

Darwin sent the following inquiry through Dr. Hooker, afterwards Sir Joseph Hooker, and it reached Borrow through his friend Thomas Brightwell :

Is there any Dog in Spain closely like our English Pointer, in *shape* and size, and *habits*,—namely in pointing, backing, and not giving tongue. Might I be permitted to quote Mr. Borrow's answer to the query? Has the improved English pointer been introduced into Spain?

C. DARWIN.

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C. Darwin

FACSIMILE OF A COMMUNICATION FROM CHARLES DARWIN
TO GEORGE BORROW.

Borrow took constant holidays during these Oulton days. We have elsewhere noted his holidays in Eastern Europe, in the Isle of Man, in Wales, and in Cornwall. Letters from other parts of England would be welcome,

stooping a little, engaged in reading a small volume held close to his eyes. Something Yorkshire about his powerful build, but little tolerance or benevolence in his expression. A fine, strongly marked clean shaven face, but with no kindness or sense of humour indicated in its lines. In loosely made broadcloth he gave the idea of a nonconformist minister—a Unitarian, judging from the intellectuality betrayed in his countenance. To me he was always civil and, even, genial, for he did not know that I was a writing fellow. But to others casually met he seemed to be invariably and intolerably rude. He could not brook contradiction—particularly on religious topics. He was an earnest believer. But it was in the God of Battles that he believed. And he would be delighted at any time to prove in a stand-up fight the honesty of his convictions. In the union of a deep religious fervour with an overwhelming love of fighting—sheer physical hand-to-hand fighting—he was an interesting study. In this curious blending of what appear to be opposite qualities he resembled General Gordon, who, by the way, was a cousin of Dr. Gordon Hake at whose place I met Borrow.

He was a splendid liar too. Not in the ordinary domestic meaning of the word. But he lied largely, picturesquely, like Baron Munchausen. That is one of the reasons that he did not take to the literary persons whom he met at Hake's. Perhaps he was afraid that some of them would steal his thunder, or perhaps he had a contempt for their serious pose. But to those whom he did not suspect of literary leanings he lied delightfully. That fine boys' book, *The Bible in Spain*, is, I should say, chiefly lies. I have heard him reel off adventures as amazing as any in the Spanish reminiscences, related as having happened on the very Common which we were crossing. Theodore Watts, who first met Borrow at Hake's, appears to have got on all right with him. But then Watts would get on with anybody. Besides, the two men had a common topic in Romany lore. But toward the literary man in general his attitude was pretty much that of Carlyle. He was contemptuous towards those who followed his own trade.

At one moment of the correspondence we obtain an interesting glimpse of a great man of science. Mr.