

# The Wind in the Willows—Chapter 8: Toad's Adventures

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[ 0 : 0 0 ] Chapter 8 Toad's Adventures When Toad found himself immured in a dank and noisome dungeon, and knew that all the grim darkness of a medieval fortress lay between him and the outer world of sunshine and well-metalled high roads, where he had lately been so happy to sport himself as if he had bought up every road in England, he flung himself at full length on the floor and shed bitter tears, and abandoned himself to dark despair. This is the end of everything, he said. At least it is the end of the career of Toad, which is the same thing, the popular and handsome Toad, the rich and hospitable Toad, the Toad so free and careless and debonair. How can I hope to be ever set at large again, he said, who have been imprisoned so justly for stealing so handsome a motor car in such an audacious manner, and for such lurid and imaginative cheek, bestowed upon such a number of fat, red-faced policemen, here his sobs choked him, stupid animal that I was, he said, now I must languish in this dungeon till people who are proud to say they knew me have forgotten the very name of Toad. O wise badger, he said, O clever, intelligent rat and sensible mole, what sound judgments, what a knowledge of men and matters you possess, O unhappy and forsaken Toad.

With lamentations such as these he passed his days and nights for several weeks, refusing his meals or intermediate light refreshments, though the grim and ancient jailer, knowing that Toad's pockets were well lined, frequently pointed out that many comforts, and indeed luxuries, could by arrangement be sent in, at a price, from outside. Now the jailer had a daughter, a pleasant wench and good-hearted, who assisted her father in the lighter duties of his post. She was particularly fond of animals, and besides her canary, whose cage hung on a nail in the massive wall of the keep by day, to the great annoyance of prisoners who relished and aftered in a nap, and were shrouded in an antimicassar on the parlour table at night, she kept several piebald mice and a restless revolving squirrel. This kind-hearted girl, pitying the misery of Toad, said to her father one day, Father, I can't bear to see that poor beast so unhappy and getting so thin. You let me have the managing of him. You know how fond of animals I am. I'll make him eat from my hand, and sit up, and do all sorts of things. Her father replied that she could do what she liked with him. He was tired of Toad, and his sulks, and his airs, and his meanness. So that day she went on her errand of mercy, and knocked at the door of Toad's cell. Now cheer up, Toad, she said coaxingly on entering, and sit up, and dry your eyes, and be a sensible animal, and do try and eat a bit of dinner. See,

I've brought you some of mine, hot from the oven. It was bubble and squeak, between two plates, and its fragrance filled the narrow cell. The penetrating smell of cabbage reached the nose of Toad as he lay prostrate in his misery on the floor, and gave him the idea for a moment that perhaps life was not such a bleak and desperate thing as he had imagined. But still he wailed and kicked with his legs, and refused to be comforted. So the wise girl retired for the time, but of course a good deal of the smell of hot cabbage remained behind, as it will do, and Toad between his sobs, sniffed, and reflected, and gradually began to think new and inspiring thoughts, of chivalry and poetry, and deeds still to be done, of broad meadows and cattle browsing in them, raked by sun and wind, of kitchen gardens, and straight herb borders, and warm snapdragons beset by bees, and of the comforting clink of dishes set down on the table of Toad Hall, and the scrape of chair legs on the floor, as every one pulled himself close up to his work. The air of the narrow cell took a rosy tinge. He began to think of his friends, and how they would surely be able to do something, of lawyers, and how they would have enjoyed his case, and what an ass he had been not to get in a few. And lastly he thought of his own great cleverness and resource, and all that he was capable of, if only he gave his great mind to it, and the cure was almost complete. When the girl returned, some hours later, she carried a tray, with a cup of fragrant tea steaming on it, and a plate piled up with very hot buttered toast, cut thick, very brown on both sides, with the butter running through the holes in it, in great golden drops, like honey from the honeycomb. The smell of that buttered toast simply talked to Toad, and with no uncertain voice, talked of warm kitchens, of breakfasts on bright frosty mornings, of cosy parlour firesides on winter evenings, when one's ramble was over, and slippered feet were propped on the fender, of the purring of contented cats, and the twitter of sleepy canaries. Toad sat up on end once more, dried his eyes, sipped his tea, and munched his toast, and soon began talking freely about himself, and the house he lived in, and his doings there, and how important he was, and what a lot of his friends thought of him. The jailer's daughter saw that the topic was doing him as much good as the tea, as indeed it was, and encouraged him to go on.

