
New Majesties of mighty States—

The warders of the growing hour,  
But vague in vapour, hard to mark ;  
And round them sea and air are dark  
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,  
Is bodied forth the second whole.  
Regard gradation, lest the soul  
Of Discord race the rising wind ;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,  
And heap their ashes on the head ;  
To shame the boast so often made,  
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star  
Drive men in manhood, as in youth,  
To follow flying steps of Truth  
Across the brazen bridge of war—

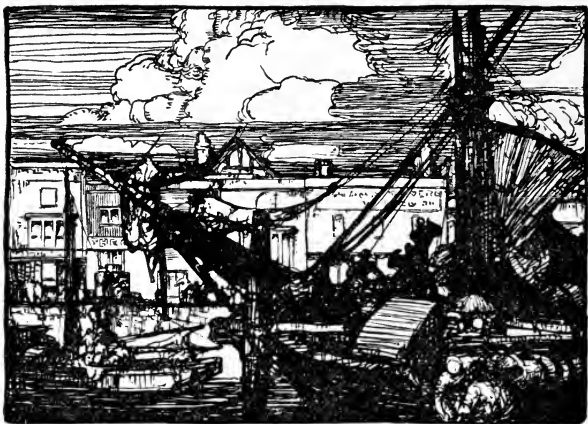
If New and Old, disastrous feud,  
Must ever shock, like armed foes,  
And this be true, till Time shall close,  
That Principles are rain'd in blood ;

Not yet the wise of heart would cease  
To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,  
But with his hand against the hilt,  
Would pace the troubled land, like Peace ;

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,  
Would serve his kind in deed and word,  
Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,  
That knowledge takes the sword away—

Would love the gleams of good that broke  
From either side, nor veil his eyes :  
And if some dreadful need should rise  
Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke :

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,  
As we bear blossom of the dead ;  
Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed  
Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.



## SHIPS OF THE LINE

BY JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

OF the larger and more polite tribes of merchant vessels, three-masted, and passenger-carrying, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to *go* anywhere; nor caring much about anything, which in the essence of it expresses a desire to get to other sides of the world; but only for homely and stay-at-home ships, that live their life and die their death about English rocks. Neither have I any interest in the higher branches of commerce, such as traffic with spice islands, and portorage of painted tea-chests or carved ivory; for all this seems to me to fall under the head of commerce of the drawing-room; costly, but not venerable. I respect in the merchant service only those ships that carry coals, herrings, salt, timber, iron, and such other commodities, and



that have disagreeable odour and unwashed decks. But there are few things more impressive to me than one of these ships lying up against some lonely quay in a black sea-fog, with the furrow traced under its tawny keel far in the harbour slime. The noble misery that there is in it, the might of its rent and strained unseemliness, its wave-worn melancholy, resting there for a little while in the comfortless ebb, unpitied, and claiming no pity ; still less honoured, least of all conscious of any claim to honour ; casting and craning by due balance whatever is in its hold up to the pier, in quiet truth of time ; spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade, in as accurate cadence as a waltz music ; one or two of its crew, perhaps, away forward, and a hungry boy and yelping dog eagerly interested in something from which a blue dull smoke rises out of pot or pan ; but dark-browed and silent, their limbs slack, like the ropes above them, entangled as they are in those inextricable meshes about the patched knots, and heaps of ill-reefed sable sail. What a majestic sense of service in all that languor ! the rest of human limbs and hearts, at utter need, not in sweet meadows or soft air, but in harbour slime and biting fog ; so drawing their breath once more, to go out again, without lament, from between the two skeletons of pier-heads, vocal with wash of under-wave, into the grey troughs of tumbling brine ; there, as they can, with slacked rope, and patched sail, and leaky hull, again to roll and stagger far away amidst the wind and salt sleet, from dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn, winning day by day their daily bread ;

and for last reward, when their old hands, on some winter night, lose feeling along the frozen ropes, and their old eyes miss mark of the lighthouse quenched in foam, the so-long impossible Rest, that shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more—their eyes and mouths filled with the brown sea-sand.

After these most venerable, to my mind, of all ships, properly so styled, I find nothing of comparable interest in any floating fabric until we come to the great achievement of the 19th century. For one thing this century will in after ages be considered to have done in a superb manner, and one thing, I think, only. It has not distinguished itself in political spheres ; still less in artistical. It has produced no golden age by its Reason ; neither does it appear eminent for the constancy of its Faith. Its telescopes and telegraphs would be creditable to it, if it had not in their pursuit forgotten in great part how to see clearly with its eyes, and to talk honestly with its tongue. Its natural history might have been creditable to it also, if it could have conquered its habit of considering natural history to be mainly the art of writing Latin names on white tickets. But, as it is, none of these things will be hereafter considered to have been got on with by us as well as might be ; whereas it will always be said of us, with unabated reverence : **THEY BUILT SHIPS OF THE LINE.**

Take it all in all, a Ship of the Line is the most honourable thing that man, as a gregarious animal, has ever produced. By himself, unhelped, he can

do better things than ships of the line ; he can make poems and pictures, and other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, and hammering out, with alternate strokes and mutual agreement, what is necessary for him in those flocks, to get or produce the ship of the line is his first work. Into that he has put as much of his human patience, common sense, forethought, experimental philosophy, self-control, habits of order and obedience, thoroughly wrought handwork, defiance of brute elements, careless courage, careful patriotism, and calm expectation of the judgment of God, as can well be put into a space of 300 feet long by 80 broad. And I am thankful to have lived in an age when I could see this thing so done.

Considering, then, our shipping, under the three principal types of fishing-boat, collier, and ship of the line, as the great glory of this age ; and the "New Forest" of mast and yard that follows the windings of the Thames, to be, take it all in all, a more majestic scene, I don't say merely than any of our streets or palaces as they now are, but even than the best that streets and palaces can generally be ; it has often been a matter of serious thought to me how far this chiefly substantial thing done by the nation ought to be represented by the art of the nation ; how far our great artists ought seriously to devote themselves to such perfect painting of our ships as should reveal to later generations—lost perhaps in clouds of steam and floating troughs of ashes—the aspect of an ancient ship of battle under sail.

To which, I fear, the answer must be sternly this: That no great art ever was, or can be, employed in the careful imitation of the work of man as its principal subject. That is to say, art will not bear to be reduplicated. A ship is a noble thing, and a cathedral a noble thing, but a painted ship or a painted cathedral is not a noble thing. Art which reduplicates art is necessarily second-rate art. I know no principle more irrefragably authoritative than that which I had long ago occasion to express: "All noble art is the expression of man's delight in God's work; not in his own."

## HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

BY ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

*Bells and Pomegranates*, vii. 1845.

NOBLY, nobly Cape St. Vincent to the north-west  
died away ;  
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into  
Cadiz Bay ;  
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar  
lay ;  
In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar  
grand and grey ;  
"Here and here did England help me : how can I  
help England ?"—say,  
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to  
praise and pray,  
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

## LOLLINGDON DOWNS

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

NIGHT is on the downland, on the lonely moorland,  
On the hills where the wind goes over sheep-bitten  
turf,  
Where the bent grass beats upon the unploughed  
poorland  
And the pine-woods roar like the surf.

Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren lonely,  
Dark now and haunted by the moorland fowl ;  
None comes here now but the peewit only,  
And moth-like death in the owl.

Beauty was here, on this beetle-droning downland ;  
The thought of a Cæsar in the purple came  
From the palace by the Tiber in the Roman town-  
land  
To this wind-swept hill with no name.

Lonely Beauty came here and was here in sadness,  
Brave as a thought on the frontier of the mind,  
In the camp of the wild upon the march of mad-  
ness,  
The bright-eyed Queen of the Blind.

Now where Beauty was are the wind-withered  
gorses,  
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's blast ;  
The flying sky is dark with running horses,  
And the night is full of the past.



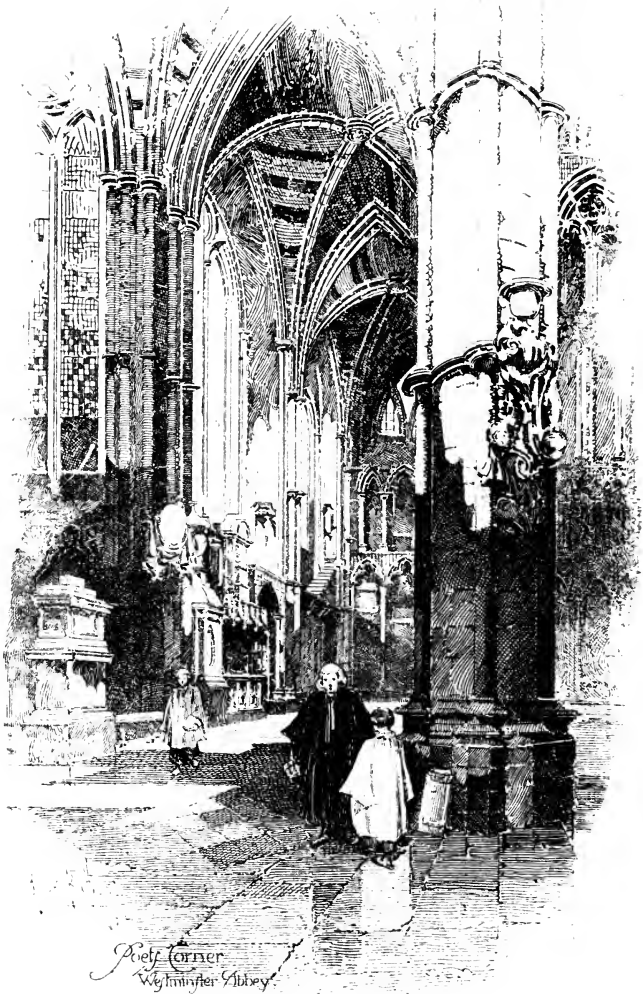
## SOME OLD RELIGIOUS HOUSES ON THE THAMES

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

ABINGDON, Westminster, and Chertsey are all ascribed by tradition, and each by a very vital and well-documented tradition, to the seventh century : Abingdon and Chertsey to its close ; Westminster, with less assurance, to its beginning. All three, we may take it, did arise in that period which was for the eastern part of this island a time when all the work of Europe had to be begun again. Though we know nothing of the progress of the Saxon pirates in the province of Britain, and though history is silent for the hundred and fifty years covered by the disaster, yet on the analogy of other and later raids from the North Sea we may imagine that no inland part of the country suffered more than the Valley of the Thames. All that was left of the Roman order, wealth and right living, must have appeared at the close of that sixth century, when the Papal Mission landed, something as appears the wrecked and desolate land upon the retirement of a flood. To cope with such conditions, to reintroduce into the ravaged and desecrated province, which had lost its language in the storm, all its culture, and even its religion, a new beginning of energy and of production, came, with the peculiar advantages we have seen it to possess for such a work, the monastic institution. For two



WESTMINSTER FROM THE RIVER



*Pieaf Corner  
Weyminster Abbey.*



centuries the great houses were founded all over England: their attachment to Continental learning, their exactitude, their corporate power of action, were all in violent contrast to, and most powerfully educational for, the barbarians in the midst of whom they grew. It may be truly said that if we regard the life of England as beginning anew with the Saxon invasion, if that disaster of the pirate raids be considered as so great that it offers a breach of continuity in the history of Britain, then the new country which sprang up, speaking Teutonic dialects, and calling itself by its present name of England, was actually created by the Benedictine monks.

It was within a very few years of St. Augustine's landing that Westminster must have been begun. There are several versions of the story: the most detailed statement we have ascribes it to the particular year 604, but varied as are the forms in which the history, or rather the legend, is preserved, the truth common to all is the foundation quite early in the seventh century. It was very probably supported by what barbaric Government there was in London at the time and initiated, moreover, according to one form of the legend, and that not the least plausible, by the first bishop of the see. The site was at the moment typical of all those which the great monasteries of the West were to turn from desert places to gardens: it was a waste tract of ground called "Thorney," lying low, triangular in shape, bounded by the two reedy streams that descended through the depression which now runs across the Green Park and May-

fair, and emptied themselves into the Thames, the one just above, the other 100 or 200 yards below, the site of the Houses of Parliament.

The moment the foundation was established a stream of wealth tended towards it: it was at the very gate of the largest commercial city in the kingdom and it was increasingly associated, as the Anglo-Saxon monarchy developed, with the power of the Central Government. This process culminated in the great donation and rebuilding of Edward the Confessor.

The period of this new endowment was one well chosen to launch the future glory of Westminster. England was all prepared to be permeated with the Norman energy, and when immediately after the Conquest came, the great shrine inherited all the glamour of a lost period, while it established itself with the new power as a sort of symbol of the continuity of the Crown. There William was anointed, there was his palace and that of his son. When, with the next century, the seat of government became fixed, and London was finally established as the capital, Westminster had already become the seat of the monarchy.

Chertsey, next up the river, took on the work. Like Westminster—though, by tradition, a few years later than Westminster—its foundation goes back to the birth of England. Its history is known in some detail, and is full of incident, so that it may be called the pivot upon which, presumably, turned the development of the Thames Valley above London for two hundred years. Its site is worth noting. The rich, but at first probably

swampy, pasturage upon the Surrey side was just such a position as one foundation after another up and down England settled on. To reclaim land of this kind was one of the special functions of the great abbeys, and Chertsey may be compared in this particular to Hyde, for instance, or to the Vale of the Cross, to Fountains, to Ripon, to Melrose, and to many others. It was in the new order of monastic development what Staines, its neighbour, had been in the old Roman order—the mark of the first stage up-river from London.

The pagan storm which all but repeated in Britain the disaster of the Saxon invasions, which all but overcame the mystic tenacity of Alfred and the positive mission of the town of Paris, swept it completely. Its abbot and its ninety monks were massacred, and it was not till late in the next century, about 950, that it arose again from its ruins. It was deliberately recolonised again from Abingdon, and from that moment onwards it grew again into power. Donations poured upon it; one of them, not the least curious, was of land in Cardiganshire. It came from those Welsh princes who were perpetually at war with the English Crown: for religion was in those days what money is now—a thing without frontiers—and it seemed no more wonderful to the Middle Ages that an English monastery should collect its rents in an enemy's land than it seems strange to us that the modern financier should draw interest upon money lent for armament against the country of his domicile. Here also was first buried (and lay until it was removed to Windsor) the body of Henry the Sixth.

The third of the great early foundations is Abingdon, and in a way it is the greatest, for, without direct connection with the Crown, by the mere vitality of its tradition, it became something more even than Chertsey was, wielding an immense revenue, more than half that of Westminster itself, and situated, as it was, in a small up-valley town, ruling with almost monarchical power. There could be even less doubt in the case of Abingdon than there was in the case of Chertsey that it was the creator of its own district of the Thames. It stood right in the marshy and waste spaces of the middle upper river, commanding a difficult but an important ford, and holding the gate of what was to be one of the most fruitful and famous of English vales. It can only have been from Abingdon that the culture and energy proceeded which was to build up Northern Berkshire and Oxfordshire between the Saxon and the Danish invasions. There only was established a sufficient concentration of capital for the work and of knowledge for the application of that wealth.

Like its two peers at Chertsey and at Westminster, Abingdon begins with legend. We are fairly sure of its date, 675, but the anchorite of the fifth century, "Aben," is as suspicious as the early Anglo-Saxon Chronicle itself, and still wilder are the fine and striking stories of its British origin, of its destruction under the persecution of Diocletian and of its harbouring the youth of Constantine. But the stories are at least enough to show with what violence the pomp and grandeur of the place struck the imagination of its historians.

Abingdon was, moreover, probably on account of its distance from London, more of a local centre, and, to repeat a word already used, more of a "monarchy" than the other great monasteries of the Thames Valley. This is sufficiently proved by a glance at the ecclesiastic map, such as, for instance, that published in "The Victoria History of the County of Berkshire," where one sees the manors belonging to Abingdon at the time of the Conquest all clustered together and occupying one full division of the county, that, namely, included in the great bend of the Thames which has its cusp at Witham Hill. Abingdon was the life of Northern Berkshire, and it is not fantastic to compare its religious aspect in Saxon times over against the King's towns of Wantage and Wallingford to the larger national aspect of Canterbury over against Winchester and London.

Even in its purely civic character, it acquired a position which no one of the greater northern monasteries could pretend to, through the building of its bridge in the early fifteenth century. The twin fords crossing this bend of the river were, though direct and important, difficult; when they were once bridged and the bridges joined by the long causeway which still runs across Andersey Island between the old and the new branches of the Thames, travel was easily diverted from the bridge of Wallingford to that at Abingdon, and the great western road running through Farringdon towards the Cotswolds and the valley of the Severn had Abingdon for its sort of midway market town.

These three great Benedictine monasteries form,

as it were, the three nurseries or seed plots from which civilisation spread out along the Thames Valley after the destruction wrought by the first and worst barbarian invasions. All three, as we have seen, go back to the very beginning of the Christian phase of English history; the origins of all three merge in those legends which make a twilight between the fantastic stories of the earlier paganism and the clear records of the Christian epoch after the re-Latinisation of England. An outpost beyond these three is the institution of St. Frideswides at Oxford. Beyond that point the upper river, gradually narrowing, losing its importance for commerce and as a highway, supported no great monastery, and felt but tardily the economic change wrought by the foundations lower down the stream.

Chertsey and Westminster certainly, and Abingdon very probably, were destroyed, or at least sacked, in the Danish invasions, but their roots lay too deep to allow them to disappear: they re-rose, and a generation before the Conquest were again by far the principal centres of production and government in the Thames Valley. Indeed, with the exception of the string of royal estates upon the banks of the river, and of the town of Oxford, Chertsey, Westminster and Abingdon were the only considerable seats of regulation and government upon the Thames, when the Conquest came to reorganise the whole of English life.

# SONG OF HOME AGAIN

BY THOMAS HARDY

## I

AT last ! In sight of home again,  
Of home again ;  
No more to range and roam again  
As at that bygone time ?  
No more to go away from us  
And stay from us ?—  
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,  
But quicken it to prime !

## II

Now all the town shall ring to them,  
Shall ring to them,  
And we who love them cling to them  
And clasp them joyfully;  
And cry, " O much we'll do for you  
Anew for you,  
Dear Loves !—aye, draw and hew for you,  
Come back from over sea."

## III

Some told us we should meet no more,  
Should meet no more ;  
Should wait, and wish, but greet no more  
Your faces round our fires ;

That, in a while, uncharily,  
And drearily  
Men gave their lives—even wearily,  
Like those whom living tires.

## IV

And now you are nearing home again,  
Dears, home again ;  
No more, maybe, to roam again  
As at that bygone time,  
Which took you far away from us  
To stay from us ;  
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,  
But quicken it to prime !







## THE OLD ENGLISH MAIL COACH

“GOING DOWN WITH VICTORY”

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

THE grandest chapter of our experience, within the whole mail-coach service, was on those occasions when we went down from London with the news of victory. Five years of life it was worth paying down for the privilege of an outside place on a mail-coach, when carrying down the first tidings of any event. And it is to be noted that, from our insular situation, and the multitude of our frigates disposable for the rapid transmission of intelligence, rarely did any unauthorised rumour steal away a prelibation from the first aroma of the regular despatches. The government news was generally the earliest news.

From eight p.m. to fifteen or twenty minutes later, imagine the mails assembled on parade in Lombard Street, where, at that time, and not in St. Martin's-le-Grand, was seated the General Post-Office. In what exact strength we mustered I do not remember; but, from the length of each separate *attelage*, we filled the street, though a long one, and though we were drawn up in double file. On *any* night the spectacle was beautiful. The

absolute perfection of all the appointments about the carriages and the harness, their strength, their brilliant cleanliness, their beautiful simplicity—but, more than all, the royal magnificence of the horses—were what might first have fixed the attention. Every carriage, on every morning in the year, was taken down to an official inspector for examination—wheels, axles, linchpins, pole, glasses, lamps, were all critically probed and tested. Every part of every carriage had been cleaned, every horse had been groomed, with as much rigour as if they belonged to a private gentleman; and that part of the spectacle offered itself always. But the night before us is a night of victory; and, behold! to the ordinary display, what a heart-shaking addition!—horses, men, carriages, all are dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. The guards, as being officially his majesty's servants, and of the coachmen such as are within the privilege of the post-office, wear the royal liveries of course; and as it is summer (for all the *land* victories were naturally won in summer), they wear, on this fine evening, these liveries exposed to view, without any covering of upper coats. Such a costume, and the elaborate arrangement of the laurels in their hats, dilate their hearts, by giving to them openly a personal connection with the great news, in which already they have the general interest of patriotism. That great national sentiment surmounts and quells all sense of ordinary distinctions. Those passengers who happen to be gentlemen are now hardly to be distinguished as such except by dress; for the usual reserve of their manner in speaking to the atten-

dants has on this night melted away. One heart, one pride, one glory, connects every man by the transcendent bond of his national blood. The spectators, who are numerous beyond precedent, express their sympathy with these fervent feelings by continual hurrahs. Every moment are shouted aloud by the post-office servants, and summoned to draw up, the great ancestral names of cities known to history through a thousand years—Lincoln, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol, Manchester, York, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Stirling, Aberdeen—expressing the grandeur of the empire by the antiquity of its towns, and the grandeur of the mail establishment by the diffusive radiation of its separate missions. Every moment you hear the thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then come the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels!—what a trampling of hoofs!—what a sounding of trumpets!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail—“Liverpool for ever!”—with the name of the particular victory—“Badajoz for ever!” or “Salamanca for ever!” The half-slumbering consciousness that, all night long, and all the next day—perhaps for even a longer period—many of these mails, like fire racing along a train of gunpowder, will be kindling at every instant

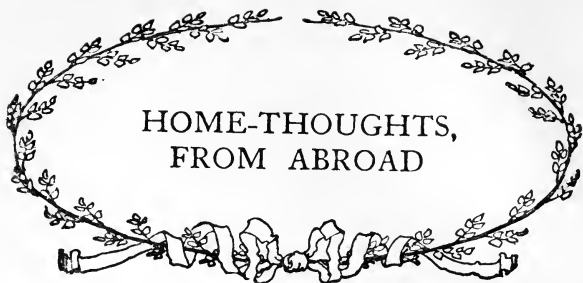
new successions of burning joy, has an obscure effect of multiplying the victory itself, by multiplying to the imagination into infinity the stages of its progressive diffusion. A fiery arrow seems to be let loose, which from that moment is destined to travel, without intermission, westwards for three hundred miles—northwards for six hundred; and the sympathy of our Lombard Street friends at parting is exalted a hundredfold by a sort of visionary sympathy with the yet slumbering sympathies which in so vast a succession we are going to awake.

Liberated from the embarrassments of the city, and issuing into the broad uncrowded avenues of the northern suburbs, we soon begin to enter upon our natural pace of ten miles an hour. In the broad light of the summer evening, the sun, perhaps, only just at the point of setting, we are seen from every storey of every house. Heads of every age crowd to the windows—young and old understand the language of our victorious symbols—and rolling volleys of sympathising cheers run along us, behind us, and before us. The beggar, rearing himself against the wall, forgets his lameness—real or assumed—thinks not of his whining trade, but stands erect, with bold exulting smiles, as we pass him. The victory has healed him, and says, Be thou whole! Women and children, from garrets alike and cellars, through infinite London, look down or look up with loving eyes upon our gay ribbons and our martial laurels; sometimes kiss their hands; sometimes hang out, as signals of affection, pocket-handkerchiefs, aprons, dusters, any-

thing that, by catching the summer breezes, will express an aerial jubilation.

At some little town we changed horses an hour or two after midnight. Some fair or wake had kept the people out of their beds, and had occasioned a partial illumination of the stalls and booths, presenting an unusual but very impressive effect. We saw many lights moving about as we drew near; and perhaps the most striking scene on the whole route was our reception at this place. The flashing of torches and the beautiful radiance of blue lights (technically, Bengal lights) upon the heads of our horses; the fine effect of such a showery and ghostly illumination falling upon our flowers and glittering laurels; whilst all around ourselves, that formed a centre of light, the darkness gathered on the rear and flanks in massy blackness; these optical splendours, together with the prodigious enthusiasm of the people, composed a picture at once scenical and affecting, theatrical and holy.





HOME-THOUGHTS,  
FROM ABROAD

BY ROBERT BROWNING (1812–1889)

*Bells and Pomegranates*, vii. 1845. Written in Florence.

I

OH, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now !

II

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  
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,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

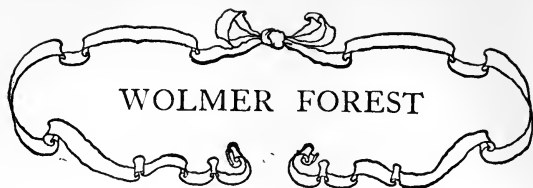
## THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

I HAVE just spent some blessed hours in an old country house of England and been stirred to wonder as I walked among the roses, purple asters and sweet peas, or felt underfoot the close texture of the dewy sod, or followed a natural pathway between the oaks and silver birches in the spinney. There indeed, as my host remarked, he who first placed the monarchs of the forest (while they were but princelings) planted not for his own day, selfishly, but for posterity. And here was an Elizabethan barn, with mossed and mouldering red or purplish tiles, axe-hewn timbers and hand-wrought iron cleats—fit house for a miracle-play, to which in the dusky interior its hanging platform, as for a devil's stage, invited.

Legend clustered thick round the bole of every great and gracious tree in the arbored grotto. The pink light on the Scotch firs in the rifted mist was not so lovely as the English girl who stood at a window—as though Franz Hals had painted her home—in the buff-tinted wall of the old rambling mansion.

And this, I said, is England. That girl, so playful now, who works in a bank long hours all the week, is England: those young men from the front who would die for her, and are dying for her, are England. You cannot defeat an England that has her richest treasure in precious wares like these.



GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793):  
*Natural History of Selborne.*

THE royal forest of Wolmer is a tract of land of about seven miles in length, by two and a half in breadth, running nearly from north to south, and is abutted on, to begin to the south, and so to proceed eastward, by the parishes of Greatham, Lysse, Rogate, and Trotton, in the county of Sussex; by Bramshot, Hedleigh, and Kingsley. This royalty consists entirely of sand covered with heath and fern; but is somewhat diversified with hills and dales, without having one standing tree in the whole extent. In the bottoms, where the waters stagnate, are many bogs, which formerly abounded with subterraneous trees; though Dr. Plot says positively, that "there never were any fallen trees hidden in the mosses of the southern counties." But he was mistaken: for I myself have seen cottages on the verge of this wild district, whose timbers consisted of a black hard wood, looking like oak, which the owners assured me they procured from the bogs by probing the soil with spits, or some such instruments: but the peat is so much cut out, and the moors have been so well examined, that none has been found of late. Besides the oak, I have also been shown pieces of fossil-wood of a paler colour, and softer nature, which the inhabitants called fir: but, upon a nice examination, and



trial by fire, I could discover nothing resinous in them ; and therefore rather suppose that they were parts of a willow or alder, or some such aquatic tree.

This lonely domain is a very agreeable haunt for many sorts of wild fowls, which not only frequent it in the winter, but breed there in the summer ; such as lapwings, snipes, wild-ducks, and, as I have discovered within these few years, teals. Partridges in vast plenty are bred in good seasons on the verge of this forest, into which they love to make excursions : and in particular, in the dry summer of 1740 and 1741, and some years after, they swarmed to such a degree, that parties of unreasonable sportsmen killed twenty and sometimes thirty brace in a day. .

But there was a nobler species of game in this forest, now extinct, which I have heard old people say abounded much before shooting flying became so common, and that was the heath-cock, black-game, or grouse. When I was a little boy I recollect one coming now and then to my father's table. The last pack remembered was killed about thirty-five years ago ; and within these ten years one solitary greyhen was sprung by some beagles in beating for a hare. The sportsmen cried out, "A hen pheasant" ; but a gentleman present, who had often seen grouse in the north of England, assured me that it was a greyhen.

Nor does the loss of our black game prove the only gap in the *Fauna Selborniensis* ; for another beautiful link in the chain of beings is wanting, I mean the red deer, which toward the beginning of

this century amounted to about five hundred head, and made a stately appearance. There is an old keeper, now alive, named Adams, whose great-grandfather (mentioned in a perambulation taken in 1635), grandfather, father and self, enjoyed the head keepership of Wolmer-forest in succession for more than an hundred years. This person assures me, that his father has often told him, that Queen Anne, as she was journeying on the Portsmouth road, did not think the forest of Wolmer beneath her royal regard. For she came out of the great road at Lippock, which is just by, and reposing herself on a bank smoothed for that purpose, lying about half a mile to the east of Wolmer-pond, and still called Queen's-bank, saw with great complacency and satisfaction the whole herd of red deer brought by the keepers along the vale before her, consisting then of about five hundred head. A sight this, worthy the attention of the greatest sovereign! But he further adds that, by means of the Waltham blacks, or, to use his own expression, as soon as they began *blacking*, they were reduced to about fifty head, and so continued decreasing till the time of the late Duke of Cumberland. It is now more than thirty years ago that his highness sent down an huntsman, and six yeomen-prickers, in scarlet jackets laced with gold, attended by the stag-hounds; ordering them to take every deer in this forest alive, and convey them in carts to Windsor. In the course of the summer they caught every stag, some of which showed extraordinary diversion; but, in the following winter, when the hinds were also carried off, such fine chases were

exhibited as served the country people for matter of talk and wonder for years afterwards. I saw myself one of the yeomen-prickers single out a stag from the herd, and must confess that it was the most curious feat of activity I ever beheld, superior to anything in Mr. Astley's riding-school. The exertions made by the horse and deer much exceeded all my expectations; though the former greatly excelled the latter in speed. When the devoted deer was separated from his companions, they gave him, by their watches, law, as they called it, for twenty minutes; when, sounding their horns, the stop-dogs were permitted to pursue, and a most gallant scene ensued.

On the verge of the forest, as it is now circumscribed, are three considerable lakes, two in Oak-hanger, of which I have nothing particular to say; and one called Bin's or Bean's Pond, which is worthy the attention of a naturalist or a sportsman. For, being crowded at the upper end with willows, and with the *carex cespitosa*,<sup>1</sup> it affords such a safe and pleasing shelter to wild-ducks, teals, snipes, etc., that they breed there. In the winter this covert is also frequented by foxes, and sometimes by pheasants; and the bogs produce many curious plants.

By a perambulation of Wolmer-forest and the Holt, made in 1635, and in the eleventh year of

<sup>1</sup> I mean that sort which, rising into tall hassocks, is called by the foresters *torrets*; a corruption, I suppose, of *turrets*.

*Note*, In the beginning of the summer 1787 the royal forests of Wolmer and Holt were measured by persons sent down by government.

Charles the First (which now lies before me), it appears that the limits of the former are much circumscribed. For, to say nothing of the farther side, with which I am not so well acquainted, the bounds on this side, in old times, came into Binswood; and extended to the ditch of Ward-le-ham park, in which stands the curious mount called King John's Hill, and Lodge Hill; and to the verge of Hartley Mauduit, called Mauduit-hatch; comprehending also Short-heath, Oakhanger, and Oakwoods; a large district, now private property, though once belonging to the royal domain.

It is remarkable that the term *purlieu* is never once mentioned in this long roll of parchment. It contains, besides the perambulation, a rough estimate of the value of the timbers, which were considerable, growing at that time in the district of the Holt; and enumerates the officers, superior and inferior, of those joint forests, for the time being, and their ostensible fees and perquisites. In those days, as at present, there were hardly any trees in Wolmer-forest.

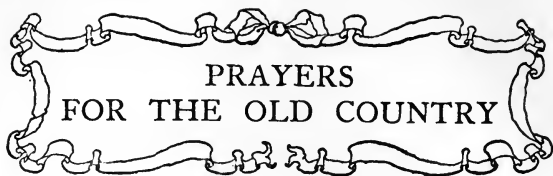
Within the present limits of the forest are three considerable lakes, Hogmer, Cranmer, and Wolmer; all of which are stocked with carp, tench, eels, and perch; but the fish do not thrive well, because the water is hungry, and the bottoms are a naked sand.

A circumstance respecting these ponds, though by no means peculiar to them, I cannot pass over in silence; and that is, that instinct by which in summer all the kine, whether oxen, cows, calves, or heifers, retire constantly to the water during the hotter hours; where, being more exempt from

flies, and inhaling the coolness of that element, some belly deep, and some only to mid-leg, they ruminate and solace themselves from about ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and then return to their feeding. During this great proportion of the day they drop much dung, in which insects nestle ; and so supply food for the fish, which would be poorly subsisted but from this contingency. Thus nature, who is a great economist, converts the recreation of one animal to the support of another ! Thomson, who was a nice observer of natural occurrences, did not let this pleasing circumstance escape him. He says, in his *Summer*,

“ A various group the herds and flocks compose :  
 . . . . on the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip  
 The circling surface.”

Wolmer-pond, so called, I suppose, for eminence sake, is a vast lake for this part of the world, containing, in its whole circumference, 2,646 yards, or very near a mile and a half. On the face of this expanse of waters, and perfectly secure from fowlers, lie all day long, in the winter season, vast flocks of ducks, teals, and widgeons, of various denominations ; where they preen and solace, and rest themselves, till towards sunset, when they issue forth in little parties (for in their natural state they are all birds of the night) to feed in the brooks and meadows ; returning again with the dawn of the morning. Had this lake an arm or two more, and were it planted round with thick covert (for now it is perfectly naked), it might make a valuable decoy.



PRAYERS  
FOR THE OLD COUNTRY

O GOD of our fathers, Lord God of Israel and of England, have mercy upon us. Thou hast given us the land on which we dwell, and we have called it our own, not confessed it to be Thine. We have not confessed that we are all citizens of the same land, bound to our forefathers, whose tombs are amongst us, bound to the children whom Thou wilt watch over as Thou hast watched over us. We have not revered our fathers and mothers as Thou hast bidden us reverence them. We have often fancied that we were honouring Thee in neglecting them. O God, for the sake of Thy dear Son, who hast taught us to call Thee Father, and has bound us together in one family, turn us from our evil ways. May Thy Spirit write this Commandment, that we should honour our fathers and mothers in our hearts. May He make this land very dear to us. May He make us ready to live and die that it may be a great and free land, worshipping Thee the true God, and not worshipping Mammon, the spirit of baseness and selfishness. We know that if we serve him, we shall be indifferent to our fathers and mothers, and perish off the land. But O, reform us, and restore us, and fill us with fear of Thee and trust in Thee, that we may honour those who have testified, and do testify, to us of Thee, of Thy enduring law, of Thy everlasting love. AMEN.

FREDERIC DENISON MAURICE.

## II

O GOD of earth and altar,  
 Bow down and hear our cry,  
 Our earthly rulers falter,  
 Our people drift and die ;  
 The walls of gold entomb us,  
 The swords of scorn divide,  
 Take not Thy thunder from us  
 But take away our pride.

From all that error teaches,  
 From lies of tongue and pen,  
 From all the easy speeches  
 That comfort sinful men,  
 From sale and profanation  
 Of honour and the sword,  
 From sleep and from damnation,  
 Deliver us, good Lord !

Tie in a living tether  
 The prince and priest and thrall,  
 Bind all our lives together,  
 Smite us and save us all ;  
 In ire and exultation  
 Aflame with faith and free,  
 Lift up a living nation,  
 A single sword to Thee.

G. K. C.

## THE SINGING LARK

S. T. COLERIDGE (1772-1834): *Fears in Solitude.*

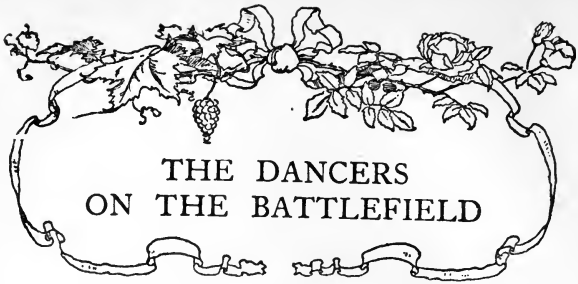
A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills,  
A small and silent dell ! O'er stiller place  
No singing sky-lark ever poised himself.  
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,  
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,  
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,  
Which now blooms most profusely : but the dell,  
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate  
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,  
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,  
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.  
Oh ! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook !  
Which all, methinks, would love ; but chiefly he,  
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,  
Knew just so much of folly, as had made  
His early manhood more securely wise !  
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,  
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen  
'The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),  
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,  
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame ;  
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,  
Made up a meditative joy, and found  
Religious meanings in the forms of nature !  
And so, his senses gradually wrapt  
In a half-sleep, he dreams of better worlds,  
And dreaming, hears thee still, O singing lark ;  
That singest like an angel in the clouds !



## NIGHTINGALES

S. T. COLERIDGE : *The Nightingale.*

AND I know a grove  
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,  
Which the great lord inhabits not ; and so  
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,  
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,  
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.  
But never elsewhere in one place I knew  
So many nightingales ; and far and near,  
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,  
They answer and provoke each other's songs,  
With skirmish and capricious passagings,  
And murmurs musical and swift jug-jug,  
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—  
Stirring the air with such an harmony,  
That should you close your eyes, you might almost  
Forget it was not day ! On moonlit bushes,  
Whose dewy leaflets are but half-disclosed,  
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,  
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright  
and full,  
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade  
Lights up her love-torch.



## THE DANCERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD

BY CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

ONCE upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought. It was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun.

Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field, when, coming up above the black line of distant rising-ground, softened and blurred at the edge by trees, she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain, strewn with upturned faces that had once at mothers' breasts sought mothers' eyes, or slumbered happily. Heaven



THE DANCERS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD



*The Great Gate*  
**TRINITY COLLEGE**

keep us from a knowledge of the secrets whispered afterwards upon the tainted wind that blew across the scene of that day's work and that night's death and suffering! Many a lonely moon was bright upon the battle-ground, and many a star kept mournful watch upon it, and many a wind from every quarter of the earth blew over it, before the traces of the fight were worn away.

They lurked and lingered for a long time, but survived in little things; for Nature, far above the evil passions of men, soon recovered Her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before, when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it; the swallows skimmed and dipped and flitted to and fro; the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass and corn and turnip-field and wood, and over roof and church-spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunsets faded. Crops were sown, and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned, turned a water-mill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work; sheep and oxen pastured; boys whooped and called, in fields, to scare away the birds; smoke rose from cottage chimneys; sabbath bells rang peacefully; old people lived and died; the timid creatures of the field, and simple flowers of the bush and garden, grew and withered in their destined terms: and all upon the fierce and bloody battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

But there were deep green patches in the growing corn at first, that people looked at awfully. Year after year they re-appeared ; and it was known that underneath those fertile spots, heaps of men and horses lay buried, indiscriminately, enriching the ground. The husbandmen who ploughed those places, shrunk from the great worms abounding there ; and the sheaves they yielded were, for many a long year, called the Battle Sheaves, and set apart ; and no one ever knew a Battle Sheaf to be among the last load at a Harvest Home. For a long time, every furrow that was turned, revealed some fragments of the fight. For a long time, there were wounded trees upon the battle-ground ; and scraps of hacked and broken fence and wall, where deadly struggles had been made ; and trampled parts where not a leaf or blade would grow. For a long time, no village girl would dress her hair or bosom with the sweetest flower from that field of death : and after many a year had come and gone, the berries growing there were still believed to leave too deep a stain upon the hand that plucked them.

