

wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: *It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tost upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below: but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), *and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below: so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.*

AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

1611

The Book of Ecclesiastes

CHAPTER XI

CAST thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight: for

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THE BIBLE

find it after
to eight: for

thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth. If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon the earth: and if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be. He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good. Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun: But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity.

CHAPTER XII, vv. 1-7

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong

men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low; Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

THOMAS DEKKER

? 1570-1632

The Wonderful Year 1603

(First edition 1603)

WHAT an unmatched torment were it for a man to be barred up every night in a vast silent Charnel-House? hung (to make it more hideous) with lamps dimly and slowly burning, in hollow and glimmering corners; where all the pavement should in stead of green rushes, be strewed with blasted Rosemary: withered Hyacinths, fatal Cypress and Yew, thickly mingled with heaps of dead men's bones: the bare ribs of a father that begat him, lying there: here the

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SAMUEL PEPYS

1633-1703

Diary

(First published in 1825; complete edition in 1893-6)

1669, 30TH APRIL

UP, and by coach to the coachmaker's; and there I do find a great many ladies sitting in the body of a coach that must be ended by to-morrow (they were my Lady Marquess of Winchester, Bellasses, and other great ladies,) eating of bread and butter, and drinking ale. I to my coach, which is silvered over, but no varnish yet laid on, so I put it in a way of doing; and myself about other business, and particularly to see Sir W. Coventry, with whom I talked a good while to my great content: and so to other places, among others, to my tailor's; and then to the beltmaker's, where my belt cost me 55s. of the colour of my new suit; and here understanding that the mistress of the house, an oldish woman in a hat, hath some water good for the eyes, she did dress me, making my eyes smart most horribly, and did give me a little glass of it, which I will use, and hope it will do me good. So to the cutler's, and there did give Tom, who was with me all day, a sword cost me 12s. and a belt of my own; and sent my own silver-hilt sword agilding against to-morrow. This morning I did visit Mr Oldenburgh, and did see the instrument for perspective made by Dr Wren, of which I have one making by Browne; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife

came to me at my tailor's, and I sent her home, and myself and Tom dined at Hercules' Pillars; and so about our business again, and particularly to Lilly's, the varnisher, about my prints, whereof some of them are pasted upon the boards, and to my full content. Thence to the framemaker's, one Norris, in Long Acre; who showed me several forms of frames, which were pretty, in little bits of mouldings to choose patterns by. This done, I to my coachmaker's, and there vexed to see nothing yet done to my coach, at three in the afternoon; but I set it in doing, and stood by till eight at night, and saw the painter varnish it, which is pretty to see how every doing it over do make it more and more yellow: and it dries as fast in the sun as it can be laid on almost; and most coaches are now-a-days done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale as some are, even to show the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oiled; and staying among poor people there in the ally, did hear them call their fat child Punch, which pleased me mightily, that word being become a word of common use for all that is thick and short.

May 1. Up betimes. My wife extraordinary fine with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily

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bole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading *Paradise Lost* we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiencies cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

DANIEL DEFOE

? 1660-1731

The Life of Colonel Jack

(First edition 1722)

... [My master] shared the money very honestly with me, only at the end he told me that though it was true he promised me half, yet as it was the first time and I had done nothing but look on, so he thought that it was very well if I took a little less than he did; so he divided the money, which was £12.10s, into two exact parts, viz. £6.5s. in each part, then he took £1.5s. from my part, and told me I should give him that for handsel. 'Well,' says I, 'take it then, for I think you deserve it all'; so, however, I took up the rest. 'And what shall I do with this now,' says I, 'for I have nowhere to put it?' 'Why, have you no pockets?' says he. 'Yes,' says I, 'but they are full of holes.' I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with; for lodging I had none, nor any box or



drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket but such, as I say, was full of holes. I knew nobody in the world that I could go and desire them to lay it up for me; for, being a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently say I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of me, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries. And now as I was full of wealth, behold it was full of care, for what to do to secure my money I could not tell, and this held me so long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, that I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s., and that is to say, it was in four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes and put the four guineas into that, but after I had gone a while my shoe hurt me so, I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again and take it out of my shoe and carry it in my hand. Then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapped it all together, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money that they could not get in, 'I wish I had it in a foul clout.' In truth I had mine in a foul clout, for it was foul according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it. If I had let any of the black crew I was

any pocket but
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with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it. So I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in my bosom, but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh the weight of human care! I a poor beggar boy, could not sleep as soon as I had but a little money to keep, who before that could have slept upon a heap of brickbats or stones, cinders or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I would dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened, then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, which if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me, and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so that I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667-1745