Tell me about Toad Hall, said she, it sounds beautiful. Toad Hall, said the toad proudly, is an eligible, self-contained gentleman's residence, very unique, dating in part from the 14th century, but replete with every modern convenience, up-to-date sanitation, five minutes from church, post office, and golf links, suitable for- Bless the animal, said the girl laughing. I don't want to take it. Tell me something real about it. But first wait till I fetch you some more tea and toast.

She tripped away and presently returned with a fresh trayful, and Toad, pitching into the toast with avidity, his spirits quite restored to their usual level, told her about the boathouse, and the fish pond, and the old walled kitchen garden, and about the pigsties, and the stables, and the pigeon house, and the hen house, and about the dairy, and the wash house, and the china cupboards, and the linen presses. She liked that bit especially. And about the banqueting hall, and the fun they had there when the other animals were gathered round the table, and Toad was at his best, singing songs, telling stories, carrying on generally. Then she wanted to know about his animal friends, and was very interested in all that he had to tell her about them, and how they lived, and what they did to pass their time.

[ 6 : 58 ] Of course, she did not say she was fond of animals as pets, because she had the sense to see that Toad would be extremely offended. When she said goodnight, having filled his water jug and shaken up his straw for him, Toad was very much the same sanguine, self-satisfied animal that he had been of old.

He sang a little song or two, of the sort he used to sing at his dinner parties, curled himself up in the straw, and had an excellent night's rest, and the pleasantest of dreams. They had many interesting talks together after that, as the dreary days went on, and the jailer's daughter grew very sorry for Toad, and thought it a great shame that a poor little animal should be locked up in prison for what seemed to her a very trivial offence. Toad, of course, in his vanity, thought that her interest in him proceeded from a growing tenderness, and he could not help half regretting that the social gulf between them was so very wide, for she was a comely lass, and evidently admired him very much.

One morning the girl was very thoughtful, and answered at random, and did not seem to Toad to be paying proper attention to his witty sayings and sparkling comments. Toad, she said presently, just listen please, I have an aunt who is a washerwoman.

There, there, said Toad graciously and affably, never mind, think no more about it, I have several aunts who ought to be washerwomen. Do be quiet a minute, Toad, said the girl, you talk too much, that's your chief fault, and I'm trying to think, and you hurt my head. As I said, I have an aunt who is a washerwoman. She does the washing for all the prisoners in this castle. We try to keep any paying business of that sort in the family, you understand. She takes out the washing on Monday morning, and brings it in on Friday evening. This is a Thursday. Now, this is what occurs to me.

You're very rich, at least you're always telling me so, and she's very poor. A few pounds wouldn't make any difference to you, and it would mean a lot to her. Now, I think if she were properly approached, squared, I believe, is the word you animals use, you could come to some arrangement by which she would let you have her dress and bonnet and so on, and you could escape from the castle as the official washerwoman. You're very alike in many respects, particularly about the figure. We're not, said the Toad in a hub. I have a very elegant figure, for what I am.

[ 9 : 27 ] So has my aunt, replied the girl, for what she is. But have it your own way, you horrid, proud, ungrateful animal, when I'm sorry for you and trying to help you.

Yes, yes, that's all right. Thank you very much indeed, said the Toad hurriedly. But look here, you wouldn't surely have Mr. Toad of Toad Hall going about the country disguised as a washerwoman.

