

Original Text:

62 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night

It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGU HUNT

JA*TAR

JAFFAR, the 13armeeide, the good Vizier,

The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,
Jaltar was dead, slain by a doom unjust:

And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust s

Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,
Ordained that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death —
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show |
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief,
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the seymitar,
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man
Was brought—was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords," cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffir delivered me;

Corrected Text:

62 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

However, he persisted cheerfully and pleaded, "Please then, let me be remembered as one who loves his fellow men."

The angel took note and disappeared. The following night it returned, bringing a great awakening light. It displayed the names of those whom lov

LEIGH HUNT

JAFFAR

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the noble Vizier, was a beacon of hope for the poor and an unparalleled friend. Jaffar met an untimely end, slaughtered by

Guilty Haroun, plagued by distrust over the potential talk of both well-intentioned and malicious individuals, decreed that from that day forward,

However, one individual dared to defy—brave Mondeer. Driven by a need to express the gratitude he held in his heart, Mondeer rose up in Bagh

"Bring me this man," ordered the caliph. The man was brought forward and bound by the caliph's servants. He welcomed the restraints, declaring

Original Text:
FOUR POEMS 68

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par

With his great self. How can I pay Jane?"

Hamm, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.

He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go: and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,

And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to thee, Jane's."

LEIGH Hunt.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

[ON a December day in 1816 Leigh Hunt suggested
to his friend and brother-poet, John Keats, that
they should both write, "then, there, and to time,"
a sonnet on the Grasshopper and the Cricket. The
following are the poems that they wrote.]

I

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,

Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,

When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;

Corrected Text:
FOUR POEMS 68

From desires, from disgraces, from loveless domestic anxieties;
They made a man's eyes friends with delightful tears;
They comforted me, adored me, considered me equal

To his great persona. How can I repay Jane?

Hamm, who recognized that even the strongest retribution could barely affect a soul like this,
Now chose to smile, as one influential force of destiny
Might smile upon another that's half as influential.

He said, "Let virtue grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment will persist to be dominant.
Go, and since you're so swayed by gifts, accept this jewel,
The most valuable in the Tartar's crown,

And consider the giver as you see fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He gratefully accepted; and while holding it
High towards the heavens, as though to reach his destiny,
Exclaimed, "This too I owe to Jane."

LEIGH Hunt.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET

On a December day in 1816 Leigh Hunt suggested
To his friend and fellow poet, John Keats, that
They should both compose, "then, there, and at that moment,"
A sonnet on the Grasshopper and the Cricket. The
Following are the poems that they wrote.

I

Green small jumper in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the sensation of June,
The only voice that's heard amid the languid noon,
When even the bees slow at the summoning brass.

Original Text:

64 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad, silent moments as they pass;
Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.
Lama Run

I

Tire poetry of earth is never dead :
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the hearth there shrills
The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems, to one in drowsiness half lost,
The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.
JOIEN KEATS

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Without changing the sense, substitute other words for those printed in italics:

Corrected Text:

64 Extracts and Exercises

You, warm little domestic, who aligns
With those who think the candles light too early,
Cherishing the fire, and with your playful melody
Mark the joyful, silent moments as they go by;

Oh sweet and tiny kin, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the home,
Both possess your sunshine; both, though small, are resilient
At your pure hearts; and both seem destined for the earth
To sing in reflective minds this innate song—
Inside and outside, in summer and winter, Joy.
Lama Run

I

The poetry of earth is never silent :
When all the birds are weary with the blazing sun,
And seek solace in cooling trees, a sound will echo
From boundary to boundary of the fresh-mowed meadow:
That is the grasshopper's—he takes the forefront
In summer indulgence,—he never tires
Of his activities, for when exhausted from enjoyment,
He rests at ease beneath some comforting plant.
The poetry of earth never ceases:
On a solitary winter evening, when the frost
Has created a silence, from the fireplace there resonates
The cricket's song, with warmth that increases,
And seems, to one in semi slumber,
The grasshopper's voice among some grassy hills.
John Keats

Exercises

(A) Word Use

Without changing the meaning, replace other words with those
highlighted in italics:

Original Text:
FOUR POEMS 65

(i) The occasion is divine.

(11) The presence in the room.

(111) Sullen with mistrust.

(iv) Harangued the tremblers.

(v) Green little vaulter.

(vi) The summoning brass.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine and group these sentences so as to form a flowing piece of composition.

The grasshopper rejoices in the sultry days of June. He jumps about in the grass. His is the only voice we hear in the heat of midday. Then even the bees are languid. The cricket loves the fire. He hates to see the candles come. His cheerful tune marks those happy moments spent round the fire. One belongs to the fields. The other belongs to the hearth. Both are full of sunshine. Both bring us a message of joy.

(C) PUNCTUATION Arrange in poetical form and punctuate:

Jaffa: the Barmecide the good Vizier the poor man's hope
the friend without a peer Jogar was dead slain by a doom
unjust and guilty Hamm sullen with mistrust of what the
good and e'en the bad might say ordained that no man living
from that day should dare to speak his name on pain of death
all Araby and Persia held their breath.

(I) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Study carefully the rhythm of the following lines. Mark the

accented syllables as in this enunple:

I

And hold I the g'v Cr as I thou deem : est fit

Ers.00.tlos inmnamo;

(1) He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;

The caliph's judgment shall be master still."

Corrected Text:

FOUR POEMS 65

(i) The occasion is divine.

(ii) The presence in the room.

(iii) Sullen with mistrust.

(iv) Harangues the tremblers.

(v) Green little vaulter.

(vi) The summoning brass.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

The grasshopper rejoices in the sultry days of June, jumping merrily in the grass. His voice is the only one we hear amid the heat of midday, a time

(C) PUNCTUATION

Jaffa, the Barmecide,
the good Vizier, the poor man's hope,
the friend without a peer.
Jogar was dead,
slain by an unjust and guilty doom.
Ham, sullen with mistrust of what
the good and even the bad might say,
ordained that no man living from that day
should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All of Araby and Persia held their breath.