A Tale of a Tub

(First edition 1704)

SECTION VII. A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a Nut-shell; but it hath been my Fortune to have much oftener seen a Nut-

must have leaped from
 look that threatened her
 is gone. That of soph-
 has succeeded; and
 ed for ever. Never, never
 ous loyalty to rank and
 dignified obedience, that
 kept alive, even in servi-
 freedom. The unbought
 of nations, the nurse of
 erprise is gone! It is gone,
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 ear will be great. . . . It is
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 ended it down through
 was this opinion which
 and raised private men

EDMUND BURKE

to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power, it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a dominating vanquisher of laws, to be subdued by manners.

But now all is changed. All the pleasing illusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked, shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.

JANE AUSTEN

1775-1817

Emma

(First edition 1816)

CHAPTER XXII

HUMAN nature is so well disposed towards those who are in interesting situations, that a young person who either marries or dies is sure of being kindly spoken of.

A week had not passed since Miss Hawkins's name was



first mentioned in Highbury before she was, by some means or other, discovered to have every recommendation of person and mind,—to be handsome, elegant, highly accomplished, and perfectly amiable; and when Mr Elton himself arrived to triumph in his happy prospects, and circulate the fame of her merits, there was very little more for him to do than to tell her Christian name, and say whose music she principally played.

Mr Elton returned, a very happy man. He had gone away rejected and mortified, disappointed in a very sanguine hope, after a series of what had appeared to him strong encouragement; and not only losing the right lady, but finding himself debased to the level of a very wrong one. He had gone away deeply offended; he came back engaged to another, and to another as superior, of course, to the first, as under such circumstances what is gained always is to what is lost. He came back gay and self-satisfied, eager and busy, caring nothing for Miss Woodhouse, and defying Miss Smith.

The charming Augusta Hawkins, in addition to all the usual advantages of perfect beauty and merit, was in possession of an independent fortune, of so many thousands as would always be called ten,—a point of some dignity, as well as some convenience. The story told well; he had not thrown himself away—he had gained a woman of £10,000 or thereabouts, and he had gained her with such delightful rapidity; the first hour of introduction had been so very soon followed by distinguishing notice; the history which he had to give Mrs Cole of the rise and progress of the affair was so glorious; the steps so quick, from the

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accidental rencontre to the dinner at Mr Green's, and the party at Mrs Brown's—smiles and blushes rising in importance,—with consciousness and agitation richly scattered; the lady had been so easily impressed,—so sweetly disposed;—had, in short, to use a most intelligible phrase, been so very ready to have him, that vanity and prudence were equally contented.

He had caught both substance and shadow, both fortune and affection, and was just the happy man he ought to be;—talking only of himself and his own concerns,—expecting to be congratulated,—ready to be laughed at,—and with cordial, fearless smiles, now addressing all the young ladies of the place, to whom, a few weeks ago, he would have been more cautiously gallant.

The wedding was no distant event, as the parties had only themselves to please, and nothing but the necessary preparations to wait for; and when he set out for Bath again, there was a general expectation, which a certain glance of Mrs Cole's did not seem to contradict, that when he next entered Highbury he would bring his bride.