The Seasons in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict ; and wore away such legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem untouched, gardens arose, and houses were

built, and children played at battles on the turf. The wounded trees had long ago made Christmas logs, and blazed and roared away. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in dust below. The ploughshare still turned up from time to time some rusty bits of metal, but it was hard to say what use they had ever served, and those who found them wondered and disputed. An old dented corselet, and a helmet, had been hanging in the church so long, that the same weak half-blind old man who tried in vain to make them out above the white-washed arch, had marvelled at them as a baby. If the host slain upon the field could have been for a moment reanimated in the forms in which they fell, each upon the spot that was the bed of his untimely death, gashed and ghastly soldiers would have stared in, hundreds deep, at household door and window ; and would have risen on the hearths of quiet homes ; and would have been the garnered store of barns and granaries ; and would have started up between the cradled infant and its nurse ; and would have floated with the stream, and whirled round on the mill, and crowded the orchard, and burdened the meadow, and piled the rickyard high with dying men. So altered was the battle-ground, where thousands upon thousands had been killed in the great fight.

Nowhere more altered, perhaps, about a hundred years ago, than in one little orchard attached to an old stone house with a honeysuckle porch ; where, on a bright autumn morning, there were sounds of music and laughter, and where two girls danced

merrily together on the grass, while some half-dozen peasant women standing on ladders, gathering the apples from the trees, stopped in their work to look down, and share their enjoyment. It was a pleasant, lively, natural scene ; a beautiful day, a retired spot ; and the two girls, quite unconstrained and careless, danced in the freedom and gaiety of their hearts.

If there were no such thing as display in the world, my private opinion is, and I hope you agree with me, that we might get on a great deal better than we do, and might be infinitely more agreeable company than we are. It was charming to see how these girls danced. They had no spectators but the apple-pickers on the ladders. They were very glad to please them, but they danced to please themselves (or at least you would have supposed so) ; and you could no more help admiring, than they could help dancing. How they did dance !

Not like opera-dancers. Not at all. And not like Madame Anybody's finished pupils. Not the least. It was not quadrille dancing, nor minuet dancing, nor even country-dance dancing. It was neither in the old style, nor the new style, nor the French style, nor the English style : though it may have been, by accident, a trifle in the Spanish style, which is a free and joyous one, I am told, deriving a delightful air of off-hand inspiration, from the chirping little castanets. As they danced among the orchard trees, and down the groves of stems and back again, and twirled each other lightly round and round, the influence of their airy motion seemed to spread and spread, in the sun-lighted



scene, like an expanding circle in the water. Their streaming hair and fluttering skirts, the elastic grass beneath their feet, the boughs that rustled in the morning air—the flashing leaves, the speckled shadows on the soft green ground—the balmy wind that swept along the landscape, glad to turn the distant windmill, cheerily—everything between the two girls, and the man and team at plough upon the ridge of land, where they showed against the sky as if they were the last things in the world—seemed dancing too.

At last, the younger of the dancing sisters, out of breath, and laughing gaily, threw herself upon a bench to rest. The other leaned against a tree hard by. The music, a wandering harp and fiddle, left off with a flourish, as if it boasted of its freshness; though the truth is, it had gone at such a pace, and worked itself to such a pitch of competition with the dancing, that it never could have held on, half a minute longer. The apple-pickers on the ladders raised a hum and murmur of applause, and then, in keeping with the sound, bestirred themselves to work again like bees.



## TO A FALSE PATRIOT

BY SIR OWEN SEAMAN

(By special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*)

HE came obedient to the Call ;  
He might have shirked like half his mates  
Who, while their comrades fight and fall,  
Still go to swell the football gates.

And you a patriot in your prime,  
You waved a flag above his head,  
And hoped he'd have a high old time,  
And slapped him on the back and said :—

“ You'll show 'em what we British are !  
Give us your hand, old pal, to shake ; ”  
And took him round from bar to bar  
And made him drunk—for England's sake.

That's how you helped him. Yesterday,  
Clear-eyed and earnest, keen and hard,  
He held himself the soldier's way—  
And now they've got him under guard.

That doesn't hurt you ; you're all right ;  
Your easy conscience takes no blame ;  
But he, poor boy, with morning's light,  
He eats his heart out, sick with shame.

What's that to you? You understand  
Nothing of all his bitter pain ;  
You have no regiment to brand ;  
You have no uniform to stain ;

No vow of service to abuse,  
No pledge to King and country due ;  
But he had something dear to lose,  
And he has lost it—thanks to you.

*November 4, 1914.*

## THIS BIT OF ENGLAND

BY E. VINE HALL

IF this bit of England be  
Worthier because of me,  
Stronger for the strength I bring,  
Sweeter for the songs I sing,  
Purer for the path I tread,  
Lighter for the light I shed,  
Richer for the gifts I give,  
Happier because I live,  
Nobler for the death I die :  
Not in vain have I been I.



“They cannot do without *their comforts*.”

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830)

“St. George for merry England !”

THIS old-fashioned epithet might be supposed to have been bestowed ironically, or on the old principle—*Ut lucus a non lucendo*. Yet there is something in the sound that hits the fancy, and a sort of truth beyond appearances. To be sure, it is from a dull, homely ground that the gleams of mirth and jollity break out; but the streaks of light that tinge the evening sky are not the less striking on that account. The beams of the morning sun shining on the lonely glades, or through the idle branches of the tangled forest, the leisure, the freedom, “the pleasure of going and coming without knowing where,” the troops of wild deer, the sports of the chase, and other rustic gambols, were sufficient to justify the well-known appellation of “Merry Sherwood,” and in like manner, we may apply the phrase to *Merry England*. The smile is not the less sincere because it does not always play upon the cheek; and the jest is not

the less welcome, nor the laugh less hearty, because they happen to be a relief from care or leaden-eyed melancholy. The instances are the more precious as they are rare; and we look forward to them with the greater good will, or back upon them with the greater gratitude, as we drain the last drop in the cup with particular relish. If not always gay or in good spirits, we are glad when any occasion draws us out of our natural gloom, and disposed to make the most of it. We may say with *Silence* in the play, "I have been merry once ere now,"—and this once was to serve him all his life; for he was a person of wonderful silence and gravity, though "he chirped over his cups," and announced with characteristic glee that "there were pippins and cheese to come." *Silence* was in this sense a merry man, that is, he would be merry if he could, and a very great economy of wit, like very slender fare, was a banquet to him, from the simplicity of his taste and habits. "Continents," says Hobbes, "have most of what they contain"—and in this view it may be contended that the English are the merriest people in the world, since they only show it on high-days and holidays. They are then like a school-boy let loose from school, or like a dog that has slipped his collar. They are not gay like the French, who are one eternal smile of self-complacency, tortured into affectation, or spun into languid indifference, nor are they voluptuous and immersed in sensual indolence, like the Italians; but they have that sort of intermittent, fitful, irregular gaiety, which is neither worn out by habit, nor deadened by passion, but is sought

with avidity as it takes the mind by surprise, is startled by a sense of oddity and incongruity, indulges its wayward humours or lively impulses, with perfect freedom and lightness of heart, and seizes occasion by the forelock, that it may return to serious business with more cheerfulness, and have something to beguile the hours of thought or sadness. I do not see how there can be high spirits without low ones; and everything has its price according to circumstances. Perhaps we have to pay a heavier tax on pleasure, than some others: what skills it, so long as our good spirits and good hearts enable us to bear it?

“They” (the English), says Froissart, “amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country” — *ils se rejoissoient tristement selon la coutume de leur pays*. They have indeed a way of their own. Their mirth is a relaxation from gravity, a challenge to dull care to be gone; and one is not always clear at first, whether the appeal is successful. The cloud may still hang on the brow; the ice may not thaw at once. To help them out in their new character is an act of charity. Any thing short of hanging or drowning is something to begin with. They do not enter into their amusements the less doggedly because they may plague others. They like a thing the better for hitting them a rap on the knuckles, for making their blood tingle. They do not dance or sing, but they make good cheer—“eat, drink, and are merry.” No people are fonder of field-sports, Christmas gambols, or practical jests. Blindman’s-buff, hunt-the-slipper, hot-cockles, and snap-dragon, are all approved English games, full of laughable surprises and “hair-breadth ’scapes,”

and serve to amuse the winter fire-side after the roast-beef and plum-pudding, the spiced ale and roasted crab, thrown (hissing-hot) into the foaming tankard. Punch (not the liquor, but the puppet) is not, I fear, of English origin; but there is no place, I take it, where he finds himself more at home or meets a more joyous welcome, where he collects greater crowds at the corners of streets, where he opens the eyes or distends the cheeks wider, or where the bangs and blows, the uncouth gestures, ridiculous anger and screaming voice of the chief performer excite more boundless merriment or louder bursts of laughter among all ranks and sorts of people. An English theatre is the very throne of pantomime; nor do I believe that the gallery and boxes of Drury-lane or Covent-garden filled on the proper occasions with holiday folks (big or little) yield the palm for undisguised, tumultuous, inextinguishable laughter to any spot in Europe. I do not speak of the refinement of the mirth (this is no fastidious speculation) but of its cordiality, on the return of these long-looked-for and licensed periods; and I may add here, by way of illustration, that the English common people are a sort of grown children, spoiled and sulky perhaps, but full of glee and merriment, when their attention is drawn off by some sudden and striking object. The May-pole is almost gone out of fashion among us: but May-day, besides its flowering hawthorns and its pearly dews, has still its boasted exhibition of painted chimney-sweepers and their Jack-'o-the-Green, whose tawdry finery, bedizened faces, unwonted gestures, and short-lived pleasures call forth good-humoured smiles and looks of sympathy in

the spectators. There is no place where trap-ball, fives, prison-base, foot-ball, quoits, bowls are better understood or more successfully practised ; and the very names of a cricket bat and ball make English fingers tingle. What happy days must " Long Robinson " have passed in getting ready his wickets and mending his bats, who when two of the fingers of his right-hand were struck off by the violence of a ball, had a screw fastened to it to hold the bat, and with the other hand still sent the ball thundering against the boards that bounded *Old Lord's cricket-ground* ! What delightful hours must have been his in looking forward to the matches that were to come, in recounting the feats he had performed in those that were past ! I have myself whiled away whole mornings in seeing him strike the ball (like a countryman mowing with a scythe) to the farthest extremity of the smooth, level, sun-burnt ground, and with long, awkward strides count the notches that made victory sure ! Then again, cudgel-playing, quarter-staff, bull and badger-baiting, cock-fighting are almost the peculiar diversions of this island, and often objected to us as barbarous and cruel ; horse-racing is the delight and the ruin of numbers ; and the noble science of boxing is all our own. Foreigners can scarcely understand how we can squeeze pleasure out of this pastime ; the luxury of hard blows given or received ; the joy of the ring ; nor the perseverance of the combatants. The English also excel, or are not excelled in wiring a hare, in stalking a deer, in shooting, fishing, and hunting. England to this day boasts her Robin Hood and his merry men, that stout archer and outlaw, and patron-saint of the sporting-calendar.

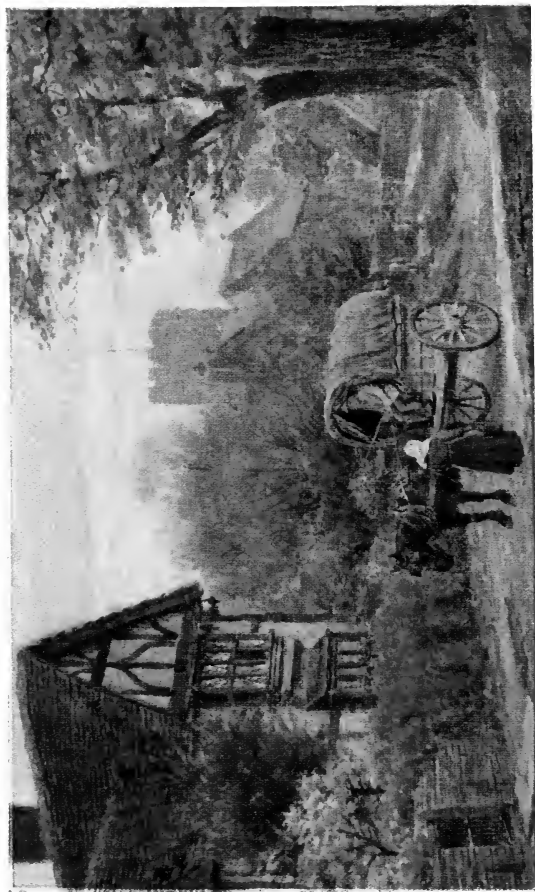


What a cheerful sound is that of the hunters, issuing from the autumnal wood and sweeping over hill and dale!

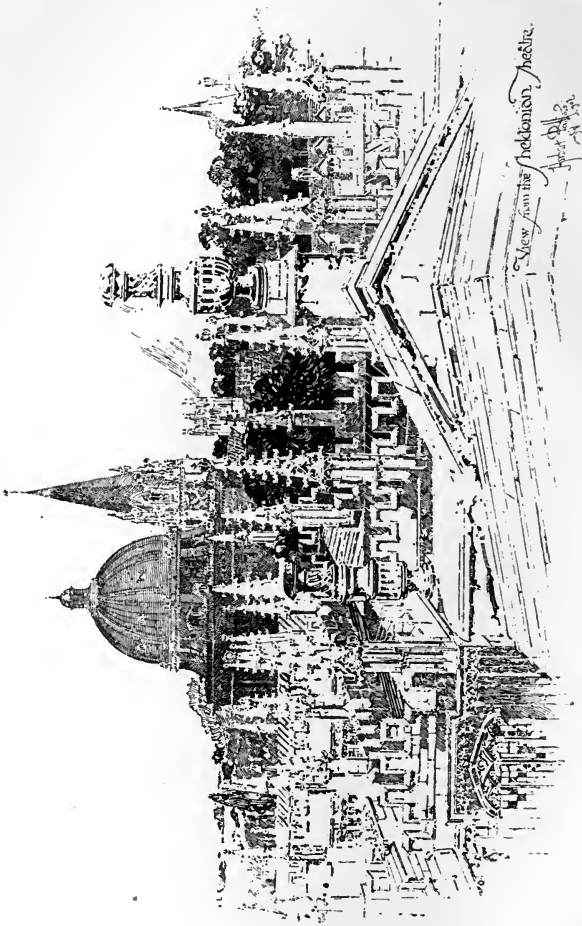
— “A cry more tunable,  
Was never halloo'd to by hound or horn.”

What sparkling richness in the scarlet coats of the riders, what a glittering confusion in the pack, what spirit in the horses, what eagerness in the followers on foot, as they disperse over the plain, or force their way over hedge and ditch! Surely, the coloured prints and pictures of these, hung up in gentlemen's halls and village alehouses, however humble as works of art, have more life and health and spirit in them, and mark the pith and nerve of the national character more creditably than the mawkish, sentimental, affected designs of Theseus and Pirithous, and Æneas and Dido, pasted on foreign *salons à manger*, and the interior of country-houses. If our tastes are not epic, nor our pretensions lofty, they are simple and our own; and we may possibly enjoy our native rural sports, and the rude remembrances of them, with the truer relish on this account, that they are suited to us and we to them. The English nation, too, are naturally “brothers of the angle.” This pursuit implies just that mixture of patience and pastime, of vacancy and thoughtfulness, of idleness and business, of pleasure and of pain, which is suited to the genius of an Englishman, and, as I suspect, of no one else in the same degree. He is eminently gifted to stand in the situation assigned by Dr. Johnson to the angler, “at one end of a rod with a worm at the other.” I should suppose no language can show such a book as an often-mentioned one,

“Walton’s Complete Angler,”—so full of *naïveté*, of unaffected sprightliness, of busy trifling, of dainty songs, of refreshing brooks, of shady arbours, of happy thoughts and of the herb called *Heart’s Ease!* Some persons can see neither the wit nor wisdom of this genuine volume, as if a book as well as a man might not have a personal character belonging to it, amiable, venerable from the spirit of joy and thorough goodness it manifests, independently of acute remarks or scientific discoveries: others object to the cruelty of Walton’s theory and practice of trout-fishing—for my part, I should as soon charge an infant with cruelty for killing a fly, and I feel the same sort of pleasure in reading his book as I should have done in the company of this happy, child-like old man, watching his ruddy cheek, his laughing eye, the kindness of his heart, and the dexterity of his hand in seizing his finny prey! It must be confessed, there is often an odd sort of *materiality* in English sports and recreations. I have known several persons, whose existence consisted wholly in manual exercises, and all whose enjoyments lay at their finger-ends. Their greatest happiness was in cutting a stick, in mending a cabbage-net, in digging a hole in the ground, in hitting a mark, turning a lathe, or in something else of the same kind, at which they had a certain *knack*. Well is it when we can amuse ourselves with such trifles and without injury to others! This class of character, which the Spectator has immortalised in the person of Will Wimble, is still common among younger brothers and gentlemen of retired incomes in town or country. The *Cockney* character is of our English growth, as this intimates



THE TRANTER'S CART:  
*An Autumn Evening in Berkshire*



View from the Monument Theatre.  
H. B. Ball  
1852

a feverish fidgety delight in rural sights and sounds, and a longing wish, after the turmoil and confinement of a city-life, to transport one's-self to the freedom and breathing sweetness of a country retreat. London is half suburbs. The suburbs of Paris are a desert, and you see nothing but crazy wind-mills, stone-walls, and a few straggling visitants in spots where in England you would find a thousand villas, a thousand terraces crowned with their own delights, or be stunned with the noise of bowling-greens and tea-gardens, or stifled with the fumes of tobacco mingling with fragrant shrubs, or the clouds of dust raised by half the population of the metropolis panting and toiling in search of a mouthful of fresh air. The Parisian is, perhaps, as well (or better) contented with himself wherever he is, stewed in his shop or his garret; the Londoner is miserable in these circumstances, and glad to escape from them. Let no one object to the gloomy appearance of a London Sunday, compared with a Parisian one. It is a part of our politics and our religion: we would not have James the First's "Book of Sports" thrust down our throats: and besides, it is a part of our character to do one thing at a time, and not to be dancing a jig and on our knees in the same breath. It is true the Englishman spends his Sunday evening at the ale-house—

—“ And e'en on Sunday  
Drank with Kirton Jean till Monday ”—

but he only unbends and waxes mellow by degrees, and sits soaking till he can neither sit, stand, nor go: it is his vice, and a beastly one it is, but not a proof of any inherent distaste to mirth or good-fellowship.

The *comfort*, on which the English lay so much stress, is of the same character, and arises from the same source as their mirth. Both exist by contrast and a sort of contradiction. The English are certainly the most uncomfortable of all people in themselves, and therefore it is that they stand in need of every kind of comfort and accommodation. The least thing puts them out of their way, and therefore every thing must be in its place. They are mightily offended at disagreeable tastes and smells, and therefore they exact the utmost neatness and nicety. They are sensible of heat and cold, and therefore they cannot exist, unless every thing is snug and warm, or else open and airy, where they are. They must have "all appliances and means to boot." They are afraid of interruption and intrusion, and therefore they shut themselves up in in-door enjoyments and by their own fire-sides. It is not that they require luxuries (for that implies a high degree of epicurean indulgence and gratification), but they cannot do without *their comforts*; that is, whatever tends to supply their physical wants, and ward off physical pain and annoyance. As they have not a fund of animal spirits and enjoyments in themselves, they cling to external objects for support, and derive solid satisfaction from the ideas of order, cleanliness, plenty, property, and domestic quiet, as they seek for diversion from odd accidents and grotesque surprises, and have the highest possible relish not of voluptuous softness, but of hard knocks and dry blows, as one means of ascertaining their personal identity.

## THE SOUTH COUNTRY

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WHEN I am living in the Midlands  
That are sodden and unkind,  
I light my lamp in the evening :  
My work is left behind ;  
And the great hills of the South Country  
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country  
They stand along the sea ;  
And it's there walking in the high woods  
That I could wish to be,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England  
I saw them for a day :  
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,  
Their skies are fast and grey ;  
From their castle-walls a man may see  
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England  
They see the Severn strong,  
A-rolling on rough water brown  
Like aspen leaves along.  
They have the secret of the Rocks,  
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country  
Are the kindest and most wise,  
They get their laughter from the loud surf,  
And the faith in their happy eyes

Comes surely from our Sister the Spring  
When over the sea she flies ;  
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,  
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines  
But I smell the Sussex air ;  
Nor I never come on a belt of sand  
But my home is there.  
And along the sky the line of the Downs  
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,  
Nor a broken thing mend :  
And I fear I shall be all alone  
When I get towards the end.  
Who will there be to comfort me  
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends  
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,  
They watch the stars from silent folds,  
They stiffly plough the field.  
By them and the God of the South Country  
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,  
Or if ever I grow to be old,  
I will build a house with deep thatch  
To shelter me from the cold,  
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung  
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood  
Within a walk of the sea,  
And the men that were boys when I was a boy  
Shall sit and drink with me.



# SIR ROGER DE COVERLY

## AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

(From *The Spectator*, 1711-1714)

UPON our going to it, after having cast his Eye upon the Coach Wheels, he asked the Coachman if his Axle-tree was good ; upon the Fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest Man, and went in without further Ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir ROGER popping out his Head, called the Coachman down from his Box, and upon his presenting himself at the Window, asked him if he smoaked ; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the Way at any good Tobacconist's, and take in a Roll of their best *Virginia*. Nothing material happen'd in the remaining Part of our Journey, till we were set down at the West-End of the *Abbey*.

As we went up the Body of the Church, the Knight pointed at the Trophies upon one of the new Monuments, and cry'd out, A brave Man I warrant him. Passing afterwards by Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, he flung his Hand that Way, and cry'd, Sir *Cloudsly Shovel* ! a very gallant Man ! As we stood before *Busby's* Tomb, the Knight utter'd himself again after the same Manner, Dr. *Busby*, a great Man, he whipp'd my Grandfather, a very great Man. I should have gone to him my self, if I had not been a Blockhead, a very great Man !

We were immediately conducted into the little Chappel on the Right Hand. Sir ROGER planting himself at our Historian's Elbow, was very attentive

to every Thing he said, particularly to the Account he gave us of the Lord who had cut off the King of *Morocco's* Head. Among several other Figures, he was very well pleased to see the Statesman *Cecil* upon his Knees; and, concluding them all to be great Men, was conducted to the Figure which represents that Martyr to good Housewifery, who died by the Prick of a Needle. Upon our Interpreter's telling us, that she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Elizabeth*, the Knight was very inquisitive into her Name and Family, and, after having regarded her Finger for some Time, I wonder, says he, that Sir *Richard Baker* has said Nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then convey'd to the two Coronation Chairs, where my old Friend, after having heard that the Stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from *Scotland*, was called *Jacob's Pillar*, sat himself down in the Chair, and looking like the Figure of an old *Gothic* King, asked our Interpreter, What Authority they had to say, that *Jacob* had ever been in *Scotland*? The Fellow, instead of returning him an Answer, told him, that he hoped his Honour would pay his Forfeit. I could observe Sir *ROGER* a little ruffled upon being thus trappan'd; but our Guide not insisting upon his Demand, the Knight soon recovered his good Humour, and whispered in my Ear, that if *WILL WIMBLE* were with us, and saw those two Chairs, it would go hard but he would get a Tobacco-Stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir *ROGER*, in the next Place, laid his Hand upon *Edward III's* Sword, and leaning upon the Pommel

of it, gave us the whole History of the *Black Prince* ; concluding, that in Sir *Richard Baker's* Opinion, *Edward* the Third was one of the greatest Princes that ever sate upon the *English* Throne.

We were then shewn *Edward* the Confessor's Tomb ; upon which Sir ROGER acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the Evil ; and afterwards *Henry* the Fourth's, upon which he shook his Head, and told us, there was fine Reading in the Casualties of that Reign.

Our Conductor then pointed to that Monument, where there is the Figure of one of our *English* Kings without an Head ; and upon giving us to know, that the Head, which was of beaten Silver, had been stolen away several Years since : Some Whig, I warrant you, says Sir ROGER ; You ought to lock up your Kings better : They will carry off the Body too, if you don't take Care.

The glorious Names of *Henry* the Fifth and Queen *Elizabeth* gave the Knight great Opportunities of shining, and of doing Justice to Sir *Richard Baker*, who, as our Knight observed with some Surprise, had a great many Kings in him, whose Monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own Part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight shew such an honest Passion for the Glory of his Country, and such a respectful Gratitude to the Memory of its Princes.

I must not omit, that the Benevolence of my good old Friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our Interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary Man ; for which Reason he shook him by

the Hand at Parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his Lodgings in *Norfolk-Buildings*, and talk over these Matters with him more at Leisure.

#### THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

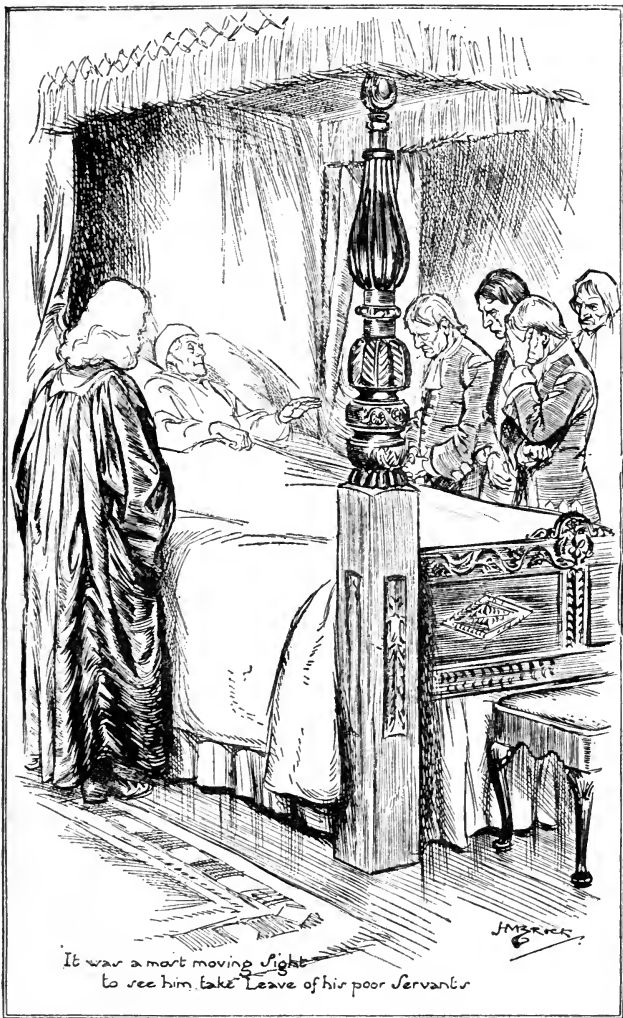
We last Night received a Piece of ill News at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my Readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in Suspense, Sir ROGER DE COVERLY *is dead*. He departed this Life at his House in the Country, after a few Weeks' Sickness. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a Letter from one of his Correspondents in those Parts, that informs him the old Man caught a Cold at the County Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an Address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his Wishes. But this Particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir ROGER'S Enemy and Antagonist. I have Letters both from the Chaplain and Captain *Sentry* which mention Nothing of it, but are filled with many Particulars to the Honour of the good old Man. I have likewise a Letter from the Butler, who took so much Care of me last Summer when I was at the Knight's House. As my Friend the Butler mentions, in the Simplicity of his Heart, several Circumstances the others have passed over in Silence, I shall give my Reader a Copy of his Letter, without any Alteration or Diminution.

“*Honoured Sir,*

“Knowing that you was my old Master's good

Friend, I could not forebear sending you the melancholy News of his Death, which has afflicted the whole Country, as well as his poor Servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our Lives. I am afraid he caught his Death the last County Sessions, where he would go to see Justice done to a poor Widow Woman, and her Fatherless Children that had been wronged by a Neighbouring Gentleman ; for you know, Sir, my good Master was always the poor Man's Friend. Upon his coming home, the first Complaint he made was, that he had lost his Roast-Beef Stomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was served up according to Custom ; and you know he used to take great Delight in it. From that Time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good Heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great Hope of his Recovery, upon a kind Message that was sent him from the Widow Lady whom he had made Love to the forty last Years of his Life ; but this only proved a Light'ning before Death. He has bequeathed to this Lady, as a Token of his Love, a great Pearl Necklace, and a Couple of Silver Bracelets set with Jewels, which belonged to my good old Lady his Mother ; He has bequeathed the fine white Gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his Books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty Tenement with good Lands about it. It being a very cold Day when he made his Will, he left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frize Coat, and to every Woman a black

Riding-hood. It was a most moving Sight to see him take Leave of his poor Servants, commending us all for our Fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a Word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our Dear Master's Service, he has left us Pensions and Legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining Part of our Days. He has bequeathed a great Deal more in Charity, which is not yet come to my Knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the Parish, that he has left Money to build a Steeple to the Church; for he was heard to say some Time ago, that if he lived two Years longer *Coverly* Church should have a Steeple to it. The Chaplain tells every Body that he made a very good End, and never speaks of him without Tears. He was buried, according to his own Directions, among the Family of the *Coverlys*, on the left Hand of his Father Sir *Arthur*. The Coffin was carried by Six of his Tenants, and the Pall held up by Six of the *Quorum*: The whole Parish followed the Corps with heavy Hearts, and in their Mourning-Suits, the Men in Frize, and the Women in Riding-hoods. Captain *Sentry*, my Master's Nephew, has taken Possession of the Hall-House, and the whole Estate. When my old Master saw him a little before his Death, he shook him by the Hand, and wished him Joy of the Estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good Use of it, and to pay the several Legacies, and the Gifts of Charity which he told him he had left as Quit-rents upon the Estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous Man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom



It was a most moving sight  
to see him take Leave of his poor Servant

J.M. Rock  
6

my Master loved, and shews great Kindness to the old House-dog, that you know my poor Master was so fond of. It wou'd have gone to your Heart to have heard the Moans the dumb Creature made on the Day of my Master's Death. He has ne'er joyed himself since ; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest Day for the poor People that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This being all from,

“ *Honoured Sir,*

“ *Your most sorrowful Servant,*

“ *Edward Biscuit.*

“ *P.S.* My Master desired, some Weeks before he died, that a Book which comes up to you by the Carrier should be given to Sir *Andrew Freeport*, in his Name.”

This Letter, notwithstanding the poor Butler's Manner of Writing it, gave us such an Idea of our good old Friend, that upon the Reading of it there was not a dry Eye in the Club. Sir *Andrew* opening the Book found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in Particular the Act of Uniformity, with some Passages in it marked by Sir *Roger's* own Hand. Sir *Andrew* found that they related to two or three Points, which he had disputed with Sir *Roger* the last Time he appeared at the Club. Sir *Andrew*, who would have been merry at such an Incident on another Occasion, at the Sight of the Old Man's Handwriting burst into Tears, and put the Book into his Pocket. Captain *Sentry* informs me, that the Knight has left Rings and Mourning for every one in the Club.



## SOME PASSAGES OF EDMUND BURKE

THERE is no man anywhere to be found in the annals of Parliament who seems more thoroughly to belong to England than does Edmund Burke, indubitable Irishman though he was. His words ring out the authentic voice of the best political thought of the English race:—

“If any man ask me what a free government is, I answer, that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so,—and that they, and not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of the matter.” . . .

“Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty adheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness.” . . .

“My hold on the colonies, is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are the ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you, and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another, that these two things

may exist without any mutual relation,—and the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened, and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. So long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign power of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith, wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you.” . . .

“We cannot, I fear, falsify the pedigree of this fierce people, and persuade them that they are not sprung from a nation in whose veins the blood of freedom circulates. The language in which they would hear you tell them this tale would detect the imposition ; your speech would betray you. An Englishman is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery.” . . .

Does not your blood stir at these passages ? And is it not because, besides loving what is nobly written, you feel that every word strikes towards the heart of the things that have made your blood what it has proved to be in the history of our race.

WOODROW WILSON.





IN  
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864):

*Our Old Home.*

THE spire of Shakspeare's church—the Church of the Holy Trinity—begins to show itself among the trees at a little distance from Stratford. Next we see the shabby old dwellings, intermixed with mean-looking houses of modern date; and the streets being quite level, you are struck and surprised by nothing so much as the tameness of the general scene; as if Shakspeare's genius were vivid enough to have wrought pictorial splendours in the town where he was born. Here and there, however, a queer edifice meets your eye, endowed with the individuality that belongs only to the domestic architecture of times gone by; the house seems to have grown out of some odd quality in its inhabitant, as a sea-shell is moulded from within by the character of its inmate; and having been built in a strange fashion, generations ago, it has ever since been growing stranger and quainter, as old humourists are apt to do. Here, too (as so often impressed me in decayed English towns), there appeared to be a greater abundance of aged people wearing small-clothes and leaning on sticks than you could assemble on our side of the water by sounding a trumpet and proclaiming a reward for the most venerable. I tried to account for this phenomenon by several theories:

as, for example, that our new towns are unwholesome for age and kill it off unseasonably ; or that our old men have a subtle sense of fitness, and die of their own accord rather than live in an unseemly contrast with youth and novelty : but the secret may be, after all, that hair-dyes, false teeth, modern arts of dress, and other contrivances of a skin-deep youthfulness, have not crept into these antiquated English towns, and so people grow old without the weary necessity of seeming younger than they are.

After wandering through two or three streets, I found my way to Shakspeare's birthplace, which is almost a smaller and humbler house than any description can prepare the visitor to expect ; so inevitably does an august inhabitant make his abode palatial to our imaginations, receiving his guests, indeed, in a castle in the air, until we unwisely insist on meeting him among the sordid lanes and alleys of lower earth. The portion of the edifice with which Shakspeare had anything to do is hardly large enough, in the basement, to contain the butcher's stall that one of his descendants kept, and that still remains there, windowless, with the cleaver-cuts in its hacked counter, which projects into the street under a little penthouse roof, as if waiting for a new occupant.

The upper half of the door was open, and, on my rapping at it, a young person in black made her appearance and admitted me : she was not a menial, but remarkably genteel (an American characteristic) for an English girl, and was prob-

ably the daughter of the old gentlewoman who takes care of the house. This lower room has a pavement of gray slabs of stone, which may have been rudely squared when the house was new, but are now all cracked, broken, and disarranged in a most unaccountable way. One does not see how any ordinary usage, for whatever length of time, should have so smashed these heavy stones; it is as if an earthquake had burst up through the floor, which afterwards had been imperfectly trodden down again. The room is whitewashed and very clean, but woefully shabby and dingy, coarsely built, and such as the most poetical imagination would find it difficult to idealise. In the rear of this apartment is the kitchen, a still smaller room, of a similar rude aspect; it has a great, rough fireplace, with space for a large family under the blackened opening of the chimney, and an immense passage-way for the smoke, through which Shakspeare may have seen the blue sky by day and the stars glimmering down at him by night. It is now a dreary spot where the long-extinguished embers used to be. A glowing fire, even if it covered only a quarter part of the hearth, might still do much towards making the old kitchen cheerful.

Thence I was ushered up-stairs to the room in which Shakspeare is supposed to have been born; though, if you peep too curiously into the matter, you may find the shadow of an ugly doubt on this, as well as most other points of his mysterious life. It is the chamber over the butcher's shop, and is lighted by one broad

window containing a great many small, irregular panes of glass. The floor is made of planks, very rudely hewn, and fitting together with little neatness; the naked beams and rafters, at the sides of the room and overhead, bear the original marks of the builder's broad axe, with no evidence of an attempt to smooth off the job. Again we have to reconcile ourselves to the smallness of the space enclosed by these illustrious walls,—a circumstance more difficult to accept, as regards places that we have heard, read, thought, and dreamed much about, than any other disenchanting particular of a mistaken ideal. A few paces—perhaps seven or eight—take us from end to end of it. So low it is, that I could easily touch the ceiling, and might have done so without a tiptoe stretch, had it been a good deal higher; and this humility of the chamber has tempted a vast multitude of people to write their names overhead in pencil. Every inch of the side walls, even into the obscurest nooks and corners, is covered with a similar record; all the window-panes, moreover, are scrawled with diamond signatures, among which is said to be that of Walter Scott; but so many persons have sought to immortalise themselves in close vicinity to his name that I really could not trace him out. Methinks it is strange that people do not strive to forget their forlorn little identities in such situations, instead of thrusting them forward into the dazzle of a great renown, where, if noticed, they cannot but be deemed impertinent.

This room, and the entire house, so far as I saw it, are whitewashed and exceedingly clean;

nor is there the aged, musty smell with which old Chester first made me acquainted, and which goes far to cure an American of his excessive predilection for antique residences. An old lady who took charge of me up-stairs, had the manners and aspect of a gentlewoman, and talked with somewhat formidable knowledge and appreciative intelligence about Shakspeare. Arranged on a table and in chairs were various prints, views of houses and scenes connected with Shakspeare's memory, together with editions of his works and local publications about his home and haunts, from the sale of which this respectable lady perhaps realises a handsome profit. At any rate, I bought a good many of them, conceiving that it might be the civilest way of requiting her for her instructive conversation and the trouble she took in showing me the house.



## SONGS

BY SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

### I

WHERE is heaven ? you ask me, my child.  
The sages tell us it is beyond the limits of birth and  
death,  
Unswayed by the rhythm of day and night ;  
It is not of this earth.

But your poet knows that its eternal hunger is for  
time and space,  
And it strives evermore to be born in the fruitful  
dust.

Heaven is fulfilled in your sweet body, my child, in  
your palpitating heart.

The sea is beating its drums in joy, the flowers are  
a-tiptoe to kiss you.  
For heaven is born in you in the arms of the mother  
dust.

It was only the budding of leaves in the summer,  
the summer that came into the garden by  
the sea.

It was only a stir and rustle in the south wind, a few  
lazy snatches of songs, and then the day  
was done.

But let there be flowering of love in the summer to  
come at the garden by the sea.

Let my joy take its birth and clap its hands and  
dance with the surging songs,  
And make the morning open its eyes wide in sweet  
surprise.