(I) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Study carefully the rhythm of the following lines. Mark the accented syllables as in this example:

And hold the gavel as thou deemest fit.

In the following lines:

(1) He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be the master still."

Original Text:

66 * EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(11) The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air.

(ii1) Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace.

(iv) Oh sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth.

(R) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Write a prose description of the scene portrayed in The Glove
and the Liens.

(ii) If you had been De Lorge, what would you have done when
challenged to fetch the glove?

(ii1) Find out all the information you can concerning the grass-
hopper and cricket, and write a brief description of each.

(tv) What do you suppose the Caliph felt on receiving Mondccr's
answer?

(v) Notice the imitative effect of the line: Ramped

and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws.

When read aloud it suggests exactly the sounds which came

from the arena. You will find many more examples in the same
poem: mention the one which strikes you most forcibly.

(vi) Search in your dictionary for the meaning of the word
'repartee,' and then find an example of it from these poems.

Corrected Text:

66 * EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(11) The bloody foam above the bars whisked through the air.

(ii) Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

He woke one night from a deep dream of peace.

(iv) Sweet and tiny cousins, one belongs to the fields, the other to the hearth.

(R) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Write a prose description of the scene portrayed in "The Glove" and "The Lions."

(ii) If you were De Lorge, what would you have done when challenged to fetch the glove?

(iii) Gather as much information as you can about the grasshopper and the cricket, and write a brief description of each.

(iv) How do you suppose the Caliph felt upon receiving Mondcyr's reply?

(v) Notice the imitative effect of the line: "Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws." When read aloud, it directly suggests the sound of the lions.

(vi) Look up the meaning of 'repartee' in your dictionary, then find an example of it in these poems.

Original Text:

Vil

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE

MR PICKWICK found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries, began to disappear with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare, and the appetites of its consumers:

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?"

"Post-chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr Pickwick.

"True, sir—beg your pardon, sir—Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would like to ride, sir?" suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr Winkle; "very good saddle horses, sir--any of Mr Wardle's men coming to Rochester bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?" 6)

Corrected Text:

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE

Mr. Pickwick discovered that his three companions had already risen and were waiting for him to arrive to start.

"Now, about Manor Farm," initiated Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we get there?"

"Perhaps we should consult the waiter," suggested Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was called forthwith.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—post-chaise, sir?" proposed the waiter.

"A post-chaise can't hold more than two," responded Mr. Pickwick.

"Indeed, sir—I apologize, sir." The waiter reassessed. "We have a lovely four-wheeled chaise, sir—space for two in the back—one up front for th

"What's the solution?" asked Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen would consider riding a horse, sir?" The waiter suggested, eyeing Mr. Winkle. "We've fine saddle horses, sir. Any

"Perfect," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, would you agree to ride horseback?"

Original Text:

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Mr Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded: and the travellers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition,

Mr Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place liken wine-bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, bolding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr Winkle.

"Bless. my soul!" said Mr Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr Tupinan.

"I" exclaimed Mr Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler.

Corrected Text:

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Mr. Winkle did harbor considerable doubts deep within his heart about his equestrian skills. However, he did not want these doubts to be suspected.

Mr. Winkle had sealed his fate - there was no turning back. "Let them be ready at the door by eleven," Mr. Pickwick instructed.

"Very well, sir," responded the waiter.

The waiter excused himself and after concluding breakfast, the travelers retired to their individual rooms to prepare and gather a change of clothes.

Mr. Pickwick had made the preliminary arrangements and was peering through the coffee-room blinds at the bustling street when the waiter returned.

The vehicle was a quaint green four-wheeled box with a low seating area for two at the back and an elevated single seat at the front. It was pulled by a single horse.

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Pickwick exclaimed, standing on the pavement as their coats were loaded into the vehicle. "Bless my soul! Who's going to drive?"

"Oh! You, of course," Mr. Tupman suggested.

"I?" cried Mr. Pickwick in surprise.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," the stable hand reassured him.

Original Text:

[AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE 69

stant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr Pickwick.

"Shy, sir?—lie wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbius." "Shiny Villiam"—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo-ol" cried Mr Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"tiro-o!" echoed Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gcn'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr Winkle in mounting.

"Tother side, sir, if you please."

"Mowed if the gen'lm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much „difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr Pickwick, with an inward pre \ rid iment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr Winkle faintly.

Corrected Text:

[EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE 69

"Keep him calm, sir; even an infant could lead him," came the reply.

"Does he shy often?" Mr. Pickwick inquired.

"Shy, sir? He wouldn't even shy if he encountered a wagon load of monkeys with their tails burnt off."

The final recommendation appeared indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass climbed into the bin while Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch.

"Now, Shiny William," the hostler instructed the deputy hostler, "give the gentlemen the reins." Shiny William, named probably due to his glossy

"Whoa!" Mr. Pickwick exclaimed as the tall quadruped showed a clear tendency to back into the coffee-room window.

"Whoa!" Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass echoed from the bin.

"Just his playful nature, gentlemen," the head hostler reassured, "Hold him steady, William." The deputy managed to control the animal's enthusiasm.

"Other side, sir, if you please."

"Wouldn't believe it if the gentleman wasn't trying to mount from the wrong side," a snickering post-boy whispered to a thoroughly amused waiter.

With these instructions, Mr. Winkle navigated into his saddle with about the same level of difficulty as scaling the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"Is everything alright?" Mr. Pickwick asked, feeling deep within that everything was far from alright.

"All right," Mr. Winkle replied faintly.

Original Text:

70 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler.—"Hold him in, sir," and away went the chaise, and the saddle-horse, with Mr Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn-yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to anyone seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What can he mean by this?" said Mr Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr Tupman: "it looks very like shying, don't it?" Mr Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr Pickwick.

bint said that gentleman; "I have dropped my Ww p."