During his present short stay, Emma had barely seen him; but just enough to feel that the first meeting was over, and to give her the impression of his not being improved by the mixture of pique and pretension now spread over his air. She was, in fact, beginning very much to wonder that she had ever thought him pleasing at all; and his sight was so inseparably connected with some very disagreeable feelings that, except in a moral light—as a penance, a lesson, a source of profitable humiliation to her own mind—she would have been thankful to be

assured of never seeing him again. She wished him very well; but he gave her pain; and his welfare twenty miles off would administer most satisfaction.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

The Heart of Mid-Lothian

(First edition 1818)

CHAPTER VII

THE rioters . . . continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation. As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose, the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange; so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong or infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them, in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the

... believed himself under
... and class, subjects were to
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of the LYRICAL BALLADS:
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... which, in consequence
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... and spirit of unity, that
... into each, by that syn-

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

thetic and magical power, to which I would exclusively appropriate the name of Imagination. This power, first put into action by the will and understanding, and retained under their irremissive, though gentle and unnoticed, control, *laxis effertur habenis*, reveals itself in the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities: of sameness, with difference; of the general with the concrete; the idea with the image; the individual with the representative; the sense of novelty and freshness with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order; judgment ever awake and steady self-possession with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement; and while it blends and harmonizes the natural and the artificial, still subordinates art to nature; the manner to the matter; and our admiration of the poet to our sympathy with the poetry.

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

Letter to Richard Woodhouse

Tuesday, October 27, 1818

My dear Woodhouse

Your letter gave me a great satisfaction; more on account of its friendliness, than any relish of that matter in it which is accounted so acceptable in the 'genus irritabile'. The best answer I can give you is in a clerk-like manner to make some observations on two principle points, which seem to



point like indices into the midst of the whole pro and con, about genius, and views and achievements and ambition and coetera. 1st. As to the poetical Character itself (I mean that sort of which, if I am any thing, I am a Member; that sort distinguished from the wordsworthian or egotistical sublime; which is a thing per se and stands alone) it is not itself—it has no self—it is every thing and nothing—it has no character—it enjoys light and shade; it lives in gusto, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated—It has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen. What shocks the virtuous philosopher, delights the camelion Poet. It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one; because they both end in speculation. A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence; because he has no Identity—he is continually infor[ming] and filling some other Body—The Sun, the Moon, the Sea and Men and Women who are creatures of impulse are poetical and have about them an unchangeable attribute—the poet has none; no identity—he is certainly the most unpoetical of all God's Creatures. If then he has no self, and if I am a Poet, where is the Wonder that I should say I would write no more? Might I not at that very instant have been cogitating on the Characters of Saturn and Ops? It is a wretched thing to confess; but is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature—how can it, when I have no nature? When I am in a room with People if I ever am free from speculating on creations of my own brain, then not myself goes home to myself: but the identity of every one in the room

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 and achievements and ambition
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 the wordsworthian or egotistical
 per se and stands alone) it is not
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 People if I ever am free from specu-
 of my own brain, then not myself goes
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JOHN KEATS

begins to press upon me that I am in a very little time
 an[ni]hilated—not only among Men; it would be the same
 in a Nursery of children: I know not whether I make my-
 self wholly understood: I hope enough so to let you see
 that no dependence is to be placed on what I said that
 day.

In the second place I will speak of my views, and of the
 life I purpose to myself. I am ambitious of doing the world
 some good: if I should be spared that may be the work of
 maturer years—in the interval I will assay to reach to as
 high a summit in Poetry as the nerve bestowed upon me
 will suffer. The faint conceptions I have of Poems to come
 brings the blood frequently into my forehead. All I hope
 is that I may not lose all interest in human affairs—that the
 solitary indifference I feel for applause even from the finest
 spirits, will not blunt any acuteness of vision I may have.
 I do not think it will.—I feel assured I should write from
 the mere yearning and fondness I have for the Beautiful
 even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning,
 and no eye ever shine upon them. But even now I am
 perhaps not speaking from myself: but from some charac-
 ter in whose soul I now live. I am sure however that this
 next sentence is from myself. I feel your anxiety, good
 opinion and friendliness in the highest degree, and am

Your's most sincerely

JOHN KEATS

to distrust his species, to con-
 modesty in women, as mere
 worth while to keep his opinion
 ble of friendship; yet he was
 without being in the smallest
 knew their regard to his inter-
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 humanity, he submitted, half-
 made the tool of any woman
 or of any man whose tattle
 little and cared less about relig-
 his life in dawdling suspense
 He was crowned in his youth
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 for its own sake little, and fame
 to have been vindictive, or to
 excitement in cruelty. What he
 get through the twenty-four
 sitting down to dry business.
 expresses it, the true Sultana
 A sitting in council would
 him if the Duke of Bucking-
 make mouths at the Chancellor.
 probable, that in his exile he
 rights to Cromwell for a good
 only quarrel with his Parlia-
 ve him trouble and would not

