

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी

L.B.S. National Academy of Administration

मुसूरी

MUSSOORIE

पुस्तकालय

LIBRARY

110048

अवाप्ति संख्या

Accession No.

19247

वर्ग संख्या

Class No.

440.07

पुस्तक संख्या

Book No.

F 10

Casati.

Parts.

Part III., 4s.

Reader.

1s. 6d.

3s.

Composi-

1. 2s. 6d.

ench. 3s.

y. 2s. 6d.

ps. 1s. 6d.

oetry. 2s.

Texts.

A. DUMAS.

ANIVET.

par E. ROD.

UVESTRE.

h Prose.

se.

N. 3s.

Rapid Exercises on French Gram-

mar. By V. J. T. SPIERS. 3s.

Practical French Proses.

By J. M. BENN. 1s. 6d.

School Certificate Composition Ex-

ercises. By WARE and KNOWLES. 1s.

By F. Y. Massard.

A French Grammar. 4s.

A French Exercise Book.

A companion volume to above. 3s.

A French Composition Book—

Direct Method. 3s.

Direct Method French Readers.

Junior Series:—With Vocabularies. 2s. 6d.

each. La Mare au Diable, par G. SAND.

Quatre Contes, par MÉRIMÉE. Lettres

de mon Moulin, par DAUDET.

Senior Series:—No Vocabularies. 3s.

each. Bug-Jargal, par Hugo. Pêcheur

d'Islande, par LOTI. Colomba, par

MÉRIMÉE. Le Roi des Montagnes, par

EDMOND ABOUT.

La Petite Fadette (G. SAND).

Easy Steps in French Composition.

By E. F. HORSLEY and C. L. A. BONNE. 3s.

Progressive French Composition

for Middle Forms. By the same

Authors. 4s.

A French Grammar and Exercise

Book. By the same Authors. 3s. 6d.

Third Form French Course.

By the same Authors. 3s. 6d.

Fourth Form French Course.

By the same Authors. 3s. 6d.

Fifth Form French Course.

By the same Authors. 3s. 6d.

Rapid French Practice.

By the same Authors. 2s. 6d.

Rapid Conversation Practice.

By the same Authors. 1s. 6d.

ix. 1935.

By A. R. FLORIAN.

Grammar of Modern French. 3s. 6d.

Elementary French Grammar. 2s. 6d.

French Exercises. 3s.

French Prose Composition. 3s.

Elementary French Reader. 2s. 9d.

Preliminary French Course. 2s. 6d.

A First French Course. 3s. 6d.

The First Twenty-eight Lessons and their Special Vocabularies Phonetically Transcribed. 1s. 6d.

A Second French Course. 3s.

Passages for Translation into

French. Junior, 1s. 6d. Senior, 2s.

French Unseens. Junior, 1s. 6d.

French Unseens. Senior, 2s.

French Test Papers. Junior and Senior, 1s. each.

French Grammatical Readers.

Series A. With Vocabularies. 2s. 6d. each.

Le Blocus, par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.
L'Evasion d'Edmond Dantès, par DUMAS.
L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée, par ABOUT.

Series B. Without Vocabularies, 2s. 6d. each.

Nouvelles Genevoises, par TÖFFER.
Le Capitaine Pamphile, par DUMAS.
Contes Choisis.

French Unseens. By S. E. LONGLAND.

Junior—2 books. 8d. each.

Senior—2 books. 10d. each.

The Beginner's German Reader.

By SHIRREFFS and GILLAN. 2s.

Das Buch der Jugend. An Ele-

mentary German Reading Book.

By SHIRREFFS and GILLAN. 3s.

A Primer of German Grammar.

By SOMERVILLE and BYRNE. 3s.

A First German Writer.

By the same Authors. 4s.

German Prose Composition.

By R. J. MORICH. 5s.

Deutsches Exerzieren. Compiled

and Edited by S. TINDALL. 5s.

A Practical German Course.

By S. TINDALL. 3s. 6d.

Deutsche Märchen und Sagen

(being a first German Reading Book).

By S. TINDALL. 2s. 6d.

A School Certificate German

Reader. By S. TINDALL. 2s. 6d.

A German Composition Book.

By F. V. MASSARD. 3s. 6d.

Selected Plays of Shakespeare.

Edited by A. R. FLORIAN. 3s.

Containing the following eight plays:—

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Merchant of Venice.

As You Like It.

The Tempest.

King Henry V.

Julius Caesar.

Macbeth.

Hamlet.

English Grammar and Composi-

tion. By G. A. TWENTYMAN.

Elementary. 2s.

Part I. First Year. 1s. 6d.

Part II. Second Year. 2s.

Part III. Middle School Composi-

tion. 3s.

A Progressive Course in English

Composition. By S. C. GLASSEY.

Books I. and II., 1s. 6d. each.

English Test Papers.

Junior and Senior. By A. R. FLORIAN.

1s. each.

Narrative Poems for Schools.

By GWYN JONES and SILVANUS.

Vol. I., 1s. 6d.; Vol. II., 1s. 6d.; Vol. III.,

2s.

Poems of Six Centuries.

Compiled by GWYN JONES. 2s. 6d.

A Selection of Great Poetry.

Compiled by C. J. POWER. 2s.

A Selection of Narrative Verse.

Compiled by C. J. POWER. 2s.

Junior School Poetry.

Compiled by C. J. POWER. 2s.

A Book of Prose.

Compiled by C. J. POWER. 2s.

English Classics for Schools.

Edited by G. A. SHELDON.

Longfellow's 'Evangeline.' 1s. 3d.

Scott's 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.

1s. 3d.

Scott's 'The Lady of the Lake.' 1s. 3d.

Byron's 'Childe Harold.' 1s. 3d.

Scott's 'Ivanhoe.' 2s.

Scott's 'The Talisman.' 1s. 6d.

An Introductory History of English

Literature, with Illustrative Passages.

By G. A. TWENTYMAN.

Vol. I. Early Times to Elizabethan

Age. 6s.

Vol. II. XVIIth Century to Romantic

Period. 6s.

Vol. III. Victorian Age and America.

6s.

*Works by A. R. Florian, M.A.,
Head Master of the Priory County School, Shrewsbury.*

FRENCH GRAMMATICAL READERS

Series A : With Vocabularies, 2s. 6d. each.

Le Blocus,
par ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

L'Evasion d'Edmond Dantès,
par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

L'Homme à l'Oreille Cassée,
par EDMOND ABOUT.

Series B : Without or with Vocabularies, 2s. 6d. each.

Nouvelles Genevoises,
par RODOLPHE TOFFER.

Le Capitaine Pamphile,
par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Contes Choisis, par BALZAC,
P. L. JACOB, SOUVESTRE,
et DE MUSSET.

Series A can, if desired, be used directly after Florian's First French Course.

In Series B French notes are added, and the 3 volumes can now be supplied with Vocabulary if specially ordered so.

FRENCH UNSEENS

Junior Course. 1s. 6d.

Senior Course. 2s.

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH

Junior Passages. 1s. 6d. This Course leads up to such examinations as the Oxford and Cambridge Junior Locals.

Senior Passages. 2s. This Course forms a fitting preparation for the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, London University and other Matriculation Examinations, Civil Service Examinations, Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificates, and other examinations of an advanced character.

French Test Papers intended to test Grammar, Composition, and Translation. Junior and Senior. 1s. each.

Latin Test Papers. Elementary, Junior and Senior. 1s. each.

These Latin Test Papers are intended to test Grammar, Composition, and Translation. The Elementary Papers (60) are of a very simple character, and contain no Scholarship Papers; the Junior (60) are suitable for IVth Forms; the Senior (52) for Forms preparing for Matriculation or the School Certificate Examinations and for VIth Forms.

"Well-arranged and carefully graded.

Invaluable to class teachers."—*Education.*

First Book of German Oral Teaching on the Direct Method, written throughout in German. 4s.

German Unseens. 3s. 6d.

RIVINGTONS : 34 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

Works by A. R. Florian,

Head Master of the Priory School for Boys, Shrewsbury.

Preliminary French Course. With Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

This book is intended for young beginners, for whom the serious study of grammar should not begin in the first year. The early instruction should be mainly directed at securing a good pronunciation. The early lessons are intended merely as a guidance to the teacher, who can vary and expand them at will. The pages of Pronunciation Practice should prove useful for frequent drill.

"A charming book for young beginners."—*The Schoolmaster.*

First French Course. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

The First Twenty-Eight Lessons and their Special Vocabularies of "First French Course" Phonetically Transcribed. 1s. 6d.

Second French Course. The text consisting of extracts from "Les Trois Mousquetaires." With *Questionnaires*, Grammar, 3s.

Elementary French Reading Book. 2s. 9d.

This book of Easy French Stories is intended for beginners who have done some little preliminary work in Pronunciation and Grammar, and may be used as a supplement to any beginners' book such as the author's First French Course.

Elementary French Grammar. 2s. 6d.

This is suitable for pupils during their first three years of French, or, to put it another way, containing sufficient grammar for all forms up to and including the one immediately below the form preparing for Matriculation or the Senior Oxford and Cambridge Locals.

Grammar of Modern French. 3s. 6d.

The author has tried to make the work practical, and to free the study of French Grammar from too great an accumulation of out-of-the-way and unimportant details. The examples are mainly taken from modern authors.

"Of the many French Grammars we have seen this is perhaps the best, and it will not be surprising if it is widely adopted."—*Scottish Educational Journal.*

French Exercises on Elementary Grammar. 3s.

The first part is arranged in a teaching order with references to the Elementary Grammar, but the book can be used with any other Grammar. The second part reviews the ground covered in the first part and extends it.

Introduction to French Prose Composition. 3s.

In grammatical sections with plenty of grammatical explanation. The exercises are mainly continuous pieces. The book ends with some general prose passages and a vocabulary. There are also some grammatical appendices for reference.

RIVINGTONS : 34 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH

SENIOR COURSE

SELECTED

BY

A. R. FLORIAN, M.A.

HEAD MASTER OF THE PRIORY COUNTY SCHOOL, SHREWSBURY,
AUTHOR OF "FIRST FRENCH COURSE" AND "SECOND FRENCH COURSE,"
"GERMAN ORAL TEACHING," AND EDITOR OF "FRENCH GRAMMATICAL READERS"

FIFTH IMPRESSION

RIVINGTONS
34, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN
LONDON

1928

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES.

PASSAGES FOR TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH

1. THE PHILOSOPHER'S ANSWER.

ROUSSEAU was one day taking his daily walk in the neighbourhood of Paris. The road he was on was rather narrow and sloped rapidly. All at once he heard behind him the noise of a carriage coming up at full speed. Rousseau stepped briskly to the side of 5 the road, but he had not been able to get out of the way of a large dog which was careering wildly in front of the carriage. The philosopher was knocked down by the dog, while the owner of the carriage drove on without troubling any further about the man lying in 10 the ditch. Some peasants came along and picked him up, and took him back home limping and in great pain. The owner of the carriage learnt the next day who it was his dog had knocked down, and sent a servant to ask the injured man what he could do for 15 him. "Keep his dog chained up in future," replied the philosopher, and sent the servant away.

2 Passages for Translation into French

2. BAYARD'S GRATITUDE.

At the capture of Brescia in 1512, Bayard was wounded and had to be carried to a house in which a lady and her two daughters lived. He took these poor ladies under his protection, and not only saved their 5 lives, but prevented their house from being sacked and would not allow anyone to do them the slightest injury. When at last he was quite cured and was about to depart, the lady, wishing to thank him, offered him a box full of gold coins. Bayard began to laugh 10 and said, "How many gold coins are there in this box?" The poor woman was afraid that he was angry at seeing so few. She replied that there were only two thousand five hundred, but they would get more, if he was not satisfied. "Upon my word, 15 madame," said Bayard, "all the gold coins in the world are not equal to the kind welcome and the care I have met with in your house. Take back your money; I do not require it. I go away as happy as if you had given me the whole of this town." However, 20 as the lady insisted, he took the money and divided it between the two girls to help them to get married.

3. A SCENE IN A CAFÉ.

THE story is not a long one. Yesterday I was obliged by a storm of rain to go into a café. I was playing a game of chess when I heard some one talking angrily a few yards away. He was telling some tale or other about his father and a merchant, . . . but I am sure 5 I caught these words very plainly: "Yes, all these business men are swindlers, scoundrels!" I turned round and looked at him; he, paying no attention, repeated the same speech. I whispered to him that no one but a cad could talk like that: we went out 10 and were separated. . . . Ah! father, I know exactly how you can reproach me; perhaps the officer had a fit of ill-temper; perhaps what he said did not concern me; perhaps he was merely repeating what he had been told. But I believe he said it because I was 15 there.

4. UNCLE ZACHARIAS AND THE RAVEN.

SOMETIMES Uncle Zacharias would try to write; but, by a curious and almost incredible fatality, Hans always appeared at the critical moment, or his harsh cry would be heard. Then the poor man would despairingly throw down his pen, and had he had any 5 hair, he would have torn it out in handfuls, such was his exasperation. Matters reached such a pitch that Uncle Zacharias borrowed the baker's rusty gun and lay in wait for the wretched animal behind the door. But then Hans, with diabolic cunning, appeared no more, 10 and as soon as my uncle, shivering with cold—it was winter-time—came and warmed his hands, immediately Hans uttered his hoarse croak in front of the house. Uncle Zacharias rushed out into the street . . . Hans had just disappeared; 15

From ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

4 Passages for Translation into French

5. THE PRINCESS EXPLAINS.

"Do not imagine," said the princess, "that I came hither as a spy. I had long observed from my window, that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the same point, but I did not suppose you had
5 any better reason for the preference than a cooler shade, or more fragrant bank; nor followed you with any other design than to partake of your conversation. Since then not suspicion but fondness has detected you, let me not lose the advantage of my discovery.
10 I am equally weary of confinement with yourself, and not less desirous of knowing what is done or suffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this tasteless tranquillity, which will yet grow more loathsome when you have left me. You may deny me to
15 accompany you, but you cannot hinder me from following."

JOHNSON.

6. THE WAR IN SPAIN.

THE war in Spain was vigorously prosecuted during the years 1810 and 1811. The territory of the peninsula was defended inch by inch, and the towns had to be taken by storm. Suchet, Soult, Mortier, Ney, and
5 Sebastiani made themselves masters of several provinces; and the Spanish junta, unable to hold Seville, retired to Cadiz, which the French army began to blockade. The new expedition to Portugal was less successful. Masséna, who was in command, at first
10 forced Wellington to retreat, and captured Oporto and Olivença; but the English general having entrenched himself in the strong position of Torres-Vedras, Masséna, unable to force it, was compelled to evacuate the country.

From MIGNET.

7. THE BITER BIT.

As it was a time of war between the Catholics and the Huguenots, and as he saw the Catholics exterminating the Huguenots, and the Huguenots exterminating the Catholics,—all in the name of religion,—he adopted a mixed belief which permitted him to be 5 sometimes a Catholic, sometimes a Huguenot. Now, he was accustomed to walk with his fowling-piece on his shoulder, behind the hedges which border the roads, and when he saw a Catholic coming along, the Protestant religion immediately prevailed in his 10 mind. He lowered his gun in the direction of the traveller; then, when he was within ten paces of him, he began a conversation which almost always ended by the traveller's abandoning his purse to save his life. It goes without saying that when he saw 15 a Huguenot coming, he felt himself filled with such ardent Catholic zeal that he could not understand how, a quarter of an hour before, he had been able to have any doubts about the superiority of our holy religion. However, one day he was surprised on a 20 lonely road between a Huguenot and a Catholic, with both of whom he had before had business, and who both knew him again; so they united against him and hung him on a tree.

From DUMAS.

6 Passages for Translation into French

8. A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

THE first question was, "Who is the freest of all men?" Some answered that it was a king with absolute power over his subjects and victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained that it was a man
5 so rich that he could satisfy all his desires. Others said that the freest man was he who never married, but travelled all his life in different countries without being subject to the laws of any nation. Others suggest a slave just freed, because on being delivered
10 from the hardships of slavery he enjoyed more than any one the charms of freedom. Others were of opinion **that** the choice should fall on a dying man, because death was the great deliverer, and the whole world together had no power over him.

15 When my turn came, I had no difficulty in answering, as I remembered what Mentor had often told me. "The freest of all men," I replied, "is he who can be free even as a slave. In whatever country and condition one is, one is free provided one fears the gods
20 and them only. In a word the really free man is that man who, freed from all fear and desire, submits only to the gods and reason." The old men looked at one another smiling, and were astonished that my answer was exactly the answer of Minos.

From FÉNELON.

9. MAZEPPA DEFEATED.

At last, after a painful march of twelve days, during which they had consumed the small quantity of biscuit that was left, the army, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, arrived on the banks of the Desna—the very spot which Mazeppa had marked out as a place of rendezvous: but instead of meeting with that prince, they found a body of Muscovites advancing towards the other side of the river. The Muscovites had discovered and defeated the designs of Mazeppa: they had fallen upon the Cossacks and had cut them to pieces: his principal friends, taken with arms in their hands, had, to the number of thirty, been executed: his towns were reduced to ashes, his treasures plundered, the provisions he was preparing for the king of Sweden seized: scarcely had he been able to escape with six thousand men and some horses laden with gold and silver.

From VOLTAIRE.

10. A GLOOMY ROOM.

THE room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irremediable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

8 Passages for Translation into French

11. WALLENSTEIN'S DEATH.

WHILST those three were deciding his fate in the Castle of Egra, Wallenstein was busy reading the stars with Seni. "The danger is not yet over," said the astrologer with prophetic inspiration. "Yes, it is," replied the 5 duke; "but that you will soon be thrown into prison," he went on with no less prophetic insight, "that, friend Seni, is written in the stars."

The astrologer had taken his leave, and Wallenstein was in bed, when Captain Deveroux with six halberdiers 10 appeared before his house. The guard, who were quite accustomed to see him going in and out of the general's house at unusual times, made no difficulty about admitting him. A page who met him on the stairs, and tried to give the alarm, was stabbed with a pike. 15 In the antechamber the murderers came upon a servant who was coming out of his master's bedroom and had just withdrawn the key of the room. With his finger to his lips, the startled valet motioned to them not to make any noise, for the duke had just 20 gone to sleep. "My friend," shouted Deveroux to him, "it is just the time to make a noise," and with these words he rushed at the closed door, which was bolted on the inside as well, and kicked it in.

12.

Wallenstein had been startled out of his first slumber by the report of a gun, and had sprung to the window to call to the guard. At that moment he heard from the windows of the next house the wailing 5 and moaning of the Countess Terzky and Countess

Kinsky, who had just been informed of the violent death of their husbands. Before he had time to consider this terrible event, Deveroux with his assistant murderers was already in the room. Wallenstein was still in his shirt, just as he had sprung out 10 of bed, standing close to the window and leaning against a table. Deveroux shouted: "Are you the rascal who intends to hand the Emperor's soldiers over to the enemy and to snatch the crown from His Majesty's head? Your last hour is come." He 15 paused a few moments as if he expected an answer; but astonishment and pride deprived Wallenstein of speech. With his arms stretched out, he received in his breast the fatal thrust of the halberts, and fell down weltering in his blood, without uttering a sound. 20

From SCHILLER.