Corrected Text:

70 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"Let them go," cried the hostler. "Hold him in, sir!" And away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. P

"What makes him go sideways?" Mr. Snodgrass inquired from the bin, addressing Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was oddly drifting up the street — side first, its head directed towards one side of the street, and its

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe this peculiar behavior, or any other detail. All his faculties were concentrated on controlling his own steed.

In addition to persistently jerking its head upwards in a most uncomfortable manner and pulling the reins to an extent that made it difficult for Mr.

"What does he mean by this?" Mr. Snodgrass queried after the horse had performed this strange maneuver for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," Mr. Tupman responded. "It looks very much like shying, doesn't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply when a shout from Mr. Pic-

"Look," communicated the man. "I have dropped my whip."

Original Text:

[AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE 71

"Winkle," said Mr Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears, and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise, " pick up the whip, there's a good fellow."

Mr Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backwards to their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr Winkle soothingly " poor fellow—good old horse." The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr Winkle tried to get near him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory state of things under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time.
"What am I to do? I can't get on him."

Corrected Text:

[An Equestrian Adventure]

"Winkle," Mr. Snodgrass called out as the equestrian trotted up on his tall horse, his hat covering his ears. Win

Straining his face to a crimson hue, Mr. Winkle struggled with the tall horse's bridle until he managed to halt th

It was unclear whether the tall horse, perhaps due to its naturally playful temperament, sought some harmless amusement at Mr. Winkle's expense.

"Poor fellow," Mr. Winkle cooed sympathetically, "good old horse." His flattery, however, fell on indifferent ears, the "poor fellow" being immune to such praise.

"What am I to do?" Mr. Winkle shouted in frustration after a considerable passage of time. "How am I supposed to get on him?"

Original Text:

72 EXTRACTS ,AND EXERCISES

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't comet" roared Mr Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his scat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr Winkle and Mr Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise

Corrected Text:

72 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"You'd better lead him until we reach a turnpike," Mr. Pickwick replied from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" Mr. Winkle roared. "Please, come and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick embodied kindness and humanity. He cast the reins onto the horse's back. Then, he carefully disembarked from his seat and pulled

As soon as the horse saw Mr. Pickwick approaching with a chaise whip in hand, he switched his spinning motion for a determined retreat. This ab

"Heavens, the other horse is running away!" exclaimed a horrified Mr. Pickwick.

Unfortunately, he was correct. The second horse, startled by the noise and with reins lying loose on its back, bolted with the four-wheeled chaise.

Original Text:

AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE 78

behind him, and Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze on the ruin lie had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quick-set—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise

to its fate. OM/ILES DICKENS, The Pickwick Papers

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite this passage, avoiding any awkward repetition by the use of pronouns :

Mr Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of Mr Pickwick's faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities highly interesting to a bystander but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind the animal. Besides constantly jerking the animal's head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr Pickwick to hold the reins, the animal had a singular propensity for darting suddenly to the side, then stopping short and then rushing forward at a great speed.

Corrected Text:

EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE 78

Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass followed him in the four-wheeled chaise. The ride was brief. Mr. Tupman hurled

The first action of the two untouched friends was to help their unfortunate companions out of the hedge, which, to their immense satisfaction, rev

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite the following passage, avoiding awkward repetition by utilizing pronouns:

Overwhelmed by the task at hand, Mr. Pickwick had not the time to perceive his surroundings or anything specific, his focus consumed entirely b

Original Text:

VIII

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, Tho'
Merlin sware that I should come again To

rule once more—hut let what will be, be, I

am so deeply smitten thro' the helm

That without help I cannot last till morn.

Corrected Text:

VILL

THE DEATH OF ARTHUR

Throughout the day, the noise of battle rolled

Among the mountains by the sea in winter;

Until King Arthur's knights, one by one,

Had fallen in Lyonesse around their Lord,

King Arthur. Then, because his wound was severe,

The brave Sir Bedivere lifted him,

Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,

And carried him to a chapel near the battlefield,

A broken sanctuary with a damaged cross,

That stood on a bleak strip of barren land.

On one side was the Ocean, and on another,

Lay a large body of water, under the full moon.

Then King Arthur spoke to Sir Bedivere:

"Today's aftermath unravels all

The noblest fraternity of renowned knights

Of which this world holds record. They sleep

The sleep—the men I loved. I believe that we

Will never again, at any point in the future,

Delight our souls with tales of chivalrous deeds,

Wandering through the gardens and halls

Of Camelot, as in days gone by.

I am defeated by this people whom I created, although

Merlin swore that I would return to

Reign once more—but let what happens, happen. I

Am so severely struck through the helmet

That without assistance I cannot endure till dawn.

Original Text:
MORTE D'ARTHUR 77

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told

Tn aftertime, this also shall be known:

But now delay not: take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere:

Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:

"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.

A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the halt twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work '
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,

Corrected Text:

MORTE D'ARTHUR 77

"Take my sword, Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for you remember how
In those old days, one summer afternoon, an arm
Rose up from the heart of the lake,
Dressed in mystical and wonderful white samite,
Holding the sword. You remember how I rowed across,
Took it, and have worn it like a king.
And wherever I am celebrated or spoken of
In the future, this also shall be known.

But don't delay now: take Excalibur,
And cast it far into the middle of the lake.
Watch what you observe, and swiftly bring me news."

To him, the brave Sir Bedivere replied,
"It's not appropriate, Sir King, to leave you like this,
Helpless, alone, and struck through the helmet.
A minor thing may hurt a wounded man.
Yet I will fully execute your command,
Watch what I see, and swiftly bring you news."
So saying, he stepped away from the ruined shrine

And under the moon across the graveyard,
Where lay the strong bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and the sea-wind sang over them
Shrill, cold, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and points of jagged rock,
Reached the shiny levels of the lake.