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, LORD MACAULAY
 always give him money. If there was a person for whom he
 felt a real regard that person was his brother. If there was a
 point about which he really entertained a scruple of con-
 science or of honour, that point was the descent of the
 crown. Yet he was willing to consent to the Exclusion Bill
 for six hundred thousand pounds; and the negotiation was
 broken off only because he insisted on being paid before-
 hand. To do him justice, his temper was good; his manners
 agreeable; his natural talents above mediocrity. But he was
 sensual, frivolous, false, and cold-hearted, beyond almost
 any prince of whom history makes mention.

EMILY BRONTË

1818-48

Wuthering Heights

(First edition 1847)

CHAPTER IX

ERE this speech ended, I became sensible of Heathcliff's
 presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my
 head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out
 noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it
 would degrade her to marry him, and then he stayed to
 hear no further. My companion, sitting on the ground, was
 prevented by the back of the settle from remarking his
 presence or departure; but I started, and bade her hush!
 'Why?' she asked, gazing nervously round.

'Joseph is here,' I answered, catching opportunely the roll of his cart-wheels up the road; 'and Heathcliff will come in with him. I'm not sure whether he were not at the door this moment.'

'Oh, he couldn't overhear me at the door!' said she. 'Give me Hareton, while you get the supper, and when it is ready ask me to sup with you. I want to cheat my uncomfortable conscience, and be convinced that Heathcliff has no notion of these things. He has not, has he? He does not know what being in love is?'

'I see no reason that he should not know, as well as you,' I returned; 'and if you are his choice, he'll be the most unfortunate creature that ever was born! As soon as you become Mrs. Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! Have you considered how you'll bear the separation, and how he'll bear to be quite deserted in the world? Because, Miss Catherine—'

'He quite deserted! we separated!' she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. 'Who is to separate us, pray? They'll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen: for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing, before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff. Oh, that's not what I intend—that's not what I mean! I shouldn't be Mrs Linton were such a price demanded! He'll be as much to me as he has been all his lifetime. Edgar must shake off his antipathy, and tolerate him at least. He will, when he learns my true feelings towards him. Nelly, I see now, you think me a selfish wretch; but did it never strike you that if Heathcliff and I married, we should be beggars? whereas, if I marry Linton,

ed, catching opportunely the
the road; 'and Heathcliff will
ere whether he were not at the

at me at the door!' said she.
to get the supper, and when it
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is?'

ould not know, as well as you,'
his choice, he'll be the most
er was born! As soon as you
es friend, and love, and all!
ou'll bear the separation, and
serted in the world? Because,

parated!' she exclaimed, with
Who is to separate us, pray?
Not as long as I live, Ellen:
ery Linton on the face of the
ng, before I could consent to
not what I intend—that's not
Mrs Linton were such a price
to me as he has been all his
ff his antipathy, and tolerate
he learns my true feelings
ow, you think me a selfish
le you that if Heathcliff and I
s: whereas, if I marry Linton,

I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my
brother's power.'

'With your husband's money, Miss Catherine?' I asked.
'You'll find him not so pliable as you calculate upon: and,
though I'm hardly a judge, I think that's the worst motive
you've given yet for being the wife of young Linton.'

'It is not,' retorted she; 'it is the best! The others were the
satisfaction of my whims: and for Edgar's sake, too, to
satisfy him. This is for the sake of one who comprehends
in his person my feelings to Edgar and myself. I cannot
express it; but surely you and everybody have a notion that
there is or should be an existence of yours beyond you.
What were the use of my creation, if I were entirely con-
tained here? My great miseries in this world have been
Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the
beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else
perished, and *he* remained, I should still continue to be;
and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the
universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not
seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in
the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter
changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the
eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but
necessary. Nelly, *I am* Heathcliff! He's always, always in my
mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a
pleasure to myself, but as my own being . . .'

