

railway station at all
near it, & only 117
inhabitants in Helmscott
a hoary sleepy old lump
of beehives as ever you
saw. From a distance
~~the~~ ^{the thatches} look like so many
pussycats asleep in
the sun, and as if when
you stroked them they would
purrr. The room I am
writing in is hung round
with old tapestries
which have always
been here no doubt,
and tell grimly enough
the history of Samson,
from his rending of
the lion to his sitting
comfortably while his
eyes are gouged out, with

a barber's basin at
his feet containing
his shorn locks, & the
amiable Dalilah
hard by, engaged in
a commercial trans-
action with a Philistin
captain, whose armor
has been made large
in front as for a
successful man. I
confess that the problems
connected with many
details in this tapestry
would for years with
me baffle all attempts
at embodying my own
ideas in their presence.
The fixed gaze of abstract
Thought is apt to encounter
the biceps of Samson