13. A GREAT CITY.

As they approached the city which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This," said Imlac to the prince, "is the place where travellers and merchants assemble from all the corners of the earth. You will find here men of every character and every occupation. 5 Commerce is here honourable. I will act as a merchant, and you shall live as strangers who have no other end of travel than curiosity. It will soon be observed that we are rich; our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to 10 know; you will see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourself at leisure to make your choice of life."

JOHNSON.

10 Passages for Translation into French

14. THE LOST RING.

WHEN I was able to walk again, after my wounds were healed, I went in one of the tents distinguished by a red flag, having been told that these were coffee-houses. Whilst I was drinking coffee, I heard a stranger near
5 me complaining that he had not been able to recover a valuable ring which he had lost, although he had caused his loss to be published for three days by the public crier, offering a reward of two hundred sequins to whomsoever should restore it. I guessed that this
10 was the very ring which I had unfortunately found. I addressed myself to the stranger, and promised to point out to him the person who had forced it from me. The stranger recovered his ring, and being convinced that I had acted honestly, he made me a
15 present of two hundred sequins as some amends for the punishment which I had unjustly suffered on his account. Now you would imagine that this purse of gold was advantageous to me; far the contrary: it was the cause of new misfortunes.

15. THE GALLOWS OF VALENCE.

ONE evening as I happened to pass through the market square, I had seen some workmen engaged in erecting some curiously arranged beams by torchlight. A circle of soldiers kept off the inquisitive; and this is
5 the reason. The gallows is put up by forced labour, and the commandeered workmen cannot refuse to do the work. As a kind of compensation, the authorities see that their task is fulfilled practically in secret. Therefore they are surrounded by soldiers who keep
10 the crowd off, and the work is done only at night: the result is that they cannot be recognised and are in no danger of being called gallows builders the next day.

From MÉRIMÉE.

16. A CONSPIRACY THWARTED.

AN adventurer called Pierre Audebœuf conspired with de Ricarville, a Norman nobleman, to hand the town over to the French. Marshal de Boussac was warned, left Beauvais secretly with his troop, and lay in ambush in a wood a league from Rouen. At the 5 appointed hour de Ricarville with a hundred and twenty men was admitted by Audebœuf. The English were taken quite unawares; the guards in the castle were put to death; the Count of Arundel had great difficulty in escaping. The young King of England 10 was still in the town, and the first thing to be done was to ensure his safety. The strongest tower in the castle was in the hands of the French; they were already turning the guns on the town. But once the first moment of surprise was over, such a small 15 number of men, however brave they were, could not resist the English. Marshal Boussac did not arrive, and de Ricarville rushed to the ambush to hasten the progress of the French. He found the marshal trying to appease his troop, which refused to follow him and 20 would not obey his orders. All these men, who were not paid and sought only plunder, were quarrelling about the way in which the spoil would be divided. The chiefs in vain urged them to hurry and not to miss the right moment; it was quite useless. Without 25 paying any attention they started back to Beauvais. Thus the undertaking failed. At any rate the men who, with de Ricarville's aid, had surprised the tower, defended themselves for twelve days, without any hope of help, and these surrendered only for lack of 30 food. They were all put to death.

From DE BARANTE.

12 Passages for Translation into French

17. MARSHAL DE VILLARS.

THERE have been scarcely any famous men whose success caused more jealousy, and yet should have caused less. He was a marshal of France, a duke, a peer, and the governor of a province, but he also saved the State; whilst others who ruined it or were merely courtiers received almost the same reward. He was reproached even with his wealth, though it was modest and had been gained by contributions levied in the enemy's country, the just reward of his valour and conduct, while men who have amassed fortunes ten times greater by scandalous methods have enjoyed them amidst universal approval. He scarcely began to enjoy his renown until he was nearly eighty years old. He had to outlive the whole court in order to feel the full glory of his position.

It is interesting to inquire why people were so unjust; the reason is that Marshal de Villars was not tactful. He hadn't the art of making friends by his honesty and intelligence, or of showing off his good points, though he spoke of himself as he deserved to be spoken of by others.

From VOLTAIRE.

18. SCROOGE.

SCROOGE closed the window, and examined the door by which the ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. Scrooge tried to say, "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the work of the day, or his glimpse of the invisible world, or the dull conversation of the ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of rest, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep on the instant.

DICKENS.

19. JULES FAVRE AND BISMARCK.

I WAS exhausted, and for a moment I was afraid I should break down. I turned aside to swallow the tears that were choking me, and apologising for this weakness I could not control, I took my leave with these simple words:—

. 5

“I made a mistake, Count, in coming here; I do not regret it, my sufferings are a sufficient excuse in my own eyes; besides, I acted merely from a sense of duty. I shall carry back to my Government all you have said, and if it thinks good to send me back 10 to you again, I shall have the honour to return, however painful this step is. I am obliged to you for the kindness you have shown me; but I fear that all that can be done now is to let events take their course. The population of Paris is brave and ready for any 15 sacrifices; its heroism may alter the course of events. If you have the honour to conquer it, you will not subdue it. The nation is unanimous. As long as we find in it any power of resistance, we shall fight you. It is an unending struggle between two nations which 20 ought to be comrades. I had hoped for a different solution. I leave you with intense grief and yet full of hope.”

From JULES FAVRE.

14 Passages for Translation into French

20. WHAT IS A SEA-FIGHT?

JUST when everybody, both in town and at court, was either blaming or upholding very warmly the conduct of the commanders of our naval forces, whilst there was a general feeling of deep concern at the slight
5 effect of their efforts, Mr. de Maurepas, our junior in years, joked about these serious matters, finding in them an inexhaustible subject for puns and jests. "Do you know," he would say, "what a sea-fight is? I will tell you. Two squadrons sail out of opposite
10 harbours; they manœuvre, meet, fire at one another, bring down some masts, tear up a few sails, kill a few men, and waste a good deal of powder and shot, then each of the fleets withdraws, claiming to have won the day; they both proclaim themselves victors;
15 both sides sing a *Te Deum*, and the sea is just as salt as before!"

From DE SÉGUR.

21. THE MURDER OF DUNCAN.

MORNING came, and with it the discovery of the murder which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being pro-
5 duced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's
10 two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The king's sons who should have succeeded him having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir
15 was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

LAMB.

22. MR. CLIFFORD.

It was no wonder that Ruth was puzzled what was become of her. Few persons would have thought of looking for her in such a place ; and there had scarcely been time to determine what was to be done, when Mr. Clifford appeared. The servants eagerly told their story, and Ruth stood by without speaking ; but Mr. Clifford was not a person easily to be frightened ; he had no doubt that Madeline would soon be found, but he was distressed at her attempting to conceal herself. It seemed to show that she was conscious of greater guilt 10 than she had confessed ; and his heart sank as he thought that, after all, Alice might have spoken the truth, and his own child, whom he had entirely trusted, might have deceived him. " Leave it to me," he replied calmly, when he had heard all that was to be said ; 15 " no one need be alarmed : Madeline is far too great a coward to venture out of doors ; and if I call her, she will come directly."

ELIZABETH SEWELL.

23. A CAVALRY CHARGE.

ON the road rose a cloud greyer than smoke ; it was cavalry. Two Prussian squadrons were trying to cut the road to Reichshoffen. When horses and horsemen were well within range, one single volley was heard, and about fifty horses fell at once, crushing their riders. 5 Others, wounded, galloped wildly away, leaping ditches and returning to the rear. Still the German officers tried to bring their squadrons back to the charge. The ranks closed up and the order to charge was given. The zouaves had reloaded their rifles. Without 10 hurrying, they waited till the cavalry was almost at their feet, and took aim ; this time the Prussians, cut to pieces, turned tail, and did not venture to force this terrible passage.

16 Passages for Translation into French

24. THE HISTORIAN'S TASK.

I should very imperfectly execute the task which I have undertaken if I were merely to treat of battles and sieges, of the rise and fall of administrations, of intrigues in the palace, and of debates in the parliament. It will be my endeavour to relate the history of the people as well as the history of government, to trace the progress of useful and ornamental arts, to describe the rise of religious sects and the changes of literary taste, to portray the manners of successive generations, and not to pass by with neglect even the revolutions which have taken place in dress, furniture, repasts, and public amusements. I shall cheerfully bear the reproach of having descended below the dignity of history, if I can succeed in placing before the English of the nineteenth century a true picture of the life of their ancestors.

MACAULAY.

25. DOCTOR SANGRADO'S RECIPE.

"I AM going to tell you now the secret of that art of healing which I have professed for so many years. Other doctors declare that the knowledge of it is contained in a thousand difficult sciences; as for me, I claim to give you a short cut, and spare you the trouble of studying physics, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Let me tell you, my friend, that all you have to do is to prescribe bleeding and hot water; that is the secret of curing all diseases under the sun. Yes, this simple secret of mine, which nature, a sealed book to my colleagues, could not conceal from my researches, consists in these two points, bleeding and frequent draughts of water. I have no more to teach you; your medical knowledge is complete; and, profiting by my long experience, you become at once as skilful as I."

From LESAGE.

26. THE STYLE OF BUNYAN.

THE style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect, the dialect of plain working men, was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the unpolluted English language, no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

MACAULAY.

27. AT SEA.

DURING this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well; our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in great distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than to turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west part of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

SWIFT.

18 Passages for Translation into French

28. LACK OF SYMPATHY.

LA BRUYÈRE says he is astonished at the cruelty men display towards each other. Yesterday, I dined with Madame de Boigne at Châtenay; Pasquier, Decazes, d'Argout, Dumon, etc., were present, and Madame de Boigne asked what has become of M. de Cubières. Some one explained that he was at his country seat, and had asked for a gun licence in order to shoot, but had been refused. Madame Decazes was the only person to utter a perfunctory word of pity, and it found no echo. It was considered quite natural that this man, a former general and an ex-War minister, could not even carry a gun to go shooting in his own grounds. Yet in former days M. de Cubières was nearly always a guest at these Sunday dinners at Châtenay with these same men.

From SAINTE-BEUVE.

29. THE TROGLODYTES.

As the nation increased day by day, the Troglodytes thought it fitting to choose a king for themselves: they agreed that they must offer the crown to the man who was most just, and they unanimously selected an old man venerable both for his age and for his virtue. He had refused to be present at the gathering and, with grief in his heart, had shut himself up in his house.

When delegates were sent to inform him of the fact that he had been chosen, he said: "Heaven forbid that I should so wrong the Troglodytes that it should be credible that no one juster than I is to be found amongst them! You offer me the crown, and if you insist, I must take it; but be sure that I shall die of grief at having at my birth seen the Troglodytes free, and seeing them to-day a subject people."

30.

At these words he broke into a flood of tears, saying: "Alas the day! Why have I lived so long?"

Then he exclaimed in a stern voice: "I see what it is, Troglodytes: your virtue begins to be burdensome to you. In your present condition, having no chief, 5 you have to be virtuous in spite of yourselves; otherwise you could not exist, and you would be reduced to the unhappy state of your forefathers. But you find this yoke too hard; you prefer to submit to a prince, and to obey his laws, which are less strict than your 10 customs. You know that then you will be able to satisfy your ambition and accumulate wealth, and that, provided you avoid committing grave crimes, you may dispense with virtue. And what do you expect me to do? How can I possibly give any order to a 15 Troglodyte? Do you wish him to do a virtuous action, because I tell him to, when he would do it just the same on his own account? Troglodytes, I am near the end of my days, my blood is chill in my veins, and I shall soon see once more your sacred ancestors; 20 why do you wish me to have to tell them that I left you under any yoke but that of virtue?"

FÉNELON.

31. AN EXCITING DRIVE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Here I am at last safely at Paris. My first thought was to sit down and write a few words to tell you our adventures.

5 You remember of course that we started at ten o'clock in the morning. The weather was splendid until noon, when a terrible storm surprised us. The wind blew with such violence that it swept my little bag off the cab and carried it some distance away! It
10 was pouring with rain, but I had to get out, although I was only wearing a thin dress and had on light shoes, and run after my bag! I was drenched to the skin before I got back to the cab.

To add to our misfortunes, the cabman had had
15 a drop too much before starting. He upset us in a ditch! Fortunately some peasants, who happened to pass, were kind enough to get the cab up again. Otherwise we might perhaps still have been there now! At last we arrived and were glad to change
20 our clothes. A good fire was made for us and, after an excellent tea, we soon recovered from our fatigues.

Good-bye, do not forget to write soon to your loving friend

MARY.

32. AN ILL-NATURED PHYSICIAN.

He then immediately went upstairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very sound nap into which he had fallen, and, what was still worse, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia. 5

"Will you be blooded or no?" cries the doctor, in a rage. "I have told you my resolution already," answered Jones, "and I wish with all my heart you had taken my answer: for you have awakened me out of the sweetest sleep which I ever had in my life." 10

"Ay, ay," cries the doctor, "many a man hath dozed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more than food; but remember, I demand of you, for the last time, will you be blooded?" "I answer you for the last time," said Jones, "I will not." "Then I wash 15 my hands of you," cries the doctor, "and I desire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journeys at 5s. each, two dressings at 5s. more, and half-a-crown for phlebotomy." "I hope," said Jones, "you don't intend to leave me in this condition." 20 "Indeed, but I shall," said the other. "Then," said Jones, "you have used me rascally, and I will not pay you a farthing." "Very well," cries the doctor, "the first loss is the best. What a pox did my landlady mean by sending for me to such vagabonds?" At 25 which words he flung out of the room, and his patient, turning himself about, soon recovered his sleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

FIELDING.

22 Passages for Translation into French

33. WALLACE BETRAYED.

THE king of England possessed so much wealth and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after
5 another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward or to lay down his arms. A great reward was set upon his head, for Edward did not think he could
10 have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner, and, shame it is to say it, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is
15 generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing on him and taking him unawares, was when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was
20 placed on the table, with its flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him, that his namesake had betrayed Sir
25 William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

WALTER SCOTT.

34. GHENT.

PLACED in the midst of well-cultivated plains, Ghent was surrounded by strong walls, the external circuit of which measured nine miles. Its streets and squares were spacious and elegant, its churches and other public buildings numerous and splendid. The 5 sumptuous church of Saint John or Saint Bavon, where Charles the Fifth had been baptized, the ancient castle whither Baldwin Bras de Fer had brought the daughter of Charles the Bold, the city hall with its graceful Moorish front, the well-known belfry where 10 for three centuries had perched the dragon sent by the emperor Baldwin of Flanders from Constantinople, and where swung the famous Roland, whose iron tongue had called the citizens, generation after generation, to arms, whether to win battles over 15 foreign kings at the head of their chivalry, or to plunge their swords in each other's breasts, were all conspicuous in the city, and celebrated in the land. Especially the great bell was the object of the burghers' affection, and generally of the sovereign's 20 hatred; while to all it seemed as it were a living historical personage, endowed with the human powers and passions which it had so long directed and inflamed.

MOTLEY.

24 Passages for Translation into French

35. CROMWELL'S IRONSIDES.

WHEN the Parliament raised their army, the military talents of Cromwell made him early distinguished. It was remarked that he was uniformly successful in every contest in which he was personally engaged, 5 and that he was the first officer who could train and bring to the field a body of cavalry capable of meeting the shock of the Cavaliers, whose high birth, lofty courage and chivalrous bravery made them formidable opponents of the Parliamentary forces. His regi- 10 ment of Ironsides, as they were called from the cuirasses which the men wore, were carefully exercised, and accustomed to strict military discipline, while their courage was exalted by the enthusiasm which their commander contrived to inspire. He preached 15 to them himself, prayed for them and with them, and attended with an air of edification to any who choose to preach or pray in return. The attention of these military fanatics was so fixed upon the mysteries of the next world, that death was no terror to them; and 20 the fiery valour of the Cavaliers was encountered and repelled by men who fought for their own ideas of religion as determinedly as their enemies did for honour and loyalty. The spirit of the Independent sectaries spread generally through the army, and 25 the Parliament possessed no troops so excellent as those who followed these doctrines.

WALTER SCOTT.

36. THE FALL OF CALCUTTA.

IN August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hoogley, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred Sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a Prince who had more subjects than Louis the Fifteenth or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December. Clive had commenced operations with his usual vigour. He took Budge-Budge, routed the garrison of Fort William, recovered Calcutta, stormed and sacked Hoogley. The Nabob, already disposed to make some concessions to the English, was confirmed in his pacific disposition by these proofs of their power and spirit. He accordingly made overtures to the chief of the invading armament, and offered to restore the factory, and to give compensation to those whom he had despoiled.

25

MACAULAY.

37. LITTLE NELL.

SHE would take her station here at dusk, and watch the people as they passed up and down, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses ; wondering whether those rooms were as lonesome as that in which she
5 sat, and whether those people felt it company to see her sitting there, as she did only to see them look out and draw their heads in again. There was a crooked stack of chimneys on one of the roofs, in which, by often looking at them, she had fancied ugly
10 faces that were frowning over at her and trying to peer into the room ; and she felt glad when it grew too dark to make them out, though she was sorry too, when the man came to light the lamps in the street, for it made it late and very dull inside.
15 Then she would draw in her head to look round the room and see that everything was in its place and hadn't moved ; and looking out into the street again, would perhaps see a man passing with a coffin on his back, and two or three others silently
20 following him to a house where somebody lay dead ; which made her shudder and think of such things until they suggested afresh the old man's altered face and manner, and a new train of fears and speculations.

DICKENS.

38. ARION.

AFTER spending a considerable time at the court of Periander, Arion had a desire to go to Sicily and Italy. Having obtained great wealth in these countries, he wished to return to Corinth. When he was ready to leave Tarentum, he hired a Corinthian ship, because 5 he trusted the Corinthians more than any other people. Once he was on board, the Corinthians plotted his ruin, and decided to throw him overboard in order to get possession of his wealth. Arion perceived their evil intentions and offered them his riches, begging ¹⁰ them to spare his life. But they were by no means moved by his entreaties; they ordered him to commit suicide if he wished to be buried, or to throw himself into the sea at once. Arion, finding himself in this dire plight, and seeing they had made up their 15 minds to destroy him, begged to be allowed to put on his finest clothes and to sing on the deck; he promised to kill himself after singing. His enemies supposed that they would derive pleasure from listening to the most skilful musician in existence, 20 and agreed to do as he wished.

28 Passages for Translation into French

39.

Arion dressed himself in his finest clothes, went up on deck and sang a song. As soon as he had finished, he threw himself into the sea exactly as he was in his clothes. A number of dolphins had been attracted round the ship by his singing, and it is said that, as the ship went on its way to Corinth, a dolphin took Arion on its back and conveyed him to Taenarus. Arion landed and went off to Corinth dressed as he was and related his adventure to Periander. The tyrant, not able to credit his story, had him kept in strict confinement, and, as soon as the sailors had arrived, he sent for them and asked them if they could give him any news of Arion. They replied that they had left him in good health at Tarentum in Italy. Then Arion appeared suddenly before them just as he had been when they saw him leap into the sea. Utterly disconcerted, they no longer dared to deny their crime. The tyrant had them all crucified.