GEORGE ELIOT

1819-80

The Mill on the Floss

(First edition 1860)

BOOK I, CHAPTER IX: TO GARUM FIRS

... THEY went in procession along the bright and slippery corridor, dimly lighted by the semi-lunar top of the window which rose above the closed shutter: it was really quite solemn. Aunt Pullet paused and unlocked a door which opened on something still more solemn than the passage: a darkened room, in which the outer light, entering feebly, showed what looked like the corpses of furniture in white shrouds. Everything that was not shrouded stood with its legs upwards. Lucy laid hold of Maggie's frock, and Maggie's heart beat rapidly.

Aunt Pullet half-opened the shutter and then unlocked the wardrobe, with a melancholy deliberateness which was quite in keeping with the funereal solemnity of the scene. The delicious scent of rose-leaves that issued from the wardrobe, made the process of taking out sheet after sheet of silver paper quite pleasant to assist at, though the sight of the bonnet at last was an anticlimax to Maggie, who would have preferred something more strikingly preternatural. But few things could have been more impressive to Mrs Tulliver. She looked all round it in silence for some moments, and then said emphatically, 'Well, sister, I'll never speak against the full crowns again!'

It was a great concession, and Mrs Pullet felt it: she felt something was due to it.

PART IX: TO GARUM FIRS

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... all crowns again!'

... and Mrs Pullet felt it: she felt

'You'd like to see it on, sister?' she said, sadly. 'I'll open the shutter a bit further.'

'Well, if you don't mind taking off your cap, sister,' said Mrs Tulliver.

Mrs Pullet took off her cap, displaying the brown silk scalp with a jutting promontory of curls which was common to the more mature and judicious women of those times, and placing the bonnet on her head, turned slowly round, like a draper's lay figure, that Mrs Tulliver might miss no point of view.

'I've sometimes thought there's a loop too much o' ribbon on this left side, sister; what do you think?' said Mrs Pullet.

Mrs Tulliver looked earnestly at the point indicated, and turned her head on one side. 'Well, I think it's best as it is; if you meddled with it, sister, you might repent.'

'That's true,' said Aunt Pullet, taking off the bonnet and looking at it contemplatively.

'How much might she charge you for that bonnet, sister?' said Mrs Tulliver, whose mind was actively engaged on the possibility of getting a humble imitation of this chef-d'œuvre made from a piece of silk she had at home.

Mrs Pullet screwed up her mouth and shook her head, and then whispered, 'Pullet pays for it; he said I was to have the best bonnet at Garum Church, let the next best be whose it would'.

She began slowly to adjust the trimmings, in preparation for returning it to its place in the wardrobe, and her thoughts seemed to have taken a melancholy turn, for she shook her head.



er purity, which is redolent of the
love-passion of their lords. Mrs
red Sir Willoughby on the prize
western-eastern.

and; and Miss Middleton was intro-
duced.

at smiles in repose. The lips met
bow and thinned along to a lifting
lifted slightly at the outer corners
into the limpid cheek, quickening
a run of light, or the ascension
colour. Her features were play-
some of them pretending to rigid
to the ordinary dignity of gov-
ernment, despite which the nose was of
a slightly interrogative or inviting to
the water, waiting for the breeze,
over some suggestion of her face:
tenderly flushed in the cheeks,
were faintly intermelting even
were brown, set well between
but unwakeful. Her hair of lighter
at temples on the sweep to the
of the fabulous wild woodland
and chin, evidently in agree-
ment the triangle suited her; but her
tameless wildness or of weak-
ness threw its long curve to
from that effect; her eyes
they were steady when thought-

fulness was awakened; and at such seasons the build of her
winter-beechwood hair lost the touch of nymph-like and
whimsical, and strangely, by mere outline, added to her
appearance of studious concentration. Observe the hawk
on stretched wings over the prey he spies, for an idea of
this change in the look of a young lady whom Vernon
Whitford could liken to the Mountain Echo, and Mrs
Mountstuart Jenkinson pronounced to be 'a dainty rogue
in porcelain'.