Then you can stop here as a Toad, replied the girl with much spirit. I suppose you want to go off in a coach and four. Honest Toad was always ready to admit himself in the wrong. You are a good, kind, clever girl, he said, and I am indeed a proud and a stupid Toad. Introduce me to your worthy aunt, if you would be so kind, and I have no doubt that the excellent lady and I will be able to arrange terms satisfactory to both parties. Next evening, the girl ushered her aunt into Toad's cell, bearing his week's washing pinned up in a towel. The old lady had been prepared beforehand for the interview, and the sight of certain gold sovereigns that Toad had thoughtfully placed on the table in full view practically completed the matter, and left little further to discuss. In return for his cash, Toad received a cotton print gown, an apron, a shawl, and a rusty black bonnet.

The only stipulation the old lady made being that she should be gagged and bound and dumped down in a corner. By this not very convincing artifice, she explained, aided by picturesque fiction which she could supply herself, she hoped to retain her situation, in spite of the suspicious appearance of things. Toad was delighted with the suggestion. It would enable him to leave the prison in some style, and with his reputation for being a desperate and dangerous fellow untarnished, and he readily helped the jailer's daughter to make her aunt appear as much as possible the victim of circumstances over which she had no control.

Now it's your turn, Toad, said the girl. Take off that coat and waistcoat of yours. You're fat enough as it is. Shaking with laughter, she proceeded to hook and eye him into the cotton print gown, arranged the shawl with a professional fold and tied the strings of the rusty bonnet under his chin. You're the very image of her, she giggled. Only I'm sure you never looked half so respectable in all your life before.

[ 11 : 51 ] Now goodbye, Toad, and good luck. Go straight down the way you came up, and if anyone says anything to you, as they probably will, being but men, you can chaff back a bit, of course, but remember you're a widow woman, quite alone in the world, with a character to lose. With a quaking heart, but as firm a footstep as he could command, Toad set forth cautiously on what seemed to be a most harebrained and hazardous undertaking. But he was soon agreeably surprised to find how easy everything was made for him, and a little humbled at the thought that both his popularity and the sex that seemed to inspire it were really another's. The washerwoman's squat figure in its familiar cotton print seemed a passport for every barred door and grim gateway. Even when he hesitated, uncertain as to the right turning to take, he found himself helped out of his difficulty by the warder at the next gate, anxious to be off to his tea, summoning him to come along sharp and not keep him waiting there all night. The chaff and the humorous sallies to which he was subjected, and to which, of course, he had to provide prompt and effective reply, formed indeed his chief danger. For Toad was an animal with a strong sense of his own dignity, and the chaff was mostly, he thought, poor and clumsy, and the humor of the sallies entirely lacking. However, he kept his temper, though with great difficulty, suited his retorts to his company and his supposed character, and did his best not to overstep the limits of good taste.

It seemed hours before he crossed the last courtyard, rejected the pressing invitations from the last guardroom, and dodged the outspread arms of the last warder, pleading with simulated passion for just one farewell embrace. But at last he heard the wicker gate, in the great outer door click behind him, felt the fresh air of the outer world upon his anxious brow, and knew that he was free.

Dizzy with the easy success of his daring exploit, he walked quickly towards the lights of the town, not knowing in the least what he should do next, only quite certain of one thing, that he must remove himself as quickly as possible from the neighbourhood where the lady he was forced to represent was so well known and so popular a character. As he walked along, considering, his attention was caught by some red and green lights a little way off, to one side of the town, and the sound of the puffing and snorting of engines and the banging of shunted trucks fell on his ear. Aha, he thought, this is a piece of luck.

A railway station is the thing I want most in the whole world at this moment, and what's more, I needn't go through the town to get it, and shan't have to support this humiliating character by repartees, which, though thoroughly effective, do not assist one's sense of self-respect.

He made his way to the station accordingly, consulted a timetable, and found that a train, bound more or less in the direction of his home, was due to start in half an hour.

