

---

Perhaps no more interesting picture of the man himself, nor any better praise for his Journal can be found than that in the following from the poet Southey, which I have already quoted in "Along the Labrador Coast," but it is worth quoting again:

"I saw Major Cartwright (the sportsman, not the patriot) in 1791. I was visiting with the Lambs, at Hampstead, in Kent, at the house of Hodges, his brother-in-law; we had nearly finished dinner when he came in. He desired the servant to cut him a plate of beef from the side-board. I thought the footman meant to insult him: the plate was piled to a height which no ploughboy after a hard day's fasting could have levelled; but the moment he took up his knife and fork and arranged the plate, I saw this was no common man. A second and third supply soon vanished. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, who had never before seen him, glanced at each other; but Tom and I, with school boys' privilege, kept our eyes riveted upon him with what Doctor Butt would have called the gaze of admiration. 'I see you have been looking at me' (said he, when he had done). 'I have a very great appetite. I once fell in with a stranger in the shooting season and we dined together at an inn. There was a leg of mutton which he did not touch. I never make more than two cuts off a leg of mutton; the first takes all one side, the second all the other; and when I had done this, I laid the bone across my knife for the marrow. The stranger could refrain no