SAMUEL BUTLER

1835-1902

The Way of All Flesh

(First edition 1903)

CHAPTER XIII

FOR some time the pair said nothing: what they must have
felt during their first half-hour, the reader must guess, for
it is beyond my power to tell him; at the end of that time,
however, Theobald had rummaged up a conclusion from
some odd corner of his soul to the effect that now he and
Christina were married the sooner they fell into their
future mutual relations the better. If people who are in a
difficulty will only do the first little reasonable thing which
they can clearly recognise as reasonable, they will always
find the next step more easy both to see and take. What,
then, thought Theobald, was here at this moment the first
and most obvious matter to be considered, and what would
be an equitable view of his and Christina's relative posi-

tions in respect to it? Clearly their first dinner was their first joint entry into the duties and pleasures of married life. No less clearly it was Christina's duty to order it, and his own to eat it and pay for it.

The arguments leading to this conclusion, and the conclusion itself, flashed upon Theobald about three and a half miles after he had left Crampsford on the road to Newmarket. He had breakfasted early, but his usual appetite had failed him. They had left the vicarage at noon without staying for the wedding-breakfast. Theobald liked an early dinner; it dawned upon him that he was beginning to be hungry; from this to the conclusion stated in the preceding paragraph the steps had been easy. After a few minutes' further reflection he broached the matter to his bride, and thus the ice was broken.

Mrs Theobald was not prepared for so sudden an assumption of importance. Her nerves, never of the strongest, had been strung to their highest tension by the event of the morning. She wanted to escape observation; she was conscious of looking a little older than she quite liked to look as a bride who had been married that morning; she feared the landlady, the chambermaid, the waiter—everybody and everything; her heart beat so fast that she could hardly speak, much less go through the ordeal of ordering dinner in a strange hotel with a strange landlady. She begged and prayed to be let off. If Theobald would only order dinner this once, she would order it any day and every day in future.

But the inexorable Theobald was not to be put off with such absurd excuses. He was master now. Had not Chris-

Clearly their first dinner was their duties and pleasures of married life. Christina's duty to order it, and she was ready for it.

Coming to this conclusion, and the conversation upon Theobald about three and a half left Crampsford on the road to Crampsford. They had left the vicarage at noon for the wedding-breakfast. Theobald liked to see upon him that he was beginning to come to the conclusion stated in the text. The steps had been easy. After a few minutes he broached the matter to his wife. The matter was broken.

Not prepared for so sudden an assumption, her nerves, never of the strongest, were at their highest tension by the event of her husband's attempt to escape observation; she was a little older than she quite liked to be. She had been married that morning; she had the chambermaid, the waiter—everybody's heart beat so fast that she could not go through the ordeal of ordering a dinner at a hotel with a strange landlady. She would be let off. If Theobald would only let her be let off, she would order it any day and

Theobald was not to be put off with that. He was master now. Had not Chris-

Christina less than two hours ago promised solemnly to honour and obey him, and was she turning restive over such a trifle as this? The loving smile departed from his face, and was succeeded by a scowl which that old Turk, his father, might have envied. 'Stuff and nonsense, my dearest Christina', he exclaimed mildly, and stamped his foot upon the floor of the carriage. 'It is a wife's duty to order her husband's dinner; you are my wife, and I shall expect you to order mine'. Theobald was nothing if he was not logical.

The bride began to cry, and said he was unkind; whereon he said nothing, but revolved unutterable things in his heart. Was this, then, the end of his six years of unflagging devotion? Was it for this that when Christina had offered to let him off he had stuck to his engagement? Was this the outcome of her talks about duty and spiritual-mindedness—that now upon the very day of her marriage she should fail to see that the first step in obedience to God lay in obedience to himself? He would drive back to Crampsford; he would complain to Mr and Mrs Allaby; he didn't mean to have married Christina; he hadn't married her; it was all a hideous dream; he would—But a voice kept ringing in his ears which said: 'YOU CAN'T, CAN'T, CAN'T.' 'CAN'T I?' screamed the unhappy creature to himself. 'No', said the remorseless voice, 'YOU CAN'T. YOU ARE A MARRIED MAN.'

He rolled back in his corner of the carriage and for the first time felt how iniquitous were the marriage laws of England.