40. THE NEW PUPIL.

I GAVE a short exercise, which they all wrote down. I saw the new pupil was puzzled at first with the novelty of the form and the language. Once or twice she looked at me with a sort of painful solicitude, as not comprehending what was meant; then she was not ready when the others were; she could not write as fast as they did. I would not help her. I went on relentlessly. She looked at me. Her eyes said most plainly, "I cannot follow you." I regarded the appeal, and carelessly leaning back in my chair, glancing from time to time with a nonchalant air out of the window, I dictated a little faster.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

41. CARTHAGE.

CARTHAGE was so strictly blockaded by sea and land that all supplies were completely cut off. Famine and disease began to thin the inhabitants; and the survivors, exhausted by fatigue, offered to submit to everything, provided their city were preserved. 5 Had the consul been at liberty to give way to his humane feelings, he would probably have lent a favourable ear to the cries and wretchedness of the besieged; but his orders were the fruit of mature counsels on the part of the senate, and he was 10 compelled to follow them. By means of a narrow passage near the port, which the Romans explored, some soldiers succeeded in planting their eagles in one of the suburbs, and soon after the whole town was crowded with their troops. They set fire 15 to all the houses, and put to the sword all the besieged who offered to resist. Fifty thousand wretched men and women, who had shut themselves up in the citadel, implored the clemency of the victors, and consented to become their slaves. The 20 proud Hasdrubal likewise begged that his life might be spared; but his wife, more courageous than he, stabbed her children in his presence, and then precipitated herself into the flames. The conflagration continued for seventeen days. Scipio shed tears over 25 the ashes of this once rich and flourishing city.

30 Passages for Translation into French

42. WALLACE AND THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS.

WALLACE, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is
5 said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers,
10 who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted,
15 and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the butt-end of his fishing rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it, that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword, he fought
20 with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was
25 forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country.

WALTER SCOTT.

43. THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY.

THE battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire 25 larger and more populous than Great Britain.

MACAULAY.

44. A STRANGE AFFLICTION.

"THAT I want nothing," said the prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint; if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavour, and I should not
5 then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue.
10 But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh, and
15 every moment showed me what I had never observed before. I have already enjoyed too much; give me something to desire."

The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said
20 he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the prince, "you have given me something to desire: I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

JOHNSON.

45. AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA.

ONE day I was travelling in Calabria.¹ It is a country of evil-minded people, who, I believe, like nobody, and have a special grudge against the French. It would take too long to tell you why; suffice it to say that they hate us mortally, and that one has a very bad 5 time of it, when one falls into their hands.

I had as companion a young man like that gentleman we saw at X.; do you remember? In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses had much difficulty in getting along. My companion was 10 leading the way, and he chose a path which seemed to him more practicable and shorter, but which led us astray. It was my fault; I ought not to have trusted a young man of twenty.

As long as it was daylight, we tried to find our 15 way through these woods, but the harder we tried, the more completely we lost ourselves, and it was pitch dark when we came upon a very mean-looking house. We went in, not without misgiving, but what was to be done? 20

We found a whole family of charcoal-burners at table, and they at once invited us to join them. My young friend needed no pressing; we set to work eating and drinking—at least he did; for my part I was taking stock of the place and of the looks of our hosts. 25 They certainly looked like charcoal burners, but you would have taken the house for an arsenal. Nothing but guns, pistols, swords, knives and cutlasses everywhere.

¹ Calabre.

I didn't like any of it, and I saw quite plainly that they didn't like me either. It was just the opposite with my companion ; he was quite one of the family, laughing and chatting with them ; and with
5 a want of caution that I ought to have foreseen, he told them at once where we came from, where we were going, and who we were—Frenchmen ! Just imagine it ! Frenchmen, alone, lost so far from all human aid, guests of our bitterest foes ! and then, so as to leave
10 nothing undone that might ruin us, he pretended to be rich and promised them as much as they liked for our lodging and for our guides next day.

Finally, he talked about his travelling-bag, begging them to take great care of it and to put it at the
15 head of his bed ; he would have no other pillow, he said. No doubt they thought that we had the crown diamonds with us ; but it was only some letters from his sweetheart that made him so anxious, letters that had no interest for any one else !

20 After supper we were left to ourselves. Our hosts slept downstairs, we slept in the upper room where we had had supper. The sleeping-place that awaited us was a loft about seven or eight feet above the floor of the room and reached by a ladder. It was a kind
25 of nest into which one crept by crawling under joists hung with provisions for the whole year.

47.

My comrade climbed in alone, and lay down all but asleep already, with his head on the precious bag. I, resolved to keep awake, made up a good fire, and sat down by it.

Almost the whole night had passed quietly enough, 5 and I was beginning to feel comfortable, when, just as I thought the daylight must soon appear, I heard our host and his wife talking and arguing below me. Listening at the chimney which communicated with that of the room beneath, I distinctly overheard these 10 very words spoken by the husband: "Well! Come then, must I kill them both?" And the woman answered, "Yes!" I heard no more.

I remained quiet, hardly able to breathe, my whole body as cold as marble. To look at me, you 15 could scarcely have told whether I was alive or dead. Good heavens! When I think of it even now! Just our two selves unarmed against a dozen or fifteen of them who had so many weapons! And my comrade nearly dead with sleep and fatigue! I did not dare 20 call him or make any noise; to escape alone was impossible; the window was not exactly high, but down below were two huge mastiffs howling like wolves. Try to imagine what a state I was in. After a quarter of an hour which seemed an eternity, I 25 heard some one on the stairs, and through the cracks in the door I saw the father with a lamp in one hand and one of his large knives in the other.

36 Passages for Translation into French

48.

He was coming up with his wife following him; I was behind the door. He opened the door, but before coming in he put down the lamp, which his wife picked up. Then he came in in his bare feet, 5 and she, shading the lamp, whispered to him from outside: "Gently! don't make a noise!" When he was on the ladder, he went up it with his knife between his teeth, and when he was on a level with the bed, the poor young fellow lying there with his 10 throat bare, he took his knife in one hand, and with the other . . . he seized a ham which was hanging from the ceiling, cut off a slice, and withdrew as he had come. The door shut again, the lamp disappeared, and I was left alone to my reflections.

15 At daybreak the whole family came and called us noisily, as we had requested. A very good breakfast was set before us. Part of it consisted of two capons, one of which our hostess told us we were to take away with us, and the other we were to eat. At the 20 sight of them I at last grasped the meaning of those terrible words, "Must I kill both of them?"

From PAUL LOUIS COURIER.

49. KASCAMBO AND HIS SERVANT.

EVEN while scolding his servant, Kascambo found it difficult not to laugh at his odd plan; but when he happened to forbid it him in so many words, Ivan replied: "Master, it is no longer in my power to obey you, and it would be useless for me to wish 5 to conceal it from you; the deed is done, I have been a musulman since the day when you thought I was ill and my irons were taken off. Now I am called Houssein. What harm is there in it? Can't I become a Christian again when I like and when you 10 are free? Look! already I am free from my irons; I can break yours on the first favourable opportunity, and I feel very hopeful that the opportunity will arise."

They did indeed keep faith with him: he was no 15 longer in fetters, and from that time enjoyed more freedom; but this freedom itself was nearly fatal to him. The ringleaders of the expedition against Kascambo soon grew to fear that the newly converted musulman would desert. The length of his stay 20 amongst them and his habit of using their language put him in a position to know them all by name and to furnish descriptions of them, and this would have exposed them to the vengeance of the Russians. Some months later he noticed a great change in his relations 25 with the inhabitants and their open display of ill-will left him no room for doubt.

From XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

38 Passages for Translation into French

50. PARTRIDGE AT THE PLAY.

IN the first row then of the gallery did Mr. Jones, Mrs. Miller, her youngest daughter, and Partridge take their places. Partridge immediately declared it was the finest place he had ever been in. When the 5 first music was played, he said it was a wonder how so many fiddlers could play at one time, without putting one another out.

As soon as the play, which was *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, began, Partridge was all attention, nor 10 did he break silence till the entrance of the ghost; upon which he asked Jones, what man that was in the strange dress. "Something," said he, "like what I have seen in a picture. Sure it is not armour, is it?" Jones answered, "That is the ghost." To which 15 Partridge replied with a smile, "Persuade me to that, sir, if you can. Though I can't say I ever actually saw a ghost in my life, yet I am certain I should know one, if I saw him, better than that comes to. No, no, sir, ghosts don't appear in such dresses as 20 that, neither." In this mistake, which caused much laughter in the neighbourhood of Partridge, he was suffered to continue, till the scene between the Ghost and Hamlet, when Partridge gave that credit to Mr. Garrick, which he had denied to Jones, and fell into 25 so violent a trembling, that his knees knocked against each other.

FIELDING.

51. DEFEAT OF THE ROMANS BY THE CARTHAGINIANS.

THE next morning, at daybreak, he ordered a detachment of Numidian horse to cross the river, each horseman carrying a foot-soldier behind, with an injunction to provoke the Romans to an engagement, then to run away, and cross the river again. Sempronius no 5 sooner saw the Numidians, than without giving his troops any time to eat or drink, he sent out his cavalry to attack them. The detachment was quickly put to flight and closely pursued; but scarcely had the rest of the Roman army, crossed the river, when the Car- 10 thaginians, who had taken a good repast before their fire, came out of their lines, fell furiously upon them, and put them in the greatest confusion. The Romans for a long time fought with undaunted bravery; but at last, overcome by fatigue, cold, and hunger, they 15 were compelled to take to flight. They lost thirty thousand killed or taken prisoners; ten thousand only, by the most prodigious bravery, made their way through the ranks of the Carthaginians, and got safe to Placentia.¹ Sempronius, no less proud than pre- 20 sumptuous, wrote to the Senate that nature alone had conquered him, and that but for the extreme severity of the cold, he should have gained the victory.

¹ Plaisance.

52. THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

THE boy made no answer, but directly Quilp had shut himself in, stood on his head before the door, sometimes walking back and sometimes advancing on his hands. There were four sides to the counting-house, but he 5 avoided that one where the window was, deeming it probable that Quilp would be looking out of it. This was prudent, for the dwarf, knowing his disposition, was lying in wait at a little distance from the sash, armed with a large piece of wood, which, being rough 10 and jagged and studded in many parts with broken nails, might possibly have hurt him.

It was a dirty little box, this counting-house, with nothing in it but an old rickety desk, a hat-peg, an ancient almanac, an inkstand with no ink, and the 15 stump of one pen, and an eight-day clock which hadn't gone for eighteen years at least, and of which the minute hand had been twisted off for a tooth-pick. Daniel Quilp pulled his hat over his brows, climbed on to the desk (which had a flat top), and stretching 20 his short length upon it, went to sleep with the ease of an old practitioner ; intending, no doubt, to compensate himself for the deprivation of last night's rest by a long and sound nap.

DICKENS.

53. ANARCHY.

THE truth is that Friday's riot was the work of agitators who took advantage of the misery and ignorance of some workpeople, and tried to create that state of permanent disorder which is the last word in the social theories of anarchists. Perhaps they have in view other similar attempts, and intend to organise a series of "days" like the ninth of March. If they really have such intentions, they will be well advised to abandon them, for the indignation aroused in the Republican party by the criminal disturbance of 10 Friday, disturbances which can benefit no one but the enemies of our institutions, is so great, that the government will certainly not allow such scenes to be renewed, and will have the approval of the nation in taking the necessary steps for preventing their 15 repetition. The more the Republic stands for a government of liberty, a government in which the nation is supreme, in which no factious minority can usurp this supremacy by setting itself above the laws, the more thoroughly is it justified in securing order, 20 obedience to the law, public tranquillity, which cannot be disturbed without depriving people of their liberty of movement; and the Republic will not fail in this duty. The era of revolutionary days will not recur, whatever may be said by those who are counting on 25 disturbances to prepare people's minds for the restoration of the monarchy.

From LE TEMPS.

42 Passages for Translation into French

54. MRS. TULLIVER.

MRS. TULLIVER was what is called a good-natured person—never cried, when she was a baby, on any slighter ground than hunger and pins; and from the cradle upwards had been healthy, plump, fair, and
5 dull-witted; in short, the flower of her family, for beauty and amiability. But milk and mildness are not the best things for keeping, and when they turn only a little sour, they may disagree with young stomachs seriously. I have often wondered whether
10 those early Madonnas of Raphael, with the blond faces and somewhat stupid expression, kept their placidity undisturbed, when their strong-limbed, strong-willed boys got a little too old to do without clothing. I think they must have been given to feeble remon-
15 strance, getting more and more peevish as it became more and more ineffectual. GEORGE ELIOT.

55. A LETTER FROM THE FRENCH SECRETARY FOR WAR TO LORD KITCHENER.

Jan. 24th, 1915.

"DEAR LORD KITCHENER,

"On leaving London, I must thank you for the welcome you have given me here.

"Like all my fellow-countrymen, I was aware of
5 the determination inspiring His Majesty's Government and the British nation. Before seeing it, I could not conceive the results it has already produced under your vigorous and skilful impulse.

"The confidence of our two countries in the out-
10 come of the struggle we are carrying on in close agreement with our Allies cannot but be increased by this.

"It gives me very great pleasure to convey to you my very sincere thanks and to assure you once more of my profound sympathy and good will."

"MILLERAND."

56. DOROTHEA CASAUBON.

DOROTHEA's nature was of that kind: her own passionate faults lay along the easily-counted open channels of her ardent character; and while she was full of pity for the visible mistakes of others, she had not yet material within her experience for subtle constructions and suspicions of hidden wrong. But that simplicity of hers, holding up an ideal for others in her believing conception of them, was one of the great powers of her womanhood. And it had from the first acted strongly on Will Ladislaw. He felt, when he parted from her, that the brief words by which he had tried to convey to her his feeling about herself and the division which her fortune made between them, would only profit by their brevity when Dorothea had to interpret them: he felt that in her mind he had found his highest estimate.

GEORGE ELIOT.

57. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU
TO M. DU PEYRON.

Sept. 17th, 1764.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am prevented both by the weather and by my present state of health from fixing a day when I shall be able to go to Cressier. But if the weather were fine and I were better, I should try to go and spend the night at Neuchâtel to-day or to-morrow week, and from there, if you had your carriage at home, I should be able, with your permission, to take it and go to Cressier. I am truly anxious to spend a few days with you; but I am so accustomed to seeing my plans upset, that I hardly have the heart to make any more; at any rate, that is my present plan, and if chance makes me give it up, I shall certainly regret my inability to carry it out.

"With many thanks, I am,

15

"Yours very truly,

"J.-J. ROUSSEAU."

58. THE KING OF THE SEALS.

THEN, calm as Napoleon on the eve of a battle, he girded on the weight and entered the water. Every one clapped and there were cries of "Long live the king of the Seals." But the marquis apparently was not in form that day, or perhaps he had overrated his powers, for the leaden weight exhausted him at once, and after three hundred and twenty-seven strokes (Smithson counted) he sank, not to rise again.

Edward, from the time he had set eyes on the marquis, had eagerly followed his every movement. But for the obvious difference in their positions, it looked as if he discovered an old acquaintance in the noble refugee. Before any one had set about rescuing the drowning man, Edward was already in the river. Two minutes later, after skilfully cutting under water the cord which held the marquis down, he brought him back to the bank.

The whole club was astonished. Edward was surrounded. Several friends of the marquis, astounded at the splendid header he had made in diving after the marquis, overlooked the extreme simplicity of his attire and went so far as to offer him a finger!

From PAUL FÉVAL.

59. A NATION'S GRIEF.

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly 5 taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we had loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero, the greatest of our own and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So 10 perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them 15 before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated.

SOUTHEY.

60. THE DESCENT OF HYDER ALI
ON THE CARNATIC.

THEN ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every 5 house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, 10 enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But, 15 escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

BURKE.

46 Passages for Translation into French

61. THE RECTOR OF BRIARFIELD.

HE was not diabolical at all. The evil simply was-- he had missed his vocation; he should have been a soldier, and circumstances had made him a priest. For the rest, he was a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-
5 handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little man: a man almost without sympathy, ungentle, prejudiced and rigid: but a man true to principle—honorable, sagacious, and sincere. It seems to me, reader, that
10 you cannot always cut out men to fit their profession, and that you ought not to curse them because that profession sometimes hangs on them ungracefully: nor will I curse Helstone, clerical Cossack as he was. Yet he *was* cursed, and by many
15 of his own parishioners, as by others he was adored: which is the frequent fate of men who show partiality in friendship and bitterness in enmity; who are equally attached to principles and adherent to prejudices.

CHARLOTTE BRÖNTE.

62. A LETTER OF APOLOGY.

17th October, 1764.

MY DEAR DELEYRE,

I am quite overwhelmed by my offence; I gather from your letter that in a moment of ill-temper I let fall some unkind remarks, at which you would
5 have had good cause to take offence, were it not that great allowance must be made for my disposition and condition. I feel that I flew into a rage without provocation, and on an occasion when you deserved to be put right and not quarrelled with; if I did more
10 and insulted you, I did, in a moment of absurd passion, what I would not have done at any time with anybody and much less with you. It was unpardonable, I admit, but I offended you unintentionally. I beg you to consider the intention rather than the act. Other
15 men may be no more than just, but friends should be merciful.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

63. THE YOUNG PRETENDER IN FRANCE.

WHEN the French government, in the winter of 1748, were disposed to accede to a peace with England, it was an indispensable stipulation, that the Young Pretender, as he was styled, should not be permitted to reside within the French territories. The King and 5 ministers of France felt the necessity of acceding to this condition if they would obtain peace; but they were desirous to do so with all the attention possible to the interest and feelings of Charles Edward. With this purpose, they suggested to him that he should 10 retreat to Freiburg in Switzerland, where they proposed to assure him an asylum, with a company of guards, a large pension, and the nominal rank and title of Prince of Wales.

It is not easy to say with what possible views Charles 15 rejected these offers, or from what motive he positively refused to leave France. He was in a kingdom, however, where little ceremony was then used upon such occasions. One evening as he went to the Opera, he was seized by a party of the French guards, bound 20 hand and foot, and conveyed first to the state prison of Vincennes, and from thence to the town of Avignon, which belonged to the Pope.

WALTER SCOTT.

64. TRUE FIDELITY.

TRUE love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who though
5 banished by Lear and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit
10 sometimes ; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation ! In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that
15 disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughters), a bargain was
20 quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

LAMB.

65. CORTES.

As soon as the news was known, the disappointed adventurers exclaimed and threatened; the emissaries of Cortes mingled with them and inflamed their rage; the ferment became general; the whole camp was almost in open mutiny; all demanding with eagerness 5 to see their commander. Cortes was not slow in appearing; when, with one voice, officers and soldiers expressed their astonishment and disappointment at the orders which they had received. It was unworthy, they cried, of the Castilian courage to be daunted at 10 the first aspect of danger, and infamous to fly before any enemy appeared. For their part, they were determined not to relinquish an enterprise, that had hitherto been successful, and which tended so visibly to advance the glory and the interest of their country. 15 Happy under his command, they would follow him with alacrity through every danger, in quest of those settlements and treasures which he had so long held out to their view; but, if he chose rather to return, and tamely give up his hopes of distinction and 20 opulence to an envious rival, they would instantly choose another general to conduct them in that path of glory, which he had not spirit to enter.

ROBERTSON.

66. THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

"A TRADE for my son? My son a working man! What can you be thinking of, sir?" I think more wisely than you, madam; you wish to make him fit for nothing but to be a lord, a marquis or a prince, 5 and perhaps some day less than nothing. I want to give him a rank he can never lose, a rank which will always be an honour to him; I want to raise him to the status of a man, and, whatever you may say, he will have fewer peers in that rank than in any you 10 can give him.