[ 14 : 50 ] More luck, said Toad, his spirits rising rapidly, and went off to the booking office to buy his ticket. He gave the name of the station that he knew to be nearest to the village of which Toad Hall was the principal feature, and mechanically put his fingers, in search of the necessary money, where his waistcoat pocket should have been. But here the cotton gown, which had nobly stood by him so far, and which he had basely forgotten, intervened and frustrated his efforts. In a sort of nightmare, he struggled with the strange uncanny thing that seemed to hold his hands, turn all muscular strivings to water, and laugh at him all the time, while other travellers, forming up in a line behind, waited with impatience, making suggestions of more or less value and comments of more or less stringency and point. At last, somehow, he never rightly understood how, he burst the barriers, attained the goal, arrived at where all waistcoat pockets are eternally situated, and found not only no money, but no pocket to hold it, and no waistcoat to hold the pocket. To his horror, he recollected that he had left both coat and waistcoat behind him in his cell, and with them his pocketbook, money, keys, watch, matches, pencil case, all that makes life worth living, all that distinguishes the many-pocketed animal, the lord of creation, from the inferior one-pocketed or no-pocketed productions that harp or trip about permissively, unequipped for the real contest. In his misery, he made one desperate effort to carry the thing off, and with a return to his fine old manor, a blend of the squire and the college don, he said, Look here, I find I've left my purse behind. Just give me that ticket, will you, and I'll send the money on tomorrow. I'm well known in these parts. The clerk stared at him and the rusty black bonnet a moment, and then laughed. I should think you were pretty well known in these parts, he said, if you've tried this game on often. Here, stand away from the window, please, madam. You're obstructing the other passengers. An old gentleman who had been prodding him in the back for some moments here thrust him away, and what was worse addressed him as his good woman, which angered Toad more than anything that had occurred that evening. Baffled and full of despair, he wandered blindly down the platform where the train was standing, and tears trickled down each side of his nose. It was hard, he thought, to be within sight of safety and almost of home, and to be balked by the want of a few wretched shillings, and by the pettifogging mistrustfulness of paid officials. Very soon his escape would be discovered, the hunt would be up, he would be caught, reviled, loaded with chains, dragged back again to prison, and bread and water and straw, his guards and penalties would be doubled, and oh, what sarcastic remarks the girl would make. What was to be done? He was not swift of foot, his figure was unfortunately recognisable. Could he not squeeze under the seat of a carriage? He had seen this method adopted by schoolboys, when the journey money provided by thoughtful parents had been diverted to other and better ends. As he pondered, he found himself opposite the engine, which was being oiled, wiped, and generally caressed by its affectionate driver, a burly man with an oil can in one hand, and a lump of cotton waste in the other.

Hello, mother, said the engine driver. What's the trouble? You don't look particularly cheerful. Oh, sir, said Toad, crying afresh. I am a poor, unhappy washerwoman, and I've lost all my money, and can't pay for a ticket, and I must get home tonight somehow, and whatever am I to do, I don't know. Oh dear, oh dear. That's a bad business indeed, said the engine driver reflectively. Lost your money, and can't get home, and got some kids too waiting for you, I dare say. Any amount of them, sobbed Toad, and they'll be hungry and playing with matches and upsetting lamps, the little innocents, and quarrelling and going on generally. Oh dear, oh dear.

Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, said the good engine driver. You're a washerwoman to your trade, says you. Very well, that's that. And I'm an engine driver, as you may well see, and there's no denying it's terribly dirty work. Uses up a power of shirts, it does, till my missus is fair tired of washing of them. If you'll wash a few shirts for me when you get home, and send them along, I'll give you a ride on my engine. It's against company regulations, but we're not so very particular in these out-of-the-way parts. The Toad's misery turned into rapture, as he eagerly scrambled up into the cab of the engine.

Of course, he had never washed a shirt in his life, and couldn't if he tried, and anyhow, he wasn't going to begin. But he thought, when I get safely home to Toad Hall, and have money again, and pockets to put it in, I will send the engine driver enough to pay for quite a quantity of washing, and that will be the same thing, or better. The guard waved his welcome flag, the engine driver whistled in cheerful response, and the train moved out of the station. As the speed increased, and the Toad could see on either side of him real fields, and trees, and hedges, and cows, and horses, all flying past him. And as he thought how every minute was bringing him nearer to Toad Hall, and sympathetic friends, and money to chink in his pocket, and a soft bed to sleep in, and good things to eat, and praise and admiration at the recital of his adventures, and his surpassing cleverness, he began to skip up and down, and shout and sing snatches of song, to the great astonishment of the engine driver, who had come across washerwomen before, at long intervals, but never one at all like this. They had covered many and many a mile, and Toad was already considering what he would have for supper as soon as he got home, when he noticed that the engine driver, with a puzzled expression on his face, was leaning over the side of the engine and listening hard.