## II

Time after time I came to your gate with raised  
hands asking for more and yet more.

You gave and gave, now in slow measure, now in  
sudden excess.

I took some and some I let drop ; some lay heavy  
on my hands ; some I made into playthings  
And broke them when tired ; till the wrecks and  
the hoard of your gifts grew immense,  
Hiding you, and the ceaseless expectation wore my  
heart out.

“Take, O take” — has now become my cry.  
Shatter this beggar’s bowl ; put out this  
lamp of the

Importunate watcher ; hold my hands ; raise me  
from the still gathering heaps of your gifts  
Into the bare infinity of your uncrowded presence.

You knew not yourself when you dwelt alone and  
there was no cry of an errand in the wind  
running

From the hither to the farther shore.

I came and your heart heaved ; pain came to you and  
joy ; you touched me and tingled into love.

But in my eyes there is a film of shame and in my  
heart a flicker of fear ; my face is veiled and  
I weep when I cannot see you ; yet I know the  
endless thirst in your heart for the sight of  
me.

The thirst that cries at my door in the repeated  
knockings of sunrise.

Where roads are made I lose my way.  
In the wide water, and in the blue sky there is no  
line of track.  
The news of the path is hidden in the birds' wings,  
in the star fires,  
In the flowers of the wayfaring seasons,  
And I ask my heart if it carries in its blood the  
wisdom of the unseen way ?

## III

You did not know your self when you dwelt alone,  
and there was no  
Cry of errand in the wind running from the hither  
to the farther shore.  
I came and you woke, and the skies blossomed with  
lights.  
You opened me in many flowers ; rocked me in the  
cradles of many forms ;  
Scattered me in stars and gathered me again ; hid  
me and found me back in life.  
  
I came and your heart heaved ; pain came to you,  
and came the dancing flame of joy.  
You touched me and found your own touch.  
  
There is a film of shame in my eyes and in my  
breast a flicker of fear.  
My face is veiled, and I weep when I cannot see  
you.  
But I know the endless thirst in your heart for the  
sight of me,  
The thirst that cries in the returning sunrises of  
ages.

## IV

What shall be my gift of the dawn, my love ?  
    My song of the morning star ?  
But the morning faints in the sun like a flower with  
    its petals of songs.

What will you take from me when the day fades,  
    my love ?  
    My lamp of the evening ?  
But its frail light is for the niche of the corner,  
The timid flame flutters at the breath of the road.

But come to my garden walk, my love !  
Pass by the fervid flowers that press themselves to  
    your eyes,  
Stopping at some chance joy that like a sudden  
    wonder of a sunset illumines yet eludes.

For love's gift is shy, it never tells its name.  
It flits across the shade spreading a shiver of joy  
    along the dust.  
Overtake it, or miss it for ever.  
But the gift that can be given and grasped is a mere  
    nothing,  
    A mere song or a flower.

## V

Are you a mere picture ? not true as those stars,  
    thrown up by the swell of the dark  
And sucked and sunk into the abyss of light ?  
True as this dust, now gay with the green and  
    gold, now bare in the sun-burnt brown ?

They throb with the pulse of things and are  
true,  
You are immensely aloof in your stillness, O painted  
form !

The day was when you walked with me,  
Your breath warm, your limbs singing of life.  
The world smiled to me in your smile and spoke to  
me in your voice,  
When suddenly you stopped in your walk in the  
shadow side of the For-ever,  
And I went on alone.

The sky is crowded with the ceaseless pageantry of  
light ;  
The silent swarm of flowers pass by the wayside ;  
Life, like a child, laughs, shaking its rattle of death  
as it runs ;  
The road beckons me on, I follow the unseen ;  
But you stand there where you stopped behind the  
dust and the stars ;  
And you are a mere picture.

No, it cannot be !  
You have not waned into the thin stagnation of  
lives.  
Had the life flood utterly stopped in you  
It would stop the river in its flow and the footfall  
of dawn in her cadence of colours.  
Had the glimmering dusk of your hair vanished in  
the endless dark  
The woodland shade of summer would die with its  
dreams.

## VI

To the birds you gave songs, the birds give you  
songs in return.

You gave me voice asking for more, and I sing.

You made your winds light and they are fleet in  
their service.

But my hands you burdened for me to lighten them  
day by day, till at last, I bring unfettered  
freedom for your service.

You created your Earth filling its shadows with  
fragments of light.

You left me empty-handed on the dust to create  
your heaven.

To all else you give ; from me you ask.

The harvest of my life ripens in the sun and the  
shower till you reap more than you sowed,  
glad Reaper !

The boisterous spring, who once came into my life  
with his lavish laughter,

Burdening his hours with improvident roses, setting  
skies aflame with

The red kisses of new-born leaves, now comes  
stealing into my loneliness

And sits still in the balcony gazing across the fields  
where the earth's green

Swoons exhausted in the utter paleness of the sky.



## POWLE'S WALKE

THOMAS DEKKER (1570-1641):

*The Gul's Hornbook.*

[The nave of Old St. Paul's was used as a promenade by the gallants of the town. Thomas Dekker's *Gul's Hornbook* from which the following passage is taken was published in 1609.]

Now for your venturing into the Walke, be circumspect and wary what piller you come in at, and take heede in any case (as you love the reputation of your honour) that you avoide the *Serving-mans* log, and approach not within five fadom of that Piller; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the Church may appeare to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloake from the one shoulder, and then you must (as twere in anger) suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside (if it be taffata at the least) and so by that meanes your costly lining is betrayd, or else by the pretty advantage of Complement. But one note by the way do I especially woove you to, the neglect of which makes many of our Gallants cheape and ordinary, that by no meanes you be seene above foure turnes; but in the fift make your selfe away, either in some of the Sempsters' shops, the new Tobacco-office, or amongst the Bookesellers, where, if you cannot reade, exercise your smoake, and inquire who has writ against this divine weede &c. For this withdrawing your selfe

a little, will much benefite your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever if Powles Jacks bee once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soone as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Dukes gallery conteyne you any longer, but passe away apace in open view. In which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloofe off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or Squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so, but call him *Ned*, or *Jack*, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men: and if (tho there be a dozen companies betweene you, tis the better) hee call aloud to you (for thats most gentile), to know where he shall find you at two a clock, tell him at such an Ordinary, or such, and bee sure to name those that are deerest: and whither none but your Gallants resort. After dinner you may appeare againe, having translated your selfe out of your English cloth cloak, into a light Turky-grogram) if you have that happinesse of shifting) and then be seene (for a turne or two) to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gummies with a wrought handkercher: It skilles not whether you dined or no (thats best knowne to your stomach) or in what place you dined, though it were with cheese (of your owne mother's making), in your chamber or study.

Now if you chance to be a Gallant not much crost among Citizens, that is, a Gallant in the Mercers bookes, exalted for Sattens and velvets, if

you be not so much blest to bee crost (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world, to bee great in no mans bookes) your Powles walke is your onely refuge: the Dukes Tomb is a Sanctuary, and wil keepe you alive from wormes and land-rattes, that long to be feeding on your carkas: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole after-noone: converse, plot, laugh, and talke any thing, jest at your Creditor, even to his face, and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steale out, and so cozen a whole covy of abhominable catch-pols. Never be seene to mount the steppes into the quire, but upon a high Festivall day, to preferre the fashion of your doublet, and especially if the singing-boyes seeme to take note of you: for they are able to buzze your praises above their *Anthems*, if their voyces have not lost their maidenheads: but be sure your silver spurres dog your heeles, and then the Boyes will swarme about you like so many white butter-flyes, when you in the open Quire shall drawe forth a perfumed embrodred purse (the glorious sight of which will entice many Countrymen from their devotion to wondering) and quoyt silver into the Boyes handes, that it may be heard above the first lesson, although it be reade in a voyce as big as one of the great Organs.

This noble and notable Act being performed, you are to vanish presently out of the Quire, and to appeare againe in the walk: But in any wise be not observed to tread there long alone: for feare you be suspected to be a Gallant casheerd from the society of *Captens* and *Fighters*.

Sucke this humour up especially. Put off to



none, unlesse his hatband be of a newer fashion then yours, and three degrees quainter: but for him that weares a trebled cipers about his hatte, (though he were an Aldermans sonne) never move to him: for hees suspected to be worse then a *Gul*, and not worth the putting off to, that cannot observe the time of his hatband, nor know what fashioned block is most kin to his head: for, in my opinion, ye braine that cannot choose his Felt well (being the head ornament) must needes powre folly into all the rest of the members, and be an absolute confirmed Foole in *Summâ Totali*.

All the diseased horses in a tedious siege cannot shew so many fashions, as are to be seene for nothing, every day, in Duke *Humfryes walke*. If therefore you determine to enter into a new suit, warne your Tailor to attend you in Powles, who, with his hat in his hand, shall like a spy discover the stuffe, colour, and fashion of any doublet, or hose that dare be seene there, and stepping behind a piller to fill his table-bookes with those notes, will presently send you into the world an accomplit man: by which meanes you shall weare your clothes in print with the first edition. But if Fortune favour you so much as to make you no more then a meere country gentleman, or but some three degrees removd from him (for which I should be very sorie, because your London-experience wil cost you deere before you shall have the wit to know what you are), then take this lesson along with you: The first time that you venture into Powles, passe through the body of the Church like a Porter, yet presume not to fetch so much as one

whole turne in the middle Ile, no nor to cast an eye to *Si quis* doore (pasted and plaistered up with Serving-mens *supplications*), before you have paid tribute to the top of Powles *steeple* with a single penny: And when you are mounted there, take heede how you looke downe into the yard; for the railes are as rotten as your great-Grandfather; and thereupon it will not be amisse if you enquire how *Kit Woodroffe* durst vault over, and what reason he had for it, to put his necke in hazard of reparations. From hence you may descend, to talke about the horse that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his keeper: take the day of the Moneth, and the number of the steppes, and suffer yourselfe to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likenesse of one: which wonders you may publish, when you returne into the country, to the great amazement of all Farmers Daughters, that will almost swound at the report, and never recover till their banes bee asked twice in the Church.

But I have not left you yet. Before you come downe againe, I would desire you to draw your knife, and grave your name (or, for want of a name, the marke, which you clap on your sheep) in great Characters upon the leades, by a number of your brethren (both Citizens and country Gentlemen) and so you shall be sure to have your name lye in a coffin of lead, when yourselfe shall be wrapt in a winding-sheete: and indeed the top of Powles conteinis more names than *Stowes* Chronicle. These lofty tricks being plaid, and you (thanks to your feete) being safely arrived at the staires foote againe, your next worthy worke is, to repaire to my lord

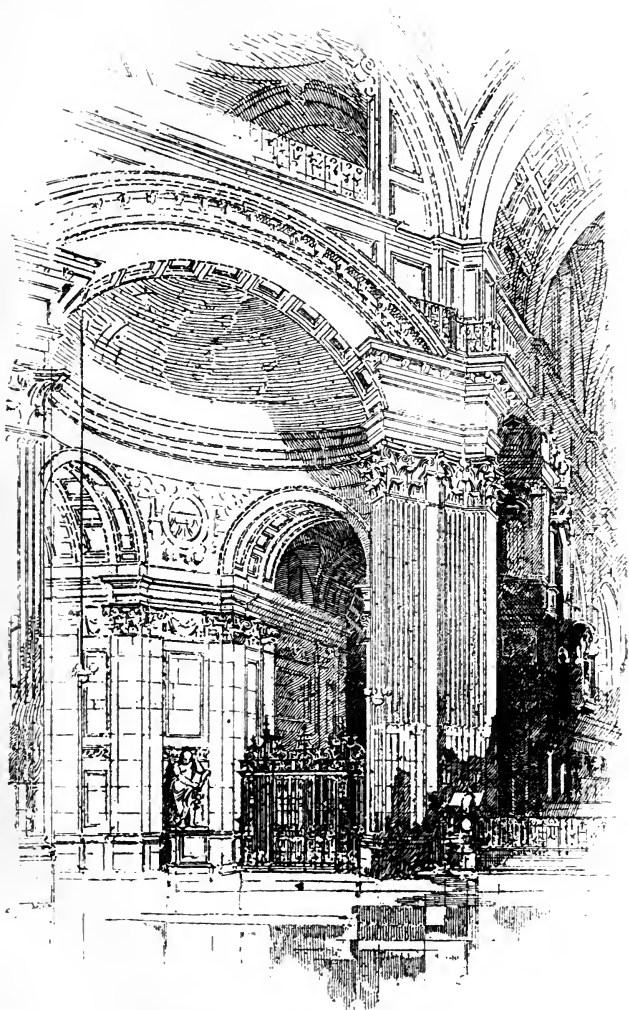
*Chancellors Tomb* (and, if you can but reasonably spel) bestow some time upon the reading of Sir *Phillip Sydneys* briefe Epitaph; in the campasse of an houre you may make shift to stumble it out. The great dial is, your last monument: there bestow some halfe of the threescore minutes, to observe the sawciness of the Jaikes that are above the man in the moone there; the strangenesse of the motion will quit your labour. Besides, you may heere have fit occasion to discover your watch, by taking it forth, and setting the wheelles to the time of Powles, which, I assure you, goes truer by five notes then *S. Sepulchers* Chimes. The benefit that wil arise from hence is this, that you publish your charge in maintaining a gilded clocke; and withall the world shall know that you are a time-pleaser. By this I imagine you have walkt your belly ful, and thereupon being weary, or (which rather I beleeve) being most Gentlemanlike hungry, it is fit that I brought you into the Duke; so (because he followes the fashion of great men, in keeping no house, and that therefore you must go seeke your dinner) suffer me to take you by the hand, and lead you into an Ordinary.

## LUCY SNOWE IN THE CITY

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816–1855): *Villette*.

PRODIGIOUS was the amount of life I lived that morning. Finding myself before St. Paul's, I went in ; I mounted to the dome : I saw thence London, with its river, and its bridges, and its churches ; I saw antique Westminster, and the green Temple Gardens, with sun upon them, and a glad, blue sky, of early spring above ; and, between them and it, not too dense a cloud of haze.

Descending, I went wandering whither chance might lead, in a still ecstasy of freedom and enjoyment ; and I got—I know not how—I got into the heart of city life. I saw and felt London at last : I got into the Strand ; I went up Cornhill ; I mixed with the life passing along ; I dared the perils of crossings. To do this, and to do it utterly alone, gave me, perhaps an irrational, but a real pleasure. Since those days, I have seen the West End, the parks, the fine squares ; but I love the city far better. The city seems so much more in earnest : its business, its rush, its roar, are such serious things, sights, and sounds. The city is getting its living—the West End but enjoying its pleasure. At the West End you may be amused, but in the city you are deeply excited.



INTERIOR OF ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



ST PAUL'S FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE



## THE CITY OF FREEDOM

BY THE RT. HON. J. C. SMUTS

In the great historic struggles of this country in the past the City of London always was the bulwark of liberty ; the place of refuge to which oppressed liberty could flee—and never fled in vain. Throughout the seventeenth century, while the foundations of political liberty and Parliamentary Government were being laid in this country, the City of London stood forth as the most conspicuous champion against the Stuarts. The memories of Hampden and Pym, of Cromwell and Dutch William, will always remain inseparably associated with the traditions of your great City. Under your protection the foundations of free institutions were well and truly laid, and many generations have since continued the structure. You chose the prize of greatest value, and many others have been added to you since.

Centuries of prosperity followed, in which you and the nation grew and flourished and became

rich beyond the dreams of avarice. And people whispered that you had become soft and corrupted with wealth, that the day of trial would find your leaders nerveless and yourselves wanting and unprepared. What was your answer? Your enemies forgot on what milk you had been nurtured. Free men have the heart to do and dare anything. Without conscription or compulsion you raised millions of men; you transformed your industries from a peace to a war basis, and in the end you have become the financial, military, and moral mainstay of the Alliance. Such are the fruits of liberty in these islands. Freedom, like wisdom, is once more justified of her children.

“WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN  
MEMORY”

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country!—am I to be blamed?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee; we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men:  
And I by my affection was beguiled:  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

WORDSWORTH.





EDWARD THOMAS : *The Heart of England.*

THIS is one of the tracts of country which are discovered by few except such as study the railway maps of England in order to know what to avoid. On those maps it is one of several large triangular sections which railways bound, but have not entered. All day long the engines scream along their boundaries, and at night wave fiery arms to the sky, as if to defend a forbidden place or a sanctuary. Within there is peace, and a long ancient lane explores it, with many windings and turnings back, as if it were a humble, diffident inquirer, fortunately creeping on, aiming at some kind of truth and not success, yet without knowing what truth is when he starts. Here it hesitates by a little pool, haunted, as is clear from the scribbled footprints on the shore, only by moorhen and wagtail, and, in the spindle trees beside it, by a witty thrush ; there it goes joyously forward, straight among lines of tall oaks and compact thorns ; then it turns to climb a hill from which all the country it has passed is visible first, meadow and withy copse and stream, and next the country which it has yet to pass—a simple dairy land with green grass, green woods, and stout grey haystacks round the pale farms. But in a little while it winds, confused again under high maple and dogwood hedges, downhill, as if it had already

forgotten what the hilltop showed. On the level again the hollow wood which the willow wren fills with his little lonely song has to be penetrated ; the farmyard must be passed through, and the spirit of the road looks in at the dairy window and sees the white discs of cream in the pans and the cool-armed maid lifting a cheese ; and yet another farmyard it loiters in, watching the roses and plume-poppay and lupin of the front garden, going between the stables and the barn, and there spreading out as if it had resolved to cease and always watch the idle waggon, the fair-curved hay-rakes leaning against the wall, and the fowls which are the embodiment of senseless reverie—when lo ! the path goes straight across wide and level pastures, with a stream at its side. Seen afar off, losing itself among the elms that watch over the hill-side church, the little white road is as some quiet, hermit saint, just returned from long seclusion, and about to take up his home for ever and ever in the chancel ; but when we reach the place, he is still as far away, still uncertain in the midst of the corn below. At the charlock-yellow summit the road seems to lead into the sky, where the white ladders are let down from the sun.

The ways of such a road—when the June grass is high and in the sun it is invisible except for its blueness and its buttercups, and the chaffinch, the corn-bunting and yellow-hammer, the sleepest-voiced birds, are most persistent—easily persuade the mind that it alone is travelling, travelling through an ideal country, belonging to itself and beyond the power of the world to destroy. The few people whom we see, the mower, the man hoeing his onion-bed in a

spare half-hour at mid-day, the children playing "Jar-jar-winkle" against a wall, the women hanging out clothes,—these the very loneliness of the road has prepared us for turning into creatures of dream ; it costs an effort to pass the time of day with them, and they being equally unused to strange faces are not loquacious, and so the moment they are passed, they are no more real than the men and women of pastoral :—

"He leads his Wench a Country Horn-pipe Round,  
About a May-pole on a Holy-day ;  
Kissing his lovely Lasse (with Garlands Crown'd)  
With whooping heigh-ho singing Care away ;  
Thus doth he passe the merry month of May :  
And all th' yere after in delight and joy,  
(Scorning a King) he cares for no annoy."

The most credible inhabitants are Mertilla, Florimel, Corin, Amaryllis, Dorilus, Doron, Daphnis, Silvia and Aminta, and shepherds singing to their flocks—

"Lays of sweet love and youth's delightful heat."

Yonder the road curves languidly between hedges and broad fringes of green, and along it an old man guides the cattle in to afternoon milking. They linger to crop the wayside grass and he waits, but suddenly resumes his walk and they obey, now hastening with tight udders and looking from side to side. They turn under the archway of a ruined abbey, and low as if they enjoy the reverberation, and disappear. I never see them again ; but the ease, the remoteness, the colour of the red cattle in the green road, the slowness of the old cowman, the timelessness of that gradual movement under the fourteenth-century arch, never vanish.

Of such things the day is made, not of milestones

and antiquities. Isolated, rapt from the earth, perhaps, by the very fatigue which at the end restores us to it forcibly, the mind goes on seeing and remembering these things.

Here the cattle stand at the edge of a pond and the tench swim slowly above the weeds amongst them as they stand. The sun strikes down upon the glassy water, but cannot take away the coolness of the reeds about the margin. Under the one oak in the meadow above, the farmer sits with his dog, so still that the dabchick does not dive and the water vole nibbles the reed, making a small sound, the only one.

Yonder, up a steep field, goes a boy birdnesting in a double hedge, stooping to the nettles for the white-throat's eggs, straining high among the hawthorns for a dove's. He does not hasten. Now and then he calls "cuckoo," not a timorous note, but lusty like the bird's own: and now he lies down to suck a thrush's egg. He will not take the robin's eggs, "or I shall get my arm broken," he says. A cruel game, but so long as he loves it with all his heart perhaps it is forgiven him, and in a few years he will never again go slowly up that field, forgetful of schoolmaster, father and mother and the greatness of man.

## YOU ASK ME WHY

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809—1892)

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,  
    Within this region I subsist,  
    Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,  
    That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
    The land, where girt with friends or foes.  
A man may speak the thing he will ;

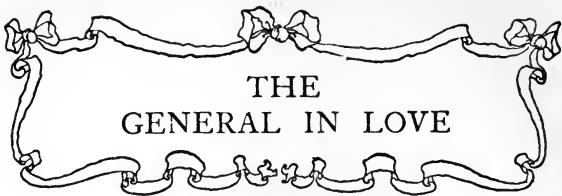
A land of settled government,  
    A land of just and old renown,  
    Where Freedom slowly broadens down.  
From precedent to precedent :

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
    But by degrees to fullness wrought,  
    The strength of some diffusive thought  
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute  
    Opinion, and induce a time  
    When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to land  
    The name of Britain trebly great—  
    Tho' every channel of the State  
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
    Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
    And I will see before I die  
The palms and temples of the Scuth.



## THE GENERAL IN LOVE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING

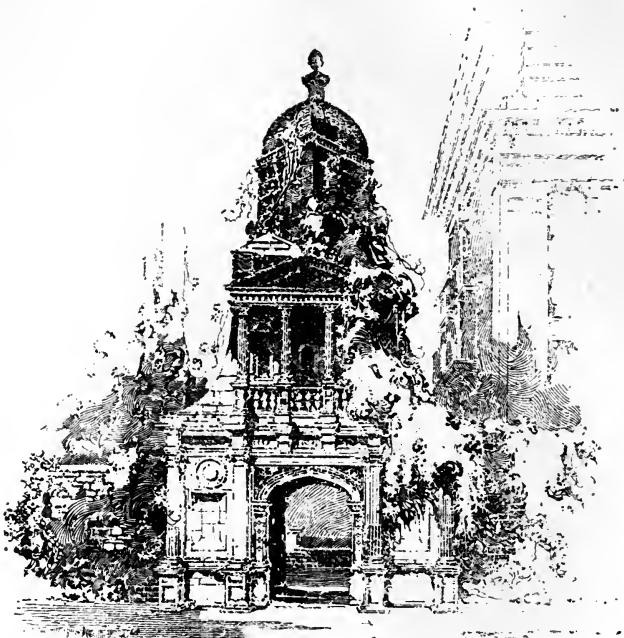
(1783-1859)

MASTER SIMON has informed me, in great confidence, that he suspects the General of some design upon the susceptible heart of Lady Lillycraft. I have, indeed, noticed a growing attention and courtesy in the veteran towards her ladyship; he softens very much in her company, sits by her at table, and entertains her with long stories about Seringapatam, and pleasant anecdotes of the Mulligatawney club. I have even seen him present her with a full-blown rose from the hot-house, in a style of the most captivating gallantry, and it was accepted with great suavity and graciousness; for her ladyship delights in receiving the homage and attention of the sex.

Indeed, the General was one of the earliest admirers that dangled in her train during her short reign of beauty; and they flirted together for half a season in London, some thirty or forty years since. She reminded him lately, in the course of conversation about former days, of the time when he used to ride a white horse and to canter so gallantly by the side of her carriage in Hyde Park; whereupon I have remarked that the veteran has regularly escorted her since, when she rides out on



"I HAVE EVEN SEEN HIM PRESENT HER WITH  
A FULL-BLOWN ROSE"



Cornell College  
*The Gate of Honor*



horseback ; and I suspect he almost persuades himself that he makes as captivating an appearance as in his youthful days.

Still, however, this may be nothing but a little venerable flirtation, the General being a veteran dangler, and the good lady habituated to these kind of attentions. Master Simon, on the other hand, thinks the General is looking about him with the wary eye of an old campaigner ; and now that he is on the wane, is desirous of getting into warm winter quarters.

There are certain symptoms that give an air or probability of Master Simon's intimations. Thus, for instance, I have observed that the General has been very assiduous in his attentions to her ladyship's dogs, and has several times exposed his fingers to imminent jeopardy, in attempting to pat Beauty on the head. It is to be hoped his advances to the mistress will be more favourably received, as all his overtures towards a caress are greeted by the pestilent little cur with a wary kindling of the eye, and a most venomous growl.

He has, moreover, been very complaisant towards the lady's gentlewoman, the immaculate Mrs. Hannah, whom he used to speak of in a way that I do not choose to mention. Whether she has the same suspicions with Master Simon or not, I cannot say ; but she receives his civilities with no better grace than the implacable Beauty ; unscrewing her mouth into a most acid smile, and looking as though she could bite a piece out of him.

There is still another circumstance which inclines me to give very considerable credit to Master

Simon's suspicions. Lady Lillycraft is very fond of quoting poetry, and the conversation often turns upon it, on which occasions the General is thrown completely out. It happened the other day that Spenser's *Fairy Queen* was the theme for the great part of the morning, and the poor General sat perfectly silent. I found him not long after in the library, with spectacles on nose, a book in his hand, and fast asleep. On my approach he awoke, slipt the spectacles into his pocket, and began to read very attentively. After a little while he put a paper in the place, and laid the volume aside, which I perceived was the *Fairy Queen*. I have had the curiosity to watch how he got on in his poetical studies; but though I have repeatedly seen him with the book in his hand, yet I find the paper has not advanced above three or four pages; the General being extremely apt to fall asleep when he reads.





## *The* CITIZEN *of the* WORLD

### THE SHOPS OF LONDON

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728-1774)

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer, that they have no intentions to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a night-cap ; immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive ; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye ; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not

less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former; the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for night-caps. My very good friend, said I to the mercer, you must not pretend to instruct me in silks, I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy *Bungees*. *That may be*, cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life, *I can't pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you, my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning*. But, friend, said I, though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a night-cap. *That may be*, returned he again, *yet what becomes a pretty lady, will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman*. This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face, that even though I disliked the silk, I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a night-cap.

While this business was consigned to his journeyman, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me, *There*, cries he, *there's beauty, my Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birth-night this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats*. But I don't want a waistcoat, replied I: *Not want a waistcoat*, returned the mercer, *then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, you may depend upon it they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside*. There was so much justice in his advice, that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good

one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which I know not how, they executed but slowly ; during the interval, the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning gowns ; *Perhaps, Sir,* adds he, *you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn.* Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me, which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. *If the nobility,* continues he, *were to know I sold this to any under a Right Honourable, I should certainly lose their custom ; you see, my Lord, it is at once rich, tasty, and quite the thing.* I am no Lord, interrupted I.—*I beg pardon,* cried he, *but be pleased to remember, when you intend buying a morning gown, that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, Sir, conscience is my way of dealing ; you may buy a morning gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable, but it is not my business to advise.* In short, most reverend *Fum*, he persuaded me to buy a morning gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting with some astonishment, how this very man with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations ! I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine ; yet by a

voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant, somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigour, uniformity, and success. Adieu.

## MERRY LONDON

BY EDMUND SPENSER (1552-1599)

At length they all to merry London came,  
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,  
That to me gave this life's first native source,  
Though from another place I take my name,  
An house of ancient fame :  
There when they came whereas those bricky towers  
The which on 'Thames' broad aged back do ride,  
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,  
There whilome went the Templar-knights to bide,  
Till they decay'd through pride ;  
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,  
Where oft I gainèd gifts and goodly grace  
Of that great lord, which therein went to dwell,  
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;  
But ah ! here fits not well  
Old woes, but joys to tell  
Against the bridal day, which is not long :  
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.



# THE COUNTY AND THE FIVE TOWNS

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

THE county is happy in not exciting remark. It is content that Shropshire should possess that swollen bump, the Wrekin, and that the exaggerated wildness of the Peak should lie over its border. It does not desire to be a pancake, like Cheshire. It has everything that England has, including thirty miles of Watling Street; and England can show nothing more beautiful and nothing uglier than the works of nature and the works of man to be seen within the limits of the county. It is England in little, lost in the midst of England, unsung by searchers after the extreme; perhaps occasionally somewhat sore at this neglect, but how proud in the instinctive cognizance of its representative features and traits!

On every side the fields and moors of Staffordshire, intersected by roads and lanes, railways, watercourses and telegraph-lines, patterned by hedges, ornamented and made respectable by halls and genteel parks, enlivened by villages at the intersections, and warmly surveyed by the sun, spread out undulating. And trains were rushing round curves in deep cuttings, and carts and waggons trotting and jingling on the yellow roads, and long narrow boats passing in a leisure majestic and infinite over the surface of the stolid canals; the rivers had only themselves to support, for Stafford-

shire rivers have remained virgin of keels to this day. One could imagine the messages concerning prices, sudden death, and horses, in their flight through the wires under the feet of birds. In the inns Utopians were shouting the universe into order over beer, and in the halls and parks the dignity of England was being preserved in a fitting manner. The villages were full of women who did nothing but fight against dirt and hunger, and repair the effects of friction on clothes. Thousands of labourers were in the fields, but the fields were so broad and numerous that this scattered multitude was totally lost therein. The cuckoo was much more perceptible than man, dominating whole square miles with his resounding call. And on the airy moors heath-larks played in the ineffaceable mule-tracks that had served centuries before even the Romans thought of Watling Street.

The fact is, that while in the county they were also in the district. Nobody, even if he should be old and have nothing to do but reflect upon things in general, ever thinks about the county. So far as the county goes, the district might almost as well be in the middle of Sahara. It ignores the county, save that it uses it nonchalantly sometimes as leg-stretcher on holiday afternoons, as a man may use his back garden. It has nothing in common with the county; it is richly sufficient to itself. Nevertheless, its self-sufficiency and the true salt savour of its life can only be appreciated by picturing it hemmed in by county. It lies on the face of the county like an insignificant stain, like a dark Pleiades in a green and empty sky. And Ham-



bridge has the shape of a horse and its rider, Bursley of half a donkey, Knype of a pair of trowsers, Longshaw of an octopus, and little Turnhill of a beetle. The Five Towns seem to cling together for safety. Yet the idea of clinging together for safety would make them laugh. They are unique and indispensable. From the north of the county right down to the south they stand alone for civilization, applied science, organized manufacture, and the century—until you come to Wolverhampton. They are unique and indispensable because you cannot drink tea out of a tea-cup without the aid of the Five Towns; because you cannot eat a meal in decency without the aid of the Five Towns. For this the architecture of the Five Towns is an architecture of ovens and chimneys; for this its architecture is as black as its mud; for this it burns and smokes all night, so that Longshaw has been compared to hell; for this it is unlearned in the ways of agriculture, never having seen corn except as packing straw and in quartern loaves; for this, on the other hand, it comprehends the mysterious habits of fire and pure, sterile earth; for this it lives crammed together in slippery streets where the house-wife must change white window-curtains at least once a fortnight if she wishes to remain respectable; for this it gets up in the mass at 6 a.m., winter and summer, and goes to bed when the public-houses close; for this it exists—that you may drink tea out of a tea-cup and toy with a chop on a plate. All the everyday crockery used in the kingdom is made in the Five Towns—all, and much besides.



## STONEHENGE

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

WE left the train at Salisbury, and took a carriage to Amesbury, passing by Old Sarum, a bare, treeless hill, once containing the town which sent two members to Parliament—now, not a hut ;—and, arriving at Amesbury, stopped at the George Inn. After dinner, we walked to Salisbury Plain. On the broad downs, under the gray sky, not a house was visible, nothing but Stonehenge, which looked like a group of brown dwarfs in the wide expanse—Stonehenge and the barrows—which rose like green bosses about the plain, and a few hayricks. On the top of a mountain, the old temple would not be more impressive. Far and wide a few shepherds with their flocks sprinkled the plain, and a bagman drove along the road. It looked as if the wide margin given in this crowded isle to this primeval temple was accorded by the veneration of the British race to the old egg out of which all their ecclesiastical structures and history had proceeded. Stonehenge is a circular colonnade with a diameter of a hundred feet, and enclosing a second and a third colonnade within. We walked round the stones, and clambered over them, to wont ourselves

with their strange aspect and groupings, and found a nook sheltered from the wind among them, where C.<sup>1</sup> lighted his cigar. It was pleasant to see, that, just this simplest of all simple structures — two upright stones and a lintel laid across — had long outstood all later churches, and all history, and were like what is most permanent on the face of the planet: these, and the barrows—mere mounds, (of which there are a hundred and sixty within a circle of three miles about Stonehenge,) like the same mound on the plain of Troy, which still makes good to the passing mariner on Hellespont, the vaunt of Homer and the fame of Achilles. Within the enclosure, grow buttercups, nettles, and, all around, wild thyme, daisy, meadowsweet, golden-rod, thistle, and the carpeting grass. Over us, larks were soaring and singing—as my friend said, “the larks which were hatched last year, and the wind which was hatched many thousand years ago.” We counted and measured by paces the biggest stones, and soon knew as much as any man can suddenly know of the inscrutable temple. There are ninety-four stones, and there were once probably one hundred and sixty. The temple is circular, and uncovered, and the situation fixed astronomically—the grand entrances here, and at Abury, being placed exactly north-east, “as all the gates of the old cavern temples are.” How came the stones here? for these *sarsens*, or Druidical sandstones, are not found in this neighbourhood. The *sacrificial stone*, as it is called, is the only one in all these blocks, that can resist the action of fire, and as I

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle.

read in the books, must have been brought one hundred and fifty miles.

On almost every stone we found the marks of the mineralogist's hammer and chisel. The nineteen smaller stones of the inner circle are of granite. I, who had just come from Professor Sedgwick's Cambridge Museum of megatheria and mastodons, was ready to maintain that some cleverer elephants or mylodonta had borne off and laid these rocks one on another. Only the good beasts must have known how to cut a well-wrought tenon and mortise, and to smooth the surface of some of the stones. The chief mystery is, that any mystery should have been allowed to settle on so remarkable a monument, in a country on which all the muses have kept their eyes now for eighteen hundred years. We are not yet too late to learn much more than is known of this structure. Some diligent Fellowes or Layard will arrive, stone by stone, at the whole history, by that exhaustive British sense and perseverance, so whimsical in its choice of objects, which leaves its own Stonehenge or Choir Gaur to the rabbits, whilst it opens pyramids, and uncovers Nineveh. Stonehenge, in virtue of the simplicity of its plan, and its good preservation, is as if new and recent ; and, a thousand years hence, men will thank this age for the accurate history it will yet eliminate. We walked in and out, and took again and again a fresh look at the uncanny stones. The old sphinx put our petty differences of nationality out of sight. To these conscious stones we two pilgrims were alike known and near. We could equally well revere their old British meaning. My

philosopher was subdued and gentle. In this quiet house of destiny, he happened to say, "I plant cypresses wherever I go, and if I am in search of pain, I cannot go wrong." The spot, the gray blocks, and their rude order, which refuses to be disposed of, suggested to him the flight of ages, and the succession of religions. The old times of England impress C. much: he reads little, he says, in these last years, but "*Acta Sanctorum*," the fifty-three volumes of which are in the London Library. He finds all English history therein. He can see, as he reads, the old saint of Iona sitting there, and writing, a man to men. The *Acta Sanctorum* show plainly that the men of those times believed in God, and in the immortality of the soul, as their abbeys and cathedrals testify: now, even the puritanism is all gone. London is pagan. He fancied that greater men had lived in England, than any of her writers; and, in fact, about the time when those writers appeared, the last of these were already gone.

We left the mound in the twilight, with the design to return the next morning, and coming back two miles to our inn, we were met by little showers, and late as it was, men and women were out attempting to protect their spread wind-rows. The grass grows rank and dark in the showery England. At the inn, there was only milk for one cup of tea. When we called for more, the girl brought us three drops. My friend was annoyed who stood for the credit of an English inn, and still more, the next morning, by the dog-cart, sole procurable vehicle, in which we were to be sent to Wilton. I engaged the local antiquary, Mr. Brown, to go with us to

Stonehenge, on our way, and show us what he knew of the "astronomical" and "sacrificial" stones. I stood on the last, and he pointed to the upright, or rather, inclined stone, called the "astronomical," and bade me notice that its top ranged with the sky-line. "Yes." Very well. Now, at the summer solstice, the sun rises exactly over the top of that stone, and, at the Druidical temple at Abury, there is also an astronomical stone, in the same relative positions.

In the silence of tradition, this one relation to science becomes an important clue ; but we were content to leave the problem, with the rocks. Was this the "Giants' Dance" which Merlin brought from Killaraus, in Ireland, to be Uther Pendragon's monument to the British nobles whom Hengist slaughtered here, as Geoffrey of Monmouth relates ? or was it a Roman work, as Inigo Jones explained to King James ; or identical in design and style with the East Indian temples of the sun, as Davies in the "Celtic Researches" maintains ? Of all the writers, Stukeley is the best. The heroic antiquary, charmed with the geometric perfections of his ruin, connects it with the oldest monuments and religion of the world, and with the courage of his tribe, does not stick to say, "the Deity who made the world by the scheme of Stonehenge." He finds that the *cursus*<sup>1</sup> on Salisbury Plain stretches across the downs,

<sup>1</sup> Connected with Stonehenge are an avenue and a *cursus*. The avenue is a narrow road of raised earth, extending 594 yards in a straight line from the grand entrance, then dividing into two branches, which lead, severally, to a row of barrows ; and to the *cursus*,—an artificially formed flat tract of ground. This is half a mile north-east from Stonehenge, bounded by banks and ditches 3036 yards long, by 110 broad.