The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life. It is not so much a question of learning a trade for its own sake as in order to conquer the prejudices which despise it. You will never have to work for your living? So 15 much the worse for you! But no matter; do not work from necessity but for glory. Stoop to the rank of a working man in order to rise above your own. In order to dominate Fortune and circumstances, begin by making yourself independent of them. In order to 20 rule through public opinion, begin by ruling over it.

Remember, I demand no talent of you, only a trade, a real trade, a purely mechanical art, in which the hands work harder than the head, a trade which is no high-road to fortune, but makes you independent 25 of her.

From ROUSSEAU.

67. TOBY.

IN some versions of the great drama of Punch there is a small dog—a modern innovation—supposed to be the private property of that gentleman, whose name is always Toby. This Toby had been stolen in youth from another gentleman, and fraudulently sold to the 5 confiding hero, who, having no guile himself, has no suspicion that it lurks in others; but Toby, entertaining a grateful recollection of his old master, and scorning to attach himself to any new patrons, not only refuses to smoke a pipe at the bidding of Punch, 10 but to mark his old fidelity more strongly, seizes him by the nose and wrings the same with violence, at which instance of canine attachment the spectators are deeply affected. This was the character which the little terrier in question had once sustained; if 15 there had been any doubt upon the subject he would speedily have resolved it by his conduct; for not only did he, on seeing Short, give the strongest tokens of recognition, but catching sight of the flat box he barked so furiously at the pasteboard nose which he 20 knew was inside, that his master was obliged to gather him up and put him into his pocket again, to the great relief of the whole company.

DICKENS.

68. A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and
5 civilising of mankind. It is certain that country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanest habits, to
10 converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it
15 puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the
20 whole parish being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bells ring.

ADDISON.

69. THE EMPEROR COMMODUS.

MOST of the crimes which disturb the internal peace of society are produced by the restraints which the necessary, but unequal, laws of property have imposed on the appetites of mankind, by confining to a few the possession of those objects that are coveted by many. 5 Of all our passions and appetites, the love of power is of the most imperious and unsociable nature, since the pride of one man requires the submission of the multitude. In the tumult of civil discord the laws of society lose their force, and their place is seldom 10 supplied by those of humanity. The ardour of contention, the pride of victory, the despair of success, the memory of past injuries, and the fear of future dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and to silence the voice of pity. From such motives almost 15 every page of history has been stained with civil blood, but these motives will not account for the unprovoked cruelties of Commodus, who had nothing to wish, and everything to enjoy. The beloved son of Marcus succeeded to his father, amidst the acclamations of the 20 senate and armies; and when he ascended the throne the happy youth saw round him neither competitor to remove, nor enemies to punish. In this calm elevated station it was surely natural that he should prefer the love of mankind to their detestation, the mild glories 25 of his five predecessors to the ignominious fate of Nero and Domitian.

GIBBON.

54 Passages for Translation into French

70. AN ATTEMPT TO CARRY OFF LOUIS XVI.

The distrust of the multitude was extreme; the departure of the king's aunts, to which it attached an exaggerated importance, increased its uneasiness and led it to suppose another departure was preparing

5 These suspicions were not unfounded, and they occasioned a kind of rising which the anti-revolutionists sought to turn to account by carrying off the king. This project failed, owing to the resolution and skill of Lafayette. While the crowd went to Vincennes to

10 demolish the dungeon which they said communicated with the Tuileries and would favour the flight of the king, more than six hundred persons armed with swords and daggers entered the Tuileries to compel the king to flee. Lafayette, who had repaired to

15 Vincennes to disperse the multitude, returned to quell the anti-revolutionists of the château, after scattering the mob of the popular party, and by this second expedition he regained the confidence which his first had lost him.

From MIGNET.

71. A TOURNAMENT.

AFTER dinner, upon the same and the three following days, a tournament was held. The lists were on the market-place, on the side nearest the town house; the Electress and the other ladies looking down from the

5 balcony and window to "rain influence and adjudge the prize." The chief hero of these jousts, according to the accounts in the Archives, was the Elector of Saxony. He "comported himself with such especial

chivalry" that his far-famed namesake and remote successor, Augustus the strong, could hardly have 10 evinced more knightly prowess. On the first day he encountered George von Wiedebach, and unhorsed him so handsomely that the discomfited cavalier's shoulder was dislocated. On the following day he tilted with Michael von Denstedt, and was again victorious, 15 hitting his adversary full in the target, and "bearing him off his horse's tail so neatly, that the knight came down heels over head upon the earth."

MOTLEY.

72. A GLOOMY PERIOD.

OUR habits of thinking so fondly connect the order of the universe with the fate of man, that this gloomy period of history has been decorated with inundations, earthquakes, uncommon meteors, preternatural darkness, and a crowd of prodigies fictitious or exaggerated. 5 But a long and general famine was a calamity of a more serious kind. It was the inevitable consequence of rapine and oppression, which extirpated the produce of the present, and the hope of future harvests. Famine is almost always followed by epidemical dis- 10 eases, the effect of scanty and unwholesome food. Other causes must, however, have contributed to the furious plague, which, from the year two hundred and fifty to the year two hundred and sixty-five, raged without interruption in every province, every city, 15 and every family of the Roman empire. During some time five thousand persons died daily in Rome; and many towns, that had escaped the hands of the barbarians, were entirely depopulated.

GIBBON.

73. PIP AND JOE GARGERY.

THE effort of resolution necessary to the achievement of this purpose, I found to be quite awful. It was as if I had to make up my mind to leap from the top of a high house, or plunge into a great depth of water. And it was made the more difficult by the unconscious Joe. In our already-mentioned free-masonry as fellow-sufferers, and in his good-natured companionship with me, it was our evening habit to compare the way we bit through our slices, by silently holding them up to each other's admiration now and then—which stimulated us to new exertions. Tonight, Joe several times invited me, by the display of his fast-diminishing slice, to enter upon our usual friendly competition; but he found me, each time, with my yellow mug of tea on one knee, and my untouched bread-and-butter on the other. At last, I desperately considered that the thing I contemplated must be done, and that it had best be done in the least improbable manner consistent with the circumstances. I took advantage of a moment when Joe had just looked at me, and got my bread-and-butter down my leg.

DICKENS.

74. NAVAL BATTLE OFF HELIGOLAND.

THE *Arethusa*, leading the line of destroyers, was first attacked by two German cruisers, and was sharply engaged for thirty-five minutes at a range of about three thousand yards, with the result that she sustained some damage and casualties, but drove off the two 5 German cruisers, one of which she seriously injured with her 6-inch guns.

Later in the morning she engaged at intervals two other German vessels who were encountered in the confused fighting which followed, and, in company 10 with the *Fearless* and the Light Cruiser Squadron, contributed to the sinking of the cruiser *Mainz*.

At one o'clock she was about to be attacked by two other cruisers, when the Battle Cruiser Squadron most opportunely arrived and pursued and sank these 15 new antagonists.

Although only two of the enemy's destroyers were actually observed to sink, most of the eighteen or twenty boats rounded up and attacked were well punished, and only saved themselves by scattered 20 flight.

The superior gun power and strength of the British destroyers, ship for ship, was conclusively demonstrated. The destroyers themselves did not hesitate to engage the enemy's cruisers, both with guns and 25 torpedoes, with hardihood, and two of them, the *Laurel* and *Liberty*, got knocked about in the process.

Intercepted German signals and other information from German sources confirm the report of Rear-Admiral Beatty as to the sinking of the third German 30 cruiser, which now appears to have been the *Ariadne*.

58 Passages for Translation into French

75. RIP VAN WINKLE.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the
5 mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time
10 Wolf bristled up his back and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of some-
15 thing he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

76. THE CHEVALIER DES ARCIS.

ALTHOUGH the Chevalier des Arcis, a cavalry officer, was still young, and his means allowed him to make a brave show at court, he had early grown tired of a bachelor's life and the pleasures of Paris. He with-
5 drew to a pretty country house. After a little time the loneliness, which he had at first found pleasant seemed irksome to him, though he felt it was difficult to break with the habits of his youth. He did not regret having left the world, but as he could not
10 resign himself to a solitary life, he made up his mind

to marry and, if possible, to find a wife to share his taste for tranquillity and the sedentary existence that he was determined to lead. He did not wish his wife to be beautiful, nor did he wish her to be ugly; he wished her to be well informed and intelligent, 15 and to possess as little wit as possible; above all he looked for cheerfulness and good temper, which he considered in a woman the greatest of all virtues.

From ALFRED DE MUSSET.

77. ELIZABETH AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THUS died Queen Mary, aged a little above forty-four years. She was eminent for beauty, for talents, and accomplishments, nor is there reason to doubt her natural goodness of heart, and courageous manliness of disposition. Yet she was, in every sense, one of the 5 most unhappy princesses that ever lived, from the moment when she came into the world, in an hour of defeat and danger, to that in which a bloody and violent death closed a weary captivity of eighteen years.

10

Queen Elizabeth, in the same spirit of hypocrisy which had characterised all her proceedings towards Mary, no sooner knew that the deed was done, than she hastened to deny her own share in it. She pretended that Davison had acted positively against her 15 command in laying the warrant before the Privy Council; and that she might seem the more serious in her charge, she caused him to be fined in a large sum of money, and deprived him of his offices, and of her favour for ever.

20

WALTER SCOTT.

78. MARY DUFF.

Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty ; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him ; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a 5 thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying, "That's her!" vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became 10 aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly up at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognise no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. "Are you Mary Duff?" "It's a' that's o' me, 15 Hugh." She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't ; and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half-a-crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no 20 information about her from the neighbours : they were surly or asleep.

JOHN BROWN.

79. PIP RE-VISITS THE OLD HOUSE.

THE early dinner-hour at Joe's left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over to the old spot before dark. But, what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came 5 to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been enclosed with a rough fence, and looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had 10 struck root anew, and was growing green on low quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open and went in.

A cold silvery mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it. But the stars 15 were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and the evening was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along 20 the desolate garden walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

DICKENS.

80. THE HIDEOUSNESS OF WAR.

THE mere thought of the word "war" scares me as though I heard of witchcraft, inquisition, some distant thing long past, hateful, monstrous, unnatural. When there is talk of cannibals we smile proudly and pro-
5 claim our superiority over those savages. Which are the savages, the real savages? Those who fight to eat the vanquished, or those who fight to kill, just to kill?

The young soldiers running yonder are doomed to
10 die, just as the flocks of sheep driven along the roads by a butcher. They will fall on a plain, their heads split by a sword, or their breasts pierced by a bullet; and they are young men who could work, produce, be useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers,
15 who have loved them and worshipped them, as mothers do worship, for twenty years, will hear in six months or perhaps a year that the son, the child, the big child, brought up with so much trouble, with so much money, with so much love, was thrown into a hole, like a dead
20 dog, after being ripped up by a cannon-ball, and trampled, crushed, and mangled by cavalry charges.

From DE MAUPASSANT.

81. A SUICIDE.

I DRAGGED Poule into a corner, a little on one side. "Let's stand here," I said, "we shall see better."

However nothing could be seen in the direction indicated . . . nothing at all . . . not the slightest sound. disturbed the heavy slumber of plains and woods. But soon a black speck, a speck as large as a fly on the distant horizon, pierced the mauve sky. The speck seemed not to move either forwards or backwards, but every minute it grew larger slowly but surely where it was. At the same time a rumbling, 10 at first very slight, then muffled and threatening, then fiercely insistent, filled the air. Every second the roar rushed savagely nearer. Then, suddenly, about forty yards away, the thick-set engine, with its long black neck, loomed up. Poule gave a leap and set off 15 running towards it on the track, with his face in his hands. . . . He was running at top speed, as though he wished to stop it. . . . What yells we gave! . . . The station-master had picked up a bell from the ground and was waving it unconsciously. . . . Then 20 the ground shook and heaved under our feet, a warm puff of smoke was dashed in our faces, and with a roar of thunder the train was past us, already far away in a cloud of dust . . . leagues away . . . right in the far distance of the countryside that had once again 25 fallen into smiling tranquillity.

From HENRI LAVEDAN.

82. CHARLES I.'S SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

NOTHING is so dangerous as to take a system of government as it were on trial, with the idea that one may at any time resort to another. Charles had committed this fault. He had attempted to govern
 5 in concert with the Parliament; but with the full persuasion, however, as he frequently intimated, that if Parliament was too troublesome he should be able to do perfectly well without it. He entered upon the career of despotism with the same
 10 heedlessness, proclaiming his intention to adhere to it, but fully believing that, after all, if necessity became too strong for him, he could at any time have recourse to Parliament.

His most able councillors were of the same opinion.
 15 Neither Charles nor any about him, had, at this time, conceived the design of abolishing for ever the ancient laws of England, the great national council. Short-sighted rather than enterprising, insolent rather than absolutely ill-intentioned, their words, and even their
 20 acts, were more daring than their thoughts. The king, they said, had shown himself just and kind towards his people; he had yielded a great deal, granted a great deal. But nothing would satisfy the Commons; they required the king to become their dependant,
 25 their ward; this he could not do, without ceasing to be king. When the prince and Parliament could not manage to agree, it was for the Parliament to give way; for the prince alone was sovereign. Since the Commons would not give way, he must perforce govern
 30 without them; the necessity was evident; sooner or later the people would understand this, and then, Parliament having become wiser, there would be nothing to prevent the king's recalling it in case of need.

From GUIZOT.

83. A LETTER.

' MY DEAR MR. PIP,

"I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle, and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's 5 Hotel Tuesday morning at nine o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your poor sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If now considered in the light of a 10 liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from

Your ever obliged and affectionate servant,

BIDDY.

P.S. He wishes me most particular to write *what* 15 *larks*. He says you will understand. I hope and do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart, and he is a worthy, worthy man. I have read him all excepting the last little sentence, and he wishes me 20 most particular to write again *what larks*.

DICKENS.

66 Passages for Translation into French

84. JAMES THE FIRST.

SHE died; and the kingdom passed to one who was, in his own opinion, the greatest master of kingcraft that ever lived,—but who was, in truth, one of those kings whom God seems to send for the express purpose of hastening revolutions. Of all the enemies of liberty whom Britain has produced, he was at once the most harmless and the most provoking. His office resembled that of the man who, in a Spanish bull-fight, goads the torpid savage to fury, by shaking a red rag in the air, and by now and then throwing a dart, sharp enough to sting, but too small to injure. The policy of wise tyrants has always been to cover their violent acts with popular forms. James was always obtruding his despotic theories on his subjects without the slightest necessity. His foolish talk exasperated them infinitely more than forced loans or benevolences would have done. Yet, in practice, no king ever held his prerogatives less tenaciously. He neither gave way gracefully to the advancing spirit of liberty nor took vigorous measures to stop it, but retreated before it with ludicrous haste, blustering and insulting as he retreated. The English people had been governed during nearly a hundred and fifty years by princes who, whatever might be their frailties or their vices, had all possessed great force of character, and who, whether beloved or hated, had always been feared. Now, at length, for the first time since the day when the sceptre of Henry IV. dropped from the hand of his lethargic grandson, England had a king whom she despised.

MACAULAY.

85. A VIGOROUS OFFENSIVE.

THREE roads leading eastwards from Nieuport were each the scene of the bravest of charges by the Allies' Infantry. The Germans with rifle and bayonet were driven headlong from the trenches and houses, or killed as they stood.

5

Between the two more northern roads was a farm called Groote Brambdurgh. This had been strongly fortified and hitherto had been a great menace to any troop leaving Nieuport. The farm, after a dreadful battering by shell, was assaulted by the Infantry. 10 The German Infantry formed up on the road and canal side and opposed the rush. The fiercest hand-to-hand encounter ensued, lasting till dusk. The French marines made a glorious charge and bayoneted scores of the enemy. The French and Belgian infantry 15 too pushed on, under a heavy rifle fire, and drove the Germans from the trenches and houses.

By nightfall the Germans had been driven back from both Lombardzyde and St. George's, and many of the strongest positions had been taken. Fighting of a 20 hand-to-hand character continued after dark and from house to house. Scores of Germans were killed and wounded.

Meanwhile between Nieuport and the sea the British had given the Germans a surprise by sending 25 down the Yser Canal barges armed with machine and quick-firing guns. These fired with deadly effect into the German positions near the canal banks.

Further south, along almost the whole of the line from the sea to Ypres, a violent offensive of a similar 30 kind was waged by the Allies. The French and Belgians, though suffering heavy losses, inflicted far greater damage upon the enemy.

St. Eloi, Zillebeke, and the neighbouring country were cleared of Germans.

35

86. MR. CASAUBON.

POOR Mr. Casaubon! This suffering was the harder to bear because it seemed like a betrayal: the young creature who had worshipped him with perfect trust had quickly turned into the critical wife; and early 5 instances of criticism and resentment had made an impression which no tenderness and submission afterwards could remove. To his suspicious interpretation Dorothea's silence now was a suppressed rebellion; a remark from her which he had not in 10 any way anticipated was an assertion of conscious superiority; her gentle answers had an irritating cautiousness in them; and when she acquiesced it was a self-approved effort of forbearance. The tenacity with which he strove to hide this inward 15 drama made it the more vivid for him; as we hear with the more keenness what we wish others not to hear.

Instead of wondering at this result of misery in Mr. Casaubon, I think it quite ordinary. Will not 20 a very tiny speck very close to our vision blot out the glory of the world, and leave only a margin by which we see the blot? I know no speck so troublesome as self. And who, if Mr. Casaubon had chosen to expound his discontents—his suspicions that he was not any 25 longer adored without criticism—could have denied that they were founded on good reasons? On the contrary, there was a strong reason to be added, which he had not himself taken explicitly into account—namely, that he was not unmixedly adorable.

GEORGE ELIOT.

87. DON JOHN AT LOUVAIN.

MEANTIME, Don John of Austria came to Louvain. . . . The object with which Philip had sent him to the Netherlands, that he might conciliate the hearts of its inhabitants by the personal graces which he had inherited from his imperial father, seemed in a fair 5 way of accomplishment, for it was not only the venal applause of titled sycophants that he strove to merit, but he mingled gaily and familiarly with all classes of citizens. Everywhere his handsome face and charming manner produced their natural effect. He dined and 10 supped with the magistrates in the Town-house, honoured general banquets of the burghers with his presence, and was affable and dignified, witty, fascinating and commanding, by turns. At Louvain, the five military guilds held a solemn festival. The usual 15 invitations were sent to the other societies, and to all the martial brotherhoods, the country round. Gay and gaudy processions, sumptuous banquets, military sports rapidly succeeded each other. Upon the day of the great trial of skill, all the high functionaries 20 of the land were, according to custom, invited, and the Governor was graciously pleased to honour the solemnity with his presence. Great was the joy of the multitude when Don John, complying with the habit of imperial and princely personages in former 25 days, enrolled himself, crossbow in hand, among the competitors. Greater still was the enthusiasm, when the conqueror of Lepanto brought down the bird, and was proclaimed king of the year, amid the tumultuous hilarity of the crowd. 30

MOTLEY.

88. THE FAMILY PORTRAIT.

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit at neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen
5 shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took alarm at this stolen march upon us ; and notwithstanding all I could say (and I said much), it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having therefore
10 engaged the limner, (for what could I do ?) our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them ; and they were drawn with seven
oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life,
15 no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style ; and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together in one large historical family-piece : this would be cheaper, since one frame would
20 serve for all ; and it would be infinitely more genteel, for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

89.

