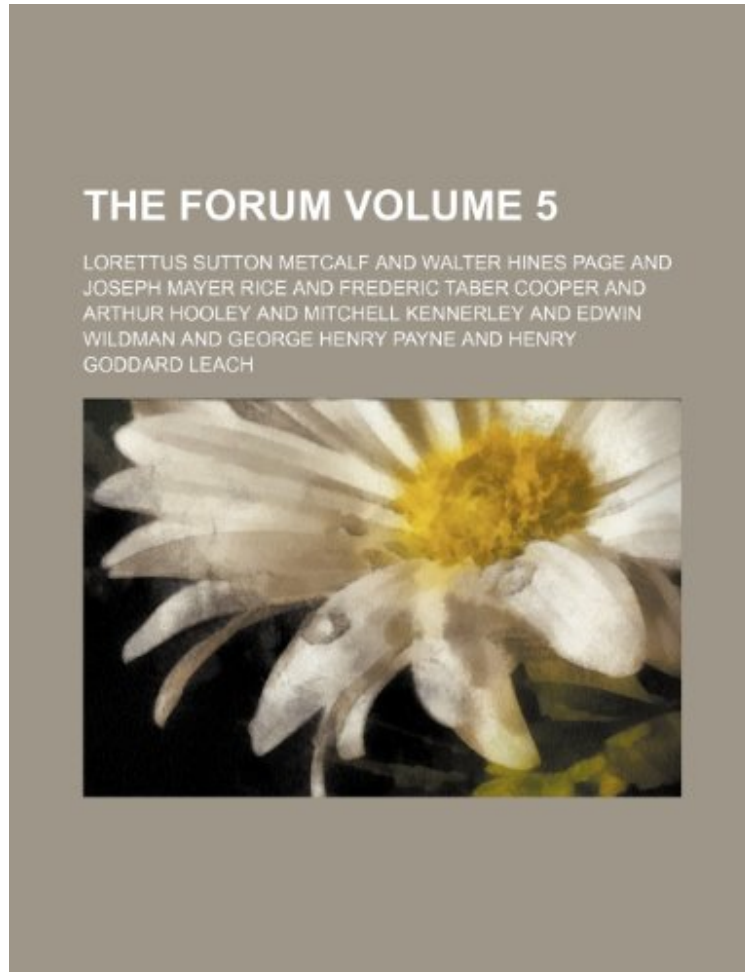


The Forum Volume 5

Lorettus Sutton Metcalf

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Lorettus Sutton Metcalf : The Forum Volume 5 before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Forum Volume 5:

This historic book may have numerous typos and missing text. Purchasers can download a free scanned copy of the original book (without typos) from the publisher. Not indexed. Not illustrated. 1887 Excerpt: ... and tails aloft Cattle in a field, however well-worn the public way across, make that field taboo; for is not each dull, slow, grazing ox, each mild-eyed "milky mother of the herd," each tangled polled yearling calf, as dangerous as a wild bull, "man-mad," and to be approached only with caution and in force? That distant, barking collie; that restless, neighing horse prancing up to the gap in the hedge, through which he thrusts his sociably inquisitive nose; that wayside encampment of traveling gypsies--all the circumstances of the country are so many causes of fear to the timid pedestrian, beating along the

public road for a constitutional, and taking no pleasure in what she sees. The sweetness of the wayside flowers, the charm of the distant landscape, the clouds and the colors of the glorious sky, the infinite loveliness all around--nothing of this wins her from her self-made torments, and her very dread of danger creates that thing she fears. In a carriage she fares no better. Up hill she is sure the horses will jib; down hill they will slip and fall, or the pole will break, and then Heaven have mercy on her soul! On the plain road, put to a sharp trot they will run away; indeed, they are running away. If they whisk their tails they are about to kick; if they cock their ears they are sure to shy. She screams at the smallest difference between them and their driver; and when they have to meet another carriage, or pass a lumbering cart, she pinches her companion black and blue in the spasm of her fear. She has been known to stand up in her carriage looking out for the big stones in the road,-when she shrieks out her warning to the coachman, who probably wonders why her friends do not put her into a lunatic asylum, for which she is ripe....