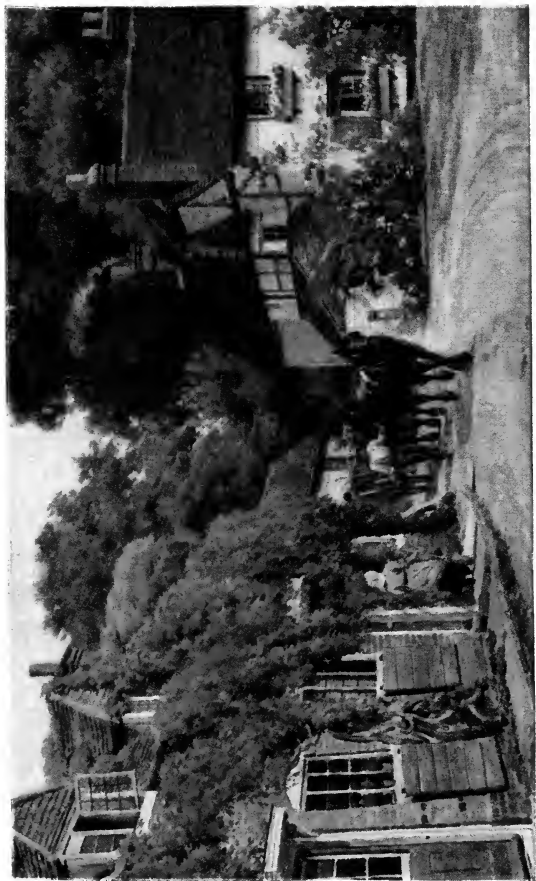
like a line of latitude upon the globe, and the meridian line of Stonehenge passes exactly through the middle of this *cursus*. But here is the high point of the theory: the Druids had the magnet; laid their courses by it; their cardinal points in Stonehenge, Ambresbury, and elsewhere, which vary a little from true east and west, followed the variations of the compass. The Druids were Phœnicians. The name of the magnet is *lapis Heracleus*, and Hercules was the god of the Phœnicians. Hercules, in the legend, drew his bow at the sun, and the sun-god gave him a golden cup, with which he sailed over the ocean. What was this, but a compass-box? This cup or little boat, in which the magnet was made to float on water, and so show the north, was probably its first form, before it was suspended on a pin. But science was an *arcanum*, and, as Britain was a Phœnician secret, so they kept their compass a secret, and it was lost with the Tyrian commerce. The golden fleece, again, of Jason, was the compass—a bit of loadstone, easily supposed to be the only one in the world, and therefore naturally awakening the cupidity and ambition of the young heroes of a maritime nation to join in an expedition to obtain possession of this wise stone. Hence the fable that the ship *Argo* was loquacious and oracular. There is also some curious coincidence in the names. Apollodorus makes *Magnes* the son of *Æolus*, who married *Nais*. On hints like these, Stukeley builds again the grand colonnade into historic harmony, and computing backward by the known variations of the compass, bravely assigns the year 406 before Christ, for the date of the temple.

For the difficulty of handling and carrying stones of this size, the like is done in all cities, every day, with no other aid than horse power. I chanced to see a year ago men at work on the substructure of a house in Bowdoin Square, in Boston, swinging a block of granite of the size of the largest of the Stonehenge columns with an ordinary derrick. The men were common masons, with Paddies to help, nor did they think they were doing anything remarkable. I suppose, there were as good men a thousand years ago. And we wonder how Stonehenge was built and forgotten. After spending half an hour on the spot, we set forth in our dog-cart over the downs for Wilton, C. not suppressing some threats and evil omens on the proprietors, for keeping these broad plains a wretched sheep-walk, when so many thousands of English men were hungry and wanted labour. But I heard afterwards that it is not an economy to cultivate this land, which only yields one crop on being broken up and is then spoiled.

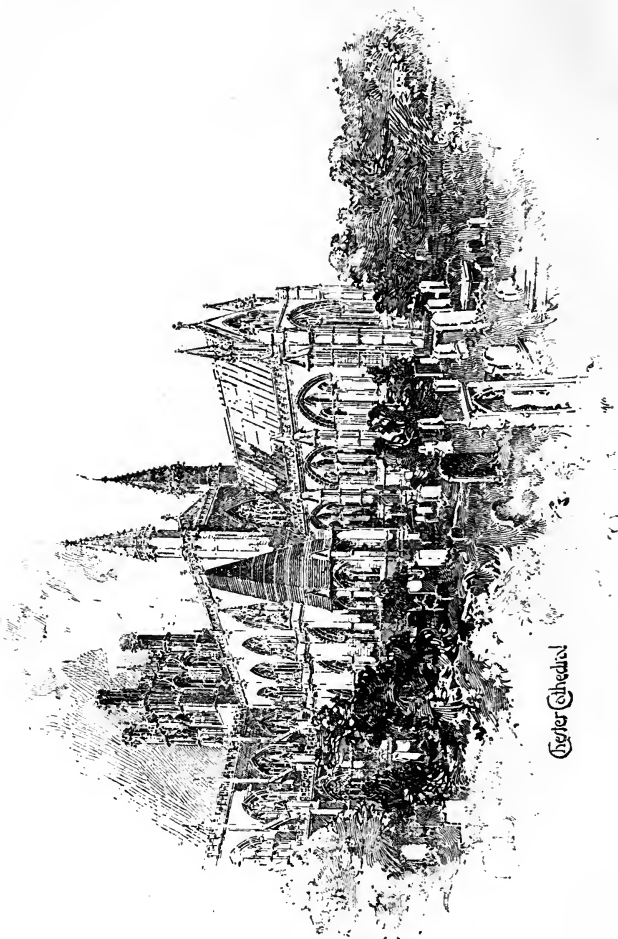


H. C.





THE VILLAGE WAIN



Westminster Cathedral



TWO PASSAGES FROM  
ELIZABETHAN PLAYS

I. BY GEORGE PEELE

(1558-1597 ?)

TRIUMPHANT Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,  
Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,  
To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms !  
Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies :  
Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,  
My lusty western lads : Matrevars, thou  
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war  
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return.  
Thus Longshanka bids his soldiers *Bien venu*.

O God, my God, the brightness of my day,  
How oft has thou preserv'd thy servant safe,  
By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death !  
O God, to thee how highly am I bound  
For setting me with these on English ground !  
One of my mansion-houses will I give  
To be a college for my maimèd men,  
Where every one shall have an hundred marks  
Of yearly pension to his maintenance :  
A soldier that for Christ and country fights  
Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives.  
Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,  
And give your largess to these maimèd mer.  
*King Edward I.*

## II. BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564-1616)

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demi-paradise ;  
This fortress built by Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war ;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-  
land,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
For Christian service and true chivalry,  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son ;  
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
Dear for her reputation through the world.

*King Richard II, Act II, Sc. i.*



## A WESSEX HAYFIELD

BY WALTER RAYMOND

A FEW miles from my cottage is a quiet coombe, so remote that the spirit of past time lingers in every nook and colours each thought and utterance. It is shaped like a cup, and gently sloping hills circle around with even brim. At the bottom lie level meadows and a hamlet of three or four homesteads, with a sprinkling of cottages and a little mill beside a winding brook. It has no name of its own upon the map. It forms an outlying part of a parish that cannot be seen from the hill-top. But it still holds one draught of the unmixed wine of happy, simple life.

Around this spot lies a pastoral country.

Here and there on the hill-side may be found a square arable patch ; but at that time of the year, before the corn had begun to yellow, it was scarcely to be distinguished in colour from the surrounding fields of grass.

With so little land broken to the furrow, ploughing is soon done. Between the beginning of reaping

and the hauling of the last load may be but a few days, unless work be hindered by rain. Only in early summer, when all the good folk turn out to save the hay, is there a brief spell of activity in the lonely meadows of this restful valley.

I first came upon it that afternoon, driven afield by the boastful cleanliness of Mrs. Matthew Critchell. I lay down to rest in the middle of a hayfield, in the dappled shade under the branches of a spreading oak. A lark sang overhead. Wagtails came from the brook to forage on the newly cut grass, and ran to catch the flies almost at my feet. Wood-quests were cooing in the distant spinney on the side of the hill, and now and again a jackdaw spoke from the hollow tree beyond the hedge. The rattle of the horse-rake mingled with voices, far away, where the rick was a-building in the corner of the field.

For the hay was dry and "up in pook," and slowly the waggon drew near down its avenue between the fragrant heaps. There were two loaders on the top, a pitcher on each side, and a boy at the old black horse's head. And each time, as soon as the pooks alongside the waggon were pitched, the shrill voice of the boy shouted, "Hold vast!" The men on the load steadied themselves, leaning on their picks. The boy cried "Black-bird-a!" Then came a jingling of harness-chains, a creaking of wheels, and the waggon drew nearer by a stage. The boy cried "Whoa!" And as the voices came slowly in hearing and distinct, I overheard between each "Whoa!" and the succeeding "Hold vast!" a little eclogue.

“I don’t put no belief at all in no such thing. Zo there !”

“I do, then. Don’t you, John ?”

“What’s that ?”

“Why, don’t you believe then that if a man—or a ooman, too, zo vur as that do go—do take the precaution to put on his lef’ sock or stocken avore he do his right, when he do jump out o’ bed of a marnen, he’ll never have the toothache zo long as he do live an’ mind to do it ?”

“I can’t zay nothen ’t all about it. I never didn’t make no trial o’ it.”

“Wull. Vather done it all his life, and he never had zo much as a twinge. An’ mother too. An’ she never had toothache till she wur up zixty. But she zaid, what wi’ bringen up a long family an’ thinkin’ of other things like, mayhap she hadn’ always a-carred it in mind. She feeled wonderful sorry she hadn’. She would, I’ll warrant, if she had a-had her time over again. For the poor ooman in latter years did oftentimes have a face a-bunched up zo big as two.”

“But I can’t zee no sense in it. What is toothache, now ? Why, toothache is when a worm or maggot do gnaw into the tooth. You can’t zee un, but he’s there. I heard a traveller chap tell all about it. I don’t zee, myzelf, what any stocken have a-got to do wi’ thik worm.”

“Maybe not. There be zome things in thëas life zo deep they can’t be zeed.”

“Ay. An’ there be folk about nowadays, too, zo shallow they can’t zee what’s plain, and can’t believe nothing they can’t zee. What do you zay, John ?”

"I never didn' make no trial o' it. To be sure, I've a-suffered the toothache most woful bad. Mid be right. But I shouldn' place any reliance 'pon it, myself—not vor a holler tooth."

"Ah, no! Now who zaid anything about a holler tooth? I never used the words."

"Hold vast . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"

There followed a brief interval of thoughtful silence. The air had become very close and sultry. Flies were troublesome, and the old black horse shook himself in his harness.

"By la! Bless my heart! Volk don't believe one-half now o' what they used to."

"'T'es a age o' unbelief, I do call it. Why, I've a-heard them zay that the new man what have a-tookt the chemist's shop in to town do zay outright that there idden no God an' there idden no devil."

"Do er now? I do know there mus' be One above. Or where did this grass come vrom?"

"To be sure. You didden make it, did ee? Not that."

"You zee, a man mid haul a vew load o' dung, an' run over the groun' wi' a chain-harrow an' a roller, or the like o' that. But he can't make zo much as a blade vor hiszelf, can er? All he can do is to improve, in a manner o' speaken, 'pon what th' Almighty have a-done avore. Dash my wig, if I'd drink physic from such a fool as that. 'Tis zo much as ever I'd gie a drench to a bullock."

"Now, for my part, I always did believe in One above. An' always shall, please God. But I've



a-wondered in my mind, like, more 'an once, an' more 'an twice, about thik devil."

From close beside the horse's head came a treble pipe, with all the certainty of a song-thrush on an elm-tree of a spring evening.

"I do know there is a devil."

"How dost know that, then, my bwoy?"

"My father have a-seed un."

"Wha-a-at?"

"He have then. An' had a talk wi' un, too. For he told me so his own self."

"And how long ago wur it since that happened then, my bwoy?"

"Why, 'twur back last fall. The very night a'ter we had a-been a-catched up in archet a-stealen the apples."

"An' what had the wold gen'leman a-got so particular to say to your father?"

"Why, he said he wur out 'pon a look roun', like, an' axed un whe'er or no he could tell un o' any naughty little bwoys about."

"An' what did your father make reply?"

"Oh! he said he made so bold as to say 'No.' But we had best all o' us look out an' take care what we was about."

"Then look out now, bwoy, an' have on thik hoss."

"Hold vast . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"

A burly figure in shirt-sleeves and a broad straw hat rode up on a stout cob. I lay unobserved under the oak-tree; but as he drew near I saw it was my landlord.

"Come, come, my lads. There's a lot o' talk

an' chackle to-day, or so do seem to me. Get on so fast as you can. There's a thundercloud so big as a mountain a-climben over the hill. Get it together. There's some cider up to rick."

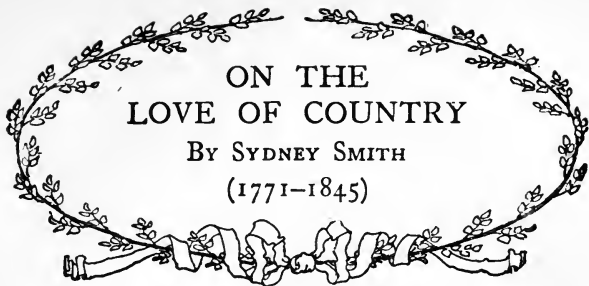
The farmer dismounted from his cob, secured the rein under the stirrup-strap, and set to work himself.

For the moment there was no more talk. Slowly the load rose higher and higher as the creaking wain kept on its way. The lark had dropped long ago. The wagtails came back now all was still. A pair of blue-tits, with a nest of young in the hollow of a leafless, storm-twisted limb of the oak, winged their constant brief excursions to and fro, never weary of dropping food into a dozen gaping mouths that nothing could satisfy.

Fainter and fainter to the soft accompaniment of the wood-pigeons came the repetition of the words—

"Hold vast! . . . Black-bird-a . . . Whoa!"





By the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, Oh Sion !—PSALM CXXXVII. 1.

THIS beautiful Psalm was written in commemoration of the Babylonish captivity, written, if we may judge, from the lively feelings it exhibits, soon after the period of that memorable event ; and, in truth, it is not possible to read it without emotion : It tells a tale of sorrow with that simple melancholy which the heart can only feel, and the imagination never counterfeit : They hung up their harps on the willow trees, they could not sing the songs of their God, for they were in captivity, and heaviness of spirit oppressed them ; they thought of their country, and sat down by the waters of Babylon to weep.

Whence, it may be asked, does this love of our country, this universal passion, proceed ? Why are not other soils as grateful, and other heavens as gay ? Why does the soul of man ever cling to that earth where it first knew pleasure, and pain, and, under the rough discipline of the passions, was roused to the dignity of moral life ? Is it only that our country contains our kindred, and our friends ? It cannot be this ; the most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols,

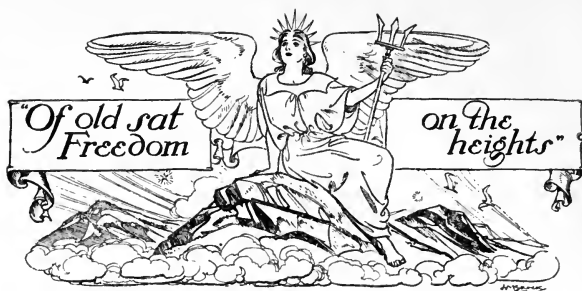
and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters, under shadowy cedars of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the climates of the sun ; he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity ; he will sit down and weep by the waters of Babylon, when he remembers thee, Oh Sion.

The love of our country has been ridiculed by some modern enthusiasts, as too narrow a field for the benevolence of an enlightened mind ; they are for comprehending the whole human race in our affections, and deem any partiality shown to the particular country in which we happen to be born, as a narrow, and unphilosophical preference : Now, it would be difficult to say, whether complete selfishness, or universal philanthropy, is the most likely to mislead us from that sound practical goodness, in which the beauty of Christianity, and the merit of a Christian, consist. Our sphere of thoughts has hardly any limits, our sphere of action hardly any extent ; we may speculate on worlds, we must act in families, in districts, and in kingdoms ; and if we contract a distaste for the good we can do, because it is not equal to the good we can conceive, we only sacrifice deeds to words, and rule our lives by maxims of the most idle, and ostentatious sentiment.

There is a crime committed against the country, in times of its adversity, which is certainly of the

most sordid, and selfish nature ; that men who derive not only protection, but opulence, from a country in the days of its prosperity, should, upon any appearance of alarm, be ever ready to retire with person, and property to other countries, is a principle subversive of all political union whatsoever. What nation could exist for a moment, if, in the day of danger, and war, when the kingdoms were gathered together against her, she saw her treasures dispersed, and her children fled ? Are we not all linked together by language, by birth, by habits, by opinions, by virtues, for worse, for better, for glory, for shame, for peace, for war, for plenty, for want ? Will you shudder to interweave your destiny with the destiny of your country ? Can you possibly think of your own security when your land is weary, and fainting because of her great afflictions ? And when all whom you know, and love can die, and suffer, would you alone live, and rejoice ? *If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem ! let my right hand forget her cunning : If I do not remember thee in the time of my trouble, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.*





BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892)

OF old sat Freedom on the heights,  
    The thunders breaking at her feet :  
Above her shook the starry lights :  
    She heard the torrents meet.  
There in her place she did rejoice,  
    Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,  
But fragments of her mighty voice  
    Came rolling on the wind.  
Then step she down thro' town and field  
    To mingle with the human race,  
And part by part to men reveal'd  
    The fullness of her face—  
Grave mother of majestic works,  
    From her isle-altar gazing down,  
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,  
    And, King-like, wears the crown :  
Her open eyes desire the truth.  
    The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
    Keep dry their light from tears ;  
That her fair form may stand and shine,  
    Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
    The falsehood of extremes !



BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE  
(1804-1864)

ITALY has nothing like it, nor America. There never was such weather except in England, where, in requital of a vast amount of horrible east-wind between February and June, and a brown October and black November, and a wet, chill, sunless winter, there are a few weeks of incomparable summer, scattered through July and August, and the earlier portion of September, small in quantity, but exquisite enough to atone for the whole year's atmospherical delinquencies. After all, the prevalent sombreness may have brought out those sunny intervals in such high relief, that I see them, in my recollection, brighter than they really were: a little light makes a glory for people who live habitually in a gray gloom. The English, however, do not seem to know how enjoyable the momentary gleams of their summer are; they call it broiling weather, and hurry to the seaside with red, perspiring faces, in a state of combustion and deliquescence; and I have observed that even their cattle have similar susceptibilities, seeking the deepest shade, or standing mid-leg deep in pools and streams to cool themselves, at temperatures which our own cows would deem little more than

barely comfortable. To myself, after the summer heats of my native land had somewhat effervesced out of my blood and memory, it was the weather of Paradise itself. It might be a little too warm ; but it was that modest and inestimable superabundance which constitutes a bounty of Providence, instead of just a niggardly enough. During my first year in England, residing in perhaps the most ungenial part of the kingdom, I could never be quite comfortable without a fire on the hearth ; in the second twelvemonth, beginning to get acclimatized, I became sensible of austere friendliness, shy, but sometimes almost tender, in the veiled, shadowy, seldom smiling summer ; and in the succeeding years—whether that I had renewed my fibre with English beef and replenished my blood with English ale, or whatever were the cause—I grew content with winter and especially in love with summer, desiring little more for happiness than merely to breathe and bask. At the midsummer which we are now speaking of, I must needs confess that the noontide sun came down more fervently than I found altogether tolerable ; so that I was fain to shift my position with the shadow of the shrubbery, making myself the movable index of a sundial that reckoned up the hours of an almost interminable day.

For each day seemed endless, though never wearisome. As far as your actual experience is concerned, the English summer-day has positively no beginning and no end. When you awake, at any reasonable hour, the sun is already shining through the curtains ; you live through unnum-



bered hours of Sabbath quietude, with a calm variety of incident softly etched upon their tranquil lapse; and at length you become conscious that it is bedtime again, while there is still enough daylight in the sky to make the pages of your book distinctly legible. Night, if there be any such season, hangs down a transparent veil through which the bygone day beholds its successor; or, if not quite true of the latitude of London, it may be soberly affirmed of the more northern parts of the island, that To-morrow is born before its Yesterday is dead. They exist together in the golden twilight, where the decrepit old day dimly discerns the face of the ominous infant; and you, though a mere mortal, may simultaneously touch them both, with one finger of recollection and another of prophecy. I cared not how long the day might be, nor how many of them. I had earned this repose by a long course of irksome toil and perturbation, and could have been content never to stray out of the limits of that suburban villa and its garden. If I lacked anything beyond, it would have satisfied me well enough to dream about it, instead of struggling for its actual possession. At least, this was the feeling of the moment; although the transitory, flitting, and irresponsible character of my life there was perhaps the most enjoyable element of all, as allowing me much of the comfort of house and home without any sense of their weight upon my back. The nomadic life has great advantages, if we can find tents ready pitched for us at every stage.

## AN OLD SCHOOLMASTER

HOUSEHOLD WORDS, 1850: *A Sample of the  
Old School*

OLD BOB,<sup>1</sup> in the face, was rather like Socrates ; in form, save as to shoulders, he strongly resembled Punch. . . . He dressed the character of the old schoolmaster, from the shovel-hat and powdered bald head to the gaiters, as correctly as if he proposed to act it in a farce.

. . . In general Old Bob was good-tempered, patient and forbearing, not punishing without fair warning, and then with deliberate dignity. But on peculiar provocation, as by anything like the exhibition of a mutinous spirit, especially on the part of a big boy, he lost all control of himself. His face grew pale, his eyes twinkled ominously, he would puff his cheeks out, and his whole form appeared actually to swell. Then, pulling up his nether garments—a habit with him when in a rage—and his voice shaking with passion, he would exclaim, “Take care, Sir. Let me not hear thee say that again. If thou dost, I’ll whip thee. I’d whip thee if thou wast as high as the house ! I’d whip thee if thou wast as big as Goliath !!” and it was generally understood among us that he would have done so in either case. . . .

<sup>1</sup> The Hyde Abbey Boys’ School, Winchester, was founded about 1760 ; it ended in 1833 on death of Rev. Chas. Richards (“Old Bob”), who was schoolmaster for fifty years, thirty-one of which he was also vicar of the parish. He retired in 1828, and on his death the whole of the premises were put up to auction.

. . . Such implicit confidence had Old Bob in birch that he imagined he could absolutely whip us up Parnassus, and he very often flogged a boy for not being able to do his verses. "I'll make thee a poet, my boy," he used to say, "or the rod shall."

Old Bob had a very high idea of the force of example. Incredible as it may appear, it is a fact that he would send a troublesome pupil to see an execution (at Winchester Gaol). I once witnessed him doing this. The boy in question was incorrigibly mischievous, and given to roguish pranks. Addressing him by name, Old Bob said, "There is a man to be hanged this morning. Go and see him, my boy. Thou art a bad boy, and it will do thee good. You"—turning to an elder boy—"you go with him and take charge of him." Truly this was carrying out the principle of "the good old school."



## THE EVE OF ST. MARK.<sup>1</sup>

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

UPON a Sabbath-day it fell ;  
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell,  
That call'd the folk to evening prayer ;  
The city streets were clean and fair  
From wholesome drench of April rains ;  
And, on the western window panes,  
The chilly sunset faintly told  
Of unmatured green, vallies cold,  
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,  
Of rivers new with spring-tide sedge,  
Of primroses by shelter'd rills,  
And daisies on the aguish hills.  
Twice holy was the Sabbath-bell :  
The silent streets were crowded well  
With staid and pious companies,  
Warm from their fire-side orat'ries ;  
And moving, with demurest air,  
To even-song, and vesper prayer,  
Each arched porch, and entry low,  
Was fill'd with patient folk and slow,  
With whispers hush, and shuffling feet,  
While play'd the organ loud and sweet.  
The bells had ceased, the prayers begun,  
And Bertha had not yet half done

<sup>1</sup> Keats wrote from Winchester in 1819 : "Sometime since I began a poem called 'The Eve of St. Mark,' quite in the spirit of quietude. I think I will give you the sensation of walking about an old country town in the coolish evening. I know not whether I shall ever finish it. . . ."

A curious volume, patch'd and torn,  
That all day long, from earliest morn,  
Had taken captive her two eyes,  
Among its golden broideries ;  
Perplex'd her with a thousand things,—  
The stars of heaven, and angels' wings,  
Martyrs in a fiery blaze,  
Azure saints and silver rays,  
Moses' breastplate, and the seven  
Candlesticks John saw in heaven,  
The winged Lion of Saint Mark,  
And the Covenantal Ark,  
With its many mysteries  
Cherubim and golden mice.

Bertha was a maiden fair,  
Dwelling in th' old minster-square ;  
From her fire-side she could see,  
Sidelong, its rich antiquity,  
Far as the Bishop's garden-wall ;  
Where sycamores and elm-trees tall,  
Full-leaved, the forest had outstript,  
By no sharp north-wind ever nipt,  
So shelter'd by the mighty pile.  
Bertha arose, and read awhile,  
With forehead 'gainst the window-pane.  
Again she tried, and then again,  
Until the dusk eve left her dark  
Upon the legend of St. Mark.  
From plaited lawn-frill, fine and thin,  
She lifted up her soft warm chin,  
With aching neck and swimming eyes,  
And dazed with saintly imag'ries.

All was gloom, and silent all,  
Save now and then the still foot-fall  
Of one returning homewards late,  
Past the echoing minster-gate.  
The clamorous daws, that all the day  
Above tree-tops and towers play,  
Pair by pair had gone to rest,  
Each in its ancient belfry-nest,  
Where asleep they fall betimes,  
To music and the drowsy chimes.  
All was silent, all was gloom,  
Abroad and in the homely room :  
Down she sat, poor cheated soul !  
And struck a lamp from the dismal coal ;  
Lean'd forward, with bright drooping hair  
And slant book, full against the glare.  
Her shadow, in uneasy guise,  
Hover'd about, a giant size,  
On ceiling-beam and old oak chair,  
The parrot's cage, and panel square ;  
And the warm angled winter-screen,  
On which were many monsters seen,  
Call'd doves of Siam, Lima mice,  
And legless birds of Paradise,  
Macaw, and tender Av'davat,  
And silken-furr'd Angora cat.  
Untired she read, her shadow still  
Glower'd about, as it would fill  
The room with wildest forms and shades,  
As though some ghostly queen of spades  
Had come to mock behind her back,  
And dance, and ruffle her garments black.  
Untired she read the legend page,

Of holy Mark, from youth to age,  
 On land, on sea, in pagan chains,  
 Rejoicing for his many pains.  
 Sometimes the learned eremite,  
 With golden star, or dagger bright,  
 Referr'd to pious poesies  
 Written in smallest crow-quill size  
 Beneath the text ; and thus the rhyme  
 Was parcell'd out from time to time :  
 ——“ Als writith he of swevenis,  
 Men han beforne they wake in bliss,  
 Whanne that hir friendes thinke him bound  
 In crimped shroude farre under grounde ;  
 And how a litling child mote be  
 A saint er its nativitie,  
 Gif that the modre (God her blesse !)  
 Kepen in solitarinesse,  
 And kissen devoute the holy croce.  
 Of Goddes love, and Sathan's force,—  
 He writith ; and thinges many mo  
 Of swiche thinges I may not shew.  
 Bot I must tellen verilie  
 Somdel of Saintè Cicilie,  
 And chieflie what he auctorethe  
 Of Saintè Markis life and dethe : ”

At length her constant eyelids come  
 Upon the fervent martyrdom ;  
 Then lastly to his holy shrine,  
 Exalt amid the tapers' shine  
 At Venice,—



IN  
PRAISE OF ENGLAND

BY A. G. GARDINER

AND when I say England, forgive me for once, O stern and wild Caledonian, if I mean Scotland too. For I cannot say "In praise of Great Britain." No pen with a holiday feeling coursing through its inky veins would consent to write in such cold formal phrase. The very nib would revolt against the outrage and splutter tears, blue-black tears, of honest protest upon the page. And besides, I mean Ireland as well, and I ask you, how can a man set out on a light-hearted literary excursion under the sign "In Praise of Great Britain and Ireland" or "In Praise of the United Kingdom"? I should find myself thinking of the British Constitution and Magna Charta and the Statute of Labourers and Ship Money and other solemn things. And instead I am thinking of the springing grass and the budding trees, the lambs that I know are gambolling in the chequered shade and the lark that is shouting the news of spring in the vault of the sky. I am thinking of the eternal delights of this wonderful world, and not of the mess that man has made of his own part in it. I am in that



mood in which I can find nothing in my head except one glorious, intoxicating refrain :

And oh, she danced in such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter Day  
Was half so fine a sight.

For the sun is high and the sky is blue, and the blossom is on the almond tree. I hear the whirr of cabs going by, and when I look up I see they are piled high with luggage, and, like the Tuscan gentlemen of old, I can "scarce forbear to cheer." For I am of the goodly company too, and when I have sung the praise of England I am going to take my reward. I, too, am going out to greet the spring in the woods and on the hillside. I am going to lean my ear in many a secret place and catch the ancient song of the earth that was sung before the cannon came and will endure when the cannon are dust. I know that nature, like man, is red in tooth and claw—

Still do I that most fierce destruction see—  
The shark at savage prey,—the hawk at pounce—  
The Gentle Robin, like a Pard or Ounce,  
Ravening a worm.

But when the spring has come and the sun is dancing in the Easter sky it is the song of earth and not its dirge that we hear.

And where shall we hear that song more rapturously than in England? If this war has no other virtue, it will at least teach some of us to discover our own country, for we are compelled to stay here whether we like it or not. There are people who will take this as a trial, for they never think of a holiday except in terms of foreign places. I

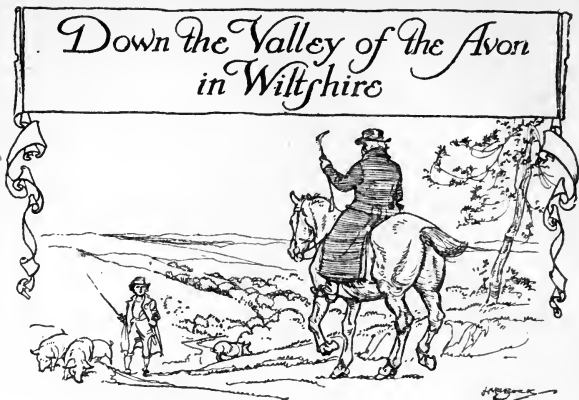
have no animus against foreign places. I am catholic enough in my tastes to enjoy a good thing wherever I find it. But, take away the snow mountains and the glaciers, and what will the Continent give you that England will not rival. Short of the sublimity of the Oberland, I think, very little. I once climbed Kitzbuhlhorn to see the sun rise over the Tyrol. It was a memorable experience, but for sheer magic a sunrise on Helvellyn is incomparably more wonderful. It is not merely the presence of the lakes gleaming like jewels in the deep valleys that gives the scene from Helvellyn the advantage over that from Kitzbuhlhorn : it is also the arrangement of the mountains. For it is the disposition of mountains as much as their altitude that makes for effect.

Take the Malvern hills, for example. The highest point, Worcester Beacon, is only about 1,500 ft. high ; but how boldly it rises from the plain, what an impressive, leonine fellow it looks. And what a panorama one has from its summit. A score of counties are spread out before you, and in one sweep of the eye you take in the whole country from the hills beyond Birmingham to the shining path of the Bristol Channel, and from the hills of Oxfordshire to the Black Mountain in Wales. It is doubtful whether any other range of hills of so inconsiderable an elevation makes so noble a feature of the landscape and offers so spacious a sky and so wide a horizon. I think I would go to the Malvern Hills forthwith, but for the fact that I love those hills best when the cuckoo has come, and but for the further fact that

there are so many other suitors whose claims must be considered.

It is, indeed, the inexhaustible variety of the English scenery that makes the problem of choosing a holiday ground at Easter so hard. There flashes across my mind as I write the vision of Dartmoor, for example, and I am seized with a wild desire to alter the address on my bag forthwith. For what is there like that great primeval boss on the face of nature, with its sense of antiquity, its romantic, castellated peaks and its wonderful sunsets that inspired T. E. Brown with one of his most memorable poems? Unique is an ugly and much-abused word, but it is the word that fits that mighty hump on the back of Devon. And when you are in Devon, do not forget the coast. North and south there are such walks by the sea as you will find hardly anywhere else. That walk from Sidmouth to Teignmouth—a stout pair of legs can do it in a day—will give you all the feeling of an Italian tour, for the combination of the red cliffs, the blue sea and sky and the brown moors has in it a strange and beautiful sense of the warm south that will glow in the memory all your days.

And now my praise is done, not because the subject is exhausted, but because the train waits and because everyone can fill in the blanks according to his own taste and experience. Rowland Hill said that the love of God was like a generous roast of beef—you could cut and come again. So it is with the riches of our land. Let us improve the hours of our imprisonment by discovering England.



BY WILLIAM COBBETT (1762–1835)

“Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn ;  
and, The labourer is worthy of his reward.”—Deuteronomy xxv.  
4 ; 1 Cor. ix. 9 ; 1 Tim. v. 9.

MILTON,  
Monday, 28 August.

I CAME off this morning on the Marlborough road about two miles, or three, and then turned off, over the downs, in a north-westerly direction, in search of the source of the Avon river, which goes down to Salisbury. I had once been at Nether-avon, a village in this valley ; but I had often heard this valley described as one of the finest pieces of land in all England ; I knew that there were about thirty parish churches, standing in a length of about thirty miles, and in an average width of hardly a mile ; and I was resolved to see a little into the *reasons* that could have induced our fathers to build all these churches, especially if, as the Scotch would have us believè, there were but a mere handful of people in England *until of late years*. . . .

In steering across the down, I came to a large farm, which a shepherd told me was Milton Hill Farm. This was upon the high land, and before I came to the edge of this *Valley of Avon*, which was my land of promise ; or at least, of great expectation ; for I could not imagine that thirty churches had been built *for nothing* by the side of a brook (for it is no more during the greater part of the way) thirty miles long. The shepherd showed me the way towards Milton ; and at the end of about a mile, from the top of a very high part of the down, with a steep slope towards the valley, I first saw this *Valley of Avon* ; and a most beautiful sight it was ! Villages, hamlets, large farms, towers, steeples, fields, meadows, orchards, and very fine timber trees, scattered all over the valley. The shape of the thing is this : on each side *downs*, very lofty and steep in some places, and sloping miles back in other places ; but each *out-side* of the valley are downs. From the edge of the downs begin capital *arable fields*, generally of very great dimensions, and, in some places, running a mile or two back into little *cross-valleys*, formed by hills of downs. After the corn-fields come *meadows* on each side, down to the *brook* or *river*. The farm-houses, mansions, villages, and hamlets are generally situated in that part of the arable land which comes nearest the meadows.

Great as my expectations had been, they were more than fulfilled. I delight in this sort of country ; and I had frequently seen the vale of the Itchen, that of the Bourn, and also that of the Teste in Hampshire ; I had seen the vales amongst

the South Downs ; but I never before saw anything to please me like this valley of the Avon. I sat upon my horse and looked over Milton and Easton and Pewsey for half an hour, though I had not breakfasted. The hill was very steep. A road, going slanting down it, was still so steep, and washed so very deep by the rains of ages, that I did not attempt to *ride* down it, and I did not like to lead my horse, the path was so narrow. So seeing a boy with a drove of pigs going out to the stubbles, I beckoned him to come up to me ; and he came and led my horse down for me. . . . Endless is the variety in the shape of the high lands which form this valley. Sometimes the slope is very gentle, and the arable lands go back very far. At others, the downs come out into the valley almost like piers into the sea, being very steep in their sides, as well as their ends towards the valley. They have no slope at their other ends : indeed they have no *back ends*, but run into the main high lands. There is also great variety in the width of the valley ; great variety in the width of the meadows ; but the land appears all to be of the very best ; and it must be so, for the farmers confess it.

From the top of the hill I was not a little surprised to see, in every part of the valley that my eye could reach, a due, a large, portion of fields of swedish turnips, all looking extremely well. I had found the turnips of both sorts by no means bad from Salt Hill to Newbury ; but from Newbury through Burghclere, Highclere, Uphusband, and Tangle, I had seen but few. At and about Ludgarshall and Everley I had seen hardly any. But

when I came this morning to Milton Hill Farm, I saw a very large field of what appeared to me to be fine swedish turnips. In the valley, however, I found them much finer, and the fields were very beautiful objects, forming, as their colour did, so great a contrast with that of the fallows and the stubbles, which latter are, this year, singularly clean and bright.

Having gotten to the bottom of the hill, I proceeded on to the village and the church of Milton. I left Easton away on my right, and I did not go up to Watton Rivers where the river Avon rises, and which lies just close to the south-west corner of Marlborough Forest, and at about 5 or 6 miles from the town of Marlborough. Lower down the river, as I thought, there lived a friend, who was a great farmer, and whom I intended to call on. It being my way, however, always to begin making inquiries soon enough, I asked the pig-driver where this friend lived; and, to my surprise, I found that he lived in the parish of Milton. After riding up to the church, as being the centre of the village, I went on towards the house of my friend, which lay on my road down the valley. I have many, many times witnessed agreeable surprise; but I do not know that I ever in the whole course of my life saw people so much surprised and pleased as this farmer and his family were at seeing me. People often *tell* you that they are *glad to see* you; and in general they speak truth. I take pretty good care not to approach any house, with the smallest appearance of a design to eat or

drink in it, unless I be *quite sure* of a cordial reception; but my friend at Fifield (it is in Milton parish) and all his family really seemed to be delighted beyond all expression.

When I set out this morning, I intended to go all the way down to the city of Salisbury *to-day*; but I soon found that to refuse to sleep at Fifield would cost me a great deal more trouble than a day was worth. So that I made my mind up to stay in this farm-house, which has one of the nicest gardens, and it contains some of the finest flowers, that I ever saw, and all is disposed with as much good taste as I have ever witnessed. Here I am, then, just going to bed after having spent as pleasant a day as I ever spent in my life.

## A RIDE FROM MALMSBURY IN WILTSHIRE

STROUD (GLOUCESTERSHIRE),  
*Tuesday Forenoon, 12 Sept. 1826.*

I SET off from Malmsbury this morning at 6 o'clock, in as sweet and bright a morning as ever came out of the heavens, and leaving behind me as pleasant a house and as kind hosts as I ever met with in the whole course of my life, either in England or America; and that is saying a great deal indeed. This circumstance was the more pleasant, as I had never before either seen or heard of these kind, unaffected, sensible, *sans-façons*, and



most agreeable friends. From Malmsbury I first came, at the end of five miles, to Tutbury, which is in Gloucestershire, there being here a sort of dell, or ravine, which, in this place, is the boundary line of the two counties, and over which you go on a bridge, one half of which belongs to each county. And now, before I take my leave of Wiltshire, I must observe that, in the whole course of my life (days of *courtship* excepted, of course), I never passed seventeen pleasanter days than those which I have just spent in Wiltshire. It is, especially in the southern half, just the sort of country that I like; the weather has been pleasant; I have been in good houses and amongst good and beautiful gardens; and, in *every* case, I have not only been most kindly entertained, but my entertainers have been of just the stamp that I like.