Our taste so much pleased the squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. 10 We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house where to fix it. How we all came 15 to disregard so material a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we had all been greatly remiss. This picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity as we hoped, leaned, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was 20 stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long boat too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle : some wondered 25 how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

GOLDSMITH.

90. HOLIDAY SOLDIERS AND POLITICIANS.

OF course a man is not bound to be a politician any more than he is bound to be a soldier; and there are perfectly honourable ways of quitting both politics and the military profession. But neither in the one
 5 way of life, nor in the other, is any man entitled to take all the sweet and leave all the sour. A man who belongs to the army only in time of peace—who appears at reviews in Hyde Park, escorts the Sovereign with the utmost valour and fidelity to and
 10 from the House of Lords, and retires as soon as he thinks it likely that he may be ordered on an expedition—is justly thought to have disgraced himself. Some portion of the censure due to such a
 holiday soldier may justly fall on the mere holiday
 15 politician, who flinches from his duties as soon as those duties become difficult and disagreeable—that is to say, as soon as it becomes peculiarly important that he should resolutely perform them.

But though we are far indeed from considering
 20 Temple as a perfect statesman, though we place him below many statesmen who have committed very great errors, we cannot deny that, when compared with his contemporaries, he makes a highly respectable appearance.

MACAULAY.

91. A SEA FIGHT.

COUNT BOSSU, who had constructed or collected a considerable fleet at Amsterdam, had, early in October sailed into the Zuyder Zee, notwithstanding the sunken wrecks and other obstructions by which the patriots had endeavoured to render the passage of the Yim-5 practicable. The patriots of North Holland had, however, not been idle, and a fleet of five and twenty vessels, under Admiral Dirkzoon, was soon cruising in the same waters. A few skirmishes took place, but Bossu's ships, which were larger and provided with 10 heavier guns, were apparently not inclined for the close quarters which the patriots sought. The Spanish admiral, Hollander as he was, knew the mettle of his countrymen in a close encounter at sea, and preferred to trust to the calibre of his cannon. On October 11th, 15 however, the whole patriot fleet, favoured by a strong easterly breeze, bore down upon the Spanish armada, which, numbering now nearly thirty sail of all denominations, was lying off and on in the neighbourhood of Horn and Enkhuyzen. After a short and general en-20 gagement, nearly all the Spanish fleet retired with precipitation, closely pursued by most of the patriot Dutch vessels. Five of the king's ships were eventually taken—the rest effected their escape.

Only the admiral remained, who scorned to yield, 25 although his forces had thus basely deserted him. His ship the *Inquisition*, for such was her insolent appellation, was far the largest and best manned of both fleets. Most of the enemy had gone in pursuit of the fugitives, but four vessels of inferior size had attacked 30 the *Inquisition*, at the commencement of the action. Of these, one had soon been silenced, while the other three had grappled themselves inextricably to her sides and prow.

74 Passages for Translation into French

The four drifted together, before wind and tide, a severe and savage action going on incessantly, during which the navigation of the ships was entirely abandoned. No scientific gunnery, no military or naval tactics were displayed or required in such a conflict. It was a life and death combat, such as always occurred when Spaniard and Netherlander met, whether on land or water. Bossu and his men, armed in bullet-proof coats of mail, stood with shield and sword on the deck of the *Inquisition*, ready to repel all attempts to board.

The Hollander, as usual, attacked with pitch hoops, boiling oil and molten lead. Repeatedly they effected their entrance to the Admiral's ship, and as often they were repulsed and slain in heaps, or hurled into the sea. The battle began at three in the afternoon, and continued without intermission through the whole night. The vessels, drifting together, struck on the shoal called the Nek, near Wydeness. In the heat of the action the occurrence was hardly heeded. In the morning twilight, John Haring, of Horn, the hero who had kept one thousand soldiers at bay upon the Diemer dyke, clambered on board the *Inquisition*, and hauled her colours down. The gallant but premature achievement cost him his life. He was shot through the body, and died on the deck of the ship, which was not quite ready to strike her flag. In the course of the forenoon, however, it became obvious to Bossu that further resistance was idle. The ships were aground near a hostile coast, his own fleet was hopelessly dispersed, three-quarters of his crew were dead or

disabled, while the vessels with which he was engaged were constantly recruited by boats from the shore, which brought fresh men and ammunition, and removed their killed and wounded. At eleven o'clock Admiral Bossu surrendered, and with three hundred prisoners 35 was carried into Holland. MOTLEY.

93. THE INSURRECTION OF PARIS.

DURING the evening the people had repaired to the Hôtel de Ville, and requested that the tocsin might be sounded, the districts assembled, and the citizens armed. Some electors assembled at the Hôtel de Ville and took the authority into their own hands. They 5 rendered great service to their fellow citizens and the cause of liberty by their courage, prudence, and activity during these days of insurrection; but on the first confusion of the rising it was with difficulty they succeeded in making themselves heard. The tumult 10 was at its height; each only answered the dictates of his own passions. Side by side with well-disposed citizens, were men of suspicious character, who only sought in insurrection opportunities for pillage and disorder. Bands of labourers employed by government 15 in the public works, for the most part without home or substance, burnt the barriers, infested the streets, plundered houses and obtained the name of brigands. The night of the 12th and 13th was spent in tumult and alarm. 20

94. THE MANOR-HOUSE.

THE manor-house had a small park, with a fine old oak here and there, and an avenue of limes towards the south-west front, with a sunk fence between park and pleasure-ground so that from the drawing-room
5 windows the glance swept uninterruptedly along a slope of greensward till the limes ended in a level of corn and pastures, which often seemed to melt into a lake under the setting sun. This was the happy side of the house, for the south and east looked rather
10 melancholy even under the brightest morning. The grounds here were more confined, the flower beds showed no very careful tendance and large clumps of trees, chiefly of sombre yews, had risen high, not ten yards from the windows. The building, of greenish
15 stone, was in the old English style, not ugly, but small-windowed and melancholy-looking: the sort of house that must have children, many flowers, open windows, and little vistas of bright things, to make it seem a joyous home.

GEORGE ELIOT.

95. OF STUDIES.

READ not to contradict and confute, nor believe and take for granted, not to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only 5 in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books may also be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner 10 sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need of a great memory; if he confer little, he had 15 need of a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematic subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: "Abeunt studia in 20 mores"—nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises.

BACON.

78 Passages for Translation into French

96. LIGHTNING.

THE eye, partaking of the quickness of the flashing light, saw in its every gleam a multitude of objects which it could not see at steady noon in fifty times that period. Bells in steeples, with the rope and
5 wheel that moved them; ragged nests of birds in cornices and nooks, faces full of consternation in the tilted waggons that came tearing past—their frightened teams ringing out a warning which the thunder drowned; harrows and ploughs left out in the fields;
10 miles upon miles of hedges-divided country, with the distant fringe of trees as obvious as the scarecrow in the beanfield close at hand—in a trembling, vivid, flickering instant, everything was clear and plain. Then came a flush of red into the yellow light, a
15 change to blue—a brightness so intense that there was nothing else but light—and then the deepest and profoundest darkness.

DICKENS.

97. PROSPERITY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the propensity of mankind to exalt the past and to depreciate the present, the tranquil and prosperous state of the empire was warmly felt, and honestly acknowledged, by the provincials as well
5 as Romans. “They acknowledged that the true principles of social life, laws, agriculture, and science, which had first been invented by the wisdom of Athens, were now firmly established by the power of Rome, under whose auspicious influence the fiercest
10 barbarians were united by an equal government and common language. They affirm, that with the

improvement of arts, the human species was visibly multiplied. They celebrate the increasing splendour of the cities, the beautiful face of the country, cultivated and adorned like an immense garden; and the long festival of peace, which was enjoyed by so many nations, forgetful of their ancient animosities, and delivered from the apprehension of future danger." Whatever suspicions may be suggested by the air of rhetoric and declamation, which seems to prevail in these passages, the substance of them is perfectly agreeable to historic truth.

GIBBON.

98. A VAIN PURSUIT.

I RAN after him as fast as I could, but I had no breath to call out with, and should not have dared to call out now, if I had. I narrowly escaped being run over twenty times at least in half a mile. Now I lost him, now I saw him, now I lost him, now I was cut at with a whip, now shouted at, now down in the mud, now up again, now running into somebody's arms, now running headlong at a post. At length, confused by fright and heat, and doubting whether half London might not by this time be turning out for my apprehension, I left the young man to go where he would with my box and money; and, panting and crying, but never stopping, faced about for Greenwich, which I had understood was on the Dover Road, taking very little more out of the world, towards the retreat of my aunt, Miss Betsey, than I had brought into it, on the night when my arrival gave her so much umbrage.

DICKENS.

99. CLARENDON AND PARLIAMENT.

CLARENDON had, when minister, struggled honestly, perhaps, but, as was his wont, obstinately, proudly and offensively against the growing power of the Commons. He was for allowing them their old
5 authority and not one atom more. He would never have claimed for the Crown a right to levy taxes from the people without the consent of Parliament. But when the Parliament, in the first Dutch war, most properly insisted on knowing how it was that
10 the money which they had voted had produced so little effect, and began to inquire through whose hands it had passed and on what services it had been expended, Clarendon considered this as a monstrous innovation. He told the king, as he himself says,
15 "that he could not be too indulgent in the defence of the privileges of Parliament, and that he hoped he would never violate any of them ; but he desired him to be equally solicitous to prevent the excesses in Parliament, and not to suffer them to extend their
20 jurisdiction to cases they have nothing to do with ; and that to restrain them within their proper bounds and limits is as necessary as it is to preserve them from being invaded ; and that this was such a new encroachment as has no bottom." This is a single
25 instance. Others might easily be given.

MACAULAY.

100. A RESPITE.

IT was on the afternoon of the fifth day of the siege, and the fourth of his own service in it, Major Heyward profited by a parley that had just been beaten, by repairing to the ramparts of one of the water bastions, to breathe the cool air from the lake, and to take a 5 survey of the progress of the siege. He was alone, if the solitary sentinel who paced the mound be excepted; for the artillerists had hastened also to profit by the temporary suspension of their arduous duties. The evening was delightfully calm, and the 10 light air from the limpid water fresh and soothing. It seemed as if, with the termination to the roar of artillery and the plunging of shot, nature had also seized the moment to assume her mildest and most captivating form. The sun poured down his parting 15 glory on the scene, without the oppression of those fierce rays that belong to the climate and the season. The mountains looked green, and fresh, and lovely; tempered with the milder light, or softened in shadow, as thin vapours floated between them and the sun. 20 The numerous islands rested on the bosom of the Horican, some low and sunken, as if embedded in the waters, and others appearing to hover above the element, in little hillocks of green velvet, among which the fishermen of the beleaguering army peacefully 25 rowed their skiffs, or floated at rest on the glassy mirror, in quiet pursuit of their game.

FENIMORE COOPER.

82 Passages for Translation into French

101. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THIS want of tools made every work I did go on heavily ; and it was near a whole year before I had entirely finished my little pale, or surrounded habitation : the piles, which were as heavy as I could well lift, were a
5 long time in cutting and preparing in the woods, and more by far in bringing home ; so that I spent sometimes two days in cutting and bringing home one of those posts, and a third day in driving it into the
10 ground ; for which purpose I got a heavy piece of wood at first, but at last bethought myself of one of the iron crows, which, however, though I found it, yet it made driving three posts or piles very laborious and tedious work.

But what need I have been concerned at the
15 tediousness of anything I had to do, seeing I had time enough to do it in ? Nor had I any other employment, if that had been over, at least that I could foresee, except the ranging the island to seek for food, which I did more or less every day.

DEFOE.

102. TIMON OF ATHENS.

A DEPUTATION of senators was chosen in this emergency to wait upon Timon. To him they come in their extremity, to whom, when he was in extremity, they had shown but small regard ; as if they presumed upon his gratitude whom they had disobliged, and had derived a 5 claim to his courtesies from their own most discourteous and unpiteous treatment.

Now they earnestly beseech him, implore him with tears, to return and save the city, from which their ingratitude had so lately driven him ; now they offer 10 him riches, power, dignities, satisfaction for past injuries, and public honours, and the public love ; their persons, lives, and fortunes, to be at his disposal, if he will but come back and save them. But Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater, was no longer lord 15 Timon, the lord of bounty, the flower of valour, their defender in war, their ornament in peace. If Alcibiades killed his countrymen, Timon cared not. If he sacked fair Athens, and slew her old men and her infants, Timon would rejoice. So he told them ; and 20 there was not a knife in the unruly camp which he did not prize above the reverendest throat in Athens.

This was all the answer he vouchsafed to the weeping disappointed senators ; only at parting he bade them commend him to his countrymen, and tell 25 them, that to ease them of their griefs and anxieties, and to prevent the consequences of fierce Alcibiades' wrath, there was yet a way left, which he would teach them, for he had yet so much affection left for his dear countrymen as to be willing to do them a kindness 30 before his death.

84 Passages for Translation into French

103.

These words a little revived the senators, who hoped that his kindness for their city was returning. Then Timon told them that he had a tree, which grew near his cave, which he should shortly have occasion to cut down, and he invited all his friends in Athens, high or low, of what degree soever, who wished to shun affliction, to come and take a taste of his tree before he cut it down ; meaning, that they might come and hang themselves on it, and escape affliction that way.

And this was the last act of courtesy, of all his noble bounties, which Timon showed to mankind, and this the last sight of him which his countrymen had : for not many days after, a poor soldier, passing by the sea-beach, which was at a little distance from the woods which Timon frequented, found a tomb on the verge of the sea, with an inscription upon it, purporting that it was the grave of Timon the man-hater, who “ while he lived, did hate all living men, and dying wished a plague might consume all caitiffs left.”

Whether he finished his life by violence, or whether mere distaste of life and the loathing he had for mankind brought Timon to this conclusion, was not clear, yet all men admired the fitness of his epitaph, and the consistency of his end ; dying, as he had lived, a hater of mankind : and some there were who fancied a conceit in the very choice which he had made of the sea-beach for his place of burial, where the vast sea might weep for ever upon his grave, as in contempt of the transient and shallow tears of hypocritical and deceitful mankind.

LAMB.

104. THE MAELSTROM.

It could not have been more than two minutes afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside, and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp half turn to larboard and then shot off in its new direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment the roaring 5 noise of the water was completely drowned in a kind of shrill shriek—such a sound as you might imagine given out by the water-pipes of many thousand steam-vessels letting off their steam altogether. We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the 10 whirl; and I thought, of course, that another moment would plunge us into the abyss, down which we could only see indistinctly on account of the amazing velocity with which we were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the water at all, but to skim 15 like an air-bubble upon the surface of the surge. Her starboard was next the whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

It may appear strange, but now, when we were in 20 the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

25

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

105. MODERN ENGLAND.

It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing, so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, 5 little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the 10 good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host, without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our heart's core. We show it in our work—in our war—even in those unjust 15 domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one; we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, 20 though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can still be said of it.

RUSKIN.

106. A SINISTER WASTE.

THERE is nothing so sinister and so formidable as this coast of Brest; it is the extreme limit, the point, the prow of the ancient world. There the two enemies are face to face, land and sea, man and nature. When the sea rises in its fury, the huge waves it rolls up at Cape 5 St. Mathieu to a height of fifty, sixty, or eighty feet are a spectacle worth seeing. The spray dashes right up to the church, where mothers and sisters are praying. Even in times of truce, when the ocean is silent, whoever passed along that funeral coast with- 10 out saying or feeling in himself: "Tristis usque ad mortem"?

Truly there is something there worse than the breakers, worse than the tempest; nature and man are alike ruthless, and they seem to be in league. As soon 15 as the sea flings them a ship, they rush to the coast, men, women, and children, and fall on their prey. Do not hope to stop these wolves; they would go on steadily with their pillaging under the fire of the gendarmes. It would be bad enough if they always 20 waited for a shipwreck, but it is asserted that they have often caused it. Often, it is said, a cow, bearing a moving light on her horns, has lured ships on to the breakers.

From MICHELET.

88 Passages for Translation into French

107. PHILIP THE GOOD.

THE high and puissant Prince, Philip "the good," duke of Burgundy, was versatile. He could fight as well as any king going; and he could lie as well as any, except the king of France. He was a 5 mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and ardent. He loved jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved maids of honour, and, indeed, paintings generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jan Van Eyck. He had also a rage 10 for giants, dwarfs, and Turks. These last stood ever planted about him, turbaned and blazing with jewels. His agents inveigled them from Istamboul with fair promises; but the moment he had got them, he baptized them by brute force in a large tub; and this 15 done, let them squat with their faces turned towards Mecca, and invoke Mahomet as much as they pleased, laughing in his sleeve at their simplicity in fancying they were still infidels. He had lions in cages, and fleet leopards trained by Orientals to run down hares 20 and deer. In short, he relished all rarities, except the humdrum virtues.

CHARLES READE.

108. SNOW HILL.

SNOW HILL! What kind of place can the quiet townspeople who see the words emblazoned, in all the legibility of gilt letters and dark shading, on the north-country coaches, take Snow Hill to be? All people have some undefined and shadowy notion of a place whose name is frequently before their eyes, or often in their ears. What a vast number of random ideas there must be perpetually floating about, regarding this same Snow Hill. The name is a good one. Snow Hill—Snow Hill too, coupled with a Saracen's Head; picturing to us by a double association of ideas something stern and rugged! A bleak, desolate tract of country, open to piercing blasts and fierce wintry storms—a dark, cold, gloomy heath, lonely by day, and scarcely to be thought of by honest folks at night—a place which solitary wayfarers shun, and where desperate robbers congregate;—this, or something like this, should be the prevalent notion of Snow Hill, in those remote and rustic parts, through which the Saracen's Head, like some grim apparition, rushes each day and night with mysterious and ghost-like punctuality; holding its swift and headlong course in all weathers, and seeming to bid defiance to the very elements themselves.

DICKENS.

109. AN IMAGINATIVE MAN.

IMAGINATIVE men are often more impressed by trifles than by important things. What Robert had just seen kept him awake the whole night; this time he had not been mistaken, he was certain that Mariette loved him, 5 and the proof she had just given him of her love had opened his eyes to all the other proofs. Casting his mind back, he recalled many little incidents he had almost forgotten and guessed the hidden meaning of certain words and certain actions which he had not 10 understood. Consequently, the very next day he sent for Lesape to tell him that, as the farm was empty, he invited him to take it and to set up there on his own account. He added that he was too grateful to him for the honest and loyal way he had served him not to 15 help him to find at Mailly or elsewhere a nice suitable wife. Beyond this, he would lend him at a low rate of interest any money he needed. At the same time he had made up his mind for the future to look after his affairs himself; he had not enough to do, and after 20 all the suffering he had been through, any additional work would be welcome. Who was very much surprised, vexed, disappointed and happy? Lesape was, and he spent more than a day wondering whether he ought to laugh or cry at his adventure, which he could 25 not understand.

From VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

110. CIVILISATION.

IN one respect it must be admitted that the progress of civilisation has diminished the physical comforts of a portion of the poorest class. . . . It has already been mentioned that, before the Revolution, many thousands of square miles, now inclosed and cultivated, were 5 marsh, forest, and heath. Of this wild land, much was, by law, common, and much of what was not common by law was worth so little that the proprietors suffered it to be common in fact. In such a tract, squatters and trespassers were tolerated to an extent 10 now unknown. The peasant who dwelt there could, at little or no charge, procure occasionally some palatable addition to his hard fare, and provide himself with fuel for the winter. He kept a flock of geese on what is now an orchard rich with apple blossoms. He 15 reared wild fowl on the fen which has long since been drained and divided into corn fields and turnip fields. He cut turf among the furze bushes on the moor which is now a meadow, bright with clover, and renowned for butter and cheese. The progress of agriculture and 20 the increase of population necessarily deprived him of these privileges. But against this disadvantage a long list of advantages is to be set.

111.

Of the blessings which civilisation and philosophy bring with them a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the peer. The market-place 5 which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an hour, was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the whole night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly lighted walk was, a 10 hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and 15 plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of 20 a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science; and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole 25 kingdom, and especially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually.

MACAULAY.

112. FEAR.

YOU say you were afraid, major. I don't believe it. You are mistaken about the word and the feeling you experienced. An energetic man is never afraid in the presence of imminent danger. He is moved, excited, anxious; but fear is a different matter. . . . Let me 5 explain. Fear is something dreadful, a horrible feeling resembling a dissolution of the soul, an awful spasm of mind and heart, the mere memory of which causes thrills of anguish. But this does not occur in the case of a brave man when he is confronting an 10 attack, certain death or any of the known forms of danger: it occurs in certain abnormal circumstances, under certain mysterious influences, in the presence of vague perils. Genuine fear is something like a reminiscence of the fantastic terrors of former times. 15 A man who believes in ghosts and imagines he sees a spectre in the night, must experience fear in all its appalling horror. I myself had a glimpse of fear in broad daylight some ten years ago. I felt it again last winter on a December night. And yet I have 20 been through many perils, many adventures which seemed to threaten certain death. I have often fought. I have been left for dead by robbers. I have been condemned in America to be hanged as an insurgent, and have been thrown into the sea from the deck of a 25 ship on the coast of China. Each time I gave myself up for lost and at once resigned myself to my fate without emotion and even without regrets. But that is not fear.

From DE MAUPASSANT.

113. THE MALMO CONFERENCE.

Stockholm, Dec. 19.

THE following is the text of the *communiqué* issued after the departure of the three Kings :—

The meeting of the three monarchs was inaugurated on Friday with a speech by King Gustaf, who, in alluding to the unanimous desire of the Kingdoms of the north to preserve their neutrality, pointed out how desirable would be limited co-operation between the Kingdoms for the safeguarding of common interests. His Majesty added that it was with a deep sense of the responsibility towards the present and future which would be incurred, if any measure which would contribute to the welfare of the three peoples were neglected, that he had invited the Monarchs of Denmark and Norway to meet him. Kings Haakon and Christian replied, both of them testifying their sincere joy at the initiative of King Gustaf by expressing their hopes that the conference would have good and happy results for the three peoples. The conference terminated on the evening of December 19. The deliberations between the monarchs and the Ministers for Foreign Affairs have not only still more consolidated the good relations already existing between the three Northern Kingdoms, but they have also enabled an agreement to be reached concerning the special questions which were raised by one side or the other. It was finally agreed to pursue the co-operation so happily begun, and with this object to arrange, whenever circumstances should give occasion, fresh meetings between the representatives of the three Governments.

114. A PAINFUL SITUATION.

BULSTRODE was indeed more tortured than the coarse fibre of Raffles could enable him to imagine. He had told his wife that he was simply taking care of this wretched creature, the victim of vice, who might otherwise injure himself; he implied, without the 5 direct form of falsehood, that there was a family tie which bound him to this care, and that there were signs of mental alienation in Raffles which urged caution. He would himself drive the unfortunate being away the next morning. In these hints he 10 felt that he was supplying Mrs. Bulstrode with precautionary information for his daughters and servants, and accounting for his allowing no one but himself to enter the room even with food and drink. But he sat in an agony of fear lest Raffles should be 15 overheard in his loud and plain references to past facts—lest Mrs. Bulstrode should even be tempted to listen at the door. How could he hinder her, how betray his terror by opening the door to detect her? She was a woman of honest, direct habits, and little 20 likely to take so low a course in order to arrive at painful knowledge; but fear was stronger than the calculation of probabilities.

GEORGE ELIOT.

115. THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

It is evident that a portrait painter, who was able only to represent faces and figures such as those we pay money to see at fairs, would not, however spirited his execution might be, take rank among the highest 5 artists. He must always be placed below those who have the skill to seize peculiarities which do not amount to deformity. The slighter those peculiarities, the greater is the merit of the limner who can catch them and transfer them to his canvas. To paint 10 Daniel Lambert or the living skeleton, the pig-faced lady or the Siamese twins, so that nobody can mistake them, is an exploit within the reach of a sign-painter. A third-rate artist might give us the squint of Wilkes, and the depressed nose and protuberant cheeks of 15 Gibbon. It would require a much higher degree of skill to paint two such men as Mr. Canning and Sir Thomas Lawrence, so that nobody who had ever seen them could for a moment hesitate to assign each picture to its original. Here the mere caricaturist 20 would be quite at fault. He would find in neither face anything on which he could lay hold for the purpose of making a distinction. Two ample bald foreheads, two regular profiles, two full faces of the same oval form, would baffle his art ; and he would be 25 reduced to the miserable shift of writing their names at the foot of his picture. Yet there was a great difference ; and a person who had seen them once would no more have mistaken one of them for the other than he would have mistaken Mr. Pitt for Mr. 30 Fox. But the difference lay in delicate lineaments and shades, reserved for pencils of a rare order.

MACAULAY.

116. WHITSUNTIDE AT BRIARFIELD.

THE early part of that May, as we have seen, was fine, the middle was wet; but in the last week, at change of moon, it cleared again. A fresh wind swept off the silver-white, deep-piled rain-clouds, bearing them, mass on mass, to the eastern horizon; on whose verges 5 they dwindled and behind whose rim they disappeared, leaving the vault behind all pure blue space, ready for the reign of the summer sun. That sun rose broad on Whitsuntide; the gathering of the schools was signalized by splendid weather. 10

Whit-Tuesday was the great day, in preparation for which the two large schoolrooms of Briarfield, built by the present rector, chiefly at his own expense, were cleaned out, white-washed, repainted, and decorated with flowers and evergreens—some from the 15 Rectory-garden, two cart-loads from Fieldhead, and a wheelbarrowful from the more stingy domain of De Walden, the residence of Mr. Wynne. In these schoolrooms twenty tables, each calculated to accommodate twenty guests, were laid out, surrounded with 20 benches and covered with white cloths: above them were suspended as many canaries, according to a fancy of the district, specially cherished by Mr. Helstone's clerk, who delighted in the piercing song of these birds, and knew that amidst confusion of tongues they 25 always caroled loudest. These tables, be it understood, were not spread for the twelve hundred scholars to be assembled from the three parishes, but only for the patrons and teachers of the schools: the children's feast was to be spread in the open air. At one o'clock 30 the troops were to come in; at two they were to be marshalled; till four they were to parade the parish; then came the feast, and afterwards the meeting, with music and speechifying in the church.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

117. THE MISER.

THE livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause
5 seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry : at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heaps of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he
10 had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths ! The silver bore no large proportion to the
15 gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way.

20 He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labour ; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them ; then he counted them and
25 set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half earned by the work of his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were
30 coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving.

118.

No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and lanes to fetch and carry home his work so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once familiar herbs: these 5 too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the 10 floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end 15 to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, 20 and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and 25 Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he had laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be 30 searched, he knelt down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

GEORGE ELIOT.

119. THE NETHERLANDS.

THE north-western corner of the vast plain which extends from the German Ocean to the Ural Mountains, is occupied by the countries called the Netherlands. This small triangle, enclosed between France, 5 Germany, and the sea, is divided by the modern kingdoms of Belgium and Holland into two nearly equal portions. Our earliest information concerning this territory is derived from the Romans. The wars waged by that nation with the northern barbarians 10 have rescued the damp island of Batavia with its neighbouring morass, from the obscurity in which they might have remained for ages, before anything concerning land or people would have been made known by the native inhabitants. Julius Cæsar has 15 saved from oblivion the heroic savages who fought against his legions in defence of their dismal homes with ferocious but unfortunate patriotism; and the great poet of England, learning from the conqueror's commentaries the name of the boldest tribe, has kept 29 the Nervii, after almost twenty centuries, still fresh and familiar in our ears.

Tacitus, too, has described with singular minuteness the struggle between the people of these regions and the power of Rome, overwhelming, although 25 tottering to its fall; and has, moreover, devoted several chapters of his work upon Germany to a description of the most remarkable Teutonic tribes of the Netherlands.

120.

Geographically and ethnographically, the Low Countries belong both to Gaul¹ and to Germany. It is even doubtful to which of the two the Batavian Island, which is the core of the whole country, was reckoned by the Romans. It is, however, most probable that 5 all the land, with the exception of Friesland, was considered a part of Gaul.

Three great rivers—the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheld—had deposited their slime for ages among the dunes and sandbanks heaved up by the ocean around 10 their mouths. A delta was thus formed, habitable at last for man. It was by nature a wide morass, in which oozy islands and savage forests were interspersed among lagoons and shallows; a district lying partly below the level of the ocean at its highest 15 tides, subject to constant overflow from the rivers, and to frequent and terrible inundations by the sea.

The Rhine, leaving at last the regions where its storied lapse, through so many ages, has been consecrated alike by nature and by art—by poetry and 20 eventful truth—flows reluctantly through the basalt portal of the Seven Mountains into the open fields which extend to the German Sea. After entering this meadow, the stream divides itself into two branches, becoming thus the two-horned Rhine of 25 Virgil, and holds in those two arms the island of Batavia.

The Meuse, taking its rise in the Vosges, pours itself through the Ardennes Wood, pierces the rocky ridges upon the south-eastern frontier of the Low 30 Countries, receives the Sambre in the midst of the picturesque anthracite basin where now stands the city of Namur, and then moves toward the north, through nearly the whole length of the country, till it mingles its waters with the Rhine. 35

121.

The Scheld, almost exclusively a Belgian river, after leaving its fountains in Picardy, flows through the present provinces of Flanders and Hainault. In Cæsar's time it was suffocated before reaching the sea
5 in quicksands and thickets, which long afforded protection to the savage inhabitants against the Roman arms, and which the slow process of nature and the untiring industry of man have since converted into the archipelago of Zeeland and South Holland. These
10 islands were unknown to the Romans.

Such were the rivers—which, with their numerous tributaries, coursed through the spongy land. Their frequent overflow, when forced back upon their currents by the stormy sea, rendered the country
15 almost uninhabitable. Here, within a half-submerged territory, a race of wretched ichthyophagi dwelt upon *terpen* or mounds, which they had raised like beavers, above the almost fluid soil. Here, at a later day, the same race chained the tyrant Ocean and his mighty
20 streams into subserviency, forcing them to fertilise, to render commodious, to cover with a beneficent network of veins and arteries, and to bind by watery highways with the furthest ends of the earth, a country disinherited by nature of its rights. A region, outcast
25 of ocean and earth, wrested at last from both domains their richest treasures. A race, engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with the still more savage despotism of man.

122.

The whole territory of the Netherlands was girt with forests. An extensive belt of woodland skirted the sea-coast, reaching beyond the mouths of the Rhine. Along the outer edge of this barrier, the dunes cast up by the sea were prevented by the close tangle of 5 thickets from drifting further inland, and thus formed a breastwork which time and art were to strengthen. The groves of Haarlem and the Hague are relics of this ancient forest. The Badahienna Wood, horrid with Druidic sacrifices, extended across the eastern 10 line of the vanished lake of Flevo. The vast Hercynian forest, nine days' journey in breadth, closed in the country on the German side, stretching from the banks of the Rhine to the remote regions of the Dacians, in such vague immensity (says the 15 conqueror of the whole country) that no German, after travelling sixty days, had ever reached or even heard of, its commencement. On the south, the famous groves of Ardennes, haunted by faun and satyr, embowered the country, and separated it from 20 Celtic Gaul.

Thus inundated by mighty rivers, quaking beneath the level of the ocean, belted about by hirsute forests, this low land, nether land, hollow land, or Holland, seemed hardly deserving the arms of the all-accom- 25 plished Roman. Yet foreign tyranny, from the earliest ages, has coveted this meagre territory as lustfully as it has sought to wrest from their native possessors those lands with the fatal gift of beauty for their dower; while the genius of liberty has inspired as noble a 30 resistance to oppression here as it ever aroused in Grecian or Italian breasts.

MOTLEY.

123. OLD ENGLISH INNS.

ALL the various dangers by which the traveller was beset were greatly increased by darkness. He was therefore commonly desirous of having the shelter of a roof during the night; and such shelter it was not 5 difficult to obtain. From a very early period the inns of England had been renowned. Our first great poet had described the excellent accommodation which they afforded to the pilgrims of the fourteenth century, Nine and twenty persons, with their horses, found 10 room in the chambers and stables of the Tabard in Southwark. The food was of the best, and the wines such as drew the company on to drink largely. Two hundred years later, under the reign of Elizabeth, William Harrison gave a lively description of the 15 plenty and comfort of the great hosteleries. The continent of Europe, he said, could show nothing like them. There were some in which two or three people, with their horses, could without difficulty be lodged. The bedding, the tapestry, above all, the abundance 20 of clean and fine linen was matter of wonder. Valuable plate was often set on the table. Nay, there were signs which had cost thirty or forty pounds.

124.

In the seventeenth century England abounded with excellent inns of every rank. The traveller sometimes, in a small village, lighted on a public-house such as Walton has described, where the brick floor was swept clean, where the walls were stuck round with ballads, 5 where the sheets smelt of lavender, and where a blazing fire, a cup of good ale, and a dish of trouts fresh from the neighbouring brook, were to be procured at small charge. At the larger houses of entertainment were to be found beds hung with silk, 10 choice cookery, and claret equal to the best which was drunk in London. The innkeepers too, it was said, were not like other innkeepers. On the Continent the landlord was the tyrant of those who crossed the threshold. In England he was a servant. Never was 15 an Englishman more at home than when he took his ease in his inn. Even men of fortune, who might in their own mansions have enjoyed every luxury, were often in the habit of passing their evenings in the parlour of some neighbouring house of public enter- 20 tainment. They seem to have thought that comfort and freedom could in no other place be enjoyed in equal perfection. This feeling continued during many generations to be a national peculiarity. The liberty and jollity of inns long furnished matter to our 25 novelists and dramatists. Johnson declared that a tavern-chair was the throne of human felicity; and Shenstone gently complained that no private roof, however friendly, gave the wanderer so warm a welcome as that which was to be found at an inn. 30

MACAULAY.

125. LOVE.

THAT happiness cannot be written in words ; 'tis of its nature sacred and secret, and not to be spoken of, though the heart be ever so full of thankfulness, save to Heaven and the One Ear alone—to one fond being, 5 the truest, and tenderest, and purest wife ever man was blest with. As I think of the immense happiness which was in store for me, and of the depth and intensity of that love which, for so many years, hath blessed me, I own to a transport of wonder and 10 gratitude for such a boon—nay, am thankful to have been endowed with a heart capable of feeling and knowing the immense beauty and value of the gift which God hath bestowed upon me. Sure, love *vincit omnia* ; is immeasurably above all ambition, more 15 precious than wealth, more noble than name. He knows not life who knows not that ; he hath not felt the highest faculty of the soul who hath not enjoyed it. In the name of my wife, I write the completion of hope and the summit of happiness. To have such a 20 love is the one blessing, in comparison of which all earthly joy is of no value ; and to think of her is to praise God.

THACKERAY.

126. WILL LADISLAW.

WILL was in a defiant mood, his consciousness being deeply stung with the thought that the people who looked at him probably knew a fact tantamount to an accusation against him as a fellow with low designs which were to be frustrated by a disposal of property. 5 Like most people who assert their freedom with regard to conventional distinction, he was prepared to be sudden and quick at quarrel with any one who might hint that he had personal reasons for that assertion—that there was anything in his blood, his bearing, or 10 his character to which he gave the mask of an opinion. When he was under an irritating impression of this kind he would go about for days with a defiant look, the colour changing in his transparent skin as if he were on the *qui vive*, watching for something which he 15 had to dart upon. This expression was peculiarly noticeable in him at the sale, and those who had only seen him in his moods of gentle oddity or of bright enjoyment would have been struck with a contrast.

•
GEORGE ELIOT.

127. AN ELECTION SCENE.

HAILED by the deafening shouts of the multitude the procession moved on. How or by what means it became mixed up with the other procession, and how it was extricated from the confusion consequent there-
5 upon, is more than we can undertake to describe, inasmuch as Mr. Pickwick's hat was knocked over his eyes, nose and mouth, by one poke of a Buff flag-staff, very early in the proceedings. He describes himself as being surrounded on every side, when he could
10 catch a glimpse of the scene, by angry and ferocious countenances, by a vast cloud of dust, and by a dense crowd of combatants. He represents himself as being forced from the carriage by some unseen power, and being personally engaged in a pugilistic encounter; but
15 with whom, or how, or why, he is wholly unable to state. He then felt himself forced up some wooden steps by the persons from behind: and on removing his hat found himself surrounded by his friends, in the very front of the left-hand side of the hustings. The right
20 was reserved for the Buff party, and the centre for the Mayor and his officers; one of whom—the fat crier of Eatanswill—was ringing an enormous bell by way of commanding silence, while Mr. Horatio Fizkin, and the honourable Samuel Slumkey, with their hands
25 upon their hearts, were bowing with the utmost affability to the troubled sea of heads that inundated the open space in front; and from whence arose a storm of groans, and shouts, and yells, and hootings, that would have done honour to an earthquake.

DICKENS.

128. TRUE SCHOLARSHIP.

A WELL-EDUCATED gentleman may not know many languages, may not be able to speak any but his own, may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the peerage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their inter-marriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the Parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

129. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

YET we are not to regard William of Orange, thus on the threshold of his great career, by the light diffused from a somewhat later period. In no historical character more remarkably than in his is the law of constant
5 development and progress illustrated. At twenty-six he is not the *pater patriæ*, the great man struggling upward and onward against a host of enemies and obstacles almost beyond human strength, and along the dark and dangerous path leading through conflict,
10 privation, and ceaseless labour to no repose but death. On the contrary, his foot was hardly on the first step of that difficult ascent which was to rise before him all his lifetime. He was still among the primrose paths. He was rich, powerful, of sovereign rank. He
15 had only the germs within him of what was thereafter to expand into moral and intellectual greatness. He had small sympathy for the religious reformation, of which he was to be one of the most distinguished champions. He was a Catholic nominally, and in
20 outward observance. With doctrines he troubled himself but little. He had given orders to enforce conformity to the ancient church, not with bloodshed, yet with comparative strictness, in his principality of Orange.

MOTLEY.