Then he saw him climb onto the coals, and gaze out over the top of the train. Then he returned and said to Toad, It's very strange, we're the last train running in this direction tonight, yet I could be sworn that I heard another following us. Toad ceased his frivolous antics at once, he became grave and depressed, and a dull pain in the lower part of his spine, communicating itself to his legs, made him want to sit down and try desperately not to think of all the possibilities.

[ 21 : 27 ] By this time the moon was shining brightly, and the engine driver, steadying himself on the coal, could command a view of the line behind them for a long distance. Presently he called out, I can see it clearly now. It is an engine, on our rails, coming along at great pace. It looks as if we're being pursued. The miserable Toad, crouching in the coal dust, tried hard to think of something to do, with dismal want of success.

They are gaining on us fast, cried the engine driver, and the engine is crowded with the queerest lot of people. Men like ancient warders, waving halberds, policemen in the helmets, waving truncheons, and shabbily dressed men in pot hats. Obvious and unmistakable plain-clothes detectives, even at this distance. Waving revolvers and walking sticks, all waving and all shouting the same thing. Stop! Stop! Stop!

Then Toad fell on his knees among the coals, and raising his clasp paws in supplication, cried, Save me! Only save me, dear, kind Mr. Engine Driver, and I will confess everything. I am not the simple washerwoman I seem to be. I have no children waiting for me, innocent or otherwise.

I am a Toad, the well-known and popular Mr. Toad, a landed proprietor. I have just escaped by my great daring and cleverness from a loathsome dungeon into which my enemies had flung me.

And if those fellows on that engine recapture me, it will be chains and bread and water and straw and misery once more for poor, unhappy, innocent Toad. The engine driver looked down upon him very sternly and said, Now tell the truth, what were you put in prison for?

[ 23 : 12 ] It was nothing very much, said poor Toad, colouring deeply. I only borrowed a motor car while the owners were at lunch. They had no need of it at the time. I didn't mean to steal it, really.

But people, especially magistrates, take such harsh views of thoughtless and high-spirited actions. The engine driver looked very grave and said, I fear that you have been indeed a wicked Toad, and by rights I ought to give you up to offended justice. But you are evidently in sore trouble and distress, so I will not desert you. I don't hold with motor cars, for one thing, and I don't hold with being ordered about by policemen when I'm on my own engine for another.

They piled on more coals, and the train shot into the tunnel, and the engine rushed and roared and rattled till at last they shot out at the other end, into fresh air and the peaceful moonlight, and saw the wood lying dark and helpful upon either side of the line. The driver shut off steam and put on brakes. The toad got down on the step, and as the train slowed down to almost a walking pace, he heard the driver call out, Now, jump! Toad jumped, rolled down a short embankment, picked himself up unhurt, scrambled into the wood, and hid. Peeping out, he saw his train get up speed again and disappear at a great pace. Then out of the tunnel burst the pursuing engine, roaring and whistling, her motley crew waving their various weapons and shouting, Stop! Stop! Stop!

[ 26 : 21 ] He dared not leave the shelter of the trees, so he struck into the wood, with the idea of leaving the railway as far as possible behind him. After so many weeks within walls, he found the wood strange and unfriendly and inclined, he thought, to make fun of him. Night jars sounding their mechanical rattle made him think that the wood was full of searching waters, closing in on him. An owl, swooping noiselessly towards him, brushed his shoulder with its wing, making him jump with the horrid certainty that it was a hand, then flitted off, moth-like, laughing its low hoo-hoo-hoo, which toad thought in very poor taste.

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