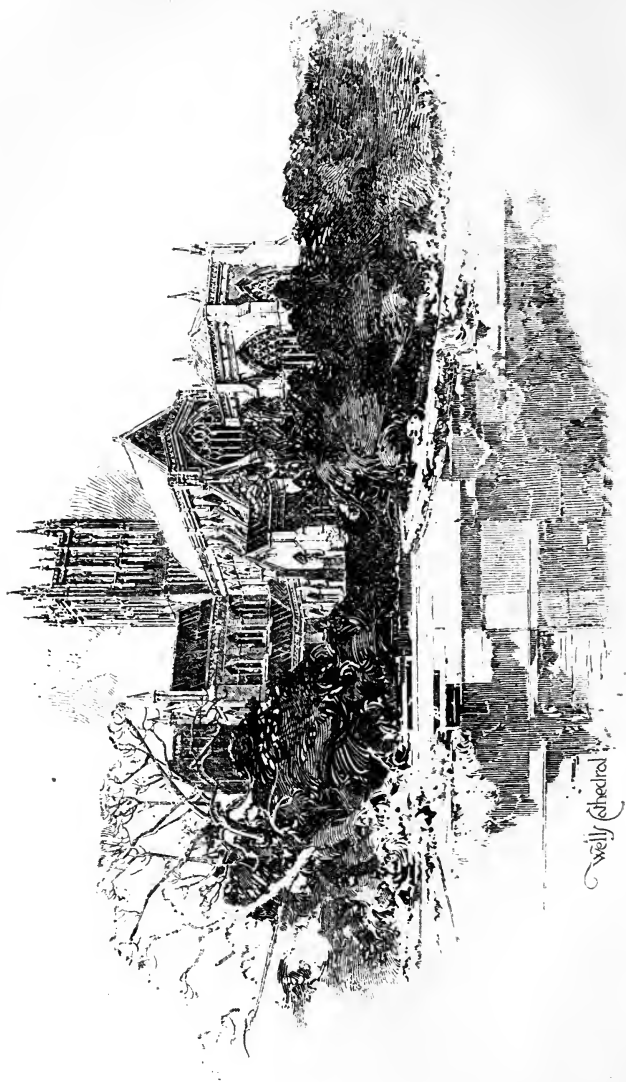
I saw again, this morning, large flocks of *goldfinches* feeding on the thistle-seed on the roadside. The French call this bird by a name derived from the thistle, so notorious has it always been that they live upon this seed. *Thistle* is, in French, *chardon*; and the French call this beautiful little bird *chardonnet*. I never could have supposed that such flocks of these birds would ever be seen in England. But it is a great year for all the feathered race, whether wild or tame: naturally so, indeed; for every one knows that it is the *wet*, and not the *cold*, that is injurious to the breeding of birds of all sorts, whether land-birds or water-birds. They say that there are, this year, double the usual quantity of ducks and geese: and, really, they do seem to swarm in the farm-yards, wherever I go. It is a

great mistake to suppose that ducks and geese *need* water, except to drink. There is, perhaps, no spot in the world, in proportion to its size and population, where so many of these birds are reared and fattened as in Long Island ; and it is not in one case out of ten that they have any ponds to go to, or that they ever see any water other than water that is drawn up out of a well.

A little way before I got to Tutbury I saw a woman digging some potatoes in a strip of ground making part of a field nearly an oblong square, and which field appeared to be laid out in strips. She told me that the field was part of a farm (to the homestead of which she pointed) ; that it was, by the farmer, *let out* in strips to labouring people ; that each strip contained a rood (or quarter of a statute acre) ; that each married labourer rented one strip ; and that the annual rent was *a pound* for the strip. Now the taxes being all paid by the farmer ; the fences being kept in repair by him ; and, as appeared to me, the land being exceedingly good : all these things considered, the rent does not appear to be too high.—This fashion is certainly a *growing* one ; it is a little step towards a coming back to the ancient small life and leaseholds and common-fields ! This field of strips was, in fact, a sort of common-field ; and the “agriculturists,” as the conceited asses of landlords call themselves, at their clubs and meetings, might, and they would if their skulls could admit any thoughts except such as relate to high prices and low wages ; they might, and they would, begin to suspect that the “dark age” people were not so very foolish when they



HOUSE BOATS AT HENLEY



Wells Cathedral

had so many common-fields, and when almost every man that had a family had also a bit of land, either large or small. It is a very curious thing that the enclosing of commons, that the shutting out of the labourers *from all share* in the land ; that the prohibiting of them to look at a wild animal, almost at a lark or a frog ; it is curious that this hard-hearted system should have gone on until at last it has produced effects so injurious and so dangerous to the grinders themselves that they have, of their own accord and for their own safety, begun to make a step towards the ancient system, and have, in the manner I have observed, made the labourers sharers, in some degree, in the uses, at any rate, of the soil. The far greater part of these strips of land have potatoes growing in them ; but in some cases they have borne wheat, and in others barley, this year ; and these have now turnips ; very young most of them, but in some places very fine, and in every instance nicely hoed out. The land that will bear 400 bushels of potatoes to the acre will bear 40 bushels of wheat ; and the ten bushels of wheat to the quarter of an acre would be a crop far more valuable than a hundred bushels of potatoes, as I have proved many times in the *Register*.





## THE OLD COUNTRY<sup>1</sup>

BY E. V. LUCAS

### I

O ENGLAND, country of my heart's desire,  
Land of the hedgerow and the village spire,  
Land of thatched cottages and murmuring bees,  
And wayside inns where one may take one's ease,  
Of village greens where cricket may be played,  
And fat old spaniels sleeping in the shade. —  
O homeland, far away across the main,  
How would I love to see your face again! —  
Your daisied meadows and your grassy hills,  
Your primrose banks, your parks, your tinkling rills,  
Your copses where the purple bluebells grow,  
Your quiet lanes where lovers loiter so,  
Your cottage-gardens with their wallflowers' scent,  
Your swallows 'neath the eaves, your sweet content!  
And 'mid the fleecy clouds that o'er you spread,  
Listen, the skylark singing overhead. . . .

That's the old country, that's the old home!  
You never forget it wherever you roam.

<sup>1</sup> Written for a Gramophone Record.

## II

I know an English village, O so small !  
Where every cottage has a whitewashed wall,  
And every garden has a sweetbriar hedge,  
And there's a cat on every window ledge.  
And there's a cottage there with those within it  
Whom I in fancy visit every minute.  
O little village mine, so far away,  
How would I love to visit you to-day !  
To lift the latch and peep within the door  
And join the happy company once more—  
I think I'd try and catch them at their tea :  
What a surprise for every one 'twould be !  
How we would talk and laugh, maybe and cry,  
Living our lost years over, they and I ;  
And then at dusk I'd seek the well-known lane  
To hear the English nightingale again . . .  
That's the old country, that's the old home !  
You never can beat it wherever you roam.

## III

O London once my home but now so far,  
You shine before me brighter than a star !  
By night I dream of you, by day I long  
To be the humblest even of your throng :  
Happy, however poor, however sore,  
Merely because a Londoner once more.  
Your sights, your sounds, your scents—I miss them  
all :  
Your coloured buses racing down Whitehall ;  
The fruit stalls in the New Cut all aflame ;  
The Oval with its thousands gathered there ;

The Thames at evening in a mist of blue ;  
Old Drury with a hundred yards of queue.  
Your sausage shops, your roads of gleaming mud,  
Your pea-soup fogs—they're in my very blood ;  
And there's no music to my ears so sweet  
As all the noisy discord of the street . . .

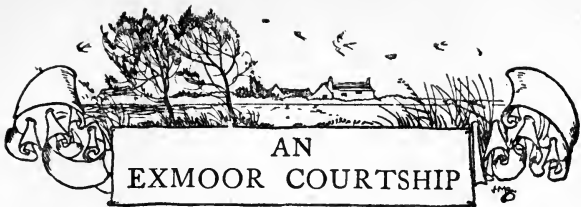
That's my dear London, that's my old home,  
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.

## IV

And ah ! the London pleasure parties too !—  
The steamboat up to Hampton Court or Kew ;  
The walk among the deer in Richmond Park ;  
The journey back, all jolly, in the dark !  
To Epping Forest up the Mile End Road,  
Passing the donkey barrows' merry load ;  
Or nearer home, to Hampstead for a blow :  
'To watch old London smouldering below ;  
Between the Spaniard's and Jack Straw's to pace  
And feel the northern breezes in one's face ;  
Then at the Bull and Bush perhaps to dine  
And taste again their famous barley wine !  
Ah me ! I wonder is it all the same ?  
Is Easter Monday still the good old game ?  
I hear it yet, though years have rolled away,  
The maddening medley of Bank Holiday. . . .

That's my dear London, that's my true home,  
I'll never forget it wherever I roam.





BY JAN BRENDON

*Scene:* The Kitchen in the Old Farmhouse at Challacomb—Tamsin's House.

A big low-raftered room with one small window ; bacon-vlitches and herbs hang on the rafters ; over the clavvy-board hangs a gun ; and a brass-kettle, two brass tops (of the old country tipstave pattern) without the sticks, two brass candlesticks, and two china-dogs fill up the board. A deep settle is at the fireside, set well into the open-hearth, over which a crock is hanging.

*Characters.*

ANDREW BAGWELL : a young Farmer.

TAMSIN.

GAMMER NELL : Gammer to Tamsin.

Andrew is standing by the settle, waiting, as the scene opens. To him, *enter* Tamsin, carrying in a basket of potatoes.

*Andrew :* Well, Tamsin ; glad you're comed in, for es have a quesson to put ta thee.

*Tamsin :* What quesson was et? But wait vurst, till 'es get thee a pitcher o' zyder and a crust o' bread-an'-cheeze !

*Andrew :* No, es thankee kindly, Tamsin ! For es ate a crumb as es came up-along by Blake Moor.

*Tamsin :* Well, Andrer, zit ee down, zo as es scraäp the taters for denner.

*Andrew* : No, no! Hear ma vurst, Tamsie. Thar's questons wonnot wait on an onser.

*Tamsin* (*rubbing her hands on her apron*) : What quesson was et? Ees don't know what quesson ee mean!

*Andrew* : Why, to tell tha flat and plain like, 'twas this,—“Woult ha ma, lass, ay or no?”

*Tamsin* : What, marry to eart one?<sup>1</sup> Ees wouldn't marry the best man in old England. 'Tis the zame answer ees gie'd thee avore. And more than that, Andra,—aa'm told tha keeps company with Margery Hosegood, that thonging chockling maid,—that gurt fustilug.<sup>2</sup> Her's a prating piece. If you keep her company, ees will ha' no more to zay to tha.

*Andrew* : Ha,—this is Jo's scandalous flim-flam. He would do me an ill turn, and ha' thee to himzelf, he would.

*Tamsin* : No! 'tes none of Jo's telling; but 'tis the cry of the country, zo 'tis.

*Andrew* : Ah bet 'twas Jo's tale. He would lee a rope upreert. He wou'd tell dildrams upon any Chresson zoul, zo he would! If I come athwart en, chell<sup>3</sup> gi' en a lick,—chell plim en, thrash en, tan en. (*He breaks into a great passion, doubles his fists, and roars out his words in blind fury.*) Ay, chell gi' en one in the chaps; chell curry his coat vor en; chell gie en such a zwipe athirt hes ugly veäce; chell gie en a whapper, and a wherret, and a whisterpoop. Chell baste en to the bone!

*Tamsin* : Hearky a bit, Andra. Why be in such a burstin' fume? Es afraid tha would treat

<sup>1</sup> Any one.

<sup>2</sup> Great bag of bones.

<sup>3</sup> I shall.

oi the zame es that, once we was married. As men is avore, so men is after tha's married, aa'm told!

*Andrew (making a great effort to recover himself, his chest heaving, as he mops his forehead)*: If that is how tha feels, Tamsin, 'tes good-bye to tha, zo 'tes.

*Tamsin*: Nay, hearky now, Andra! why sitch a hurry on tha? Tak a zup o' zyder avore tha goes to cool tha! (*Proffers the mug.*)

*Andrew*: Es won't drenk neither,—except yus vurst kiss and make friends.

*Tamsin*: Hush, lad! Here comes Gammer Nell! (*She passes lightly within reach,—he gets in a kiss before Gammer Nell enters.*)

*Andrew (with a smile broad as a barn-floor)*: Good den, good den, Gammer. How goeth et wi' ye?

*Gammer Nell*: Why vaith, Andra!—had a crick in ma back, last night; but tha hes a zmile on tha would cure any crick. What makes tha zmile zo zleckie?<sup>1</sup> Hes et anything to do with Tamsie, dost tha thenk?

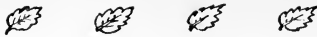
*Tamsie*: Have a told Andra es am afraid to marry en. But he has behave zo mild an' kind, as es am not so veared as avore!

*Andrew*: What dost tha zay, Gammer?

*Gammer (pushing Tamsin over to him)*: Take tha baggage; and bless ye both. Her's a tyrant maid to work. Her will make thee a good besom vor tha hearth, Andra!

(*Andrew takes Tamsin into his arms.*) [CURTAIN.

<sup>1</sup> slily?



## CAMBRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770—1850)

IT was a dreary morning when the wheels  
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,  
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw  
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift  
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,  
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road  
A student clothed in gown and tasseled cap,  
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,  
Or covetous of exercise and air ;  
He passed,—nor was I master of my eyes  
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.  
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,  
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.  
Onward we drove beneath the castle ; caught,  
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of  
Cam ;  
And at the Hoop alighted, famous inn.

The Evangelist St. John my patron was :  
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;  
Right underneath, the college kitchens made  
A humming sound less tunable than bees,  
But hardly less industrious ; with shrill notes  
Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.

Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,  
Who never let the quarters, night or day,  
Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours  
Twice over with a male and female voice.  
Her pealing organ was my neighbour too ;  
And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
The antechapel where the statue stood  
Of Newton, with his prism and silent face,  
The marble index of a mind for ever  
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.

All winter long, whenever free to choose,  
Did I by night frequent the college groves  
And tributary walks ; the last, and oft  
The only one, who had been lingering there  
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,  
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,  
Rang, with its blunt, unceremonious voice,  
Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,  
Inviting shades of opportune recess,  
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood  
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree,  
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed  
Grew there ; an ash which winter for himself  
Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace :  
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,  
The trunk and every master branch were green  
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs  
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds  
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air  
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood  
Foot-bound, uplooking at this lovely tree

Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere  
Of magic fiction verse of mine perchance  
May never tread : but scarcely Spenser's self  
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,  
Or could more bright appearances create  
Of human forms with superhuman powers,  
Than I beheld, loitering on calm, clear nights,  
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

## INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TAX not the royal saint with vain expense,  
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—  
Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense  
And glorious work of fine intelligence !  
Give all thou canst : high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely calculated less or more ;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.



Kunst-Verlag



"AWAY THEY WENT, TWENTY COUPLE AT ONCE"





MR. FEZZIWIG'S BALL

BY CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

IN came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them! When

this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter, especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest, upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a bran-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! The sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many—ah, four times—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become

of them next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance ; advance and retire, both hands to your partner, bow and curtsy, corkscrew, thread-the-needle, and back again to your place ; Fezziwig “ cut ”—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came upon his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them ; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back-shop.





## CHESTER

GEORGE BORROW (1803–1881): *Wild Wales*

ON the morning after our arrival we went out together, and walked up and down several streets; my wife and daughter, however, soon leaving me to go into a shop, I strolled about by myself. Chester is an ancient town with walls and gates, a prison called a castle, built on the site of an ancient keep, an unpretending-looking red sandstone cathedral, two or three handsome churches, several good streets, and certain curious places called rows. The Chester row is a broad arched stone gallery running parallel with the street within the façades of the houses; it is partly open on the side of the street, and just one storey above it. Within the rows, of which there are three or four, are shops, every shop being on that side which is farthest from the street. All the best shops in Chester are to be found in the rows. These rows, to which you ascend by stairs up narrow passages, were originally built for the security of the wares of the principal merchants against the Welsh. Should the mountaineers break into the town, as they frequently did, they might

rifle some of the common shops, where their booty would be slight, but those which contained the more costly articles would be beyond their reach; for at the first alarm the doors of the passages, up which the stairs led, would be closed, and all access to the upper streets cut off, from the open arches of which missiles of all kinds, kept ready for such occasions, could be discharged upon the intruders, who would be soon glad to beat a retreat. These rows and the walls are certainly the most remarkable memorials of old times which Chester has to boast of.

Upon the walls it is possible to make the whole compass of the city, there being a good but narrow walk upon them. The northern wall abuts upon a frightful ravine, at the bottom of which is a canal. From the western one there is a noble view of the Welsh hills.

### OLD SARUM

Quoted in C. R. LESLIE'S *Memoirs of John Constable*

“THE present appearance of Old Sarum, wild, desolate, and dreary, contrasts strongly with its former splendour. This celebrated city, which once gave laws to the whole kingdom, and where the earliest parliaments on record were convened, can only now be traced by vast embankments and ditches, tracked only by sheep-walks. ‘The plough has passed over it.’ In this city the wily Conqueror in 1086 confirmed that great political event, the establishment of the feudal system, and

enjoined the allegiance of the nobles. Several succeeding monarchs held their courts here ; and it too often screened them after their depredations on the people. In the days of chivalry, it poured forth its Longspees and other valiant knights over Palestine. It was the seat of the ecclesiastical government, when the pious Osmond and the succeeding bishops diffused the blessings of religion over the western kingdom ; thus it became the chief resort of ecclesiastics and warriors, till their feuds and mutual animosities, caused by the insults of the soldiery, at length occasioned the separation of the clergy, and the removal of the Cathedral from within its walls, which took place in 1227. Many of the most pious and peaceable of the inhabitants followed it, and in less than half a century after the completion of the new church, the building of the bridge over the river at Harnham diverted the great western road, and turned it through the new city. This last step was the cause of the desertion and gradual decay of Old Sarum. The site now only remains of this once proud and populous city, whose almost impregnable castle, with its lofty and embattled towers, whose churches, with every vestige of human habitation, have long since passed away. The beautiful imagination of the poet Thomson, when he makes a spot like this the haunt of a shepherd with his flock, happily contrasts the playfulness of peaceful innocence with the horrors of war and bloodshed, of which it was so often the scene :

“ ‘ Lead me to the mountain’s brow,  
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf  
Inhaling healthful the descending sun.

Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
 This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race  
 Invites them forth ; when swift the signal giv'n  
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
 That runs around the hill, the rampart once  
 Of iron war.'"

In a note to Mr. Benjamin Dawson of Hampstead, Constable, speaking of Old Sarum says :  
 "Who can visit such a solemn spot, once the most powerful city of the West, and not feel the truth and awfulness of the words of St. Paul : 'Here we have no continuing city !'"

### OLD BRIGHTON

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731 ?) : *Tour of Great Britain*

FROM this Town, following still the Range of the *South Downs*, West, we ride in view of the Sea, and on a fine Carpet Ground, for about Twelve Miles to *Bright-Helmston*, commonly call'd *Bredhemston*, a poor fishing Town, old-built, and on the very Edge of the Sea : Here again, as I mention'd at *Folkstone* and *Dover*, the Fishermen, having large Barks, go away to *Yarmouth*, on the Coast of *Norfolk*, to the Fishing-Fair there, and hire themselves for the Season to catch Herrings for the Merchants ; and they tell us, that these make a very good Business of it.

The Sea is very unkind to this Town, and has, by its continual Encroachments, so gain'd upon them, that in a little time more they might reasonably expect it would eat away the whole Town, above 100 Houses having been devoured by the

Water in a few Years past. This Danger is so imminent, that they have been obliged to get Briefs to beg Money all over *England*, to raise Banks against the Water; the Expence of which, the Brief expressly says, will be Eight Thousand Pounds; which, if one were to look on the Town, would seem to be more than all the Houses in it are worth.

From hence, still keeping the Coast close on the Left, we come to *Shoreham*, a Sea-faring Town, and chiefly inhabited by Ship-Carpenters, Ship-Chandlers, and all the several Trades depending upon the Building and Fitting up of Ships, which is their chief Business. They are indeed justly noted for Building neat and good Sea-Boats, and good Sailers; but for Strength and Duration, they do not come up to *Yarmouth*, *Ipswich*, and the North.

The Builders of Ships seemed to plant here chiefly because of the exceeding Quantity and Cheapness of Timber in the Country behind them; being the same wooded Country I mentioned above, which still continues thro' this County and the next: The River this stands upon, tho' not navigable for large Vessels, yet serves them to bring down this large Timber in Floats from *Bramber*, *Stenning*, and the Country adjacent; which is, as it were, all covered with Timber.

## ARUNDEL

DANIEL DEFOE: *Tour of Great Britain*

FROM hence we come to *Arundel*, a decay'd Town also; but stands near the Mouth of a good

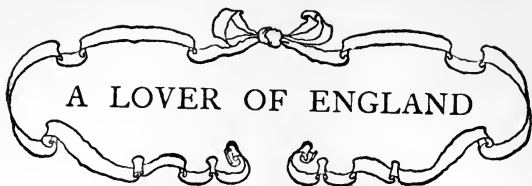


River, call'd *Arun*, which signifies, says Mr. *Camden*, the swift, tho' the River itself is not such a rapid Current as merits that Name; at least it did not seem to be so to me.

The principal Advantage to the Country from this River, is the Shipping off great Quantities of large Timber here; which is carry'd up the *Thames* to *Woolwich* and *Deptford*, and up the *Medway* to *Chatham*; as also Westward to *Portsmouth*, and even to *Plymouth*, to the new Dock there, and indeed to all the King's Yards, where the Business of the Navy is carry'd on: The Timber shipped off here is esteemed the best and largest that is brought by Sea from any Part of *England*; also great Quantities of Knee Timber are had here, the largest of which is valuable in its kind above the strait Timber, being equally necessary and scarce.

This River, and the old decay'd, once famous Castle at *Arundel*, [which has the Privilege to give to its Possessor, the Title of an Earl and Peer of the Realm, without Creation, and] which belongs to the noble Family of *Howard*, Earls of *Arundel*, and Dukes of *Norfolk*, is all that is remarkable here; except it be, that in this River are catch'd the best *Mullets*, and the largest in *England*, a Fish very good in itself, and much valued by the Gentry round, and often sent up to *London*. [*Arundel*, as I said, affords Title of Earl to the Duke of *Norfolk* and returns two Members to Parliament.]

From hence to the City of *Chichester* are Twelve Miles, and the most pleasant and beautiful Country in *England*, whether we go by the Hill, or, as it is called, the Downs, or by the Plain, or inclosed Country.



A LOVER OF ENGLAND

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY  
(1811-1863)

ALMOST the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us, the Goldsmith and the Gibbon of our time.<sup>1</sup> One was the first Ambassador whom the New World of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the *pater patriæ* had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless smiling good-will. His new country (which some people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman, who, though himself born in no very high sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered? If he ate our salt, did he not pay

<sup>1</sup> Washington Irving, died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay, died December 28, 1859.

us with a thankful heart? Who can calculate the amount of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than he did: to inflame national rancours, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed: to cry down the old civilisation at the expense of the new: to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent state's superior. There are writers enough in the United States, honest and otherwise, who preach that kind of doctrine. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for him), he was a messenger of goodwill and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends!" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man; won my way by my pen; and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman, and a stranger?"



## A WILTSHIRE VILLAGE

W. H. HUDSON : *Dead Man's Plack & an Old Thorn*

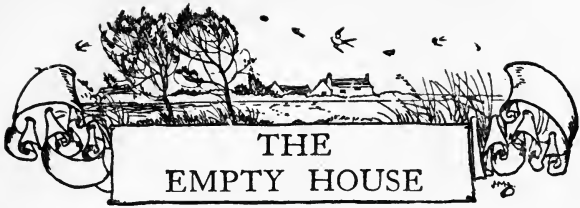
THE little village of Ingden lies in a hollow of the South Wiltshire Downs, the most isolated of the villages in that lonely district. Its one short street is crossed at right angles in the middle part by the Salisbury road, and standing just at that point, the church on one hand, the old inn on the other, you can follow it with the eye for a distance of nearly three miles. First it goes winding up the low down under which the village stands, then vanishes over the brow to reappear again a mile and a half further away as a white band on the vast green slope of the succeeding down, which rises to a height of over 600 feet. On the summit it vanishes once more, but those who use it know it for a laborious road crossing several high ridges before dropping down into the valley road leading to Salisbury.

When, standing in the village street, your eye travels up that white band, you can distinctly make out even at that distance a small, solitary tree standing near the summit—an old thorn with an ivy growing on it. My walks were often that way, and invariably on coming to that point I would turn twenty yards aside from the road to spend half an hour seated on the turf near or under the

old tree. These half-hours were always grateful ; and conscious that the tree drew me to it I questioned myself as to the reason. It was, I told myself, nothing but mental curiosity : my interest was a purely scientific one. For how comes it, I asked, that a thorn can grow to a tree and live to a great age in such a situation, on a vast, naked down, where for many centuries, perhaps for thousands of years, the herbage has been so closely fed by sheep as to have the appearance of a carpet, or newly mown lawn ? The seed is carried and scattered everywhere by the birds, but no sooner does it germinate and send up a shoot than it is eaten down to the roots ; for there is no scent that attracts a sheep more, no flavour it has greater taste for, than that of any forest seedling springing up amidst the minute herbaceous plants which carpet the downs. The thorn, like other organisms, has its own unconscious intelligence and cunning, by means of which it endeavours to save itself and fulfil its life. It opens its first tender leaves under the herbage, and at the same time thrusts up a vertical spine to wound the nibbling mouth ; and no sooner has it got a leaf or two and a spine than it spreads its roots all round, and from each of them springs a fresh shoot, leaves and protecting spine, to increase the chances of preservation. In vain ! the cunning animal finds a way to defeat all this strategy, and after the leaves have been bitten off again and again, the infant plant gives up the struggle and dies in the ground. Yet we see that from time to time one survives—one perhaps in a million ; but how—whether by a quicker growth

or a harder or more poisonous thorn, an unpalatable leaf, or some other secret agency—we cannot guess. First as a diminutive scrubby shrub, with numerous iron-hard stems, with few and small leaves but many thorns, it keeps its poor flowerless frustrate life for perhaps half a century or longer, without growing more than a couple of feet high ; and then, as by a miracle, it will spring up until its top shoots are out of reach of the browsing sheep, and in the end it becomes a tree with spreading branches and fully developed leaves, and flowers and fruit in their season.





BY MAURICE HEWLETT

THE gate is padlockt, and the blinds  
Close-drawn, the chimney's task is o'er ;  
Pity the traveller who finds  
His journey's ending at this door.

How still, how watchful ! Like a grave  
It keeps the secret in its hold ;  
The very tree-tops fear to wave,  
The very shadows are acold.

Come in the garden. Cabbage stalks  
Wither'd and bleacht in sorry rows ;  
But arabis aligns the walks,  
And still the golden wallflower blows ;

And tangled o'er the apple-stump  
A budding Gloire or Maiden Blush ;  
And there's a thriving lily-clump,  
And *ribes* still a burning bush.

Tread lightly, for this place is haunted :  
Who knows what guarded eyes might peer  
Between those curtain-folds enchanted ?  
The ghost of Love inhabits here.

Those curtains, poor and yet discreet—  
 I know not how they hold the air  
 Of hearts that must have loved and beat,  
 And drawn each other up the stair !

Pass lightly, lest the dead should waken ;  
 Ask no more questions, lest the dumb  
 Should tell of love forsworn, forsaken :  
 Respect this house of shadows—come.

## OLD ENGLISH WEATHER LORE

FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES"

If, in the fall of the leaves, many wither on the boughs and hang there, it betokens a frosty winter and much snow.

When the hern or bittern flies low, the air is gross, and thickening into showers.

The frogs' much croaking in ditches and pools, &c., in the evening, foretells rain in little time to follow : also, the sweating of stone pillars or tombs denotes rain.

The often doping or diving of water fowl fore-shows rain is at hand.

The peacock's much crying denotes rain.

Rain before seven, fine before eleven.

A mackerel sky and mare's tails  
 Make lofty ships carry low sails.





AT this time *Miss Williams*, as she was then called, though she did not reside with him in the Temple under his roof, but had lodgings in Bolt-court, Fleet-street, had so much of his attention, that he every night drank tea with her before he went home, however late it might be, and she always sat up for him. This, it may be fairly conjectured, was not alone a proof of his regard for *her*, but of his own unwillingness to go into solitude, before that unseasonable hour at which he had habituated himself to expect the oblivion of repose. Dr. Goldsmith, being a privileged man, went with him this night, strutting away, and calling to me with an air of superiority, like that of an esoterick over an exoterick disciple of a sage of antiquity, "I go to see *Miss Williams*." I confess, I then envied him this mighty privilege, of which he seemed so proud; but it was not long before I obtained the same mark of distinction.

On Tuesday the 5th of July, I again visited Johnson. He told me he had looked into the poems of a pretty voluminous writer, Mr. (now Dr.) John Ogilvie, one of the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, which had lately come out, but could find

no thinking in them. BOSWELL. "Is there not imagination in them, Sir?" JOHNSON. "Why, Sir, there is in them what *was* imagination, but it is no more imagination in *him*, than sound is sound in the echo. And his diction too is not his own. We have long ago seen *white-robed innocence*, and *flower-bespangled meads*."

Talking of London, he observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together, that the wonderful immensity of London consists." —I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They, whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it merely as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier, as a vast market for cattle; a mercantile man, as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramattick enthusiast, as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure, as an assemblage of taverns, and the great emporium for ladies of easy virtue. But the intellectual man is struck with it, as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible.

On Wednesday, July 6, he was engaged to sup with me at my lodgings in Downing-street, West-



Dr Johnson's House in  
Inner Temple Lane.  
Resided here from 1760 to 1765.

minster. But on the preceding night my landlord having behaved very rudely to me and some company who were with me, I had resolved not to remain another night in his house. I was exceedingly uneasy at the awkward appearance I supposed I should make to Johnson and the other gentlemen whom I had invited, not being able to receive them at home, and being obliged to order supper at the Mitre. I went to Johnson in the morning, and talked of it as of a serious distress. He laughed, and said, "Consider, Sir, how insignificant this will appear a twelvemonth hence."—Were this consideration to be applied to most of the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is 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, 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 shew 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. 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-guardmen upon him; or you may send the greatest scoundrel you can find

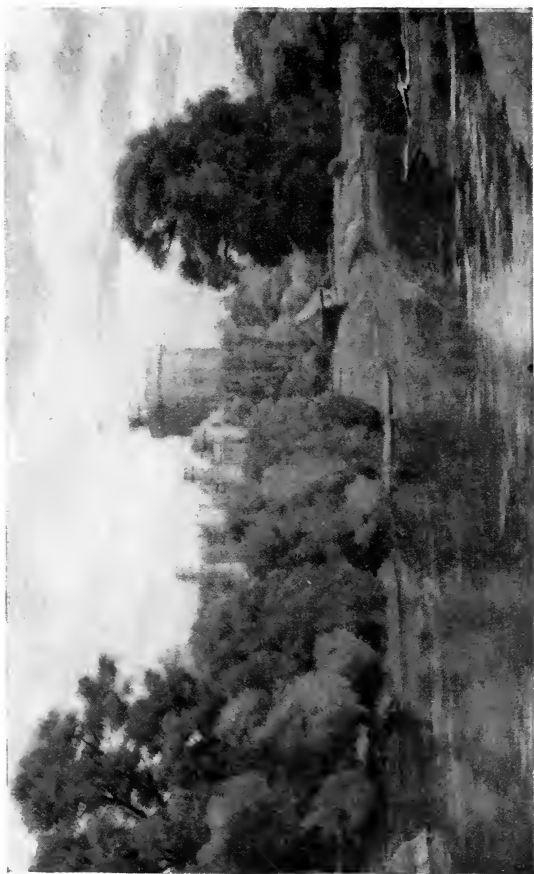
into your apartments ; or you may say that you want to make some experiments in natural philosophy, and may burn a large quantity of asafœtida in his house."

I had as my guests this evening at the Mitre tavern, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Thomas Davies, Mr. Eccles, an Irish gentleman, for whose agreeable company I was obliged to Mr. Davies, and the Reverend Mr. John Ogilvie, who was desirous of being in company with my illustrious friend, while I in my turn, was proud to have the honour of shewing one of my countrymen upon what easy terms Johnson permitted me to live with him.

Goldsmith, 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 every thing, 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 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 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 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 instance 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 the stable authority of any good government.





WINDSOR CASTLE:

*“It myght be called a Fairace glorious”*



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.  
from the South-East

Cathedral from S.E.  
Herbert Railton



## APRIL ON WAGON HILL

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

LAD, and can you rest now,  
There beneath your hill !  
Your hands are on your breast now,  
But is your heart so still ?  
'Twas the right death to die, lad,  
A gift without regret,  
But unless truth's a lie, lad,  
You dream of Devon yet.

Ay, ay, the year's awaking,  
The fire's among the ling,  
The beechen hedge is breaking,  
The curlew's on the wing ;  
Primroses are out, lad,  
On the high banks of Lee,  
And the sun stirs the trout, lad,  
From Brendon to the sea.

I know what's in your heart, lad,—  
The mare he used to hunt—  
And her blue market-cart, lad,  
With posies tied in front—  
We miss them from the moor road,  
They're getting old to roam,  
The road they're on's a sure road  
And nearer, lad, to home.

Your name, the name they cherish ?  
'Twill fade, lad, 'tis true :  
But stone and all may perish  
With little loss to you.  
While fame's fame you're Devon, lad,  
The glory of the West ;  
Till the roll's called in heaven, lad,  
You may well take your rest.

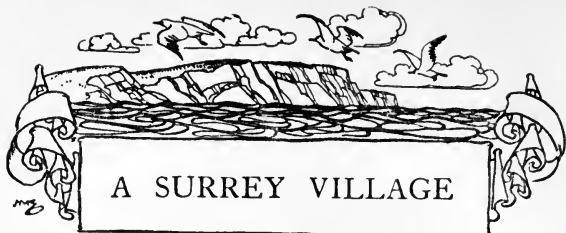


BY HARRISON AINSWORTH (1805-1882)

IN the twentieth year of the reign of the right high and puissant King Henry the Eighth, namely, in 1529, on the 21st of April, and on one of the loveliest evenings that ever fell on the loveliest district in England, a fair youth, having somewhat the appearance of a page, was leaning over the terrace wall on the north side of Windsor Castle, and gazing at the magnificent scene before him. On his right stretched the broad green expanse forming the Home Park, studded with noble trees, chiefly consisting of ancient oaks, of which England had already learnt to be proud, thorns as old or older than the oaks, wide-spreading beeches, tall elms, and hollies. The disposition of these trees was picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Here, at the end of a sweeping vista, and in the midst of an open space, covered with the greenest sward, stood a mighty broad-armed oak, beneath whose ample boughs, though as yet almost destitute of foliage, while the sod beneath them could scarcely boast a head of fern, couched a herd of deer. There lay a thicket of thorns skirt-ing a sand-bank, burrowed by rabbits; on this hand grew a dense, Druid-like grove, into whose intricacies the slanting sunbeams pierced; on that extended a long glade, formed by a natural avenue

of oaks, across which, at intervals, deer were passing. Nor were human figures wanting to give life and interest to the scene. Adown the glade came two keepers of the forest, having each a couple of buckhounds with them in leash, whose baying sounded cheerily amid the woods. Nearer the castle, and bending their way towards it, marched a party of falconers with their well-trained birds, whose skill they had been approving, upon their fists, their jesses ringing as they moved along, while nearer still, and almost at the foot of the terrace wall, was a minstrel playing on a rebec, to which a keeper, in a dress of Lincoln green, with a bow over his shoulder, a quiver of arrows at his back, and a comely damsel under his arm, was listening.

On the left, a view altogether different in character, though scarcely less beautiful, was offered to the gaze. It was formed by the town of Windsor, then not a third of its present size, but incomparably more picturesque in appearance, consisting almost entirely of a long straggling row of houses, chequered black and white, with tall gables, and projecting storeys skirting the west and south sides of the castle, by the silver windings of the river, traceable for miles, and reflecting the glowing hues of the sky by the venerable College of Eton, embowered in a grove of trees, and by a vast tract of well-wooded and well-cultivated country beyond it, interspersed with villages, churches, old halls, monasteries, and abbeys.



W. H. HUDSON : *A Traveller in Little Things*

THROUGH the scattered village of Churt, in its deepest part, runs a clear stream, broad in places, where it spreads over the road-way and is so shallow that the big cart-horses are scarce wetted above their fetlocks in crossing ; in other parts narrow enough for a man to jump over, yet deep enough for the trout to hide in. And which is the prettiest one finds it hard to say—the wide splashy places where the cattle come to drink, and the real cow and the illusory inverted cow beneath it are to be seen touching their lips ; or where the oaks and ashes and elms stretch and mingle their horizontal branches ;—where there is a green leafy canopy above and its green reflection below with the glassy current midway between. On one side the stream is Surrey, on the other Hampshire. Where the two counties meet there is a vast extent of heath-land—brown desolate moors and hills so dark as to look almost black. It is wild, and its wildness is of that kind which comes of a barren soil. It is a country best appreciated by those who, rich or poor, take life easily, who love all aspects of nature, all weathers, and above everything the liberty of wide horizons. To others the cry of “ Back to the land ” would have a somewhat dreary and mock-

ing sound in such a place, like that curious cry, half laughter and half wail, which the peewit utters as he anxiously winnows the air with creaking wings above the pedestrian's head. But it is not all of this character. From some black hill-top one looks upon a green expanse, fresh and lively by contrast as the young leaves of deciduous trees in spring, with black again or dark brown of pine and heath beyond. It is the oasis where Churt is. The vivifying spirit of the wind at that height, and that vision of verdure beneath, produce an exhilarating effect on the mind. It is common knowledge that the devil once lived in or haunted these parts: now my hill-top fancy tells me that once upon a time a better being, a wandering angel, flew over the country, and looking down and seeing it so dark-hued and desolate, a compassionate impulse took him, and unclasping his light mantle he threw it down, so that the human inhabitants should not be without that sacred green colour that elsewhere beautifies the earth. There to this day it lies where it fell—a mantle of moist vivid green, powdered with silver and gold, embroidered with all floral hues; all reds from the faint blush on the petals of the briar-rose to the deep crimson of the red trifolium; and all yellows, and blues, and purples.