130. FIDELITY IN PORTRAITURE.

WE believe that, if he were living now, he would have sufficient judgment and sufficient greatness of mind to wish to be shown as he was. He must have known that there were dark spots on his fame. He might also have felt with pride that the splendour of his fame 5 would bear many spots. He would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavourable likeness, rather than a daub at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor anybody else. "Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell to 10 young Lely. "If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling." Even in such a trifle the great Protector showed both his good sense and his magnanimity. He did not wish all that was characteristic in his countenance to be lost in the vain 15 attempt to give him the regular features and smooth blooming cheeks of the curl-pated minions of James I. He was content that his face should go forth marked with all the blemishes which had been put on it by time, by war, by sleepless nights, by anxiety, perhaps 20 by remorse; but with valour, policy, authority, and public care written in all its princely lines. If men truly great knew their own interest, it is thus that they would wish their minds to be portrayed.

MACAULAY.

131. THE QUAKER AND THE OFFICER.

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

132.

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered: "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her 5 on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired 10 this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of under- 15 standing, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance, to abash us children of peace. —Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; 20 but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by 25 being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high-road."

133.

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

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckoning, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of the coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

134.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim 5 declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour on meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man 10 when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," con- 15 tinued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor 20 such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." 25

ADDISON.

135. GULLIVER IN LILLIPUT.

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

SWIFT.

136. DICK SWIVELLER'S DINNER.

BUSINESS being disposed of, Mr. Swiveller was inwardly reminded of its being nigh dinner-time, and to the intent that his health might not be endangered by longer abstinence despatched a message to the nearest eating-house requiring an immediate supply of boiled beef and greens for two. With this demand, however, the eating-house (having experience of its customer) declined to comply, churlishly sending back answer that if Mr. Swiveller stood in need of beef perhaps he would be so obliging as to come there and eat it, bringing with him, 10 as grace before meat, the amount of a certain small account which had long been outstanding. Not at all intimidated by this rebuff, but rather sharpened in wits and appetite, Mr. Swiveller forwarded the same message to another and more distant eating-house, adding to it 15 by way of rider that the gentleman was induced to send so far, not only by the fame and popularity its beef had acquired, but in consequence of the extreme toughness of the beef retailed at the obdurate cook's shop, which rendered it quite unfit not merely for gentle- 20 manly food, but for any human consumption. The good effect of this politic course was demonstrated by the speedy arrival of a small pewter pyramid, curiously constructed of platters and covers, whereof the boiled-beef plates formed the base, and a foaming quart-pot 25 the apex; the structure being resolved into its component parts, afforded all things requisite and necessary for a hearty meal, to which Mr. Swiveller and his friend applied themselves with great keenness and enjoyment.

137. THE THIRD VOTE.

AND so, finally, at eight in the evening this Third stupendous voting, by roll-call or *appel nominal*, does begin. What punishment? Girondins undecided, Patriots decided, men afraid of Royalty, men afraid of Anarchy, must answer here and now. Infinite Patriotism, dusky in the lamp-light, floods all corridors, crowds all galleries; sternly waiting to hear. Shrill-sounding ushers summon you by name and department; you must rise to the Tribune, and say.

10 Eye-witnesses have represented this scene of the Third Voting, and of the votings that grew out of it; a scene protracted, like to be endless, lasting, with brief intervals, from Wednesday to Sunday morning—as one of the strangest seen in the Revolution. Long night

15 wears itself into day, morning's paleness is spread over all faces; and again the wintry shadows sink, and the dim lamps are lit: but all through day and night and the vicissitude of hours, member after member is mounting continually those Tribune-steps; pausing

20 aloft there, in the clearer upper light, to speak his Fate-word; then diving down into the dusk and throng again. Like phantoms in the hour of midnight; most spectral, pandemonial! Never did President Vergniaud or any terrestrial president, superintend the like. A

25 king's life, and so much else that depends thereon, hangs trembling in the balance. Man after man mounts; the buzz hushes itself till he has spoken: Death; Banishment; Imprisonment till the Peace. Many say, Death; with what cautious well-studied

30 phrases and paragraphs they could devise, of explanation, of enforcement, of faint recommendation to mercy. Many too say, Banishment; something short of Death. The balance trembles, none can guess yet whitherward. Whereat anxious Patriotism bellows; irrepressible by

35 ushers.

CARLYLE.

138. THE SPECTATOR IN LODGINGS.

AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings by reason of an officious landlady that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and 5 lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord, who was a jolly, good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but 10 telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest, hearty man, had put me into an 15 advertisement in the *Daily Courant*, in the following words: "Whereas, a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if anyone can give notice of him to R.B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall 20 be very well rewarded for his pains."

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in everything. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years; my coffee 25 comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my basin; upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals.

ADDISON. 30

139. THE STOLEN LETTER.

I PROTRACTED my visit as long as possible, and, while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew full well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my
5 attention really riveted upon the letter. In this examination, I committed to memory its external appearance and arrangement in the rack ; and also fell, at length, upon a discovery which set at rest whatever trivial doubt I might have entertained. In
10 scrutinizing the edges of the paper, I observed them to be more chafed than seemed necessary. They presented the broken appearance which is manifested when a stiff paper, having been once folded and pressed with a folder, is refolded in a reverse direction, in the
15 same creases or edges which had formed the original fold. This discovery was sufficient. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned, as a glove, inside out, re-directed and re-sealed. I bade the minister good-morning, and took my departure at once, leaving
20 a gold snuff-box upon the table.

140.

The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard immediately below the windows of the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a terrible mob. D. rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile (so far as regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings—imitating the D. cipher, very readily, by means of a seal formed of bread.

The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behaviour of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved, however, to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone, D. came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

141. THE FOUNDING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

AND thus we founded our Empire, partly it may be out of an empty ambition of conquest and partly out of a philanthropic desire to put an end to enormous evils. But, whatever our motives might be, we incurred
 5 vast responsibilities, which were compensated by no advantages. We have now acquired a great Indian trade, but even this we purchase at the expense of a perpetual dread of Russia, and of all movements in the Mussulman world, and of all changes in Egypt.
 10 Thus a review of the history of British India leaves on the mind an impression quite different from that which our Colonial Empire produces. The latter has grown up naturally out of the operation of the plainest causes; the former seems to have sprung from a
 15 romantic adventure; it is highly interesting, striking, and curious, but difficult to understand or to form an opinion about. We may hope that it will lead to good, but hitherto we have not ourselves reaped directly much good from it.

SEELEY.

142. A TYRANT.

THE course of Maximilian had been stealthy, but decided. Allying himself with the city party, he had crushed the nobles. The power thus obtained he then turned against the burghers. Step by step he had
 5 trampled out the liberties which his wife and himself had sworn to protect. He had spurned the authority of the "Great Privilege," and all other charters. Burgomasters and other citizens had been beheaded for appealing to their statutes against the decrees of the

regent, for voting in favour of a general congress 10 according to the unquestionable law. He had proclaimed that all landed estates should, in lack of heirs male, escheat to his own exchequer. He had debased the coin of the country, and thereby authorized unlimited swindling on the part of all his agents, from 15 stadtholders down to the meanest official. If such oppression and knavery did not justify the resistance of the Flemings to the guardianship of Maximilian, it would be difficult to find any reasonable course in political affairs, save abject submission to authority. 20

MOTLEY.

143. A LETTER.

SIR,

I am commanded by my uncle to acquaint you that, as he did not proceed to those measures he hath taken with you, without the greatest deliberation, and after the fullest evidence of your unworthiness, so will it be always out of your power to cause the least 5 alteration in his resolution. He expresses great surprise at your presumption in saying you have resigned all pretensions to a young lady, to whom it is impossible you should ever have had any, her birth and fortune having made her so infinitely your 10 superior. Lastly, I am commanded to tell you that the only instance of your compliance with my uncle's inclinations which he requires, is your immediately quitting this country. I cannot conclude this without offering you my advice, as a Christian, that you should 15 seriously think of amending your life; that you may be assisted with grace so to do will always be the prayer of,

Your humble servant,

W. BLIFIL

FIELDING.

144. GRASSMERE.

JUST beyond Helmcrag opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin, discovers in the midst Grassmere water ; its margin is
5 hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some of them rocks, some of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village, with the parish
10 church rising in the midst of it ; hanging enclosures, cornfields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep smooth
15 lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half-way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no glaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little un-
20 suspected paradise ; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.

THOMAS GRAY.

145. JAMES AND THE CUSTOMS.

JAMES had not been many hours king when a dispute arose between the two heads of the law. The customs had been settled on Charles only for life, and could not therefore be legally exacted by the new sovereign. Some weeks must elapse before a new House of 5 Commons could be chosen. If, in the meantime, the duties were suspended, the revenue would suffer; the regular course to trade would be interrupted; the consumer would derive no benefit; and the only gainers would be those fortunate speculators whose 10 cargoes might happen to arrive during the interval between the demise of the crown and the meeting of the Parliament. The Treasury was besieged by merchants whose warehouses were filled with goods on which duty had been paid, and who were in grievous 15 apprehension of being undersold and ruined. Impartial men must admit that this was one of those cases in which a government may be justified in deviating from the strictly constitutional course. But when it is necessary to deviate from the strictly 20 constitutional course, the deviation clearly ought to be no greater than the necessity requires. Guildford felt this, and gave advice which did him honour. He proposed that the duties should be levied, but should be kept in the exchequer till the Parliament should 25 meet. In this way the king, while violating the letter of the laws, would show that he wished to conform to their spirit. Jeffreys gave very different counsel. He wished James to put forth an edict declaring it to be His Majesty's will and pleasure that 30 the customs should continue to be paid.

MACAULAY.

146. GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG.

I FELL into a high-road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but I could see little on either side, it being now near
5 harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a
10 stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavouring to
15 find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire steeple and took about ten yards at
20 every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees
25 louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder.

147.

Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him, with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes.

These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants of labourers they seemed to be; for 5 upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that 10 I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven 15 that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly 20 overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days.

SWIFT.

148. EXECUTION OF COUNT EGMONT.

HAVING ascended the scaffold, he walked across it once or twice. He was dressed in a tabard or robe of red damask, over which was thrown a short black mantle embroidered in gold. He had a black silk hat, with 5 black and white plumes, on his head, and held a handkerchief in his hand. As he strode to and fro, he expressed a bitter regret that he had not been permitted to die, sword in hand, fighting for his country and his king. Sanguine to the last, he 10 passionately asked Romero, whether the sentence was really irrevocable, whether a pardon was not even then to be granted. The marshal shrugged his shoulders, murmuring a negative reply. Upon this, Egmont gnashed his teeth together, rather in rage than 15 despair. Shortly afterwards commanding himself again he threw aside his robe and mantle, and took the badge of the Golden Fleece from his neck. Kneeling then upon one of the cushions, he said the Lord's Prayer aloud, and requested the bishop, who knelt at his side, 20 to repeat it thrice. After this, the prelate gave him the silver crucifix to kiss, and then pronounced his blessing upon him. This done, the count rose again to his feet, laid aside his hat and handkerchief, knelt again upon the cushion, drew a little cap over his eyes, 25 and, holding his hands together, cried with a loud voice, "Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit." The executioner then suddenly appeared and severed his head from his shoulders at a single blow.

MOTLEY.

149. CHARLES I.'S FORCED LOAN.

Too much had been expected of the passions of the people ; they did not permit themselves to be persuaded to forget their liberty for the sake of their creed. Besides, they distrusted the sincerity of this new zeal ; leave them free, let a Parliament be called, they would 5 lend their reformed brethren on the continent much more solid aid. Many citizens refused to contribute to the loan ; some, obscure and powerless, were pressed into the fleet or army ; others were cast into prison, or charged with distant missions which they were not 10 in a position to reject. Discontent, though as yet not breaking out into sedition, did not confine itself to murmurs only. Five gentlemen, detained in custody by an order in council, claimed of the court of king's bench, as the inherent right of every Englishman, to 15 be discharged on bail. An imperious king and an irritated nation alike pressed the case on to judgment. The king required the judges to declare, as a principle, that no man arrested by his orders should be admitted to bail ; the people demanded to know whether all 20 security was withheld from the defenders of their liberties. The court of justice rejected the application and sent the parties back to prison ; but without laying down the general principle the king desired : already, struck with a double fear, the magistrates 25 dared not show themselves either servile or just ; and, to obviate as they best might the dilemma, they refused to despotism their consent, to liberty their aid.

From GUIZOT.

150. A DESPATCH FROM SIR EDWARD GREY
TO H.M. MINISTER AT BRUSSELS.

Foreign Office, April 7, 1913.

SIR,

In speaking to the Belgian Minister to-day, I said, speaking unofficially, that it had been brought to my knowledge that there was apprehension in Belgium lest we should be the first to violate Belgian
5 neutrality. I did not think that this apprehension could have come from a British source.

The Belgian Minister informed me that there had been talk, in a British source which he could not name, of the landing of troops in Belgium by Great
10 Britain in order to anticipate a possible despatch of German troops through Belgium to France.

I said that I was sure that this Government would not be the first to violate the neutrality of Belgium, and I did not believe that any British
15 Government would be the first to do so, nor would public opinion here ever approve of it. What we had to consider—and it was a somewhat embarrassing question—was what it would be desirable and necessary for us, as one of the guarantors of Belgian
20 neutrality, to do if Belgian neutrality was violated by any Power. For us to be the first to violate it and to send troops into Belgium would be to give Germany, for instance, justification for sending troops into Belgium also. What we desired in the case of
25 Belgium, as in that of other neutral countries, was that their neutrality should be respected, and as long as it was not violated by any other Power we should certainly not send troops ourselves into their territory. I am, etc.,

E. GREY.

151. HAMPDEN AND PRINCE RUPERT.

IN the evening of the seventeenth of June, Rupert darted out of Oxford with his cavalry on a predatory expedition. At three in the morning of the following day, he attacked and dispersed a few parliamentary soldiers who lay at Postcombe. He then flew to 5 Chinnor, burned the village, killed or took all the troops who were posted there, and prepared to hurry back with his booty and his prisoners to Oxford.

Hampden had, on the preceding day, strongly represented to Essex the danger to which this part of 10 the line was exposed. As soon as he received intelligence of Rupert's incursion, he sent off a horseman to the general. The cavaliers, he said, could only return by Chiselhampton Bridge. A force ought to be instantly despatched in that direction for the purpose 15 of intercepting them. In the meantime, he resolved to set out with all the cavalry that he could muster, for the purpose of impeding the march of the enemy till Essex could take measures for cutting off their retreat. A considerable body of horse and dragoons 20 volunteered to follow him. He was not their commander. He did not even belong to their branch of the service, but "he was," says Clarendon, "second to none but the general himself in the observance and application of all men." On the field of Chalgrove he 25 came up with Rupert. A fierce skirmish ensued. In the first charge, Hampden was struck in the shoulder by two bullets, which broke the bone and lodged in the body. The troops of the Parliament lost heart and gave way. Rupert, after pursuing them for a 30 short time, hastened to cross the bridge, and made his retreat unmolested to Oxford.

MACAULAY.

152. THE CIVIL WAR.

A WAR of this kind, in the heart of winter, and in which the two principal armies remained nearly inactive, could not bring about prompt or decisive results. Everywhere and every day, there were 5 sudden and brief expeditions, small places by turns taken and lost, surprises, skirmishes, wherein the two parties were alternately winners and losers to about the same extent. The citizens were becoming disciplined and experienced, though they were not as yet 10 regular soldiers. Some leaders began to distinguish themselves by their courage, their talents, or their good fortune, but none were known to the whole nation; their influence was as local as their exploits. Besides, notwithstanding the ardour of men's passions, 15 the conduct of the parties to each other was upon the whole gentlemanly and forbearing; though the aristocracy was no longer in the ascendant, and the new power of the Commons was the true cause of the national movement, it was against the king and his 20 tyranny that the country had risen; the different classes of society were not at war, nor wished to crush each other, either in self-defence or in the assertion of liberty. On both sides, and in most places, command was in the hands of men of nearly equal condition, 25 formed to the same habits, and capable of understanding and respecting each other, even while they fought.

153.

Licentious, thoughtless, and rapacious, still the cavaliers were not ferocious; and the presbyterians retained, amidst their harsh fanaticism, a respect for the laws, and for humanity, of which the history of civil discord presents few examples. Relations, 5 neighbours, friends, engaged under different standards, did not entirely break off all connection, and lent each other assistance in case of need; though they met opposed in arms they observed mutual courtesy, as men who had recently lived together in peace, and 10 who were not separated for ever. Prisoners were usually dismissed, upon the simple promise not to serve again: if it happened that they were suffered to depart without their necessities having been properly cared for, even if the king had seen them file off 15 before him with an air of cold indifference, it was regarded as a serious offence; and the cruel brutality of prince Rupert caused so much surprise and created so much indignation, that even the multitude spoke of him with aversion and disgust, as of a rude, 20 uncivilized foreigner. Thus the war, though everywhere in full operation, remained free from that furious rage which hastens it to a close; both parties, openly and earnestly engaging in it, seemed afraid of striking each other too hard; and there was fighting 25 every day in every part of the kingdom, without the course of events becoming more rapid, the Parliament or the king ceasing to waste their time in trivial debates and vain conferences.

From GUIZOT.

154. THE RETREAT FROM MONS.

THERE has, in effect, been a four days' battle—on the 23rd, 24th, 25th and 26th of August. During the whole of this period the British troops, in conformity with the general movement of the French armies, were occupied 5 in resisting and checking the German advance and in withdrawing to the new lines of defence.

The battle began at Mons on Sunday, during which day and part of the night the German attack, which was stubbornly pressed and repeated, was completely 10 checked on the British front.

On Monday, the 24th, the Germans made vigorous efforts in superior numbers to prevent the safe withdrawal of the British army and to drive it into the fortress of Maubeuge. This effort was frustrated by 15 the steadiness and skill with which the British retirement was conducted, and, as on the previous day, very heavy losses, far in excess of anything suffered by us, were inflicted upon the enemy, who, in dense formation, and in enormous masses, marched forward 20 again and yet again to storm the British lines.

The British retirement proceeded on the 25th with continuous fighting though not on the scale of the previous two days, and by the night of the 25th the British army occupied the line Cambrai-Landrecies-le 25 Cateau.

It had been intended to resume the retirement at daybreak on the 26th, but the German attack, in which no less than five corps were engaged, was so close and fierce that it was not possible to carry out 30 this intention until the afternoon.

155.

The battle on this day, August 26, was of the most severe and desperate character. The troops offered a superb and most stubborn resistance to the tremendous odds with which they were confronted, and at length extricated themselves in good order, though with 5 serious losses and under the heaviest artillery fire.

No guns were taken by the enemy except those the horses of which were all killed, or which were shattered by high explosive shells.

Sir John French estimates that during the whole 10 of these operations, from the 23rd to the 26th inclusive, his losses amount to 5000 or 6000 men. On the other hand the losses suffered by the Germans in their attacks across the open, and through their dense formations, are out of all proportion to those which 15 we have suffered.

In Landrecies alone on the 26th as an instance, a German infantry brigade advanced in the closest order into the narrow street, which they completely filled. Our machine guns were brought to bear on this target 20 from the end of the town. The head of the column was swept away, a frightful panic ensued, and it is estimated that no less than 800 to 900 dead and wounded Germans were lying in this street alone.

Another incident which may be chosen from many 25 like it was the charge of the German Guard Cavalry Division upon the British 12th Infantry Brigade, when the German cavalry were thrown back with great loss and in absolute disorder. These are notable examples of what has taken place over practically the 30 whole front during these engagements, and the Germans have been made to pay the extreme price for every forward march they have made.

