

short man standing on each of his feet for the quarter of an hour immediately preceding.

"It is indeed a noble and a brilliant sight," said Mr Snodgrass, in whose bosom a blaze of poetry was rapidly bursting forth.

"We are in a capital situation now," said Mr Pickwick, looking round him. The crowd had gradually dispersed in their immediate vicinity, and they were nearly alone.

"Capital!" echoed both Mr Snodgrass and Mr Winkle.

"What are they doing now?" inquired Mr Pickwick, adjusting his spectacles.

"I—I—rather think," said Mr Winkle, changing colour—"I rather think they're going to fire."

"Nonsense," said Mr Pickwick, hastily.

"I—I—really think they are," urged Mr Snodgrass, somewhat alarmed.

"Impossible," replied Mr Pickwick. He had hardly uttered the word, when the whole half-dozen regiments levelled their muskets as if they had but one common object, and that object the Pickwickians, and burst forth with the most awful and tremendous discharge that ever shook the earth to its centre, or an elderly gentleman off his.

It was in this trying situation, exposed to a galling fire of blank cartridges, and harassed by the operations of the military, a fresh body of whom had begun to fall in on the opposite side, that Mr Pickwick displayed that perfect coolness and self-possession, which are the indispensable accompaniments of a great mind. He seized Mr Winkle by the arm, and placing himself between that gentleman and Mr Snodgrass, earnestly besought them to remember that beyond the possibility of being

rendered deaf by the noise, there was no immediate danger to be apprehended from the firing.

"But—but—suppose some of the men should happen to have ball cartridges by mistake," remonstrated Mr Winkle, pallid at the supposition he was himself conjuring up. "I heard something whistle through the air just now—so sharp; close to my ear."

"We had better throw ourselves on our faces, hadn't we?" said Mr Snodgrass.

"No, no—it's over now," said Mr Pickwick. His lip might quiver, and his cheek might blanch, but no expression of fear or concern escaped the lips of that immortal man.

Mr Pickwick was right: the firing ceased; but he had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the accuracy of his opinion, when a quick movement was visible in the line: the hoarse shout of the word of command ran along it, and before either of the party could form a guess at the meaning of this new manœuvre, the whole of the half-dozen regiments, with fixed bayonets, charged at double quick time down upon the very spot on which Mr Pickwick and his friends were stationed.

Man is but mortal: and there is a point beyond which human courage cannot extend. Mr Pickwick gazed through his spectacles for an instant on the advancing mass and then fairly turned his back and—we will not say fled; firstly, because it is an ignoble term, and, secondly, because Mr Pickwick's figure was by no means adapted for that mode of retreat—he trotted away, at as quick a rate as his legs would convey him; so quickly, indeed, that he did not perceive the awkwardness of his situation, to the full extent, until too late.

The opposite troops, whose falling-in had perplexed

Mr Pickwick a few seconds before, were drawn up to repel the mimic attack of the sham besiegers of the citadel; and the consequence was that Mr Pickwick and his two companions found themselves suddenly inclosed between two lines of great length, the one advancing at a rapid pace, and the other firmly waiting the collision in hostile array.

"Hoi!" shouted the officers of the advancing line.
 "Get out of the way!" cried the officers of the stationary one.

"Where are we to go to?" screamed the agitated Pickwickians.

"Hoi-hoi-hoi!" was the only reply. There was a moment of intense bewilderment, a heavy tramp of footsteps, a violent concussion, a smothered laugh; the half-dozen regiments were half a thousand yards off, and the soles of Mr Pickwick's boots were elevated in air.

Mr Snodgrass and Mr Winkle had each performed a compulsory somerset with remarkable agility, when the first object that met the eyes of the latter as he sat on the ground, staunching with a yellow silk handkerchief the stream of life which issued from his nose, was his venerated leader at some distance off, running after his own hat, which was gambolling playfully away in perspective.

There are very few moments of a man's existence when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is, to keep gently up with

the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head: smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.

There was a fine gentle wind, and Mr Pickwick's hat rolled sportively before it. The wind puffed, and Mr Pickwick puffed, and the hat rolled over and over as merrily as a lively porpoise in a strong tide; and on it might have rolled, far beyond Mr Pickwick's reach, had not its course been providentially stopped, just as that gentleman was on the point of resigning it to its fate.

Mr Pickwick, we say, was completely exhausted, and about to give up the chase, when the hat was blown with some violence against the wheel of a carriage, which was drawn up in a line with half-a-dozen other vehicles on the spot to which his steps had been directed. Mr Pickwick, perceiving his advantage, darted briskly forward, secured his property, planted it on his head, and paused to take breath.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Pickwick Papers*

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Note where the parts of these sentences do not agree, and make the necessary corrections:

- (i) A long perspective of red coats and white trousers were all that they could see.
- (ii) The perfect coolness and self-possession of Mr Pickwick is well worth recording.
- (iii) That low roar of many voices which usually announce the arrival of something important ran through the crowd.