It was pleasant to return from a ramble over the rough heather to the shade of the green village lanes, to stand aside in some deep narrow road to make room for a farmer's waggon to pass, drawn by five or six ponderous horses; to meet the cows too, smelling of milk and new-mown hay, attended by

the small cow-boy. One notices in most rural districts how stunted in growth many of the boys of the labourers are ; here I was particularly struck by it on account of the fine physique of many of the young men. It is possible that the growing time may be later and more rapid here than in most places. Some of the young men are exceptionally tall, and there was a larger percentage of tall handsome women than I have seen in any village in Surrey and Hampshire. But the children were almost invariably too small for their years. The most stunted specimen was a little boy I met near Hindhead. He was thin, with a dry, wizened face, and looked at the most about eight years old ; he assured me that he was twelve. I engaged this gnome-like creature to carry something for me, and we had a three or four miles' ramble together. A curious couple we must have seemed—a giant and a pigmy, the pigmy looking considerably older than the giant. He was a heath-cutter's child, the eldest of seven children ! They were very poor, but he could earn nothing himself, except by gathering whortleberries in their season ; then, he said, all seven of them turned out with their parents, the youngest in its mother's arms. I questioned him about the birds of the district ; he stoutly maintained that he recognised only four, and proceeded to name them.

“ Here is another,” said I, “ a fifth you didn't name, singing in the bushes half a dozen yards from where we stand—the best singer of all.”

“ I did name it,” he returned, “ that's a thrush.”

It was a nightingale, a bird he did not know.

But he knew a thrush—it was one of the four birds he knew, and he stuck to it that it was a thrush singing. Afterwards he pointed out the squalid-looking cottage he lived in. It was on the estate of a great lady.

“Tell me,” I said, “is she much liked on the estate?”

He pondered the question for a few moments, then replied, “Some likes her and some don’t,” and not a word more would he say on that subject. A curious amalgam of stupidity and shrewdness; a bad observer of bird-life, but a cautious little person in answering leading questions; he was evidently growing up (or not doing so) in the wrong place.

Going out for a stroll in the evening, I came to a spot where two small cottages stood on one side of the road, and a large pond fringed with rushes and a coppice on the other. Just by the cottages five boys were amusing themselves by throwing stones at a mark, talking, laughing and shouting at their play. Not many yards from the noisy boys some fowls were picking about on the turf close to the pond; presently out of the rushes came a moorhen and joined them. It was in fine feather, very glossy, the brightest nuptial yellow and scarlet on beak and shield. It moved about, heedless of my presence and of the noisy stone-throwing boys, with that pretty dignity and unconcern which make it one of the most attractive birds. What a contrast its appearance and motions presented to those of the rough-hewn, ponderous fowls, among which it moved so daintily! I was about to say that he was “just like a modern gentleman” in the midst of a

group of clodhoppers in rough old coats, hob-nailed boots, and wisps of straw round their corduroys, standing with clay pipes in their mouths, each with a pot of beer in his hand. Such a comparison would have been an insult to the moorhen. Nevertheless some ambitious young gentleman of æsthetic tastes might do worse than get himself up in this bird's livery. An open coat of olive-brown silk, with an oblique white band at the side; waistcoat or cummerbund, and knickerbockers, slaty grey; stockings and shoes of olive green; and, for a touch of bright colour, an orange and scarlet tie. It would be pleasant to meet him in Piccadilly. But he would never, never be able to get that quaint pretty carriage. The "Buzzard lope" and the crane's stately stride are imitable by man, but not the moorhen's gait. And what a mess of it our young gentleman would make in attempting at each step to throw up his coat tails in order to display conspicuously the white silk underlining!

While I watched the pretty creature, musing sadly the while on the ugliness of men's garments, a sudden storm of violent rasping screams burst from some holly bushes a few yards away. It proceeded from three excited jays, but whether they were girding at me, the shouting boys, or a skulking cat among the bushes, I could not make out.



# I TRAVELLED AMONG UNKNOWN MEN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Nor, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time ; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.





## IN MEMORIAM

BY HELEN GRAY CONE

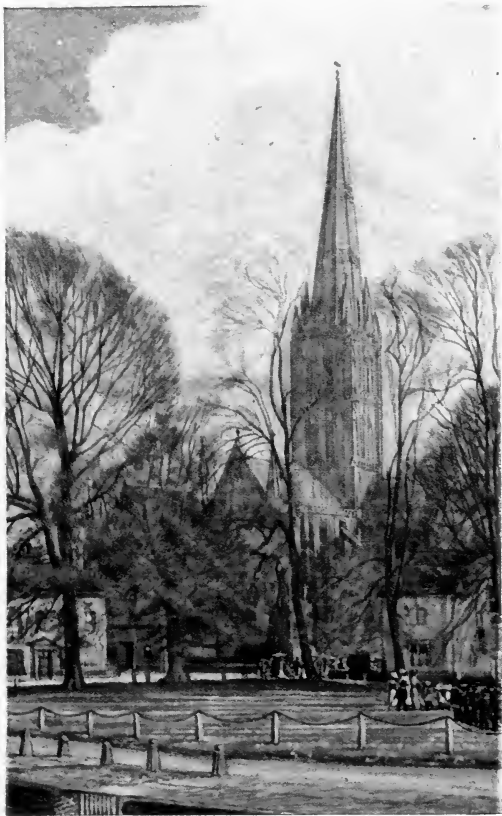
LET Pride with Grief go hand in hand :  
They joined the hallowed hosts who died  
In battle for their lovely land ;  
With light about their brows they ride.

Young hearts and hot, gray heads and wise,  
Good knights of all the years foregone,  
Faith in their England in their eyes,  
Still ride they on, still ride they on !

By altars old their banners fade  
Beneath dear spires ; their names are set  
In minster aisle, in yew-tree shade ;  
Their memories fight for England yet.

Let Pride with Grief go hand in hand,  
Sad Love with Patience, side by side ;  
In battle for their lovely land  
Not vainly England's sons have died !

And well may pride this hour befit ;  
For not since England's days began  
More fiery-clear the word was writ :  
Who dies for England, dies for Man !



SALISBURY SPIRE

*By altars old their banners fade  
Beneath dear spires; their names are set  
In minster aisle, in yew-tree shade;  
Their memories fight for England yet.*



Salisbury Cathedral

## SUMMER VACATION

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : *The Prelude*

BRIGHT was the summer's noon when quickening  
steps

Followed each other till a dreary moor  
Was crossed, a bare ridge clomb, upon whose top  
Standing alone, as from a rampart's edge,  
I overlooked the bed of Windermere,  
Like a vast river, stretching in the sun.  
With exultation, at my feet I saw  
Lake, islands, promontories, gleaming bays,  
A universe of Nature's fairest forms  
Proudly revealed with instantaneous burst,  
Magnificent, and beautiful, and gay.  
I bounded down the hill shouting amain  
For the old Ferryman ; to the shout the rocks  
Replied, and when the Charon of the flood  
Had staid his oars, and touched the jutting pier,  
I did not step into the well-known boat  
Without a cordial greeting. Thence with speed  
Up the familiar hill I took my way  
Towards that sweet Valley where I had been reared ;  
'Twas but a short hour's walk, ere veering round  
I saw the snow-white church upon her hill  
Sit like a thronèd Lady, sending out  
A gracious look all over her domain.  
Yon azure smoke betrays the lurking town ;  
With eager footsteps I advance and reach  
The cottage threshold where my journey closed.  
Glad welcome had I, with some tears, perhaps,  
From my old Dame, so kind and motherly,  
While she perused me with a parent's pride.



## ENGLAND OF MY HEART

BY EDWARD HUTTON

ENGLAND of my heart is a great country of hill and valley, moorland and marsh, full of woodlands, meadows, and all manner of flowers, and everywhere set with steadings and dear homesteads, old farms and old churches of grey stone or flint, and peopled by the kindest and quietest people in the world. To the south, the east, and the west it lies in the arms of its own seas, and to the north it is held too by water, the waters, fresh and clear, of the two rivers as famous as lovely, Thames and Severn, of which poets are most wont to sing, as Spenser when he invokes the first :

“Sweet Themmes runne softly till I end my song” ;

or Dryden when he tells us of the second :

“The goodly Severn bravely sings  
The noblest of her British kings,  
At Cæsar’s landing what we were,  
And of the Roman conquest here. . . .”

Within England of my heart, in the whole breadth of her delight, there is no industrial city such as infests, ruins, and spoils other lands, and in this she resembles her great and dear mother Italy. Like her, too, she is full of very famous towns scarcely to be matched for beauty and ancientness in the rest of the world, and their names which are like the words of a great poet, and which it is

a pleasure to me to recite, are Canterbury, Chichester, Winchester, Salisbury, Bath, Wells, Exeter, and her ports, whose names are as household words, even in Barbary, are Dover, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Falmouth, and Bristol. All these she may well boast of, for what other land can match them quite?

But there is a certain virtue of hers of which she is perhaps unaware, that is nevertheless among her greatest delights: I mean her infinite variety. Thus she is a true country, not a province; indeed, she is made up of many counties and provinces, and each is utterly different from other, and their different genius may be caught by the attentive in their names, which are Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire. Her variety thus lies in them and their dear, and let us hope, immortal differences and characteristics, their genius that is, which is as various as their scenery. For England of my heart not only differs fundamentally from every other country of the known world, but from itself in its different parts, and that radically. Thus in one part you have ranges of chalk-hills, such as no other land knows, so regular, continuous, and tremendous withal, that you might think some army of archangels—and such might well abide there—had thrown them up as their vast and beautiful fortifications, being good Romans and believing in the value of such things, and not as the heathen despising them. These chalk downs are covered, as indeed becomes things so old, with turf, the smoothest, softest, and sweetest under the sun.

There are other hills also that catch the breath, and these be those of the west. They all bear the beautiful names of home, as Mendip, Quantock, Brendon, and Cotswold. And as there are hills, so there are plains, plains uplifted, such as that great silent grassland above Salisbury, plains lonely, such as the Weald and the mysterious marsh of Romney in the east by which all good things go out of England as the legions went, and as, alas, the Faith went too, another Roman thing many hundred years ago. There is also that great marsh in the west by the lean and desolate sea, more mysterious by far, whence a man may see far off the great and solemn mountains of another land. By that marsh the Faith came into England of my heart, and there lies in ruin the greatest of its shrines in loving but alien hands, and desolate.

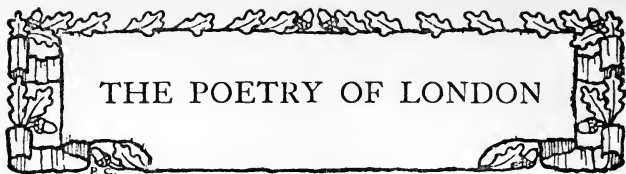
I have said nothing of the valleys: they are too many and too fair, from the fairest of all through which Thames flows seaward, to those innumerable and more beloved where are for sure our homes. I say nothing of the rivers, for who could number them? Yet I will tell you of some if only for the beauty of their names, passing the names of all women but ours, as Thames itself, and Medway, Stour, and Ouse and Arun and Rother; Itchen and Test, Hampshire streams; and those five which are like the fingers of an outstretched hand about Salisbury in the meads, Bourne and Avon and Wylve and Nadder and Ebbles; and those of the West, Brue, which is holiest of all, though all be holy, Exe and Barle, Dart and Taw, Fal under the sloping woods, Tamar, which is an eastern girdle



to a duchy, and Camel, which kissed the feet of Iseult, and is lost ere it finds the sea.

And yet, perhaps, the chief thing that remains with the mere sojourner in this country of mine, the true old England, is that in the whole breadth of it, it is one vast graveyard. Do you not know those long barrows that cast their shadows at evening upon the lonely downs, those round tumuli that are dark even in the sun, where lie the men of the old time before us, our forefathers? Do you not know the grave of the Roman, the mystery that seems to lurk outside the western gate of the forgotten city that was once named in the Roman itinerary and now is nothing? Do you not know many an isolated hill often dark with pines, but, more often still, lonely and naked where they lie of whom we are come, with their enemies, and they call the place Battlebury or Danesbury, or for ever deserted like all battlefields it is nameless? If you know not these you know not England of my heart, for all is a part of us and of that mighty fruitful and abiding past out of which we are come, which alone we may really love, and which holds for ever safe for us our origins.

After all, we live a very little time, the future is not ours, we hold the present but by a brittle thread; it is the past that is in our hearts. And so it is that to go afoot through Southern England is not less than to appeal to something greater and wiser than ourselves, out of which we are come, to return to our origins, to appeal to history, to the divine history of the soul of a people.



## THE POETRY OF LONDON

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

THIS realisation of the poetry of London is not a small thing. A city is, properly speaking, more poetic even than a countryside, for while Nature is a chaos of unconscious forces, a city is a chaos of conscious ones. The crest of the flower or the pattern of the lichen may or may not be significant symbols. But there is no stone in the street and no brick in the wall that is not actually a deliberate symbol—a message from some man, as much as if it were a telegram or a post-card. The narrowest street possesses, in every crook and twist of its intention, the soul of the man who built it, perhaps long in his grave. Every brick has as human a hieroglyph as if it were a graven brick of Babylon; every slate on the roof is as educational a document as if it were a slate covered with addition and subtraction sums. Anything which tends, even under the fantastic form of the minutæ of Sherlock Holmes, to assert this romance of detail in civilisation, to emphasise this unfathomably human character in flints and tiles, is a good thing. It is good that the average man should fall into the habit of looking imaginatively at ten men in the street even if it is only on the chance that the eleventh might be a notorious thief. We may dream, perhaps, that it might be possible to have

another and higher romance of London, that men's souls have stranger adventures than their bodies, and that it would be harder and more exciting to hunt their virtues than to hunt their crimes. But since our great authors (with the admirable exception of Stevenson) decline to write of that thrilling mood and moment when the eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, begin to flame in the dark, we must give fair credit to the popular literature which, amid a babble of pedantry and preciosity, declines to regard the present as prosaic or the common as commonplace. Popular art in all ages has been interested in contemporary manners and costume; it dressed the groups around the Crucifixion in the garb of Florentine gentlefolk or Flemish burghers. In the last century it was the custom for distinguished actors to present Macbeth in a powdered wig and ruffles. How far we are ourselves in this age from such conviction of the poetry of our own life and manners may easily be conceived by any one who chooses to imagine a picture of Alfred the Great toasting the cakes dressed in tourist's knickerbockers, or a performance of "Hamlet" in which the Prince appeared in a frock-coat, with a crape band round his hat. But this instinct of the age to look back, like Lot's wife, could not go on for ever. A rude, popular literature of the romantic possibilities of the modern city was bound to arise.

# THE HARVEST LANDSCAPE

(NEAR OXFORD)

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888) :

*The Scholar Gipsy*

Go, for they call you, Shepherd, from the hill ;  
Go, Shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes :  
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,  
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,  
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head.  
But when the fields are still,  
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,  
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen  
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd  
green ;

Come, Shepherd, and again renew the quest.

Here, where the reaper was at work of late,  
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves  
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,  
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,  
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to  
use ;

Here will I sit and wait,

While to my ear from uplands far away  
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne ;  
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—  
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,  
And here till sun-down, Shepherd, will I be.

Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep  
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see  
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep :

And air-sweet lindens yield

Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed  
showers

Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,  
And bower me from the August sun with shade ;  
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

## OXFORD

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Preface to "Essays in Criticism" (First Series).*

BEAUTIFUL city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play!"

And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection,—to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side?—nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen. Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him;—the bondage of "*was uns alle bändigt, DAS GEMEINE!*"

## THE COUNTESS KATHLEEN O'SHEA

ANON.

W. B. YEATS: *Irish Folk and Fairy Tales*

A VERY long time ago, there suddenly appeared in old Ireland two strange merchants of whom nobody had ever heard, but who spoke the old language of the country in its perfection. Their locks were black, and bound round with gold; their garments were of rare magnificence. Both seemed of like age; they appeared to be men of fifty, for their foreheads were wrinkled and their beards tinged with grey.

In the hostelry where the pompous chapmen alighted it was sought to penetrate their designs; but in vain—they led a silent and retired life. And whilst they stopped there, they did nothing but count over and over again out of their money-bags pieces of gold, whose yellow brightness could be seen through the windows of their lodging.

“Gentlemen,” said the landlady one day, “how is it that you are so rich, and that, being able to succour the public misery, you do no good works?”

“Fair hostess,” replied one of them, “we didn’t like to present alms to the honest poor, in dread we might be deceived by make-believe paupers. Let want knock at our door, we shall open it.”

The following day, when the rumour spread that two rich strangers had come, ready to lavish their

gold, a crowd besieged their dwelling; but the figures of those who came out were widely different. Some carried pride in their mien; others were shame-faced.

The two chapmen traded in souls for the demon. The souls of the aged was worth twenty pieces of gold, not a penny more; for Satan had had time to make his valuation. The soul of a matron was valued at fifty, when she was handsome, and a hundred when she was ugly. The soul of a young maiden fetched an extravagant sum; the freshest and purest flowers are the dearest.

At that time there lived in the city an angel of beauty, the Countess Kathleen O'Shea. She was the idol of the people and the providence of the indigent. As soon as she learned that these miscreants profited to the public misery to steal away hearts from God, she called to her butler.

"Patrick," said she to him, "how many pieces of gold in my coffers?"

"A hundred thousand."

"How many jewels?"

"The money's worth of the gold."

"How much property in castles, forests, and lands?"

"Double the rest."

"Very well, Patrick; sell all that is not gold; and bring me the account. I only wish to keep this mansion and the demesne that surrounds it."

Two days afterwards the orders of the pious Kathleen were executed, and the treasure was distributed to the poor in proportion to their wants. This did not suit the purposes of the Evil Spirit,

who found no more souls to purchase. Aided by an infamous servant, they broke into the retreat of the noble dame, and purloined from her the rest of her treasure. In vain she struggled with all her strength to save the contents of her coffers; the diabolical thieves were the stronger. If Kathleen had been able to make the sign of the Cross, she would have put them to flight, but her hands were captive. The evil deed was effected.

Then the poor called for aid to the plundered Kathleen, alas, to no good: she was able to succour their misery no longer; she had to abandon them to the temptation.

Meanwhile, but eight days had to pass before the grain and provender would arrive in abundance from the western lands. Eight such days were an age. Eight days required an immense sum to relieve the exigencies of the dearth, and the poor should either perish in the agonies of hunger, or, denying the holy maxims of the Gospel, vend, for base lucre, their souls, the richest gift from the bounteous hand of the Almighty. And Kathleen hadn't anything, for she had given up her mansion to the unhappy. She passed twelve hours in tears and mourning, rending her sun-tinted hair, and bruising her breast, of the whiteness of the lily; afterwards she stood up, resolute, animated by a vivid sentiment of despair.

She went to the traders in souls.

"What do you want?" they said.

"You buy souls?"

"Yes, a few still, in spite of you. Isn't that so saint, with the eyes of sapphire?"



"To-day I am come to offer you a bargain," replied she.

"What?"

"I have a soul to sell, but it is costly."

"What does that signify if it is precious? The soul, like the diamond, is appraised by its transparency."

"It is mine."

The two emissaries of Satan started. Their claws were clutched under their gloves of leather; their grey eyes sparkled; the soul, pure, spotless, virginal, of Kathleen—it was a priceless acquisition!

"Beauteous lady, how much do you ask?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand pieces of gold."

"It's at your service," replied the traders, and they tendered Kathleen a parchment sealed with black, which she signed with a shudder.

The sum was counted out to her.

As soon as she got home she said to the butler, "Here, distribute this: with this money that I give you the poor can tide over the eight days that remain, and not one of their souls will be delivered to the demon."

Afterwards she shut herself up in her room, and gave orders that none should disturb her.

Three days passed; she called nobody, she did not come out.

When the door was opened, they found her cold and stiff; she was dead of grief.

But the sale of this soul, so adorable in its charity, was declared null by the Lord; for she had saved her fellow-citizens from eternal death.

After the eight days had passed, numerous vessels

brought into famished Ireland immense provisions in grain. Hunger was no longer possible. As to the traders, they disappeared from their hotel without any one knowing what became of them. But the fishermen of the Blackwater pretend that they are enchained in a subterranean prison by order of Lucifer, until they shall be able to render up the soul of Kathleen, which escaped from them.

## ERIN

BY G. R.

I STAND, the King's harper, to make him a lay,  
The King's Peace lies on the land to-day ;  
Broad is fair Erin, a shining gem ;  
Fair Erin is wearing her golden hem.

The King's Peace lies as yellow as gold ;  
The corn is over the valley rolled ;  
No trampling horses destroy the bright corn,  
Fair Erin is feeding her children at morn.

The King's Peace is as green as the grass :  
The white sons of Erin unwounded may pass ;  
No red blood is staining fair Erin's clear rills,  
Not white dead, but sheep, lie in flock on the hills.

## OLD NORWICH

BY DANIEL DEFOE: *Tour of Great Britain*

IF a Stranger was only to ride through or view the City of *Norwich* on a common Day, he would be induc'd to think there was a Town without Inhabitants; but on the contrary, if he was to view the City, either on a Sabbath-day, or on any publick Occasion, he would wonder where all the People could dwell, the Multitude is so great: But the Case is this; the Inhabitants being all busy at their Manufactures, dwell in their Garrets at their Looms, and in their Combing-shops, as they call them, Twisting-Mills, and other Work-Houses; almost all the Works they are employ'd in, being done within Doors. The Castle is antient and decayed, and now for many Years past made use of for a Gaol.

The Walls of this City are reckon'd three Miles in Circumference, taking in more Ground than the City of *London*; but much of that Ground lies open in Pasture-Fields and Gardens; nor does it seem to be, like some antient Places, a decayed declining Town. But the Walls seem to be placed, as if they expected that the City would in time increase sufficiently to fill them up with Buildings.

The Cathedral of this City is a fine Fabrick, and the Spire-Steeple very high and beautiful; it is not antient, the Bishop's See having been first at *Thetford*; from whence it was not translated hither till the twelfth Century; yet the Church has so many Antiquities in it, that our late great Scholar and Physician, Sir *Thomas Brown*, thought it worth his while to write a whole Book to collect the Monuments and Inscriptions.

# A Country Cricket Match



BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD (1787-1855)

I NEVER, though tolerably eager and enthusiastic at all times, remember being in a more delicious state of excitement than on the eve of that battle. Our hopes waxed stronger and stronger. Those of our players who were present were excellent. William Grey got forty notches off his own bat; and that brilliant hitter, Tom Coper, gained eight from two successive balls. As the evening advanced, too, we had encouragement of another sort. A spy, who had been despatched to reconnoitre the enemy's quarters, returned from their practising ground with a most consolatory report. "Really," said Charles Grover, our intelligence—a fine old steady judge, one who had played well in his day—"they are no better than so many old women. Any five of ours would beat their eleven." This sent us to bed in high spirits.

Morning dawned less favourably. The sky promised a series of deluging showers, and kept its

word as English skies are wont to do on such occasions ; and a lamentable message arrived at the head-quarters from our trusty comrade Joel Brent. His master, a great farmer, had begun the hay-harvest that very morning, and Joel, being as eminent in one field as in another, could not be spared. Imagine Joel's plight ! the most ardent of all our eleven ! a knight held back from the tourney ! a soldier from the battle ! The poor swain was inconsolable. At last, one who is always ready to do a good-natured action, great or little, set forth to back his petition ; and, by dint of appealing to the public spirit of our worthy neighbour and the state of the barometer, talking alternately of the parish honour and thunder-showers, of lost matches and sopped hay, he carried his point, and returned triumphantly with the delighted Joel.

At last we were all assembled, and marched down to H. common, the appointed ground, which, though in our dominions according to the maps, was the constant practising place of our opponents, and *terra incognita* to us. We found our adversaries on the ground as we expected, for our various delays had hindered us from taking the field so early as we wished ; and, as soon as we had settled all preliminaries, the match began.

But, alas ! I have been so long settling my preliminaries, that I have left myself no room for the detail of our victory, and must squeeze the account of our grand achievements into as little compass as Cowley, when he crammed the names of eleven of his mistresses into the narrow space of four eight-syllable lines. *They* began the warfare—

those boastful men of B. And what think you, gentle reader, was the amount of their innings! These challengers—the famous eleven—how many did they get? Think! imagine! guess!—You cannot?—Well!—they got twenty-two, or, rather, they got twenty; for two of theirs were short notches, and would never have been allowed, only that, seeing what they were made of, we and our umpires were not particular.—They should have had twenty more if they had chosen to claim them. Oh, how well we fielded! and how well we bowled! our good play had quite as much to do with their miserable failure as their bad. Samuel Long is a slow bowler, George Simmons a fast one, and the change from Long's lobbing to Simmons's fast balls posed them completely. Poor simpletons! they were always wrong, expecting the slow for the quick, and the quick for the slow. Well, we went in. And what were our innings? Guess again!—guess! A hundred and sixty-nine! in spite of soaking showers, and wretched ground, where the ball would not run a yard, we headed them by a hundred and forty-seven; and then they gave in, as well they might. William Grey pressed them much to try another innings. "There was so much chance," as he courteously observed, "in cricket, that advantageous as our position seemed, we might, very possibly, be overtaken. The B. men had better try." But they were beaten sulky, and would not move—to my great disappointment; I wanted to prolong the pleasure of success. What a glorious sensation it is to be for five hours together—winning—winning! always feeling what

a whist-player feels when he takes up four honours, seven trumps! Who would think that a little bit of leather, and two pieces of wood, had such a delightful and delighting power!

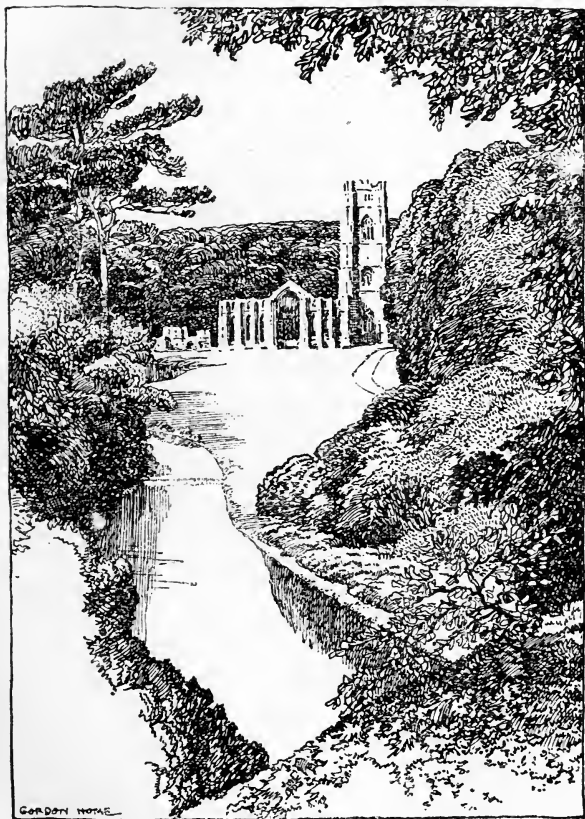
The only drawback on my enjoyment was the failure of the pretty boy, David Willis, who, injudiciously put in first, and playing for the first time in a match amongst men and strangers, who talked to him, and stared at him, was seized with such a fit of shamefaced shyness, that he could scarcely hold his bat, and was bowled out without a stroke, from actual nervousness. "He will come off that," Tom Coper says—I am afraid he will. I wonder whether Tom had ever any modesty to lose. Our other modest lad, John Strong, did very well; his length told in fielding, and he got good fame. Joel Brent, the rescued mower, got into a scrape, and out of it again; his fortune for the day. He ran out his mate, Samuel Long; who, I do believe, but for the excess of Joel's eagerness, would have stayed in till this time, by which exploit he got into sad disgrace; and then he himself got thirty-seven runs, which redeemed his reputation. Will Grey made a hit which actually lost the cricket-ball. We think she lodged in a hedge, a quarter of a mile off, but nobody could find her. And George Simmons had nearly lost his shoe, which he tossed away in a passion, for having been caught out, owing to the ball glancing against it. These, together with a very complete somerset of Ben Appleton, our long-stop, who floundered about in the mud, making faces and attitudes as laughable as Grimaldi, none could tell whether by accident or

design, were the chief incidents of the scene of action. Amongst the spectators nothing remarkable occurred, beyond the general calamity of two or three drenchings, except that a form, placed by the side of a hedge, under a very insufficient shelter, was knocked into the ditch, in a sudden rush of the cricketers to escape a pelting shower, by which means all parties shared the fate of Ben Appleton, some on land and some by water; and that, amidst the scramble, a saucy gipsy of a girl contrived to steal from the knee of the demure and well-appareled Samuel Long, a smart handkerchief which his careful dame had tied round it to preserve his new (what is the mincing feminine word?)—his new—inexpressibles, thus reversing the story of Desdemona, and causing the new Othello to call aloud for his handkerchief, to the great diversion of the company. And so we parted; the players retired to their supper, and we to our homes; all wet through, all good-humoured and happy—except the losers.

To-day we are happy too. Hats, with ribands in them, go glancing up and down; and William Grey says, with a proud humility, "We do not challenge any parish; but if we be challenged, we are ready."







FOUNTAINS ABBEY



"IF DOUGHTY DEEDS MY LADY PLEASE"

## DOUGHTY DEEDS

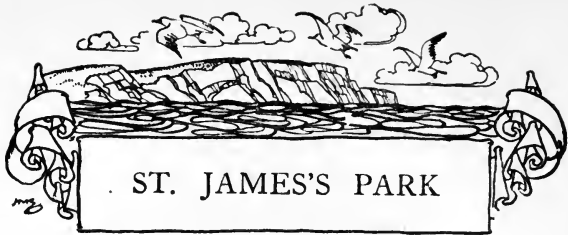
BY R. GRAHAM OF GARTMORE

IF doughty deeds my lady please  
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;  
And strong his arm and fast his seat  
That bears frae me the meed.  
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,  
Thy picture at my heart ;  
And he that bends not to thine eye  
Shall rue it to his smart !

IF gay attire delight thine eye  
I'll dight me in array ;  
I'll tend thy chamber door at night  
And squire thee all the day.  
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,  
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;  
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,  
That voice that nane can match.

BUT if fond love thy heart can gain,  
I'll never break a vow ;  
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,  
I never loved but you.  
For you alone I ride the ring,  
For you I wear the blue ;  
For you alone I strive to sing,  
O tell me how to woo !

Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,  
O tell me how to woo thee !  
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,  
Tho' ne'er another trow me.



LEIGH HUNT: *The Town.*

ONE of the most popular aspects of St. James's Park is that of a military and music-playing and milk-drinking spot. The milk-drinkings, and the bands of music, and the parades, are the same as they used to be in our boyish days; and, we were going to add, may they be immortal. But though it is good to make the best of war as long as war cannot be helped, and though music and gold lace, &c., are wonderful helps to that end, yet conscience will not allow us to blink all we know of a very different sort respecting battlefields and days after the battle. We say, therefore, may war turn out to be as mortal, and speedily so, as railroads and growing good-sense can make it; though in the meantime, and the more for that hope, we may be allowed to indulge ourselves as we did when children, in admiring the pretty figures which it cuts in this place—the harmlessness of its glitter and the transports of its beholders. Will anybody who has beheld it when a boy ever forget how his heart leaped within him when, having heard the music before he saw the musicians, he issued hastily from Whitehall on to the parade, and beheld the serene and stately regiment assembled before the colonel, the band playing some noble march, and

the officers stepping forwards to the measure with their saluting swords? Will he ever forget the mystical dignity of the band-major, who made signs with his staff; the barbaric, and as it were, Othello-like height and lustre of the turbaned black who tossed the cymbals; the dapper juvenility of the drummers and fifers; and the astounding prematureness of the little boy who played on the triangle? Is it in the nature of human self-respect to forget how this little boy, dressed in a "right earnest" suit of regimentals, and with his hair as veritably powdered and plastered as the best, fetched those amazing strides by the side of Othello, which absolutely "kept up" with his lofty shanks, and made the schoolboy think the higher of his own nature for the possibility? Furthermore, will he ever forget how some regiment of horse used to come over the Park to Whitehall, in the midst of this parade, and pass the foot-soldiers with a sound of clustering magnificence and dancing trumpets? Will he ever forget how the foot then divided itself into companies, and turning about and deploying before the colonel, marched off in the opposite direction, carrying away the schoolboy himself and the crowd of spectators with it; and so, now with the brisk drums and fifes, and now with the deeper glories of the band, marched gallantly off for the courtyard of the palace, where it again set up its music-book, and enchanted the crowd with Haydn or Mozart? What a strange mixture, too, was the crowd itself—boys and grown men, gentlemen, vagabonds, maidservants—there they all went listening, idling, gazing on the ensign

or the band-major, keeping pace with the march, and all of them more or less, particularly the maid-servants, doting on the "sogers." We, for one, confess to having drunk deep of the attraction, or the infection, or the balmy reconciliation (whichever the reader pleases to call it). Many a holiday morning have we hastened from our cloisters in the city to go and hear "the music in the park," delighted to make one in the motley crowd, and attending upon the last flourish of the hautboys and clarionets. There we first became acquainted with feelings which we afterwards put into verse (if the recollection be not thought an impertinence); and there, without knowing what it was called, or who it was that wrote it, we carried back with us to school the theme of a glorious composition, which afterwards became a favourite with opera-goers under the title of *Non più andrai*, the delightful march in *Figaro*. We suppose it is now, and has ever since been played there, to the martialisation of hundreds of little boys, and the puzzlement of philosophy. Everything in respect to military parade takes place, we believe, in the park just as it used to do, or with little variation. The objects also which you behold, if you look at the parade and its edifices, are the same. The Admiralty, the Treasury, the back of the Minister's house in Downing Street, and the back-front of the solid and not inappropriate building, called the Horse Guards, look as they did fifty years ago; and there also continue to stand the slender Egyptian piece of cannon, and the dumpy Spanish mortar, trophies of the late war with France. The inscriptions, however, on those

triumphant memorials contain no account of the sums we are still paying for having waged it.

"The soldiers" and the "milk from the cow" do not at all clash in the minds of boyhood. The juvenile imagination ignores what it pleases, especially as its knowledge is not very great. It no more connects the idea of village massacre with guns and trumpets, than it supposes the fine scarlet coat capable of being ragged and dirty. Virgil may say something about ruined fields, and people compelled to fly for their lives; but this is only part of a "lesson," and the calamities but so many nouns and verbs. The maidservants, and indeed the fair sex in general, till they become wives and mothers, enjoy the like happy exemption from ugly associations of ideas; and the syllabub is taken under the trees, with a delighted eye to the milk on one side, and the military show on the other.

The late Mr. West, the painter, was so pleased with this pastoral group of cows and milk-drinkers in the park, that he went out of the line of his art to make a picture of it.

## THE THAMES IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

HARRISON: *Description of England*, in Holinshed's  
*Chronicle* (1577)

WHAT should I speak of the fat and sweet salmon, and that in such plenty (after the time of the smelt be passed) as no river in Europe is able to exceed it. What store also of barbel, trout,

chevin,<sup>1</sup> perch, smelt, bream, roach, dace, gudgeon, flounder, shrimps, etc., are commonly to be had therein, I refer to them that know by experience better than I, by reason of their daily trade of fishing in the same. And albeit it seemeth from time to time to be as it were defrauded in sundry wise of these large commodities by the insatiable avarice of the fishermen, yet this famous river complaineth commonly of no want; but the more it loseth at one time the more it yieldeth at another. Only in carp it seemeth to be scant, since it is not long since that kind of fish was brought over to England, and but of late to speak of into this stream, by the violent rage of sundry land-floods that brake open the heads and dams of divers gentlemen's ponds, by which means it became somewhat partaker also of this said commodity; whereof once it had no portion that I could ever hear (of). Oh! that this river might be spared but even one year from nets, etc., but alas! then should many a poor man be undone. . . .

In like manner I could intreat of the infinite number of swans daily to be seen upon this river, the two thousand wherries and small boats whereby three thousand poor watermen are maintained, through the carriage and recarriage of such persons as pass or repass from time to time upon the same; besides those huge tide-boats, tilt-boats, and barges, which either carry passengers, or bring necessary provisions from all quarters of Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Essex and Kent, unto the city of London.

<sup>1</sup> *Chevin*, or chub. A small freshwater fish.



# LANCASHIRE HUMOUR

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING

## I

THE Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, walking one day along one of the poorer streets in Ancoats, saw two little gutter boys sitting on the edge of the pavement busy, putting the finishing touches to a mud house they had made, and he asked them what they were doing.

"We've been makin' a church," replied one of them.

"A church!" responded the Bishop, much interested, as he stooped over the youthful architects' work. "Ah, yes, I see. That, I suppose, is the entrance door" (pointing with his stick). "This is the nave, these are the aisles, there the pews, and you have even got the pulpit! Very good, my boys, very good. But where is the parson?"

"We ha'not gettin' muck enough to mak' a parson!" was the reply.

## II

There is a quaint simplicity about the country people in Lancashire, that wants a name in our vocabulary of manners. It is a simplicity that asserts itself just because of its simplicity, and that never heard, and if it did, never understood "Who's

Who." Imagine the surprise of the new vicar of the parish, fresh from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, accustomed to an agricultural population that smoothed down its forelocks in deference,—imagine him losing his way in one of his parochial excursions, and inquiring in his south-country accent, from a lubberly boy weeding turnips in a field, "Pray, my boy, can you tell me the way to Bolton?"

"Ay," replied the boy. "Yo' mun go across yon bleach croft and into th' loan, and yo'll get to Doffcocker, and then yo're i' th' high road, and yo' can go straight on."

"Thank you," said the vicar, "perhaps I can find it. And now, my boy, will you tell me what you do for a livelihood?"

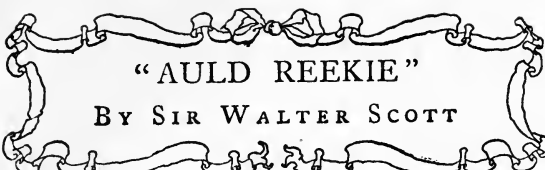
"I clear up th' shippon, pills potatoes, or does oddin; and if I may be so bou'd, win yo' tell me what yo' do?"

"Oh, I am a minister of the Gospel; I preach the Word of God."

"But what dun yo' do?" persisted the boy.

"I teach you the way of salvation; I show you the road to heaven."

"Nay, nay," said the lad; "dunnot yo' pretend to teach me th' road to heaven, and doesn't know th' road to Bow'ton."



“AULD REEKIE”  
BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771-1832)

*Sic itur ad astra*

“THIS is the path to heaven.” Such is the ancient motto attached to the armorial bearings of the Canongate, and which is inscribed, with greater or less propriety, upon all the public buildings, from the church to the pillory, in the ancient quarter of Edinburgh, which bears, or rather once bore, the same relation to the Good Town that Westminster does to London.