Since the 26th, apart from cavalry fighting, the British army has not been molested. It has rested and 35 refitted after its exertions and glorious achievements.

156. A ROMAN CAMP.

THE camp of a Roman legion presented the appearance of a fortified city. As soon as the space was marked out, the pioneers carefully levelled the ground, and removed every impediment that might interrupt its
5 perfect regularity. Its form was an exact quadrangle ; and we may calculate that a square of about seven hundreds yards was sufficient for the encampment of twenty thousand Romans ; though a similar number of our own troops would expose to the enemy a front of
10 more than treble that extent. In the midst of the camp, the prætorium, or general's quarters, rose above the others ; the cavalry, the infantry, and the auxiliaries occupied their respective stations ; the streets were broad and perfectly straight, and a vacant space of two
15 hundred feet was left on all sides, between the tents and the rampart. The rampart itself was usually twelve feet high, armed with a line of strong and intricate palisades, and defended by a ditch of twelve feet in depth as well as in breadth. This important
20 labour was performed by the hands of the legionaries themselves, to whom the use of the spade and pick-axe was no less familiar than that of the sword and pilum. Active valour may often be the present of nature ; but such patient diligence can be the fruit
25 only of habit and discipline.

GIBBON.

157. GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG.

MY master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box, the next market-day, to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter upon a pillion behind him. The box was closed on every side, with a little door for me to go in 5 and out, and a few gimlet holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it, for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse 10 went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat further than from London to 15 St. Albans. My master alighted at an inn, which he used to frequent; and after consulting with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacknuch* (an animal in 20 that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, which could speak several words, and do a hundred diverting tricks.

SWIFT.

158. MR. GRADGRIND ON EDUCATION.

"Now, what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the minds of reasoning animals upon
5 Facts: nothing else will ever be of any service to them. This is the principle on which I bring up my own children, and this is the principle on which I bring up these children. Stick to Facts, sir!"

The scene was a plain, bare, monotonous vault of
10 a school-room, and the speaker's square forefinger emphasized his observations by underscoring every sentence with a line on the schoolmaster's sleeve. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's square wall of a forehead, which had his eyebrows for its base,
15 while his eyes found commodious cellarage in two dark caves overshadowed by the wall. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's mouth, which was wide, thin, and hard set. The emphasis was helped by the speaker's voice, which was inflexible, dry, and dictatorial.
20 The emphasis was helped by the speaker's hair, which bristled on the skirts of his bald head, a plantation of firs to keep the wind from its shining surface, all covered with knobs, like the crust of a plum pie, as if the head had scarcely warehouse-room for the hard facts
25 stored inside. The speaker's obstinate carriage, square coat, square legs, square shoulders—nay, his very neckcloth, trained to take him by the throat with an unaccommodating grasp, like a stubborn fact, as it was—all helped the emphasis.
30 "In this life, we want nothing but Facts, sir—nothing but Facts."

159.

The speaker, and the schoolmaster, and the third grown person present, all backed a little, and swept with their eyes the inclined plane of little vessels then and there arranged in order, ready to have imperial gallons of facts poured into them until they 5 were full to the brim.

Thomas Gradgrind, sir. A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations. A man who proceeds upon the principle that two and two are four, and nothing over, and who is not to be talked into allowing 10 anything over. Thomas Gradgrind, sir—peremptorily Thomas—Thomas Gradgrind. With a rule and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table—always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh and measure any parcel 15 of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic. You might hope to get some other nonsensical belief into the head of George Gradgrind, or Augustus Gradgrind, or John Gradgrind, or Joseph Gradgrind (all suppositious, non-existent persons), but 20 into the head of Thomas Gradgrind—no, sir!

In such terms Mr. Gradgrind always mentally introduced himself, whether to his private circle of acquaintance, or to the public in general. In such terms, no doubt, substituting the words “boys and 25 girls,” for “sir,” Thomas Gradgrind now presented Thomas Gradgrind to the little pitchers before him, who were to be filled so full of facts.

DICKENS.

160. SILAS MARNER'S DISCOVERY.

WHEN Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had
5 grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fire-
10 side chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to
15 beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard
20 coin with the familiar resisting outline his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister
25 come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about on his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was it a dream?*
30 He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing.

GEORGE ELIOT.

161. BRAVERY OF WILLIAM III.

IN battle his bravery made him conspicuous even among tens of thousands of brave warriors, drew forth the applause of hostile armies, and was never questioned even by the injustice of hostile factions. During his first campaigns he exposed himself like 5 a man who sought for death, was always foremost in the charge and last in the retreat, fought, sword in hand, in the thickest press, and, with a musket ball in his arm and the blood streaming over his cuirass, still stood his ground and waved his hat under the 10 hottest fire. His friends adjured him to take more care of a life invaluable to his country; and his most illustrious antagonist, the great Condé, remarked, after the bloody day of Seneff, that the Prince of Orange had in all things borne himself like an old general, 15 except in exposing himself like a young soldier. William denied that he was guilty of temerity. It was, he said, from a sense of duty and on a cool calculation of what the public interest required that he was always at the post of danger. The troops 20 which he commanded had been little used to war, and shrank from a close encounter with the veteran soldiery of France. It was necessary that their leader should show them how battles were to be won. And, in truth, more than one day which had seemed hope- 25 lessly lost was retrieved by the hardihood with which he rallied his broken battalions and cut down with his own hand the cowards who set the example of flight.

MACAULAY.

162. THE WRECK.

ONE mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's
5 pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people
10 at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean
15 breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the
20 same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke,
25 there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

163.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and 5 turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; 10 women shrieked and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish 15 before our eyes. . . . The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's 20 cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang, he was seen by all of us to wave. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old 25 remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

DICKENS.

164. A LETTER.

MY DEAR WATSON,

I have no doubt that you can remember "Tadpole" Phelps, who was in the fifth form when you were in the third. It is possible even that you may have heard that, through my uncle's influence, I obtained a good appointment at the Foreign Office, and that I was in a situation of trust and honour until a horrible misfortune came suddenly to blast my career.

- 10 There is no use writing the details of that dreadful event. In the event of your acceding to my request, it is probable I shall have to narrate them to you. I have only just recovered from nine weeks of brain fever, and am still exceedingly weak. Do you think
15 you could bring your friend, Mr. Holmes, down to see me? I should like to have his opinion of the case, though the authorities assure me nothing more can be done. Do try to bring him down, and as soon as possible. Every minute seems an hour while I live
20 in this horrible suspense. Assure him that, if I have not asked his advice sooner, it was not because I did not appreciate his talents, but because I have been off my head ever since the blow fell. Now I am clear again, though I dare not think of it too much for fear
25 of a relapse. I am still so weak that I have to write, as you see, by dictating. Do try and bring him.

Your old schoolfellow,

PERCY PHELPS.

CONAN DOYLE.

**165. LETTER FROM M. PAUL CAMBON
TO SIR EDWARD GREY.**

London, November 23, 1912.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,

You reminded me in your letter of yesterday, 22nd November, that during the last few years the military and naval authorities of France and Great Britain had consulted with each other from time to time; that it had always been understood that these consultations should not restrict the liberty of either Government to decide in the future whether they should lend each other the support of their armed forces; that, on either side, these consultations between 5 experts were not and should not be considered as engagements binding our Governments to take action in certain eventualities; that, however, I had remarked to you that, if one or other of the two Governments had grave reasons to fear an unprovoked attack on the part 15 of a third Power, it would become essential to know whether it could count on the armed support of the other.

Your letter answers that point, and I am authorised to state that, in the event of one of our two Governments having grave reasons to fear either an act of 20 aggression from a third Power, or some event threatening the general peace, that Government would immediately examine with the other whether both Governments should act together in order to prevent the act of aggression or preserve peace. If so, 25 the two Governments would deliberate as to the measures which they would be prepared to take in common: if those measures involved action, the two Governments would take into immediate consideration the plans of their general staffs and would then decide 30 as to the effect to be given to those plans.

Sincerely yours,
PAUL CAMBON.

166. THE MILL ON THE FLOSS.

I MUST stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at the mill, though the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of the departing February, it is pleasant to look 5 at; perhaps the chill damp season adds a charm to the trimly kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast. The stream is brimful now, and lies high in the little withy plantation, and half drowns the 10 grassy fringe of the croft in front of the house. As I look at the full stream, the vivid grass, the delicate bright green powder softening the outline of the great trunks and branches that gleam from under the bare purple boughs, I am in love with moistness, and envy 15 the white ducks that are dipping their heads far into the water here among the withes, unmindful of the awkward appearance they make in the drier world above.

The rush of the water, and the booming of the mill, 20 bring a dreamy deafness, which seems to heighten the peacefulness of the scene. They are like a great curtain of sound, shutting one out from the world beyond. And now there is the thunder of the huge covered waggon coming home with sacks of grain. 25 That honest waggoner is thinking of his dinner, getting sadly dry in the oven at this late hour; but he will not touch it till he has fed his horses, the strong, submissive, meek-eyed beasts, who, I fancy, are looking mild reproach at him from between their 30 blinkers, that he should crack his whip at them in that awful manner, as if they needed that hint!

167.

See how they stretch their shoulders up the slope towards the bridge, with all the more energy because they are so near home! Look at their grand shaggy feet that seem to grasp the firm earth, at the patient strength of their necks bowed under the heavy collar, 5 at the mighty muscles of their struggling haunches! I should like well to hear them neigh over their hardly-earned feed of corn, and see them, with their moist necks freed from the harness, dipping their eager nostrils into the muddy pond. Now they 10 are on the bridge, and down they go again at a swifter pace, and the arch of the covered waggon disappears at the turning behind the trees.

Now I can turn my eyes towards the mill again, and watch the unresting wheel sending out its 15 diamond jets of water. That little girl is watching it too; she has been standing on just the same spot at the edge of the water ever since I paused on the bridge. And that queer white cur with the brown ear seems to be leaping and barking in ineffectual 20 remonstrance with the wheel; perhaps he is jealous, because his playfellow in the beaver-bonnet is so rapt in its movements. It is time the little playfellow went in, I think; and there is a very bright fire to tempt her; the red light shines out under the 25 deepening grey of the sky. It is time, too, for me to leave off resting my arms on the cold stone of this bridge.

GEORGE ELIOT.

168. WILL HONEYCOMB TO THE SPECTATOR.

DEAR SPEC,

I suppose this letter will find thee picking
of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away
the time in some innocent country diversion of the
5 like nature. I have, however, orders from the club
to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly
afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company
after thy conversations with Moll White and Will
Wimble. Pry'thee don't send us up any more stories
10 of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits
and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell con-
foundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not
come up quickly, we shall conclude thou art in love
with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to
15 the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the
club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly,
will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's
men.

Dear Spec,

Thine eternally,

WILL HONEYCOMB.

ADDISON,

169. THE BORE.

LORD CHESTERTON we have often met with; and suffered a good deal from his Lordship: a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a great share of the conversation—saying things in ten words, which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man, with a large head, and very landed manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow-creatures, not to instruct them—the ridicule of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals 10 and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilised beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils, and the misery he creates, in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer 15 toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues, when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey, by words or manner, the most 20 distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions, and what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds—the sheep-stealer disappears— 25 the swindler gets ready for the Bay—the solid parts of the murderer are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup,—unpunished, untried, undissected—no 30 scaffold, no skeleton—no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession.

SYDNEY SMITH.

170. MONOPOLIES.

THE faint beginnings of this memorable contest may be discerned early in the reign of Elizabeth. The conduct of her last Parliament made it clear that one of these great revolutions which policy may guide, but cannot stop, was in progress. It was on the question of monopolies that the House of Commons gained its first great victory over the throne. The conduct of the extraordinary woman who then governed England is an admirable study for politicians who live in unquiet times. It shows how thoroughly she understood the people whom she ruled, and the crisis in which she was called to act. What she held, she held firmly. What she gave, she gave graciously. She saw that it was necessary to make a concession to the nation; and she made it, not grudgingly, not tardily, not as a matter of bargain and sale, not, in a word, as Charles I. would have made it, but promptly and cordially. Before a bill could be framed or an address presented, she applied a remedy to the evil of which the nation complained. She expressed in the warmest terms her gratitude to her faithful Commons for detecting abuses which interested persons had concealed from her. If her successors had inherited her wisdom with her crown, Charles I. might have died of old age, and James II. would never have seen St. Germain's.

MACAULAY.

171. A LETTER.

DEAR TERTIUS,

Don't set your wife to write to me when you have anything to ask. It is a roundabout wheedling sort of thing which I should not have credited you with. I never choose to write to a woman on matters of 5 business. As to me supplying you with a thousand pounds, or only half that sum, I can do nothing of the sort. My own family drains me to the last penny. With two younger sons and three daughters, I am not likely to have cash to spare. You seem to have got 10 through your own money pretty quickly, and to have made a mess where you are; the sooner you go somewhere else, the better. But I have nothing to do with men of your profession, and can't help you there. I did the best I could for you as guardian, and let you 15 have your own way in taking to medicine. You might have gone into the army or the Church. Your money would have held out for that, and there would have been a surer ladder before you. Your uncle Charles has had a grudge against you for not going into his 20 profession, but not I. I have always wished you well, but you must consider yourself on your own legs entirely now.

Your affectionate uncle,
GODWIN LYDGATE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

172. THE ENGLISH NATION.

OF all the nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. As good as a "dumb" nation, I say, who cannot speak, and have never yet spoken,—spite of the Shakspeares
 5 and Miltons who show us what possibilities there are! —O, Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend; and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of
 10 sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness,—profound melancholy (as some have said) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great Universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make
 15 thy way. The Fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt with a godlike indifference believe it. My friend, and it is all untrue, nothing ever falsier in point of fact. Thou art of those great ones whose greatness the small
 20 passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee: thy Epic, unsung in words,
 25 is written in huge characters on the face of this planet, —sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets, and cities, Indian Empires, Americas, New Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!

CARLYLE.

173. MILITARY POWER.

THE power of the sword is more sensibly felt in an extensive monarchy than in a small community. It has been calculated by the ablest politicians, that no state, without being soon exhausted, can maintain above the hundredth part of its members in arms and idleness. But although this relative proportion may be uniform, the influence of the army over the rest of the society will vary according to the degree of its positive strength. The advantages of military science and discipline cannot be exerted, unless a proper number of soldiers are united into one body, and actuated by one soul. With a handful of men, such a union would be ineffectual; with an unwieldy host, it would be impracticable; and the powers of the machine would be alike destroyed by the extreme minuteness, or the excessive weight, of its springs. To illustrate this observation we need only reflect, that there is no superiority of natural strength, artificial weapons, or acquired skill, which could enable one man to keep in constant subjection one hundred of his fellow-creatures.

GIBBON.

A SELECTION OF LETTERS ABOUT FLORIAN'S WORKS

"Your name is a household word with us, as we make use much of your excellent French Text-Books and derive deserving benefit from the same."—FRANK C. EARLE, Senior Master, *Day Secondary School, Woolwich Polytechnic.*

"During the last few days I have been perusing Florian's Second French Course and find it considerably more satisfactory than any other I have yet seen, and have no doubt that I shall adopt it next year."—J. P. HARRIS, 20, *Dartmouth Park Avenue, Highgate.*

"I like Florian's Readers so much that I straightway adopted two of them, 'L'Évasion' for the Fifth Form in this school, and 'Nouvelles Genevoises' for my classes in the Technical School; already Florian's First and Second Courses are exclusively used in the Lower Forms as well as in the Technical School."—WENTWORTH HARRISON, *Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield.*

"First French Course and 'L'Évasion d'Edmond Dantès' meet with our entire approval and we intend adopting them in the school."—A. S. STEPHENS, *Avalon, West Kerby.*

"I have pleasure in informing you of the introduction of the First French Course as a text-book practically throughout our school."—H. B. COLE, *Mount Radford School, Exeter.*

"We have adopted for this last year Florian's First and Second French Course here."—W. H. BINDLEY, Head Master, *Battersea Grammar School, S.W.*

"We have introduced Florian's First Course now."—A. GOWLAND WATT, Assistant Master, *King Henry VIII Grammar School, Abergavenny.*

"First French Course. We are adopting it for at least three of our forms, and will probably introduce also the Second Course."—M. R. YOUNG, *Campden Park High School, Tunbridge Wells.*

"We find Florian's French book very useful."—H. W. SESPELLE, Senior Modern Language Master, *Leeds Grammar School.*

"I am using your Florian's First French Course to the great benefit of my pupils."—EDWIN MUNRO, *Borgue Academy, Kirkcudbright.*

"I have much pleasure in informing you that immediately after the holidays I shall introduce the two French Courses by Florian."—BROTHER WILFRID, *Xaverian College, Mayfield, Sussex.*

"Florian's Second French Course I consider an excellent school book."—W. F. ALLEN, French Master, *Scarborough Municipal School.*

"I have decided to use your Florian's French Course (Parts 1 and 2) for my evening classes this year."—J. E. HALL, *Pont-Aven, Otten, Warwickshire.*

"I have been the means of introducing these books (Florian's First and Second French Course) into the Wakefield Grammar School this year."—A. B. YOUNG, Senior Modern Language Master.

"Florian's First French Course has been adopted for the Junior Forms in St. Andrew's College, Dublin."—W. MOSCARDI, Head Master of Modern Department.

"I like the book (First French Course) very much, and am glad to inform you that I have been able to introduce it into the Balfour Institute, Liverpool, where I am Head French Master."—B. MEUNIER.

"We shall introduce German Oral Teaching into other classes by degrees as we find it very suitable."—HENRIETTA L. KILPATRICK, Modern Language Mistress, *Victoria High School, Londonderry.*

"We are using Florian's German Oral Teaching for beginners and are delighted with it."—S. LOUIS CONVENT, *Kiltimagh.*

"We have already Mr. Florian's German Oral Teaching which I have found very successful and shall continue to use with a class of twenty-four boys."—E. J. W. HEWLETT, *The Hulme Grammar School, Manchester.*

लाल बहादुर शास्त्री राष्ट्रीय प्रशासन अकादमी, पुस्तकालय
L.B.S. National Academy of Administration, Library

मुसूरी
MUSSOORIE

यह पुस्तक निम्नांकित तारीख तक वापिस करनी है ।

This book is to be returned on the date last stamped

दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.	दिनांक Date	उधारकर्ता की संख्या Borrower's No.

Junior, 2s. 6d. Senior, 3s.
By HILLARD and BOTTING.

ix. 1936.

Elementary Calculus.
By C. H. P. MAYO. 10s.

F

440.07

F10

अवाप्ति सं०

ACC. No....19247....

वर्ग सं.

पुस्तक सं.

Class No..... Book No.....

लेखक

Author...**Florian, A. R.**.....

शीर्षक

Title...**Passages for translation**.....

440.07 LIBRARY 19247

F10

LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI

National Academy of Administration

MUSSOORIE

Accession No. _____

1. Books are issued for 15 days only but may have to be recalled earlier if urgently required.
2. An over-due charge of 25 Paise per day per volume will be charged.
3. Books may be renewed on request, at the discretion of the Librarian.
4. Periodicals, Rare and Reference books may not be issued and may be consulted only in the Library.
5. Books lost, defaced or injured in any way shall have to be replaced or its double price shall be paid by the borrower.

Help to keep this book fresh, clean & moving