

# **WALKING ESSAYS**

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Walking Essays by A. H. Sidgwick

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**A. H. SIDGWICK**

**WALKING  
ESSAYS**



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# WALKING ESSAYS

BY

ARTHUR  
HUGH  
A. H. SIDGWICK

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1912

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## DEDICATION

### COMITIBUS

*O you who walked the ways with me  
On hill and plain and hollow :  
I ask your pardon, frank and free,  
For all the things that follow.  
Let me at least make one thing clear ;  
In these—I know no name for them—  
These dreary talks on futile themes,  
Dim visions from a dullard's dreams,  
At least you take no blame for them.*

*You cheered my heart, made short the road,  
And kept me philanthropic ;  
I only write this little ode  
Which desecrates the topic.  
You trode with me the mountain ridge  
And clove the cloud wreaths over it ;  
I take the web of memories  
We wove beneath the summer skies  
And lo ! the ink-spots cover it.*

## WALKING ESSAYS

*How vain my effort, how absurd,  
Considered as a symbol!  
How lame and dull the written word  
To you the swift and nimble!  
How alien to the walker's mind,  
Earth-deep, heaven-high, unfillable,  
These petty snarls and jests ill-laid  
And all the profitless parade  
Of pompous polysyllable!*

*But yet, I feel, though weak my phrase,  
My rhetoric though rotten,  
At least our tale of Walks and Days  
Should not go unforgotten;  
At least some printed word should mark  
The walker and his wanderings,  
The strides which lay the miles behind  
And lap the contemplative mind  
In calm, unfathomed ponderings.*

*And one rebuke I need not fear  
From those of our profession,  
That Walking Essays should appear  
To be one long digression.  
Let others take the hard high-road  
And earn its gift, callosity:  
For us the path that twists at will  
Through wood and field, and up the hill  
In easy tortuosity.*



## DEDICATION

*Therefore, companions of the boot,  
Joint-heirs of wind and weather,  
In kindness take this little fruit  
Of all our walks together.  
For aught it has of wit or truth  
I reckon you my creditors ;  
Its dulness, errors, want of taste,  
Inconsequence, may all be placed  
To my account, the editor's.*

*And haply as you skim the work  
In skilled, eclectic hurry,  
Some word may find the place where lurk  
Your memories of Surrey ;  
Or, as you read and doze and droop  
Well on the way to slumberland,  
Before you some dim shapes will float,  
Austere, magnificent, remote,  
Their Majesties of Cumberland.*

*Dream but awhile : and clouds will lift  
To show the peaks at muster,  
The driving shadows shape and shift  
Before the hill-wind's bluster :  
Below far down the earth lies spread  
With all its care and fretfulness,  
But here the crumpled soul unfolds,  
And every rock-strewn gully holds  
The waters of Forgetfulness.*

## WALKING ESSAYS

*So dream ; and through your dreams shall roll  
The rhythm of limbs free-striding,  
Which moulds your being to a whole  
And heals the world's dividing ;  
So dream, and you shall be a man  
Free on the open road again ;  
So dream the long night through, and wake  
With better heart to rise and take  
The burden of your load again.*

## PREFATORY NOTES

1. I HAVE to thank two friends, who read or listened to large portions of this work, for their sympathy, long-suffering, and good advice, and to acquit them of all further complicity.

2. I must also thank a fellow-walker, who, on Maundy Thursday of 1910, as we climbed the road out of Marlborough into Savernake Forest, suggested to me the magnificent quotation from Cicero which heads the essay on Walking and Music.

3. I have stolen the substance of one epigram from an *obiter dictum* in 'My System for Ladies,' by J. P. Müller; but it was too good to miss.

4. None of the remarks about beer apply to Munich beer.

A. H. S.

*August 1912.*