B

- (iv) The manoeuvres of a whole army were to be inspected by the commander-in-chief.
- (v) *The Pickwick Papers* were written by Charles Dickens.
- (vi) Neither Mr Winkle nor Mr Snodgrass were pleased when the firing began.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Search out in your dictionary the meanings of any words that are new to you; then use each of the following phrases in a complete sentence:

- (i) violent concussion; (ii) air of mysterious solemnity; (iii) assignable cause or reason; (iv) some facetious gentleman; (v) last extreme of human torture; (vi) unaccountable absence.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Read the following passage carefully, and then rewrite, inserting full stops, commas, and capital letters where necessary:

everything indicated that the coming event was one of no ordinary importance there were the sentries keeping the ground the servants attending to the wants of the ladies and the sergeants running here there and everywhere Colonel Bulder himself was there with a very red face as if to show that it was indeed a very special occasion Mr Pickwick and his companions secured a place in the front row and waited patiently for two hours.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Use your dictionary to find simpler words to take the place of those words or phrases printed in italics. Rewrite the whole piece, substituting the words you have found. Then compare your version with the original. Which do you prefer?

There are very few moments in a man's *existence* when he experiences so much *ludicrous distress*, or meets with so little *charitable commiseration*, as when he is *in pursuit* of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a *peculiar degree* of judgment, are *requisite* in catching a hat. A man must not be

precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush to the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is, to keep gently up with the *object of pursuit*, to be *wary* and *cautious*, to watch your *opportunity* well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Notice in the passage given in Exercise (D) that Dickens uses long and difficult words, but at the end writes very plainly and simply. Why is this?
- (ii) Write all you can about "Catching a Runaway Hat."
- (iii) Suppose yourself to have been with Mr Pickwick between the two lines of troops; write down your thoughts at the moment when one line commenced to advance, and describe your feelings when the advance was over.
- (iv) How would you prove to a dull boy that this extract is funny?
- (v) Draw a diagram showing the disposition of the troops at the review, and how Mr Pickwick and his friends got into difficulties.
- (vi) With the help of your atlas draw a sketch-map showing Rochester and the adjoining towns.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin!
 You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease?
 Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council;

At length the Mayor broke silence:

"For a guildler I'd mine ermine gown sell,

I wish I were a mile hence!

It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—

I'm sure my poor head aches again,

I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

Just as he said this, what should hap

At the chamber door but a gentle tap?

"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,

Looking little, though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister

Than a too-long-opened oyster,

Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous

For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?

Anything like the sound of a rat

Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

"Come in"—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:

And in did come the strangest figure!

II

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,

By famous Hanover city;

The river Weser, deep and wide,

Washes its wall on the southern side;

A pleasanter spot you never spied;

But, when begins my ditty,

Almost five hundred years ago,

To see the townfolk suffer so

From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,

And bit the babies in the cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,

And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,

Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats

By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking

In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking:

"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;

And as for our Corporation—shocking!

To think we buy gowns lined with ermine

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin!
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire:
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grand sire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
 stone!"

He advanced to the council-table:

And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm, to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep or swim or fly or run,
 After me so as you never saw!
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole and toad and newt and viper;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same check;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 I eased in Asia the Nizam
 Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
 And as for what your brain bewilders,
 If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.
 Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:

Which was: "At the first shrill notes of the
pipe,

I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:

And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks;
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nunchcon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-punchcon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hook;
And half the money would replenish

Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.

To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

"Besides," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;

We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink

From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;

But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.

Besides, our losses have made us thrifty:
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried

"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!

I've promised to visit by dinner-time

Bagdat, and accept the prime

Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,

For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet,
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back,
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However, he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say all? No! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
 "It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft
 Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 Which the Piper also promised me.
 For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 Joining the town and just at hand,
 Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
 With those who think the candles come too soon,
 Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
 Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass;
 Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
 One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
 Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
 At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
 To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
 Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

LEIGH HUNT

II

THE poetry of earth is never dead :

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the hearth there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

JOHN KEATS

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Without changing the sense, substitute other words for those printed in italics:

FOUR POEMS

- (i) The *occasion* is divine.
- (ii) The *presence* in the room.
- (iii) Sullen with *mistrust*.
- (iv) Harangued the *tremblers*.
- (v) Green little *vaulter*.
- (vi) The summoning *brass*.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine and group these sentences so as to form a flowing piece of composition.

The grasshopper rejoices in the sultry days of June. He jumps about in the grass. His is the only voice we hear in the heat of midday. Then even the bees are languid. The cricket loves the fire. He hates to see the candles come. His cheerful tune marks those happy moments spent round the fire. One belongs to the fields. The other belongs to the hearth. Both are full of sunshine. Both bring us a message of joy.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Arrange in poetical form and punctuate:

Jaffār the Barmecide the good Vizier the poor man's hope the friend without a peer Jaffār was dead slain by a doom unjust and guilty Haroun sullen with mistrust of what the good and e'en the bad might say ordained that no man living from that day should dare to speak his name on pain of death all Araby and Persia held their breath.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Study carefully the rhythm of the following lines. Mark the accented syllables as in this example:

And hold | the giv | er as | thou deem | est fit
[UNACCENTED] [ACCENTED]

- (i) He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
 The caliph's judgment shall be master still."

Mr Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengens in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr Tupman.

"I!" exclaimed Mr Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler.

"Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny William," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'im'n the ribbins." "Shiny William"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-o!" cried Mr Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo-o!" echoed Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'im'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just kitch hold on him, William." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'im'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler,— "Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to anyone seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What *can* he mean by this?" said Mr Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manœuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr Tupman; "it *looks* very like shying, don't it?" Mr Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr Pickwick.

"Wool!" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," said Mr Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, "pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr Winkle soothingly,— "poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory state of things under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time. "What am I to do? I can't get on him."