Day after day I walked there, by the side of the kennel which divides the Sanctuary from the unprivileged part of the Canongate; and though the month was July, and the scene the old town of Edinburgh, I preferred it to the fresh air and verdant turf which I might have enjoyed in the King's Park, or to the cool and solemn gloom of the portico which surrounds the palace. To an indifferent person either side of the gutter would have seemed much the same—the houses equally mean, the children as ragged and dirty, the carmen as brutal, the whole forming the same picture of low life in a deserted and impoverished quarter of a large city. But to me, the gutter, or kennel, was what the brook Kedron was to Shimei; death was denounced against him should he cross it, doubtless because it was known to his wisdom

who pronounced the doom, that from the time the crossing the stream was debarred, the devoted man's desire to transgress the precept would become irresistible, and he would be sure to draw down on his head the penalty which he had already justly incurred by cursing the anointed of God. For my part, all Elysium seemed opening on the other side of the kennel, and I envied the little blackguards, who, stopping the current with their little dam-dikes of mud, had a right to stand on either side of the nasty puddle which best pleased them. I was so childish as even to make an occasional excursion across, were it only for a few yards, and felt the triumph of a schoolboy, who, trespassing in an orchard, hurries back again with a fluttering sensation of joy and terror, betwixt the pleasure of having executed his purpose, and the fear of being taken or discovered.

When my mind was quite made up to make Auld Reekie my head-quarters, reserving the privilege of *exploring* in all directions, I began to explore in good earnest for the purpose of discovering a suitable habitation. "And whare trew ye I gaed?" as Sir Pertinax says. Not to George's Square—nor to Charlotte Square—nor to the old New Town—nor to the new New Town—nor to the Calton Hill. I went to the Canongate, and to the very portion of the Canongate in which I had formerly been immured, like the errant knight, prisoner in some enchanted castle, where spells have made the ambient air impervious to the unhappy captive, although the organs of sight encountered no obstacle to his free passage.

Why I should have thought of pitching my tent here I cannot tell. Perhaps it was to enjoy the pleasures of freedom, where I had so long endured the bitterness of restraint ; on the principle of the officer, who, after he had retired from the army, ordered his servant to continue to call him at the hour of parade, simply that he might have the pleasure of saying "D—n the parade !" and turning to the other side to enjoy his slumbers. Or perhaps I expected to find in the vicinity some little old-fashioned house, having somewhat of the *rus in urbe*, which I was ambitious of enjoying. Enough, I went, as aforesaid, to the Canongate.

A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave ; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation ; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple, where the modern Comus and Mammon hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and virtue itself, at their shrine ; the mistly and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible Genius of feudal times, when the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute, bold enterprises.

I have, as it were, the two extremities of the

moral world at my threshold. From the front door, a few minutes' walk brings me into the heart of a wealthy and populous city; as many paces from my opposite entrance, places me in a solitude as complete as Zimmerman could have desired. Surely with such aids to my imagination, I may write better than if I were in a lodging in the New Town, or a garret in the old. As the Spaniard says,—“*Viamos—Caracco!*”

O MY LUVE'S  
LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

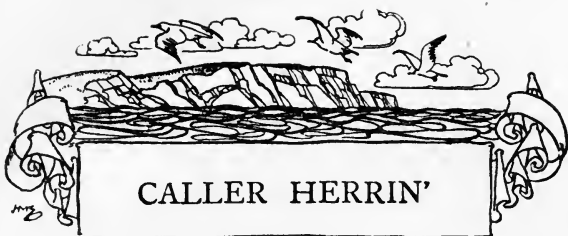
BY ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June :  
O my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luvè am I :  
And I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;  
I will luvè thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !  
And fare thee weel awhile !  
And I will come again, my Luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.



FROM THE SCOTTISH SONG-BOOK, 1781

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin' ?  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.

When ye were sleeping on your pillows,  
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,  
Darkling as they face the billows,  
A' to fill our woven willows ?

Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.  
Caller herrin' ! Caller herrin' !

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,  
Ladies clad in silks and laces  
Gather in their brâw pelisses,  
Toss their heads and screw their faces.

Buy my caller herrin',  
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
Buy my caller herrin',  
New drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebor wives, come tent my tellin',  
 When the bonnie fish ye're sellin'  
 At a word be aye your dealin',  
 Truth will stand when a' things failin'.

Buy my caller herrin',  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin' ;  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 They're no brought here without brave darin' ;  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Ye little ken their worth.

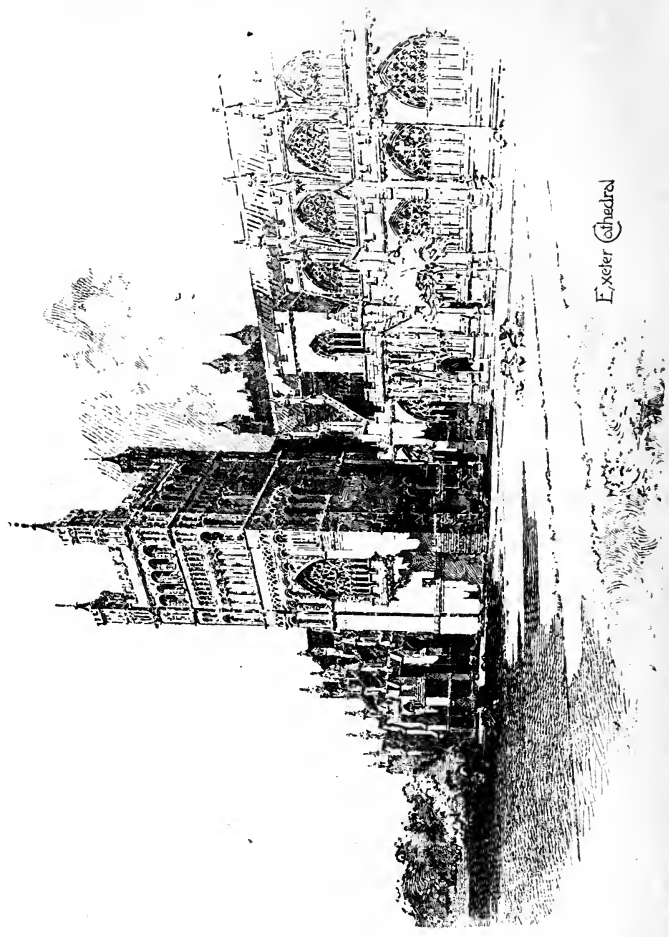
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ?  
 O ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;  
 Wives and mithers maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men.  
 Caller herrin' ! Caller herrin' !







"CALLER HERRIN'!"



Exeter Cathedral



SOME  
PASSAGES ON PATRIOTISM

BY THE RIGHT HON. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

I APPROACH with timidity and circumlocutory caution Patriotism, or the love of one's native land. This we may safely assume to be a primary instinct among men of our breed. Where is it bred? In the cool language of Philosophy, patriotism is a bias of the mind; a predisposition to love your own land better than any other parts of the round globe. There can be no doubt where Patriotism is bred. It begins at home. It is the creature of early association, of the things you first saw—the laburnum tree outside the nursery window, the lane at your father's gate, the footpath across the fields. From these things and from the emotions they excite there is no escape. A very simple verse of an Irish poet, William Allingham, sums it all up with true feeling:—

Four ducks on a pond,  
A grass bank beyond—  
A blue sky of Spring,  
White clouds on the wing.  
How little a thing  
To remember for years,  
To remember with tears!

Browning, in his earliest poem, has said the same thing more grandiloquently:—

As life wanes, all its cares and strife and toil  
 Seem strangely valueless, while the old trees  
 Which grew by our youth's home, the waving mass  
 Of climbing plants, heavy with bloom and dew,  
 The morning swallows, with their songs like words,  
 All these seem clear, and only worth our thought.

English poetry, probably all poetry, is full of such things, and at times their pathos is overpowering ; and particularly is this so when they occur in songs of exile :—

Ah ! that hamlet in Saxon Kent,  
 Shall I find it when I come home,  
 With toil and travelling well-nigh spent,  
 Tired with life in jungle and tent,  
 Eastward never again to roam ?

Pleasantest corner the world can show,  
 In a vale which slopes to the English sea,  
 Where strawberries wild in the woodland grow,  
 And the cherry-tree branches are bending low—  
 No such fruit in the South countree.<sup>1</sup>

Water can rise no higher than its source. Home is the birthplace of Patriotism. Hence come an Englishman's pride in his inviolate shores, his thought of a foreign invasion as an outrage, unbearable, almost unthinkable, provocative of speechless passion. . . .

Patriotism, which, if not born with us, is created and fostered by our very earliest and therefore deepest associations, and expands as we become "children of a larger growth" into political pride, is a main element of our social existence. A man without a country to love and a State to be proud of suffers a cruel deprivation. He is a motherless being. Gibbon, who seems never to have experienced a mother's love, writes in his autobiography :

<sup>1</sup> *Verses written in India* by SIR ALFRED C. LYALL.

“I am tempted to enter my protest against the trite and lavish praise of the happiness of our boyish years, which is echoed with so much affectation in the world. That happiness I have never known.” On this passage Sainte Beuve observes : “J’ai déjà remarqué cela pour Volney ; ceux à qui manque cette sollicitude d’une mère, ce premier duvet et cette fleur d’une affection tendre, ce charme confus et pénétrant des impressions naissantes, sont plus aisément que d’autres dénués du sentiment de la religion.” The same cast of thought applies to those unfortunates who are deprived of the pride of country. . . .

A man’s love of his native land is the surest basis of national life and character. A well-tempered, widely informed pride in the great achievements of the men and women of your native land in all the fields of honourable activity is of the essence of patriotism. A conviction that the country or political union to which you belong is destined to take a great part in the work of humanising the world, so that before the end comes cruelty may have ceased even in its dark places, is a glorious faith. To take this part Courage and Strength are both necessary. A healthy breed of men enured to discipline, willing to work, ready to die, proud of the flag, jealous of its reputation in all parts of the earth,—that Britain may produce in increasing numbers such a breed is the pious supplication of true British patriots, and it is a prayer to which the whole world might say Amen !



## THE LAKE COUNTRY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : *A Guide Through the  
Lake District*

I KNOW not how to give the reader a distinct image of the country more readily than by requesting him to place himself with me, in imagination, upon some given point ; let it be the top of either of the mountains, Great Gavel, or Scawfell ; or, rather, let us suppose our station to be a cloud hanging midway between those two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation ; we shall then see stretched at our feet a number of vallies, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point, on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First, we note, lying to the south-east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long lake of Winandermere, stretched nearly to the sea ; or rather to the sands of the vast bay of Morcamb, serving here for the rim of this imaginary wheel ;— let us trace it in a direction from the south-east towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not (as all the other vallies do) to the nave of the wheel, and therefore it may be not inaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking forth again, with an inclination

towards the west, we see immediately at our feet the vale of Duddon, in which is no lake, but a copious stream, winding among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, next to be observed, viz. that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminated from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow æstuary enters the sea below the small town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and half a dozen neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn-ground intersected with stone walls apparently innumerable, like a large piece of lawless patch-work, or an array of mathematical figures, such as in the ancient schools of geometry might have been sportively and fantastically traced out upon sand. Beyond this little fertile plain lies, within a bed of steep mountains, the long, narrow, stern, and desolate lake of Wastdale; and, beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish Sea. The stream that issues from Wastwater is named the Irt, and falls into the æstuary of the river Esk. Next comes in view Ennerdale, with its lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the castle;—then, seeming, like the other rivers, to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this

tempestuous coast, enters the Irish Sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of that name, and Crummock-water, beyond, next present themselves. We will follow the main stream, the Coker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Winandermere with which we began. From this it will appear, that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete ; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Ullswater, Haweswater, and the vale of Grasmere and Rydal ; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, take a flight of not more than four or five miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, and you will look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, which are a branch of the vale of Keswick ; upon Ullswater, stretching due east :—and not far beyond to the south-east (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and lake of Haweswater ; and lastly, the vale of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, brings you back to Winandermere, thus completing, though on the eastern side in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel.



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE  
*REVENGE* AND THE SPANISH  
ARMADA : August 31, 1591

BY RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553?—1616)

THE Spanish fleet having shrouded their approach by reason of the Island ; were now so soone at hand, as our shippes had scarce time to way their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slippe their Cables and set saile. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that wayed, to recover the men that were upon the Island, which otherwise had bene lost. The *L. Thomas* with the rest very hardly recovered the winde, which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to doe, was perswaded by the Master and others to cut his maine sayle, and cast about, and to trust to the sayling of the ship ; for the squadron of Sivil were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enemie, alleaging that hee would rather choose to die, then to dishonour himselfe, his countrey, and her Majesties shippe, perswading his companie that hee would passe through the two squadrons, in despight of them, and enforce those of Sivil to give him way. Which hee performed upon divers of the formost, who, as the Mariners terme it, sprang their luffe, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had bene the better, and might right well have bene answered in

so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding out of the greatnesse of his minde, he could not be perswaded. In the meane while as hee attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the winde of him, and comming towards him, becalmed his sailes in such sort, as the shippe could neither make way, nor feele the helme : so huge and high carged was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundreth tuns. Who after layd the *Revenge* aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sailes, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also layd him aboard : of which the next was the Admiral of the Biscaines, a very mighty and puissant shippe commanded by Brittandona. The sayd *Philip* carried three tire of ordinance on a side, eleven pieces in every tire. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her sterne ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip* foure other boarded her ; two on her larboord, and two on her starboord. The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoone, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tire of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossebar-shot, shifted her selfe with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the shippe foundred, but we cannot report it for truth, unlesse we were assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of souldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners ; in some five, in others eight hundredth. In ours there were none at all beside the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen onely. After

many enterchanged volies of great ordinance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soulders and Musketers, but were still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their owne ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London having received some shot thorow her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force: Sir Richard bid him save himselfe, and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some houres of the night, many of our men were slaine and hurte, and one of the great Gallions of the Armada, and the Admirall of the Hulkes both sunke, and in many other of the Spanish shippes great slaughter was made. Some write that sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechlesse for a time ere hee recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* owne company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the Ilandes, examined by some of the Lordes, and others, affirmed that hee was never so wounded as that hee forsooke the upper decke, till an houre before midnight; and then being shot into the bodie with a Musket as hee was a dressing, was againe shot into the head, and withall his Chirurgion wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by sir Francis Godolphin, of foure other mariners of the same shippe being returned, which examination, the said sir Francis

sent unto master William Killegrue, of her Majesties privy Chamber.

But to returne to the fight, the Spanish ships which attempted to bord the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so alwayes others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mighty Gallions by her sides, and aboard her : So that ere the morning, from three of the clocke the day before, there had fiteene several Armadas assayled her ; and all so ill approved their entertainment, as they were by the breake of day, far more willing to harken to a composition, then hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day encreased, so our men decreased : and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grewe our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commaunded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the successe: but in the morning bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrell was now spent, all her pikes broken, fortie of her best men slaine, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight shee had but one hundreth free from sicknes, and fourescore & ten sicke, laid in hold upon the Ballast. A small troupe to man such a ship, & a weake garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred al was sustained, the voleis, boardings, and entrings of fifteen ships of warre, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with souldiers brought from every squadron : all

maner of Armes and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons; the Mastes all beaten over boord, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased, and in effect evened shee was with the water, but the very foundation or bottome of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence. Sir Richard finding himselfe in this distresse, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fiftene houres fight, the assault of fiftene severall Armadas, all by turnes aboard him, and by estimation eight hundred shotte of great Artillerie, besides many assaults and entries; and that himselfe and the shippe must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, (The *Revenge* not able to moove one way or other, but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea) commaunded the Master gunner, whom hee knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sinke the shippe; that thereby nothing might remaine of glory or victory to the Spaniards: seeing in so many houres fight, and with so great a Navie they were not able to take her, having had fiftene houres time, above ten thousand men, & fiftie and three saile of men of warre to performe it withall: and perswaded the company, or as many as hee could induce, to yeelde themselves unto God, and to the mercie of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not nowe shorten the honour of their Nation, by prolonging their owne lives for a few houres, or a fewe dayes. The Master gunner

readily condescended and divers others; but the Captaine and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them: alleaging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertaine a composition, as they were willing to offer the same: and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their Countrey and prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleaged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one shippe of her Majestie, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered, that the shippe had sixe foote water in holde, three shot under water, which were so weakely stopped, as with the first working of the sea, she must needs sinke, and was besides so crusht and brused, as shee could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of those reasons: the Master of the *Revenge* (while the Captaine wanne unto him the greater party) was convoyd aboard the *Generall*, Don Alfonso Baçan. Who (finding none over hastie to enter the *Revenge* againe, doubting least Sir Richard would have blowne them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition) yeilded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, & the better sort to pay such reasonable ransome as their estate would beare, and in the meane season to be free from Gally or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as wel, as I have

said, for feare of further losse and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville; whom for his notable valure he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safetie of life was promised, the common sort being now at the ende of their perill, the most drew backe from Sir Richard and the Master gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The Master gunner finding himselfe and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slaine himselfe with a sword, had he not bene by force withheld and locked into his Cabben. Then the *Generall* sent many boates aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richards disposition, stole away aboard the *Generall* and other shippes. Sir Richard thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alfonso Baçan to remoove out of the *Revenge*, the shippe being marvelous unsavorie, filled with blood and bodies of dead, and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that hee might doe with his body what he list, for hee esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the shippe hee swounded, and reviving againe desired the company to pray for him. The *Generall* used Sir Richard with all humanitie, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recoverie, highly commending his valour and worthinesse, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution sildome approved, to see one shippe turne toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge

Armadas, and to resist and repell the assaults and entries of so many souldiers. All which and more is confirmed by a Spanish Captaine of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who being severed from the rest in a storme, was by the *Lion of London* a small ship taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The generall commander of the Armada, was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marques of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscaine squadron, was Britandona. Of the squadron of Sivil, the Marques of Arumburch. The Hulkes and Flybotes were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slaine and drowned in this fight, well neere one thousand of the enemies, and two speciall commanders Don Luis de sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Mallaga, as the Spanish captaine confesseth, besides divers others of speciall account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admirall of the Hulkes and the *Ascension* of Sivil were both sunke by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the rode of Saint Michael, and sunke also there; a fourthe ranne her selfe with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died as it is sayd, the second or third day aboard the *Generall*, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on the land we know not: the comfort that remayneth to his friends is, that hee hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation wonne to his nation and countrey, and of the same to his posteritie, and that being dead, he hath not outlived his owne honour.





## SHAKSPEARE

By Matthew Arnold

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill  
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,  
Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spare but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foil'd searching of mortality :  
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,  
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so !  
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,  
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.



## THE GARDEN

LORD TENNYSON : *The Gardener's Daughter*

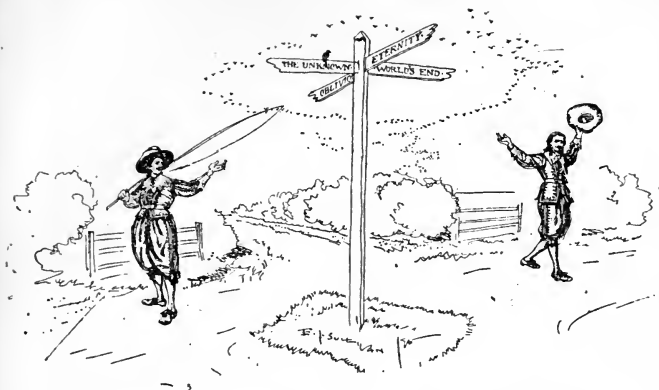
NOT wholly in the busy world, nor quite  
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.  
News from the humming city comes to it  
In sound of funeral or of marriage bells ;  
And, sitting muffled in dark leaves, you hear  
The windy clanging of the minster clock ;  
Although between it and the garden lies  
A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the minster-towers.

The fields between  
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,  
And all about the large lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.

## THE SEASIDE VILLAGE

LORD TENNYSON : *Enoch Arden*

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;  
And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows ; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.



## THE ROAD TO TOTTENHAM HIGH CROSS

BY IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

WELL, Scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still mile to Tottenham High-Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache ; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy ; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters or broken limbs ; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken : and we have

been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature ; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience ; a misery that none can bear : and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drunk, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely ; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again ; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, Scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on, and says, that Solomon says “ The diligent hand maketh rich ” ; and it is true indeed : but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy ; for it was wisely said, by a man of great observation, “ That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them.” And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty ; and grant, that having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let not us repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches ; when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man’s girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless

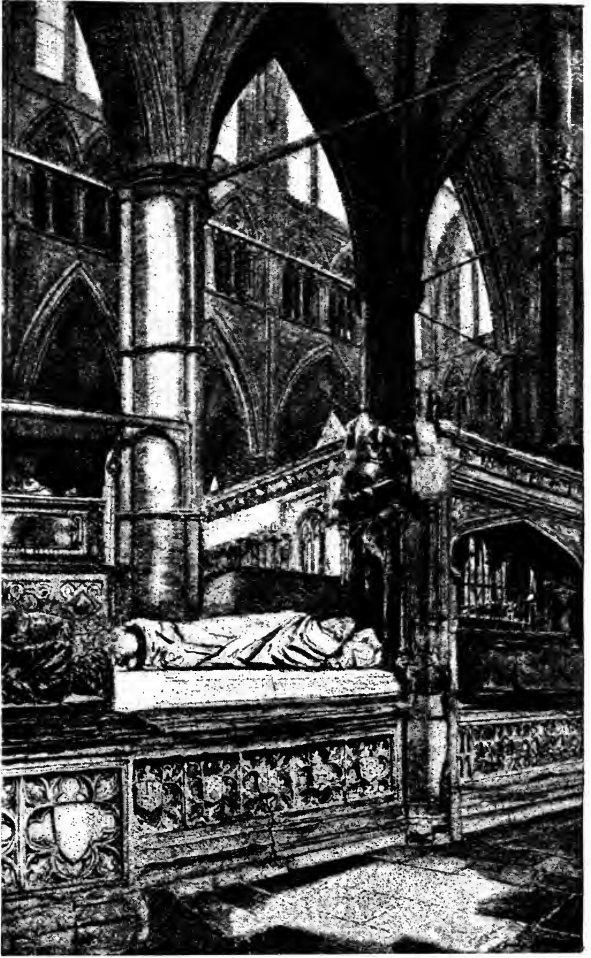
nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness: few consider him to be like the silk-worm, that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, Scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping, or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And

I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty ; but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud ; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church ; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other : and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits ; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well ! this wilful, purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband ; after which his wife vext and chid, and chid and vext, till she also chid and vext herself into her grave : and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts ; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches ; and several houses, all beautiful, and ready furnished ; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another : and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, " It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, " If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him ; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel ; for He there says— " Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain



THE OLD TOWER AND THE NEW BRIDGE



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM THE CHAPEL  
OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST



mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven: but in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possess of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

Well, Scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High-Cross; and our short walk thither shall put a period to my too long discourse; in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them, do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor: but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all. For it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." And so you are welcome to Tottenham High-Cross.



## LONDON BRIDGE

GEORGE BORROW : *Lavengro*

AND when I had passed through the Cheape I entered another street, which led up a kind of ascent, and which proved to be the street of the Lombards, called so from the name of its founders ; and I walked rapidly up the street of the Lombards, neither looking to the right nor left, for it had no interest for me, though I had a kind of consciousness that mighty things were being transacted behind its walls ; but it wanted the throng, bustle, and outward magnificence of the Cheape, and it had never been spoken of by “ruddy bards !” And, when I had got to the end of the street of the Lombards, I stood still for some time, deliberating within myself whether I should turn to the right or the left, or go straight forward, and at last I turned to the right, down a street of rapid descent, and presently found myself upon a bridge which traversed the river which runs by the big city.

A strange kind of bridge it was ; huge and massive, and seemingly of great antiquity. It had an arched back, like that of a hog, a high balustrade, and at either side, at intervals, were stone bowers bulking over the river, but open on the other side, and furnished with a semi-circular bench. Though the bridge was wide—very wide—it was all too

narrow for the concourse upon it. Thousands of human beings were pouring over the bridge. But what chiefly struck my attention was a double row of carts and waggons, the generality drawn by horses as large as elephants, each row striving hard in a different direction, and not unfrequently brought to a standstill. Oh the cracking of whips, the shouts and oaths of the carters, and the grating of wheels upon the enormous stones that formed the pavement! In fact, there was a wild hurly-burly upon the bridge, which nearly deafened me. But, if upon the bridge there was a confusion, below it there was a confusion ten times confounded. The tide, which was fast ebbing, obstructed by the immense piers of the old bridge, poured beneath the arches with a fall of several feet, forming in the river below as many whirlpools as there were arches. Truly tremendous was the roar of the descending waters, and the bellow of the tremendous gulfs, which swallowed them for a time, and then cast them forth, foaming and frothing from their horrid wombs. Slowly advancing along the bridge, I came to the highest point, and there stood still, close beside one of the stone bowers, in which, beside a fruit-stall, sat an old woman, with a pan of charcoal at her feet, and a book in her hand, in which she appeared to be reading intently. There I stood, just above the principal arch, looking through the balustrade at the scene that presented itself—and such a scene! Towards the left bank of the river, a forest of masts, thick and close, as far as the eye could reach; spacious wharfs, surmounted with gigantic edifices; and, far away, Cæsar's Castle, with its White Tower.

To the right, another forest of masts, and a maze of buildings, from which, here and there, shot up to the sky chimneys taller than Cleopatra's Needle, vomiting forth huge wreaths of that black smoke which forms the canopy—occasionally a gorgeous one—of the more than Babel city. Stretching before me, the troubled breast of the mighty river, and, immediately below, the main whirlpool of the Thames—the Maelstrom of the bulwarks of the middle arch—a grisly pool, which, with its superabundance of horror, fascinated me. Who knows but I should have leaped into its depths?—I have heard of such things—but for a rather startling occurrence which broke the spell. As I stood upon the bridge, gazing into the jaws of the pool, a small boat shot suddenly through the arch beneath my feet. There were three persons in it; an oarsman in the middle, whilst a man and woman sat at the stern. I shall never forget the thrill of horror which went through me at this sudden apparition. What!—a boat—a small boat—passing beneath that arch into yonder roaring gulf! Yes, yes, down through that awful waterway, with more than the swiftness of an arrow, shot the boat, or skiff, right into the jaws of the pool. A monstrous breaker curls over the prow—there is no hope; the boat is swamped, and all drowned in that strangling vortex. No! the boat, which appeared to have the buoyancy of a feather, skipped over the threatening horror, and the next moment was out of danger, the boatman—a true boatman of Cockaigne, that—elevating one of his sculls in sign of triumph, the man hallooing, and the woman, a true Englishwoman that—of a certain class—waving her shawl.



WANTED  
A BRITISH HISTORIAN

BY THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY  
(1800-1859)

THE perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But, by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed: some transactions are prominent; others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*.

The early part of our imaginary history would be rich with colouring from romance, ballad, and chronicle. We should find ourselves in the company of knights such as those of Froissart, and of pilgrims such as those who rode with Chaucer from

the Tabard. Society would be shown from the highest to the lowest,—from the royal cloth of state to the den of the outlaw; from the throne of the legate to the chimney-corner where the begging friar regaled himself. Palmers, minstrels, crusaders,—the stately monastery, with the good cheer in its refectory and the high-mass in its chapel,—the manor-house, with its hunting and hawking,—the tournament, with the heralds and ladies, the trumpets and the cloth of gold,—would give truth and life to the representation. We should perceive, in a thousand slight touches, the importance of the privileged burgher, and the fierce and haughty spirit which swelled under the collar of the degraded villain. The revival of letters would not merely be described in a few magnificent periods. We should discern, in innumerable particulars, the fermentation of mind, the eager appetite for knowledge, which distinguished the sixteenth from the fifteenth century. In the Reformation we should see, not merely a schism which changed the ecclesiastical constitution of England and the mutual relations of the European powers, but a moral war which raged in every family, which set the father against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother. Henry would be painted with the skill of Tacitus. We should have the change of his character from his profuse and joyous youth to his savage and imperious old age. We would perceive the gradual progress of selfish and tyrannical passions in a mind not naturally insensible or ungenerous; and to the last we should

detect some remains of that open and noble temper which endeared him to a people whom he oppressed, struggling with the hardness of despotism and the irritability of disease. We should see Elizabeth in all her weakness and in all her strength, surrounded by the handsome favourites whom she never trusted, and the wise old statesmen whom she never dismissed, uniting in herself the most contradictory qualities of both her parents,—the coquetry, the caprice, the petty malice of Anne,—the haughty and resolute spirit of Henry. We have no hesitation in saying that a great artist might produce a portrait of this remarkable woman at least as striking as that in the novel of Kenilworth, without employing a single trait not authenticated by ample testimony. In the meantime, we should see arts cultivated, wealth accumulated, the conveniences of life improved. We should see the keeps, where nobles, insecure themselves, spread insecurity around them, gradually giving place to the halls of peaceful opulence, to the oriels of Longleat, and the stately pinnacles of Burleigh. We should see towns extended, deserts cultivated, the hamlets of fishermen turned into wealthy havens, the meal of the peasant improved, and his hut more commodiously furnished. We should see those opinions and feelings which produced the great struggle against the House of Stuart slowly growing up in the bosom of private families, before they manifested themselves in parliamentary debates. Then would come the civil war. Those skirmishes on which Clarendon dwells so minutely would be told, as Thucydides would have told them, with perspicuous conciseness. They



are merely connecting links. But the great characteristics of the age, the loyal enthusiasm of the brave English gentry, the fierce licentiousness of the swearing, dicing, drunken reprobates, whose excesses disgraced the royal cause,—the austerity of the Presbyterian Sabbaths in the city, the extravagance of the independent preachers in the camp, the precise garb, the severe countenance, the petty scruples, the affected accent, the absurd names and phrases which marked the Puritans,—the valour, the policy, the public spirit, which lurked beneath these ungraceful disguises,—the dreams of the raving Fifth-monarchy-man, the dreams, scarcely less wild, of the philosophic republican, all these would enter into the representation, and render it at once more exact and more striking.

The instruction derived from history thus written would be of a vivid and practical character. It would be received by the imagination as well as by the reason. It would be not merely traced on the mind, but branded into it. Many truths, too, would be learned, which can be learned in no other manner. As the history of states is generally written, the greatest and most momentous revolutions seem to come upon them like supernatural inflictions, without warning or cause. But the fact is, that such revolutions are almost always the consequences of moral changes, which have gradually passed on the mass of the community, and which originally proceed far before their progress is indicated by any public measure. An intimate knowledge of the domestic history of nations is therefore absolutely necessary to the

prognosis of political events. A narrative, defective in this respect, is as useless as a medical treatise which should pass by all the symptoms attendant on the early stage of a disease and mention only what occurs when the patient is beyond the reach of remedies.

A historian, such as we have been attempting to describe, would indeed be an intellectual prodigy. In his mind, powers scarcely compatible with each other must be tempered into an exquisite harmony. We shall sooner see another Shakspeare or another Homer. The highest excellence to which any single faculty can be brought would be less surprising than such a happy and delicate combination of qualities. Yet the contemplation of imaginary models is not an unpleasant or useless employment of the mind. It cannot indeed produce perfection; but it produces improvement and nourishes that generous and liberal fastidiousness which is not inconsistent with the strongest sensibility to merit, and which, while it exalts our conceptions of the art, does not render us unjust to the artist.

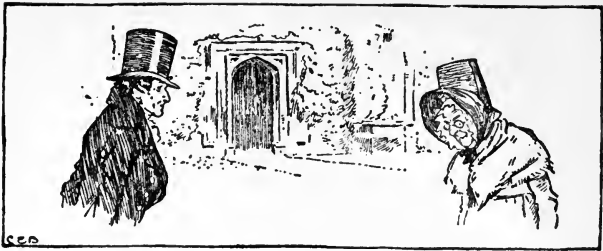
## THE BRITISH MAN-O'-WAR

LORD BYRON : *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

HE that has sail'd upon the dark-blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,  
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within !  
The well-reefed guns, the netted canopy,  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are manned on high :  
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
Conquest and fame : but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern, which tends their strength  
to nerve.



## OXFORD IN THE VACATION

BY CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant, to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility I can be a Sizar, or a Servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a Gentleman Commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bed-makers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy, as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a Seraphic Doctor.

The walks at these times are so much one's own,—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen!

The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a *devoir* to some Founder, or noble or royal Benefactress (that should have been ours) whose portrait seems to smile upon their over-looked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then, to take a peep in by the way at the butteries, and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality: the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fire-places, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago; and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the Cook goes forth a Manciple.

Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou? that, being nothing, art every thing! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity—then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou called'st it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half Januses<sup>1</sup> are we, that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being every thing! the past is every thing, being nothing!

What were thy *dark ages*? Surely the sun rose as brightly then as now, and man got him to his work in the morning. Why is it that we can never hear mention of them without an accompanying feeling, as though a palpable obscure had dimmed the face of things, that our ancestors wandered to and fro groping!

<sup>1</sup> Januses of one face.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Above all thy rarities, old Oxenford, what do most arride and solace me, are thy repositories of mouldering learning, thy shelves——

What a place to be in is an old library! It seems as though all the souls of all the writers that have bequeathed their labours to these Bodleians, were reposing here, as in some dormitory, or middle state. I do not want to handle, to profane the leaves, their winding-sheets. I could as soon dislodge a shade. I seem to inhale learning, walking amid their foliage; and the odour of their old moth-scented coverings is fragrant as the first bloom of those sciential apples which grew amid the happy orchard.

Still less have I curiosity to disturb the elder repose of MSS. Those *variæ lectiones*, so tempting to the more erudite palates, do but disturb and unsettle my faith. I am no Herculean raker. The credit of the three witnesses might have slept unimpeached for me. I leave these curiosities to Porson, and to G. D.—whom, by the way, I found busy as a moth over some rotten archive, rummaged out of some seldom-explored press, in a nook at Oriel. With long poring, he is grown almost into a book. He stood as passive as one by the side of the old shelves. I longed to new-coat him in Russia, and assign him his place. He might have mustered for a tall Scapula.

D. is assiduous in his visits to these seats of learning. No inconsiderable portion of his moderate fortune, I apprehend, is consumed in journeys between them and Clifford's Inn—where, like a dove on the asp's nest, he has long taken up his uncon-

scious abode, amid an incongruous assembly of attorneys, attorneys' clerks, apparitors, promoters, vermin of the law, among whom he sits, "in calm and sinless peace." The fangs of the law pierce him not—the winds of litigation blow over his humble chambers—the hard sheriff's officer moves his hat as he passes—legal nor illegal discourtesy touches him—none thinks of offering violence or injustice to him—you would as soon "strike an abstract idea."

D. has been engaged, he tells me, through a course of laborious years, in an investigation into all curious matter connected with the two Universities; and has lately lit upon a MS. collection of charters, relative to C——, by which he hopes to settle some disputed points—particularly that long controversy between them as to priority of foundation. The ardour with which he engages in these liberal pursuits, I am afraid, has not met with all the encouragement it deserved, either here, or at C——. Your caputs, and heads of colleges, care less than any body else about these questions.—Contented to suck the milky fountains of their Alma Maters, without inquiring into the venerable gentlewomen's years, they rather hold such curiosities to be impertinent—unreverend. They have their good glebe lands *in manu*, and care not much to rake into the title-deeds. I gather at least so much from other sources, for D. is not a man to complain.

D. started like an unbroke heifer, when I interrupted him. *A priori* it was not very probable that we should have met in Oriel. But D. would have

done the same, had I accosted him on the sudden in his own walks in Clifford's-inn, or in the Temple. In addition to a provoking shortsightedness (the effect of late studies and watchings at the midnight oil) D. is the most absent of men. He made a call the other morning at our friend *M.*'s in Bedford-square; and, finding nobody at home, was ushered into the hall, where, asking for pen and ink, with great exactitude of purpose he enters me his name in the book—which ordinarily lies about in such places, to record the failures of the untimely or unfortunate visitor—and takes his leave with many ceremonies, and professions of regret. Some two or three hours after, his walking destinies returned him into the same neighbourhood again, and again the quiet image of the fire-side circle at *M.*'s—Mrs. *M.* presiding at it like a Queen Lar, with pretty *A. S.* at her side—striking irresistibly on his fancy, he makes another call (forgetting that they were “certainly not to return from the country before that day week”), and disappointed a second time, inquires for pen and paper as before: again the book is brought, and in the line just above that in which he is about to print his second name (his re-script)—his first name (scarce dry) looks out upon him like another *Sosia*, or as if a man should suddenly encounter his own duplicate!—The effect may be conceived. D. made many a good resolution against any such lapses in future. I hope he will not keep them too rigorously.

For with G. D.—to be absent from the body, is sometimes (not to speak it profanely) to be present



with the Lord. At the very time when, personally encountering thee, he passes on with no recognition—or, being stopped, starts like a thing surprised—at that moment, reader, he is on Mount Tabor—or Parnassus—or co-sphered with Plato—or, with Harrington, framing “immortal commonwealths”—devising some plan of amelioration to thy country, or thy species—peradventure meditating some individual kindness or courtesy, to be done to *thee thyself*, the returning consciousness of which made him to start so guiltily at thy obtruded personal presence.

D. is delightful any where, but he is at the best in such places as these. He cares not much for Bath. He is out of his element at Buxton, at Scarborough, or Harrogate. The Cam and the Isis are to him “better than all the waters of Damascus.” On the Muses’ hill he is happy, and good, as one of the Shepherds on the Delectable Mountains; and when he goes about with you to show you the halls and colleges, you think you have with you the Interpreter at the House Beautiful.





LORDS AND COMMONS  
OF ENGLAND

BY JOHN MILTON (1608–1674)

LORDS and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before

any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy.

Behold now this vast City: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching Reformation:

others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge ? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a Nation of Prophets, of Sages, and of Worthies ? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest ; there need not be five weeks ; had we but eyes to lift up, the fields are white already.

Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions ; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city. What some lament of, we rather should rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men, to reassume the ill-reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth ; could we but forego this prelatial tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. I doubt not, if some great and worthy stranger should come among us, wise to discern the mould and temper of a people, and how to govern it, observing the high hopes and aims, the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom, but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did,

admiring the Roman docility and courage : If such were my Epirots, I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted, to make a Church or Kingdom happy.

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries ; as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber, ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world ; neither can every piece of the building be of one form ; nay rather the perfection consists in this, that, out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.