There he drew out the sword Excalibur,
And above him, illuminating it, the winter moon,
Brightening the edges of a long cloud, ran out
And shone brightly with frost against the hilt;
For the entire hilt twinkled with sparks like diamonds,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and finely detailed jacinth work.
He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood.

Original Text:

78 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw: But at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur coneeal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags,

That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"Nast thou performed my mission winch I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"T heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
"Thou host betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing

I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, rued in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I east the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?)

Corrected Text:

78 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Divided in thought, poised to throw, he ultimately deemed it better to leave Excalibur hidden.

Nestled in the many-knotted water reeds,

Which whistled stalwartly at the water's edge.

He walked back slowly to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:

"Have you completed the task I assigned?

What have you observed? What news do you bring?"

In response, the brave Sir Bedivere said:

"I heard the ripples lapping against the reeds,

And the wild water crashing on the crag."

King Arthur, pale and weak, replied,

"You've betrayed your honor and your name,

Failing to deliver the truth as befits

Your oath of fealty, like a noble knight.

A sure sign would have followed, a hand gesture,

Or voice, or else some activity in the lake.

It is shameful for men to lie.

Yet now, I command you, go once more,

As you hold my favor and command,

And do the thing I asked you, vigilantly bring me news."

Sir Bedivere set off a second time

Across the ridge, and walked beside the lake,

Immersed in thought among the dewy pebbles.

But upon seeing the wonder of the hilt,

Strangely and intricately designed, he clapped

His hands together, and cried out.

"And if indeed I throw the sword away,

A thing of great value, worthy of note,

Should be lost forever from the earth,

Which could have delighted many.

What good would come of this, if it were done?"

Original Text:

rsIORTE D'ARTHUR 79

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Exealibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning, reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So splice he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Exealibur the second time.

And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
"What is it thou hast seen? or what had heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"T heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widow'd of the power in his eye

That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,

In whom should meet the offices of all,

Corrected Text:

"Le Morte d'Arthur" Page 79

What harm is there in disobedience? Significant harm, for obedience is the cornerstone of rule.

Would it still be wise to obey, then, if a king demands an unprofitable act against himself?

The King is ill and is unaware of his actions. What memory, or what remnant of my lord would exist in the future other than empty words and qu

An elder may relay this narrative in the future, garnering respect from the masses.

Yet now, much honor and fame stand to be lost."

Thus he spoke, obscured by his conceit, and he hid Excalibur for a second time. He then slowly returned to the injured King. King Arthur, gaspin

King Arthur, consumed by rage, retorted, "Ah, you miserable, deceitful, disloyal man! Coward! Treasonous at heart! Poor me! Authority loses its

Original Text:

80 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Thou would'st betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy.pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheed and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not the' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him:
But when I look'd again, behold an arm

Corrected Text:

80 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

You would betray me for the precious hilt;
Either out of lust for gold, or like a girl
Valuing the fleeting pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, since a man may falter in his duty twice
And the third time may succeed, depart from here.

However, if you hesitate to throw Excalibur,
I will rise and slay you with my hands."
Then, quickly Sir Bedivere rose and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Into the bulrush-beds, and grasped the sword,
With a strong hand, he wheeled and threw it. The magnificent brand
Illuminated the moon's splendour with its light,
Whirling in an arch, flashing round and round,
It looked like a beacon of the northern dawn,
Visible where the moving isles of winter collide
At night, accompanied by the sounds of the northern sea.
So Excalibur, the mighty brand, flashed and fell:
But before it touched the surface, an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic and wonderful,
Caught it by the hilt, and brandished it
Three times, and then drew it under the mere.
The other returned lightly to the King.

Then King Arthur spoke, his breath growing heavier:
"Now, I see by your eyes that the deed is done.
Confess: what have you heard or seen?"
"Sir King, I closed my eyes, lest the gems
Would cloud my judgement, for I never saw,
Nor will I see, here or anywhere else, till the day I die,
Even if I live three lifetimes of mortal men,
Such an astonishing miracle as that hilt.
I flung it with both hands, spinning it:
But when I looked again, behold, an arm

Original Text:

MORTE D'ARTITUR 81

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick I
fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang Sharp-
smitten with the dint, of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Corrected Text:

MORTE D'ARTHUR 81

He caught the hilt and brandished it thrice before submerging it into the mere. Panting heavily, King Arthur res

Half-rising from the pavement, he leaned onto his arm with difficulty, his deep, blue eyes displayed a wistful ex

As they walked, King Arthur panted heavily, akin to someone experiencing a nightmare in a quiet house. The h

As for the other, clothed in the king's breath, he swiftly moved from ridge to ridge, appearing more substantial

His armor clashed dryly within the echo of icy caverns and barren crevices. To both his left and right, the stark black cliffs echoed his approach, h

Suddenly, a level lake came into view, illuminated by the elongated glories of the winter moon.

Original Text:

84 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avalon;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,

And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Correct mistakes in the following sentences:

(1) Arthur had seen his knights go one by one. and Sir
Bedivere was the last of any.

(11) The goodliest of any fellowship of famous knights
that ever existed was unsoldered.

(111) It was the subtlest of any jewellery ever seen in a sword
handle.

(iv) Although Arthur was severely wounded and weak in
body, Sir Bedivere was the weakest in mind.

Corrected Text:

84 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"But now farewell. I am embarking on a long journey
With these, you see— if indeed I go—
(For my mind is clouded with doubt)
To the Island Valley of Avalon;

Where neither hail nor rain nor snow falls,
Nor does the wind ever blow loudly; but it lies
Deeply meadowed, joyous, graced with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with a summer sea,
Where I aim to heal my severe wound."
So, he spoke, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like a full-breasted
Swan,
Fluting a wild carol before her end,
Ruffles her pristine cool plumage, and embraces the flood
With swarthy webs. Sir Bedivere stood long,
Engrossed in numerous memories, until the hull
Appeared as one dark spot against the dawn's edge,

And on the lake, the lamentations subsided.

