

Section 2 :: Crossing over

On Travelling

A.W. Kinglake

Eothen, p. 16

To taste the cold breath of the earliest morn, and to lead or follow your bright cavalcade till sunset through forests and mountain passes, through valleys and desolate plains, all this becomes your MODE OF LIFE, and you ride, eat, drink and curse the mosquitoes as systematically as your friends in England eat, drink and sleep. If you are wise you will not look upon the long period of time thus occupied in actual movement as the mere gulf dividing you from the end of your journey, but rather as one of those rare and plastic seasons of your life from which perhaps, in after-times, you may love to date the moulding of your character – that is, your very identity.