Let us therefore be more considerate builders, more wise in spiritual architecture, when great reformation is expected. For now the time seems come, wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour : When

they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool ! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches : nor will be ware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons ; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam : purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance ; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

## TWO SONNETS

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770—1850)

LONDON, 1802

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour :  
England hath need of thee : she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;  
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

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It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, " with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish ; and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.



# England's Glorious Liturgy



By George Borrow.

(1803-1881)

WHEN two days had passed, Sunday came ; I breakfasted by myself in the solitary dingle ; and then, having set things a little to rights, I ascended to Mr. Petulengro's encampment. I could hear church-bells ringing around in the distance, appearing to say, "Come to church, come to church," as clearly as it was possible for church-bells to say. I found Mr. Petulengro seated by the door of his tent, smoking his pipe, in rather an ungentle undress. "Well, Jasper," said I, "are you ready to go to church ? for if you are, I am ready to accompany you." "I am not ready, brother," said Mr. Petulengro, "nor is my wife ; the church, too, to which we shall go is three miles off ; so it is of no use to think of going there this morning, as the service would be three-quarters over before we got there ; if, however, you are disposed to go in the afternoon, we are your people." Thereupon I returned to my dingle, where I passed several hours in conning the Welsh Bible, which the preacher, Peter Williams, had given me.

At last I gave over reading, took a slight refreshment, and was about to emerge from the dingle, when I heard the voice of Mr. Petulengro calling me. I went up again to the encampment, where I found Mr. Petulengro, his wife, and Tawno Chikno, ready to proceed to church. Mr. and Mrs. Petulengro were dressed in Roman fashion, though not in the full-blown manner in which they had paid their visit to Isopel and myself. Tawno had on a clean white slop, with a nearly new black beaver, with very broad rims, and the nap exceedingly long. As for myself, I was dressed in much the same manner as that in which I departed from London, having on, in honour of the day, a shirt perfectly clean, having washed one on purpose for the occasion, with my own hands, the day before, in the pond of tepid water in which the newts and efts were in the habit of taking their pleasure. We proceeded for upwards of a mile, by footpaths through meadows and corn-fields; we crossed various stiles; at last, passing over one, we found ourselves in a road, wending along which for a considerable distance, we at last came in sight of a church, the bells of which had been tolling distinctly in our ears for some time; before, however, we reached the church-yard, the bells had ceased their melody. It was surrounded by lofty beech-trees of brilliant green foliage. We entered the gate, Mrs. Petulengro leading the way, and proceeded to a small door near the east end of the church. As we advanced, the sound of singing within the church rose upon our ears. Arrived at the small door Mrs. Petulengro opened it and entered, followed

by Tawno Chikno. I myself went last of all, following Mr. Petulengro, who, before I entered, turned round, and, with a significant nod, advised me to take care how I behaved. The part of the church which we had entered was the chancel; on one side stood a number of venerable old men—probably the neighbouring poor—and on the other a number of poor girls belonging to the village school, dressed in white gowns and straw bonnets, whom two elegant but simply dressed young women were superintending. Every voice seemed to be united in singing a certain anthem, which, notwithstanding it was written neither by Tate nor Brady, contains some of the sublimest words which were ever put together, not the worst of which are those which burst on our ears as we entered :

“Every eye shall now behold Him,  
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;  
 Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
 Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,  
 Deeply wailing,  
 Shall the true Messiah see.”

Still following Mrs. Petulengro, we proceeded down the chancel and along the aisle; notwithstanding the singing, I could distinctly hear as we passed many a voice whispering, “Here come the gypsies! here come the gypsies!” I felt rather embarrassed, with a somewhat awkward doubt as to where we were to sit; none of the occupiers of the pews, who appeared to consist almost entirely of farmers, with their wives, sons, and daughters, opened a door to admit us. Mrs. Petulengro, however, appeared to feel not the least embarrassment, but tripped along the aisle with the greatest

nonchalance. We passed under the pulpit, in which stood the clergyman in his white surplice, and reached the middle of the church, where we were confronted by the sexton dressed in long blue coat, and holding in his hand a wand. This functionary motioned towards the lower end of the church, where were certain benches, partly occupied by poor people and boys. Mrs. Petulengro, however, with a toss of her head, directed her course to a magnificent pew, which was unoccupied, which she opened and entered, followed closely by Tawno Chikno, Mr. Petulengro, and myself. The sexton did not appear by any means to approve of the arrangement, and as I stood next the door, laid his finger on my arm, as if to intimate that myself and companions must quit our aristocratical location. I said nothing, but directed my eyes to the clergyman, who uttered a short and expressive cough; the sexton looked at him for a moment, and then, bowing his head, closed the door—in a moment more the music ceased. I took up a prayer-book, on which was engraved an earl's coronet. The clergyman uttered, "I will arise, and go to my father." England's sublime liturgy had commenced.

Oh, what feelings came over me on finding myself again in an edifice devoted to the religion of my country! I had not been in such a place I cannot tell for how long—certainly not for years; and now I had found my way there again, it appeared as if I had fallen asleep in the pew of the old church of pretty D——. I had occasionally done so when a child, and had suddenly woke up. Yes, surely I had been asleep and had woke up;

but no ! alas, no ! I had not been asleep—at least not in the old church—if I had been asleep I had been walking in my sleep, struggling, striving, learning, and unlearning in my sleep. Years had rolled away whilst I had been asleep—ripe fruit had fallen, green fruit had come on whilst I had been asleep—how circumstances had altered, and above all myself, whilst I had been asleep. No, I had not been asleep in the old church ! I was in a pew, it is true, but not the pew of black leather, in which I sometimes fell asleep in days of yore, but in a strange pew ; and then my companions, they were no longer those of days of yore. I was no longer with my respectable father and mother, and my dear brother, but with the gypsy cral and his wife, and the gigantic Tawno, the Antinous of the dusky people. And what was I myself ? No longer an innocent child, but a moody man, bearing in my face, as I knew well, the marks of my strivings and strugglings, of what I had learnt and unlearnt ; nevertheless, the general aspect of things brought to my mind what I had felt and seen of yore. There was difference enough, it is true, but still there was a similarity—at least I thought so—the church, the clergyman, and the clerk, differing in many respects from those of pretty D——, put me strangely in mind of them ; and then the words ! —by the bye, was it not the magic of the words which brought the dear enchanting past so powerfully before the mind of Lavengro ? for the words were the same sonorous words of high import which had first made an impression on his childish ear in the old church of pretty D——

The liturgy was now over, during the reading of which my companions behaved in a most unexceptionable manner, sitting down and rising up when other people sat down and rose, and holding in their hands prayer-books which they found in the pew, into which they stared intently, though I observed that with the exception of Mrs. Petulengro, who knew how to read a little, they held the books by the top, and not the bottom, as is the usual way. The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, arrayed in his black gown. The congregation composed themselves to attention, as did also my companions, who fixed their eyes upon the clergyman with a certain strange immovable stare, which I believe to be peculiar to their race. The clergyman gave out his text, and began to preach. He was a tall, gentlemanly man, seemingly between fifty and sixty, with greyish hair; his features were very handsome, but with a somewhat melancholy cast: the tones of his voice were rich and noble, but also with somewhat of melancholy in them. The text which he gave out was the following one, "In what would a man be profited, provided he gained the whole world, and lost his own soul?"

And on this text the clergyman preached long and well: he did not read his sermon, but spoke it extempore; his doing so rather surprised and offended me at first; I was not used to such a style of preaching in a church devoted to the religion of my country. I compared it within my mind with the style of preaching used by the high-church rector in the old church of pretty D——, and I thought to myself it was very different, and being

very different I did not like it, and I thought to myself how scandalized the people of D—— would have been had they heard it, and I figured to myself how indignant the high-church clerk would have been had any clergyman got up in the church of D—— and preached in such a manner. Did it not savour strongly of dissent, methodism, and similar low stuff? Surely it did; why, the Methodist I had heard preach on the heath above the old city, preached in the same manner—at least he preached extempore; ay, and something like the present clergyman; for the Methodist spoke very zealously and with great feeling, and so did the present clergyman; so I, of course, felt rather offended with the clergyman for speaking with zeal and feeling. However, long before the sermon was over I forgot the offence which I had taken, and listened to the sermon with much admiration, for the eloquence and powerful reasoning with which it abounded.

Oh, how eloquent he was, when he talked of the inestimable value of a man's soul, which he said endured for ever, whilst his body, as every one knew, lasted at most for a very contemptible period of time; and how forcibly he reasoned on the folly of a man, who, for the sake of gaining the whole world—a thing, he said, which provided he gained he could only possess for a part of the time, during which his perishable body existed—should lose his soul, that is, cause that precious deathless portion of him to suffer indescribable misery time without end.

## THE VOICE OF THE COMMONS

WHEREVER in the world a high aspiration was entertained or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned—to this favourite, this darling home of so much privilege and so much happiness, where the people who had built up a noble edifice for themselves would, it was well known, be ready to do what in them lay to secure the benefit of the same inestimable boon for others. GLADSTONE.

I appeal to the House of Commons to bring back what my Lord Clarendon called “the old good-nature of the people of England.” They may build up again the fortunes of the land of England—that Land to which we owe our Power and our Freedom ; that Land which has achieved the union of those two qualities for combining which a Roman Emperor was deified—*Imperium et Libertas*.

DISRAELI.



### O ENGLAND !

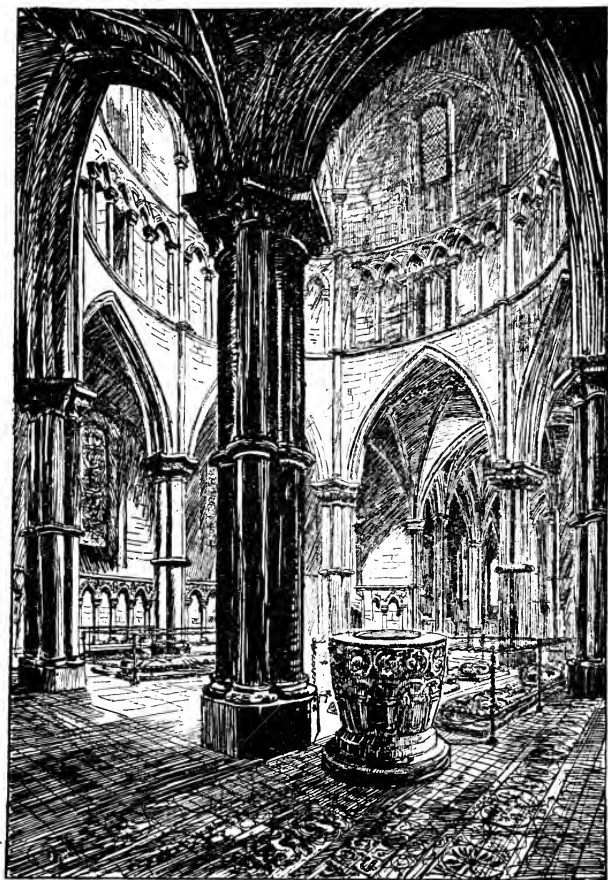
O ENGLAND ! model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural !

SHAKESPEARE : *King Henry V*, Act II, Sc. i.

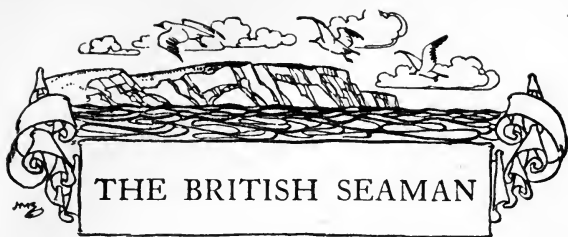




HAMPTON COURT



THE TEMPLE CHURCH



A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

TAKE, for example, one quality recognised by everyone as appertaining to the true mariner—his careless generosity of heart. You may trace it back to the Greek Anthology, and, for aught I know, far beyond. Here from that old book, freely translated, are two epitaphs, each upon a shipwrecked seaman :

Here am I shipwrecked, buried. My lad, sail on !  
The rest of the fleet made passage, tho' we were gone.

Shipmate, never stop to guess  
Name or number of my mess.  
Here lies dock'd a mother's son,  
'Wishes thee a luckier run.

“Don't worry about *me*—better luck to *you*, matey !” Who will not recognise in that hail the spirit of the eternal sailorman?—of whom, when he first makes his appearance in our literature, Chaucer in none too flattering portrait has to own that

Certainly he was a good felawe.

We find a like simplicity accepted, as part of his nature, by the Elizabethans. (Take, for example, Heywood's seamen in *The Fair Maid of the West*.) And the acceptance comes down to us endorsed by everyone who has troubled to write about him—by Thomas Fuller, by Crabbe, by Smollett, by

Dibdin, by Jane Austen, by Marryat, by Melville, by Clark Russell, by Conrad, by Masefield, by all in their several and very different ways. One recalls a shining little episode in Thomas Hardy's *The Mayor of Casterbridge*; of a seaman who travels inland for news of a lost wife, is told a lie concerning her, accepts it, climbs back on the coach-top, and is whirled off without a thought of suspicion. Now this child-like reliance on a landsman's mere word is all the more amazing because the mariner—from master down to ordinary seaman—is, always has been, and probably always will be, the predestined prey of land-sharks, male and female, wherever he goes. I recall, as I write, the picture of a ship's captain led before me by two policemen, to sign an affidavit. He was nervous. He produced a fountain-pen and before signing jerked from it goutts of ink from which a silver grey carpet never recovered. After signing, he pulled out a purse. I told him there was nothing to pay. He gave one long, incredulous stare, broke from between the policemen, and was up the back stairs and down the road fleeing before the marvel of it. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these men see the works of the Lord. . . ." But two policemen could not call him back.

What these men and their like did for us, on patrol duty and on mine-sweepers, during the war, is written in a history that, for the searcher, has been coming out bit by bit, by piecemeal revelations that only allow a glimpse of the truth in its patient majesty. A few will boast; but the great merchant

service is never going to tell, and if for no other reason then for the final one, that it was born inarticulate. The Navy has a grand tradition of modesty, but the merchant service—out of which our Navy took birth, a *partus masculus* by “fissiparous process”—carries down the tradition in a secondary line, and less by *noblesse oblige* than by inherited incapacity for speech. The taller service thinks of protecting our shores, the humble of carrying the cargoes home.

We care not for those martial men  
That do our states disdain.  
But we care for the merchantmen  
Who do our states maintain.  
*To them we dance this round, around, around. . . .*

The essential seaman, then, is hardly to be come at in our literature, and for the simple reason that he is, of his essence, inarticulate. Your poet writes truly enough, up to a point, of the sea and its

. . . mystic spell,  
Which none but sailors know or feel,  
And none but they can tell.

But the point is, they don't, and can't, tell; or, at any rate, no born Briton (and however we look at it, no race has ever held so long a supremacy in seafaring as ours) has ever found tongue to tell, save out of a landsman's reading and surmise, as in *The Ancient Mariner*, or *The Galley of Count Arnaldos* :

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,  
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
And the singing of the sailors,  
And the answer from the shore. . . .  
“Would'st thou”—so the helmsman answer'd—  
“Learn the secret of the sea ?  
Only those who brave its dangers  
Comprehend its mystery.”

But again they don't—or, if they do, they won't tell. One of them discovers the Pacific, and stands "silent upon a peak in Darien"; another will say in effect,

*Is this the great Atlantic? Is this all?*

But neither gives much help to the anthropologist.

We may guess either that the wonder has been too much for them, or that by the time they reach port they are (as the saying is) fed up with the business:

The winds were foul, the trip was long,  
*Leave her, Johnny, leave her.*  
 Before we go we'll sing a song,  
*It's time for us to leave her.*

We'll sing, oh, may we never be,  
*Leave her Johnny, leave her,*  
 On a hungry ship the like of she:  
*It's time for us to leave her.*

*Coil down.*  
*So long!*

The poet or the literary man may sentimentalise that business and still keep much of its truth:

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of me,  
 Of the shadow on the household and the son that went to sea;  
 And oh, the wicked fool I seem'd, in every kind of way,  
 To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessèd Christmas Day!

But the sailor man lives perforce as the Gospel recommends all Christian folk to live, taking no thought for the morrow, always on close terms with danger (since as the poet Saadi long ago wisely observed, "Seafaring has many advantages, but security is not one of them"); on terms too near the primitive struggle and needs of life to load his mind—even as Izaak Walton's milkmaid

avoided to load hers—"with any fears of many things that will never be." The shore is his holiday. He looks forward to it and to a boiled leg of mutton "with trimmings" during the comfortless days and nights through which, lost to us, in faith upon a navigating officer and with even less substantial evidence of things not seen, he looks forward to a pocketful of money and the red windows of a tavern. Shore-leave is his recompense after hard work, scant food, physical endurance, repression of at least half the social instincts; and to judge him by his behaviour on such a holiday were as wise as to reckon up the manly worth of a stockbroker by the number of his snores upon a beach in August. Nay, the stockbroker has usually the advantage (as we may agree to call it) of holiday-making under wifely control: a privilege the seaman misses. He has been known, however, to provide for it.

H.M.S. EDGAR,  
PLYMOUTH DOCK.

MY DEAR GRACE,

This comes with my kind love, hoping it will find you as it leaves me. I hope if the child is a boy, you will call it after my name for my sak, and as I dozen intend never to see you agen, you may be married as soon as you will, for I shall be married as soon as I can. So no more at present from your affectinate husbant.

For evidence for his living near to other prime needs of life, including tobacco, let a second letter serve:

WARREN HASTINGS, EST INDMAN :  
OFF GRAVESEND,

24 *March*, 1813.

DEAR BROTHER TOM,

This comes hopein to find you in good helth as it leaves me safe ankered here yesterday at 4 p.m. after a pleasant voyage tolerably short and few squalls. Dear Tom, hopes to find poor old father stout, am quite out of pigtail. Sights of pigtail at Gravesend, but unfortunately not fit for a dog to Chor. Dear Tom, Captain's boy will bring you this and put pigtail in his pocket when bort. Best in London at the black boy in 7 diles, where go, acks for best pigtail, pound of pigtail will do, and am short of shirts. Dear Tom, as for shirts only took 2 whereof 1 is quite wored out and tother most but don't forget the pigtail as I ant had nere a quid ever since Thursday. Dear Tom, as for the shirts your size will do only longer. I like them long, got one at present, bort at tower Hill and cheap, but be particler to go to 7 diles for the pigtail at the black boy, and Dear Tom acks for pound best pigtail and let it be good. Captains boy will put the pigtail in his pocket, he likes pigtail so tie it up. Dear Tom, shall be up about Monday there or thereabouts. Not so particler for the shirt as the present can be washed but don't forget the pigtail without fail so I am your loving brother,

T. P.

PS.—Don't forget the pigtail.



## ROUND ABOUT PORTSMOUTH

THOMAS GRAY: *Letters*

I WISHED for you often on the southern coast, where I have been, and made much the same tour that Stonehewer did before me. Take notice that the oaks grow quite down to the beach, and that the sea forms a number of bays little and great, that appear glittering in the midst of thick groves of them. Add to this the fleet (for I was at Portsmouth two days before it sailed) and the number of vessels always passing along, or sailing up Southampton river (which is the largest of these bays I mention), and enters about ten miles into the land, and you will have a faint idea of the *South*. From Fareham to Southampton, where you are upon a level with the coast, you have a thousand such peeps and delightful openings; but would you see the whole at once, you must get upon Ports-down, five miles upon this side Portsmouth. It is the top of a ridge that forms a natural terrass three miles long, literally not three times broader than Windsor-terrass, with a gradual fall on both sides, and covered with a turf like Newmarket. To the north, opens Hampshire and Berkshire, covered with woods, and interspersed with numerous gentlemen's houses and villages, to the south, Portsmouth, Gosport, etc., just at your foot in appearance, the fleet, the sea winding and breaking in bays into the land, the deep shade of tall oaks in the enclosures, which become blue, as they go off to distance.



LEIGH HUNT (1784–1859): *The Town*

WE are now in Fleet Street, and pleasant memories thicken upon us. To the left is the renowned realm of Alsatia, the Temple, the Mitre, and the abode of Richardson; to the right divers abodes of Johnson; Chancery Lane, with Cowley's birthplace at the corner; Fetter Lane, where Dryden once lived; and Shire or Sheer Lane, immortal for the *Tatler*.

We will begin with the left side, as we are there already; and first let us express our thanks for the neat opening by which St. Bride's Church has been rendered an ornament to this populous thoroughfare. The steeple is one of the most beautiful of Wren's productions, though diminished, in consequence of its having been found to be too severely tried by the wind. But a ray now comes out of this opening as we pass the street, better even than that of the illuminated clock at night time; for there, in a lodging in the churchyard, lived Milton, at the time that he undertook the education of his sister's children. He was then young and unmarried. He is said to have rendered his young scholars, in the course of a year, able to read Latin at sight, though they were but nine or ten years of age. As to the clock, which serves to

remind the jovial that they ought to be at home, we are loth to object to anything useful; and in fact we admit its pretensions; and yet as there is a time for all things, there would seem to be a time for time itself; and we doubt whether those who do not care to ascertain the hour beforehand, will derive much benefit from this glaring piece of advice.

“At the west end of St. Bride’s Church,” according to Wood, was buried Richard Lovelace, one of the most elegant of the cavaliers of Charles the First, and author of the exquisite ballad beginning—

When Love with unconfined wings  
Hovers within my gates,  
And my divine Althea brings  
To whisper at my gates,

When I lie tangled in her hair,  
And fetter’d in her eye,  
The birds that wanton in the air,  
Know no such liberty.

. . . . .  
Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a hermitage.

This accomplished man, who is said by Wood to have been in his youth “the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld,” and who was lamented by Charles Cotton as an epitome of manly virtue, died at a poor lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shoe Lane, an object of charity. He had been imprisoned by the Parliament and lived during his imprisonment beyond his income. Wood thinks that he did so in order to support the royal cause, and out of generosity to deserving men, and to his brothers. He then went into the service

of the French King, returned to England after being wounded, and was again committed to prison, where he remained till the King's death, when he was set at liberty. "Having then," says his biographer, "consumed all his estate, he grew very melancholy (which brought him at length into a consumption), became very poor in body and purse, and was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes (whereas, when he was in his glory, he wore cloth of gold and silver), and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars than the poorest of servants," &c. "Geo. Petty, haberdasher in Fleet Street," says Aubrey, "carried 20 shillings to him every Monday Morning from Sir — Manny, and Charles Cotton, Esq., for — months: but was never repaid." As if it was their intention he should be! Poor Cotton, in the excess of his relish of life, lived himself to be in want; perhaps wanted the ten shillings that he sent. The mistress of Lovelace is reported to have married another man, supposing him to have died of his wounds in France. Perhaps this helped to make him careless of his fortune: but it is probable that his habits were naturally showy and expensive. Aubrey says he was proud. He was accounted a sort of minor Sir Philip Sidney. We speak the more of him, not only on account of his poetry (which, for the most part, displays much fancy, injured by want of selectness), but because his connexion with the neighbourhood probably suggested to Richardson the name of his hero in *Clarissa*. Grandison is another cavalier name in the history of those times. It was the title of the

Duchess of Cleveland's father. Richardson himself was buried in St. Bride's. He was laid, according to his wish, with his first wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit. Where he lived, we shall see presently.

Not far from Gunpowder Alley, in the burying-ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane, lies a greater and more unfortunate name than Lovelace—Chatterton. But we shall say more of him when we come to Brook Street, Holborn. We have been perplexed to decide, whether to say all we have got to say upon anybody, when we come to the first place with which he is connected, or divide our memorials of him according to the several places. Circumstances will guide us; but upon the whole it seems best to let the places themselves decide.

On the same side of the way as Shoe Lane, but nearer Fleet Market, was Hardham's, a celebrated snuff-shop, the founder of which deserves mention for a very delicate generosity. He was numberer at Drury Lane Theatre, that is to say, the person who counted the number of people in the house, from a hole over the top of the stage; a practice now discontinued. Whether this employment led him to number snuffs, as well as men, we cannot say, but he was the first who gave them their distinctions that way. Lovers of

The pungent grains of titillating dust

are indebted to him for the famous compound entitled "37." "Being passionately fond of theatrical entertainments, he was seldom," says his biographer, "without embryo Richards and Hot-

spurs strutting and bellowing in his dining-room, or in the parlour behind his shop."

Returning over the way we come to Dorset Street and Salisbury Court, names originating in a palace of the Bishop of Salisbury, which he parted with to the Sackvilles. Clarendon lived in it a short time after the Restoration. At the bottom of Salisbury Court, facing the river, was the celebrated play-house, one of the earliest in which theatrical entertainments were resumed at that period. The first mention we find of it is in the following curious memorandum in the manuscript book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to King Charles I. "I committed Cromes, a broker in Longe Lane, the 16th of Febru., 1634, to the Marsalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of *Jesus* upon it to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his petition of submission, and acknowledgement of his fault, I released him, the 17 Febru., 1634."

It is not certain, however, whether the old theatre in Salisbury Court, and that in Dorset Garden, were one and the same; though they are conjectured to have been so. The names of both places seem to have been indiscriminately applied. Be this as it may, the house became famous under the Davenants for the introduction of operas and of a more splendid exhibition of scenery; but in consequence of the growth of theatres in the more western parts of the town, it was occasionally quitted by the proprietors, and about the beginning of the last century abandoned. This theatre was the last to which people went in boats.

## O ENGLISH GIRL

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

To you I sing, whom towns immure,  
And bonds of toil hold fast and sure ;—  
    To you across whose aching sight  
    Come woodlands bathed in April light,  
And dreams of pastime premature.

And you, O Sad, who still endure  
Some wound that only Time can cure,—  
    To you, in watches of the night,—  
                                To you I sing !

But most to you with eyelids pure,  
Scarce witting yet of love or lure ;—  
    To you, with bird-like glances bright,  
    Half-paused to speak, half-poised in flight ;—  
O English Girl, divine, demure,  
                                To *you* I sing !

## THE TRENT

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

NEAR to the silver Trent  
    Sirena dwelleth,  
She to whom nature lent  
    All that excelleth ;  
By which the Muses late,  
    And the neat Graces,  
Have for their greater state  
    Taken their places ;

## THE OLD COUNTRY

Twisting an anadem,  
     Wherewith to crown her,  
 As it belonged to them  
     Most to renown her.

CHORUS.—On thy bank  
     In a rank  
     Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
     Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the sun,  
     To do her honour,  
 Fix himself at his noon  
     To look upon her,  
 And hath gilt every grove,  
     Every hill near her,  
 With his flames from above,  
     Striving to cheer her :  
 And when she from his sight  
     Hath herself turnéd,  
 He, as it had been night,  
     In clouds hath mournéd.

The verdant meads are seen,  
     When she doth view them,  
 In fresh and gallant green  
     Strait to renew them,  
 And every little grass  
     Broad itself spreadeth,  
 Proud that this bonny lass  
     Upon it treadeth :



Nor flower is so sweet  
    In this large cincture,  
But it upon her feet  
    Leaveth some tincture.  
Fair Dove and Darwent clear,  
    Boast ye your beauties,  
To Trent your mistress here  
    Yet pay your duties.  
My love was higher born  
    Towards the full fountains,  
Yet she doth moorland scorn  
    And the Peak mountains ;  
Nor would she none should dream  
    Where she abideth,  
Humble as is the stream  
    Which by her slideth.  
Yet my poor rustic Muse,  
    Nothing can move her,  
Nor the means I can use,  
    Though her true lover :  
Many a long winter's night  
    Have I waked for her,  
Yet this my piteous plight  
    Nothing can stir her.  
All thy sands, silver Trent,  
    Down to the Humber,  
The sighs that I have spent  
    Never can number.

CHORUS.—On thy bank  
    In a rank  
    Let thy swans sing her,  
And with their music  
    Along let them bring her.



## A FISHERMAN'S EARLY MEMORIES

BY VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON

To me the opportunity for fishing came early, and the passion for it awoke suddenly. I remember very well being seized with the desire to fish. I was about seven years old, and was riding on a Shetland pony by the side of a very small burn. A mill was working higher up the stream, and the water was full of life and agitation, caused by the opening of the sluice of the mill pond above. I had seen small trout caught in the burn before, but now, for the first time and suddenly, came an overpowering desire to fish, which gave no rest till some very primitive tackle was given me. With this and some worms, many afternoons were spent in vain. The impulse to see the trout destroyed all chance of success. It did not suit me to believe that it was fatal to look into the water before dropping a worm over the bank, or that I could not see the trout first and catch them afterwards, and I preferred to learn by experience and disappointment rather than by the short, but unconvincing, method of believing what I was told.

Very wonderful is the perspective of childhood, which can make a small burn seem greater than rivers in after life. There was one burn which I knew intimately from its source to the sea. Much

of the upper part was wooded, and it was stony and shallow, till within two miles of its mouth. Here there was for a child another world. There were no trees, the bottom of the burn was of mud or sand, and the channel was full of rustling reeds, with open pools of some depth at intervals. These pools had a fascination for me, there was something about them which kept me excited with expectation of great events, as I lay behind the reeds, peering through them, and watching the line intently. The result of much waiting was generally an eel, or a small flat fish up from the sea; or now and then a small trout, but never for many years one of the monsters which I was sure must inhabit such mysterious pools. At last one evening something heavy really did take the worm. The fish kept deep, played round and round the pool and could not be seen, but I remember shouting to a companion at a little distance, that I had hooked a trout of one pound, and being conscious from the tone of his reply that he didn't in the least believe me, for a trout of one pound was in those days our very utmost limit of legitimate expectation. There was a mill pond higher up in which such a weight had been attained, and we who fished the burn could talk of trout of that size, and yet feel that we were speaking like anglers of this world. But this fish turned out to be heavier even than one pound, and when at last he came up from the depth into my view, I felt that the great moment had come which was to make or mar my happiness for ever. I got into the shallow water below the fish, and after great anxieties secured with the help

of my hand a fresh run sea trout of three pounds. Never was a dead fish treated with more care and honour. It had swallowed the hooks, and rather than risk spoiling its appearance in getting them out, the gut was cut and they were left inside. The small trout and eels and flounders were turned out of my basket and put into my companion's, so that the great sea trout might lie in state. It was felt that the expectation of years was justified, that the marvellous had become real, that the glory which had been unseen was revealed, and that after the present moment the hope of great things in the future would live for ever. A few years ago there was published a delightful book called "The Golden Age," in which the author describes the world of childhood as it has been to all of us—a world whose boundaries are unknown, where everything is at the same time more wonderful and more real than it seems afterwards, and where mystery is our most constant companion. So it was with me, especially in the places where I fished. I used to go to the lower part of this burn in the charge of an old gamekeeper, and after a long journey through pathless open fields, we seemed to reach a distant land where things happened otherwise than in the world nearer home. At the end of the walk it was as if we had reached another country, and were living in another day under a different sky. The gamekeeper fished more leisurely than I, and sometimes he would be lost amongst the windings of the burn, to be found again by the sight of the smoke from his pipe rising gently from behind a whin bush. When I now recall that distant land,

I see always somewhere amongst the whin bushes a little curl of thin smoke, and no other sign of an inhabitant.

In course of time there came experience of a fine Highland river, and lochs near it, and of fly fishing in them in August. The trout did not always rise very well in August, but many of them were three-quarters of a pound in weight, a few were even larger, and the sport seemed to me magnificent. Three great days happened all in different years on this river and its lochs. Once the trout took exceptionally well in the loch, and instead of the usual number of twenty or less I landed forty-eight, averaging about three to the pound. Another day there was a little fresh water in the river, and I tried an artificial minnow. First a trout of about two pounds, larger than any trout ever hooked by me before, was lost. While I was still in the agony of disappointment, a second weighing three and a quarter pounds was hooked and eventually landed, and directly after that a third trout of about the same size was hooked and lost, when it was in full view and half in the landing net. Then nothing more would take, and I spent the rest of the day without further incident, trying to think of the fish landed and not of the ones lost.

But the greatest day of all was the third. I was standing at the end of a pier built for salmon fishing, casting out into the smooth strong stream, when a sort of wave seemed to come suddenly and swallow the top fly, and a large heavy body went down stream pulling out the line. I shouted "A salmon!" and the old gillie came hurrying to my side. His

first words were "We shall never get him," against which I protested with rage, and he partially retracted and set to work to advise me. We could not follow the fish downward, but he hove to about twenty yards below us and hung steady in the stream. We turned the trout rod up stream and held it still, keeping a steady strain upon the fish, and waited for what seemed an age without result; but the good old man encouraged me when I grew faint-hearted, and kept me patient. Eventually the fish began to yield. We gained line foot by foot, and more than once got the fish up stream nearly opposite the pier, but it saw us and dropped back each time to the old place down stream. At last amidst great excitement it was coaxed past the pier, in a moment was in the backwater above it, and to my astonishment was then almost at once exhausted and landed. It was a grilse of about six pounds, and rather red, but the distinction between grilse and salmon, between red fish and fresh-run fish, was nothing to me. That same day another grilse of about four pounds took the same fly. This second fish took with a splash, ran freely and was landed without difficulty. In the course of many seasons I must have had dozens of days' trout fishing in that same river at the same time of year, but never on any other day did I hook or even rise a grilse or salmon with a trout fly.



## CHRISTMAS EVE

BY WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

IT was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold ; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground ; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop.

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir-trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still, frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came curtseying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up

at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall ; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal ; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapour, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport :—"How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations ! How often have I played under these trees when a boy ! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form ; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport' ; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world ;





A HOMESTEAD UNDER THE BREDON HILLS



Magdalen  
Bridge & Tower

and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamour of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell, and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

"—— The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me!"

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors, who returned with that monarch at the Restoration.

As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even

encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon : the Yule clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons ; one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence ; the other an Oxonian, just from the University. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance ; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate : as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were vari-

ously occupied ; some at a round game of cards ; others conversing around the fireplace ; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game ; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavoured to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armour, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs ; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted ; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlour and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast

volume of light and heat ; this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly-polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare ; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of

the feast ; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humours of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot ; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frostbitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible.

No sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty.

Now Christmas is come,  
Let us beat up the drum,  
And call all our neighbours together,  
And when they appear,  
Let us make them such cheer,  
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed every one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's homebrewed. He was a kind of

hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one ; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

## THIS ENGLAND NEVER DID

THIS England never did, nor never shall,  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us  
     rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE : *King John*, Act V, Sc. vii.



## A YORKSHIRE FARMHOUSE

EMILY BRONTË (1818-48): *Wuthering Heights*

WUTHERING HEIGHTS is the name of Mr. Heathcliff's dwelling. "Wuthering" being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed; one may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date "1500," and the name "Hareton Earnshaw." I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here "the house" pre-eminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to

retreat altogether into another quarter : at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within ; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fire-place ; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn : its entire anatomy lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols : and, by way of ornament, three-gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone ; the chairs, high-backed, primitive structures, painted green : one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies ; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee-breeches and gaiters. Such an individual seated in his arm-chair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time after dinner.

## DARTSIDE

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

I CANNOT tell what you say, green leaves,  
I cannot tell what you say,  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,  
I cannot tell what you say,  
But I know that there is a spirit in you,  
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, brown streams,  
I cannot tell what you say,  
But I know that in you, too, a spirit doth live,  
And a word doth speak this day.

“Oh green is the colour of faith and truth,  
And rose the colour of love and youth,  
And brown of the fruitful clay :  
Sweet earth is faithful, and fruitful, and young,  
And her bridal day shall come ere long,  
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams  
And the whispering woodlands say.”

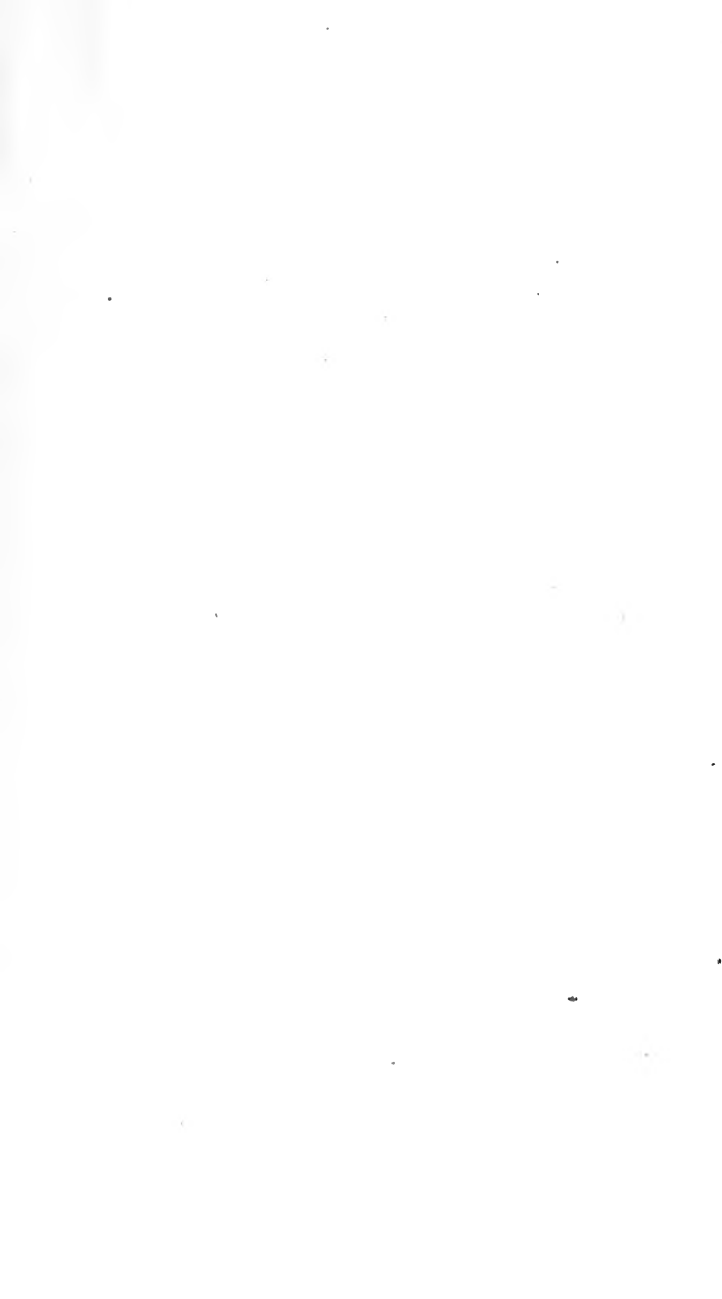
## IF I SHOULD DIE

BY RUPERT BROOKE<sup>1</sup>

IF I should die, think only this of me ;  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by Eng-  
land given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

<sup>1</sup> Born 1887. Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R., 1914 Antwerp Expedition. Sailed with British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Feb. 28, 1915. Died at Lemnos in the Ægean, April 23, 1915.



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