LORD TENNYSON

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Corrected sentences:

- (1) Arthur had watched his knights depart one by one, and Sir Bedivere was the last remaining.
- (11) The most commendable fellowship of renowned knights that ever existed was dismantled.
- (111) It was the most refined jewelry ever seen on a sword handle.
- (iv) Though Arthur was severely injured and physically weakened, Sir Bedivere was mentally weaker.

Original Text:

MORTE D'ARTHUR 85

(v) Excalibur was more wonderful than all swords.

(vi) There were three queens in the barge, and the taller and fairer of them called Arthur by name.

(13) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following sentences by using relative pronouns:

(1) Arthur writhed in pain. He said that he perished by the people he had made.

(11) Sir Bedivere was the last of Arthur's knights. He flung Excalibur into the middle mere.

(111) But first Bedivere tried to hide it. He thought it was a Shame to throw away so fine a sword.

(iv) Arthur hated all deceit. He reproached Bedivere bitterly.

(v) There was an arm clothed in white samite. It caught Excalibur by the hilt.

(vi) The knight was overcome with grief. He bore his precious load to the margin of the lake.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Make a distinction between possessives and plurals by inserting apostrophes wherever they are required in the following sentences:

(1) Of all the swords that Sir Bedivere had ever handled there was none so grand as Arthurs.

(11) The Round Table was dissolved: the knights places were vacant.

(111) Sir Bedivere's eyes were dazzled.

(iv) He nudged up his mind to disregard the king's whims.

(v) Excalibur was a lonely maiden's work. She wrought it nine years as she sat in the deeps upon the hidden bases of the

Corrected Text:

MORTE D'ARTHUR 85

(v) Excalibur was more wonderful than all other swords.

(vi) There were three queens in the barge. The tallest and fairest among them called Arthur by his name.

(13) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following sentences using relative pronouns:

- (1) Arthur, writhing in pain, said that he was perished by the people he had created.
- (2) Sir Bedivere, the last of Arthur's knights, flung Excalibur into the middle of the mere.
- (3) Bedivere, who initially tried to hide it, thought it was shameful to throw away such a fine sword.
- (4) Arthur, who despised all deceit, reproached Bedivere sternly.
- (5) An arm, clothed in white samite, caught Excalibur by the hilt.
- (6) The knight, overcome with grief, carried his precious load to the margin of the lake.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Insert apostrophes to distinguish between possessives and plurals in the following sentences:

- (1) Of all the swords that Sir Bedivere had ever handled, there was none so grand as Arthur's.
- (2) The Round Table was dissolved: the knights' places were vacant.
- (3) Sir Bedivere's eyes were dazzled.
- (4) He made up his mind to disregard the king's whims.
- (5) Excalibur was the work of a lonely maiden. She crafted it over nine years as she sat in the depths, upon the hidden bases of the lakes.

Original Text:

86 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

It will be noticed that some poetry requires to be said quickly, while other poetry loses all its beauty and all its meaning unless said slowly. There are examples of both in this poem. You cannot read this passage slowly:

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged

Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly whel'd and threw it.

Neither can you read this quickly:
Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull

Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Find two similar examples, one of 'fast time,' and the other of 'slow time,' and notice in each case how well the time suits the meaning.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) What are "greaves and euisses"? Get a picture showing a knight in armour and make a sketch from it.

(i1) Notice how appropriate the hissing sound is in the lines:

The sea-wind sang

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

Try to find a similar instance for yourself in any book of poetry you have.

(111) Write a description of the "island-valley of Avilion," and say what you imagine happened to Arthur there.

(iv) What were Sir Bedivere's excuses for disobeying the dying king? Were they reasonable? What would you have done in Sir Bedivere's place?

(v) | The winter moon, Brightening the skirts of a long

cloud, ran forth And sparkled keen with frost
against the hilt }

Corrected Text:

86 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

You will observe that some poetry must be read quickly, while other poetry loses all its beauty and significance unless spoken slowly. There are e

"Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it."

Conversely, this passage cannot be read quickly:

"Long stood Sir Bedivere,
Revolving many memories, until the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere, the wailing died away."

Find two similar examples, one requiring a 'fast pace,' and the other a 'slow pace,' and observe in each case how well the pace complements the m

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) What are "greaves and cuisses"? Research a picture of a knight in armor and create a sketch based on it.

(ii) Note how suitable the hissing sound is in the lines:

"The sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam."

Try to find a similar instance in any book of poetry you have.

(iii) Write a description of the "island-valley of Avilion," and share what you imagine happened to Arthur there.

(iv) What were Sir Bedivere's reasons for disobeying the dying king? Were they reasonable? What action would you have taken in Sir Bedivere's

(v) "The winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud,
Ran forth,
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt."

Original Text:

Corrected Text:

Your request didn't include any text to revise. Could you please provide the text you'd like me to edit?

Original Text:

IX

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I ex always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his

Corrected Text:

IX

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I am always very satisfied with a country Sunday, and I believe if the sanctity of the seventh day were merely a

My friend Sir Roger, as a devout churchgoer, has enhanced the interior of his church with a number of texts of

Original Text:

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH 89

estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very

Corrected Text:

Sir Roger at Church

Upon acquiring his estate, Sir Roger found that his parishioners were considerably irregular. To coax them into

As the landlord of the entire congregation, Sir Roger maintains order attentively. He does not permit anyone to

Yesterday, I was taken aback when my old friend, in the midst of the service, shouted at one John Matthews to

Original Text:

92 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Avoid the use of and in the following sentences by using a participle. Thus, instead of "Sir Roger is a good churchman and has beautified the inside of his church," write: "Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church."

(1) We know London as it is now and we find it very hard to realize what it was in the days of Addison.

(ii) It had not long recovered from the ravages of plague and fire and it was filled with new buildings.

(iii) The church spires and the great new dome of St Paul's gleamed white over the roofs and were a sight to behold.

(iv) The citizens were mostly traders and they were noted for their sturdy independence.

(v) The Londoner scarcely ever went on a journey and was quite content with the sights of his own city.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following sentences:

(1) Why said Sir Roger is your husband not at church this morning

(11) Is it likely that many country squires were as kindly as old Sir Roger

(111) What are you doing said my old Mend to John Matthews

(1v) Do the old knights peculiarities make you smile

(v) Is not the church beautiful asked Sir Roger with pride

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Read through the essay again very carefully, paying particular attention to the style in which it is written. It will be noticed that the sentences are fairly long, and that the style is smooth and flowing, admirably suiting the subject-matter. Rewrite the following so as to make flowing sentences as nearly as possible in the style of Addison:

Corrected Text:

92 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Try to avoid using 'and' in the following sentences by employing a participle instead. For example, rather than

- (1) Knowing London as it currently stands, we find it quite challenging to envision what it was like in Addison's era.
- (ii) The city, having just recovered from the devastation of plague and fire, was replete with new buildings.
- (iii) The church spires, alongside the impressive new dome of St. Paul's, stood gleaming white above the rooftops, presenting a magnificent spectacle.
- (iv) The citizens, primarily traders, were known for their robust independence.
- (v) The typical Londoner, rarely adventuring beyond city boundaries, was completely satisfied with the local sights.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Correctly punctuate the following sentences:

- (1) "Why," said Sir Roger, "is your husband not at church this morning?"
- (11) "Is it likely that many country squires were as kind as the old Sir Roger?"
- (111) "What are you doing?" asked my old friend to John Matthews.
- (1v) "Do the old knight's peculiarities make you smile?"
- (v) "Isn't the church beautiful?" asked Sir Roger with pride.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Carefully read through the essay again, paying specific attention to the writing style. It will be noticeable that the sentences are relatively lengthy

Original Text:

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH 98

Joseph Addison was born near Amesbury in 1672. His father was a clergyman. Joseph had a great fondness for writing Latin poetry. In those days ability to write verses in Latin was the key to success. So Addison rose to be Secretary of State. He also wrote much poetry in English. This has almost been forgotten, except for one or two hymns. These are often sung in churches. It is, however, as an essayist that he has won lasting fame. The essays, especially those of *The Spectator*, had a great circulation. They secured for him great popularity. "Sir Roger at Church" is taken from *The Spectator*. It gives a good idea of Addison's style.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) What part of a church is the chancel? Draw a sketch-plan of any church you know showing the chancel.

(11) Set out the reasons which Addison gives in favour of keeping Sunday as a day of rest.

(111) Write an essay on "A Sunday in the Country."

(iv) Suppose that you are John Matthews: write a brief defence of your bad behaviour in church.

(v) Explain what is meant by the following phrases: "an itinerant singing-master"; "a secret reprimand"; "the present incumbent."

(vi) Imagine that you are one of Sir Roger's tenants: write a letter to him explaining your absence from church on Sunday last.

Corrected Text:

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH 98

Joseph Addison was born near Amesbury in 1672. His father was a clergyman, and Joseph himself developed

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

1) What part of a church is the chancel? Draw a blueprint of any familiar church that clearly depicts the chancel.

2) Outline the reasons Addison provides for keeping Sunday as a day of rest.

3) Write an essay on "A Sunday in the Country."

- 4) Suppose you are John Matthews: compose a succinct defense of your inappropriate behavior in church.
- 5) Explain the meanings of the following phrases: "an itinerant singing-master"; "a secret reprimand"; "the present incumbent."
- 6) Imagine that you are one of Sir Roger's tenants: write a letter to him explaining why you weren't present at church last Sunday.

Original Text:

xX

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below.

Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shorewards blow;
Now the salt tides seawards flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away.

This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.

Call once yet.

In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret I"

Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain.
Surely she will come again.

Call her once and come away.

This way, this way.

"Mother dear, we cannot stay."

The wild white horses foam arid fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.

One last look at the white-wall'd town,

Corrected Text:

"The Forsaken Merman"

Come, dear children, let us depart;

Down and below we go.

Now, my brothers are calling from the bay;
Now, the great winds blow towards the shore;
Now, the salt tides flow towards the sea;
Now, the wild white horses play,
They champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Dear children, let us go.

This way, this way.

Call her once before we depart.

Call her once more.

In a voice that she'll recognize:
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Children's voices should be a delight,
(Call her once more) to a mother's ears:
Children's voices, wild with grief.
Surely, she will return.

Call her once and depart.

This way, this way.

"Mother dear, we cannot linger."

The wild white horses foam and fret.
"Margaret! Margaret!"

Come, dear children, let's go down.
Don't call any further.

Take one last look at the white-walled town.

Original Text:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN 05

And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.

She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away.

Children dear, was it yesterday

We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,

Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,

Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sat with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest sat on her knee.

She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green
sea.

Corrected Text:

"The Forsaken Merman" 05

There is a little gray church on the windy shore.
Come now, descend.

Even if you call all day, she will not appear.
Depart, move along.

My dear children, was it only yesterday

That we heard the sweet bells ringing over the bay?
In the caves where we took shelter,

Amidst the crashing surf and swelling waves,
We detected the distant sound of a silver bell.
We found solace in sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds slumber;

Where the exhausted lights flicker and shimmer;
Where the salt weed undulates in the stream;
Where the sea creatures roam freely,
Feeding in the slimy bed of their feeding grounds;
Where the sea snakes coil and intertwine,
Drying their scales and basking in the salty brine;
Where the great whales pass,
Sailing ceaselessly, their eyes forever open,

Circling the globe eternally.
When did music grace such a place?
Dear children, was it only yesterday?

My dear children, was it yesterday

(Invoke once more) that she departed?

She once sat with you and me,

On a throne of red gold in the heart of the sea,

And the youngest of you sat on her lap.

She gently combed its hair, caring for it diligently,
When suddenly, the distant bell's echo descended.

She sighed and looked up through the translucent green sea.

Original Text:

96 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray

In the little grey church on the shore to-day.

'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me I

And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I said; "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."

She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.

Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?

"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.

Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.

Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.

Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,

To the little grey church on the windy hill.

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,

But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,

And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:

"Margaret, hist I come quick, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, "We are long alone.

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

But, ah, she gave me never a look,

For her eyes were seed to the holy book.

"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."

Come away, children, call no more.

Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.

Down to the depths of the sea.

Corrected Text:

96 EXCERPTS AND EXERCISES

She declared, "I must leave, as my relatives pray

In the quaint grey church on the shore today.

It's Easter time in the world—oh me!

And I neglect my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."

I responded, "Ascend, dear heart, through the waves;

Recite your prayer, then return to the kind sea-caves."

She smiled and ventured up through the bay's surf.

Children, was it only yesterday?

Children, were we alone for long?

"The sea is becoming stormy, the little ones groan.

Long prayers," I implied, "are common in the world.

Come," I urged, and we rose through the bay's surf.

We traversed the beach, past the sandy dune

Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the town with white walls.

Walked the narrow cobblestone streets, where silence permeated,

To the little grey church on the wind-swept hill.

A murmur of prayers emanated from the church,

Yet we lingered outside in the chilly breeze.

We climbed on the grave markers, stones weathered by rain,

Peering up the aisle through the small leaded windows.

She sat by the pillar; we observed her closely:

"Margaret, listen! Come quickly, we are here.

Dear heart," I said, "We are alone for a while.

The sea is becoming stormy, the little ones whine."

But, alas, she didn't spare me a glance,

For her eyes were riveted to the sacred text.

"The priest prays loudly; the door remains closed.

Come away, children, cease your calls.

Come away, come down, cease your calls.

Descend, descend, descend,
Descend to the depths of the sea."

Original Text:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN 97

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun."

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea;

And her eyes are set in a stare;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

From a sorrow-clouded eye,

And a heart sorrow-laden,

A long, long sigh,

For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.
Conic, children, come down.
The hoarse wind blows colder:
Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;

She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl, A
ceiling of amber,

Corrected Text:

"The Forsaken Merman: 97"

With abandon, she sits at her spinning wheel in the bustling town,
Singing with absolute elation.

Listen to her song: "Oh joy, oh joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy,
For the priest, the bell, and the sacred well,
For the wheel at which I spun,

And the blessed warm sunlight of the sun."

So, she sings with gusto,

Singing ever so joyfully,

Until her concentration breaks and the shuttle drops from her hand,

Until the spinning wheel comes to a standstill.

Covertly, she moves to the window, and gazes at the sand;
Then beyond the sand, at the sea;

Her eyes fixated in an empty stare;

Suddenly, a sigh escapes her,

Then, a tear quietly falls,

From an eye masked by sorrow,

And a heart heavy with pain,

A melancholic sigh,

Longing for the unfamiliar gentle gaze of a little mermaid,
And the sheen of her golden hair.

Rise, children, rise.

Come down, children, descend.
The harsh wind turns chillier;
Lights flicker on in the town.

She will awaken from her slumber
When gusts rattle the door;

She will hear the winds wailing,
She will hear the waves' roar.
We, observing, while above us
The waves rage and swirl, see
A canopy of amber.

Original Text:

08 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

A pavement of pearl.

Singing, "Here came a mortal.
But faithless was she.

And alone dwell for ever

The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow; When
clear falls the moonlight; When
spring-tides are low: When sweet
airs come sea-ward From heaths
starr'd with broom; And high
rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town:
At the church on the hill-side-

And then come hack down.
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

MieYHEW ARNOLD

EXERCISES

(e1) THE USE OF WORDS

Say whether the verbs in the following sentences are active or passive; then rewrite, changing active to passive, and vice versa:

Corrected Text:

08 EXCERPTS AND ACTIVITIES

A pearl-like pavement.

Singing, "A mortal came here,
But she was faithless.

Forever dwelling alone,

Are the kings of the sea."

But children, at midnight,
When the winds blow softly;
When the moonlight falls clear;
When the spring tides are low;
When the sweet airs journey oceanward
From the heaths star-decked with broom;
And high rocks cast a gentle
Gloom on the bleached sands:
Up the calm, shimmering beaches,
Up the creeks, we will rush;
Over banks of vibrant seaweed
The ebb tide leaves barren.
We will gaze from the sand dunes,
At the white, resting town:
At the church on the hillside-

And then come back down.
Singing, "A beloved one resides there,
But she is cruel.
She left the kings of the sea
Lonely forever."

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD

ACTIVITIES

(a) UNDERSTANDING VERB USAGE

Identify if the verbs in the following sentences are active or passive; then rewrite, changing active verbs to passive, and vice versa:

Original Text:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN 99

M The far-off sound of a silver bell was heard by us yesterday.

(11) My poor soul is lost, merman, here with thee.

(i111) In the world they say long prayers.

(iv) That loved one who dwells in the white town left the kings of the sea.

(v) The children were told by the merman to come away down and call no more.

(vi) They took one last fond look at the white-walled town.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following pairs of sentences by using one or other of these connectives: but, ye!, and, for.

(1) The children called long and loud. Their mother did not hear.

(11) The strong winds howled. The wild waves roared.

(111) It was growing cold and dark. They were reluctant to go back to the sea cavern.

(iv) She would not come. She was afraid that she might lose her soul.

(v) The mother was faithless. The children loved her.

(vi) When it is time we will gaze at the little town. Then we will return.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Arrange in poetical form and punctuate:

Come dear children come away down call no more one last
look at the white walled town and the little grey church on the
windy shore then come down she will not come though you
call all day come away conic away children dear was it yesterday
we heard the sweet bells over the bay in the caverns
where we My through the surf and through the swell the far-
off sound of a silver bell,

Corrected Text:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN 99

(I) We heard the far-off sound of a silver bell yesterday.

(II) Merman, my poor soul is lost here with you.

(III) In the world, they say long prayers.

(IV) The loved one who resides in the white town has left the sea kings.

(V) The merman told the children to come away and to stop their calls.

(VI) They took one last fond look at the white-walled town.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

(1) The children called long and loud, but their mother did not hear.

(II) The strong winds howled, and the wild waves roared.

(III) It was growing cold and dark, yet they were reluctant to go back to the sea cavern.

(IV) She would not come, for she was afraid that she might lose her soul.

(V) The mother was faithless, but the children loved her.

(VI) When it's time, we will gaze at the little town, and then we will return.

(C) PUNCTUATION AND ARRANGEMENT IN POETICAL FORM

"Come, dear children, come away now, call no more.

Take one last look at the white-walled town,

And the little grey church on the windy shore.

Then come down,

She will not come though you call all day,

Come away, come away.

Children, dear, was it yesterday,

We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

In the caverns where we fly,

Through the surf and through the swell,

The far-off sound of a silver bell."

Original Text:

100 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(1)) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

In prose-writing careless repetition is a fault, but in poetry a very striking effect is often produced by repeating a word or sound.

There are many good instances in this poem—e.g.,

Let us away
This way, this way-

Write the stanza which you think contains the best examples,

and underline the repeated words.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) In a previous exercise you saw how Browning used alliteration; many instances will be found here also. Search out three good examples.

(11) This poem is full of pathos: the author makes us feel very sorry for the lonely merman and the children who were bereft of a mother's care. Pick out all the other pathetic stories you have read, whether in poetry or prose, and write a short account of the saddest of them.

(111) Write a piece of descriptive prose entitled, "The Merman's Abode."

(iv) Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away?

Once she sat with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea.

Read these lines to yourself, and mark the accent by beating time. Then write them out, marking off the feet, and placing a dash (') over each accented syllable.

(v) In the following lines it will be noticed how well the sound suggests the sense:

Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Find a similar example.

(vi) Study carefully the weather descriptions in the poem, and show how wind and wave provide a suitable setting for the story.

Corrected Text:

100 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(1) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

In prose writing, careless repetition is considered a fault. However, in poetry, repetition of a word or sound often produces a very striking effect.

"Let us away,
This way, this way-"

Identify the stanza that you believe contains the best examples of word or sound repetition, and underline the repeated words.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) In a previous exercise, you observed Browning's use of alliteration; you will find numerous examples of his use of this device here as well. Identify

(ii) The poem is suffused with pathos; the author masterfully evokes feelings of sorrow for the lonely merman and the children bereft of maternal

(iii) Compose a piece of descriptive prose entitled, "The Merman's Abode."

(iv) "Children dear, was it yesterday

(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she shared a seat with you and me,

On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea."

Read these lines to yourself, keeping time by marking the rhythm or accent. Then transcribe the lines, dividing them into feet, and placing a dash

(v) In the following lines, notice how the sounds aptly capture the mood: "Now the wild white horses play, Champ and chafe and toss in the spray

(vi) Study the descriptions of the weather carefully in the poem, and highlight how the elements of wind and wave provide an apt setting for the

Original Text:

XI

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it, from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking

Corrected Text:

Chapter XI

A Dissertation on Roast Pig

A Chinese manuscript suggests that for the first seventy-thousand years, mankind consumed meat raw, direct

The tale is characterized by a swineherd named Ho-ti, who, one morning, ventured into the woods, as he often

Along with the loss of their cottage, which one might dismiss as a rudimentary structure, a more valuable asse

Original Text:

102 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—crackling! Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which 130-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end

Corrected Text:

102 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

The remnants of an unfortunate victim emitted an odor unlike anything he had ever experienced. The scent wa

Original Text:

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG. 108

of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what--what have you got there, I say?"

"O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig cats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out "Eat, cat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste-O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of im-

Corrected Text:

A Dissertation upon Roast Pig: Section 108

In this context, a semblance of dialogue occurred once he had somewhat comprehended his predicament.

"You unrestrained scamp, what are you consuming there?" he queried, exasperated. "Was it not enough that you destroyed three of my houses wi

"Oh, father, it's the pig, the pig! Do come and experience how delicious the charred pig tastes," he replied enthusiastically.

The ears of Ho-ti filled with dread at the mention. He condemned his son, and reproached himself for ever siring a son who consumed burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose sense of smell was remarkably heightened since the morning, quickly excavated another pig and, after ruthlessly dividing it, forced

Ho-ti trembled from head to toe as he held the detestable substance, contemplating whether he should condemn his son to death as a horrifying yo

Bo-bo was strictly instructed not to let this secret slip, for their neighbors would undoubtedly have castigated them, viewing them as loathsome b

Original Text:

104 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

proving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ilo-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peldn, then an inconsiderable assize town, Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices

Corrected Text:

104 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Feasting on the savory meat God had gifted them, Ho-ti and his son continued to invite speculations. Stories v

Eventually, onlookers began to scrutinize their activities, leading to the revelation of their peculiar secret. Both

All the jurors inspected it, burning their fingers, much like Bo-bo and Ho-ti had before them. Nature seemed to

The sharp-minded judge, recognizing the indisputable injustice of the verdict, kept his counsel. Once the court was dismissed, he discretely purch

Original Text:

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG 105

one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be

found in ROAST PIG. CHARLES LAMB

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Expand the following sentences by inserting relative clauses, thus: Charles Lamb, (who wrote this essay), lived in London.

(1) The swine-herd, Ho-ti, (), left the cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo.

(11) While he was thinking what he should say, an odour) assailed his nostrils.

(111) Bo-be paid no heed to the blows () but continued eating.

(iv) The father and son were summoned to take their trial at Peking (

Corrected Text:

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG 105

Every day, constructions were becoming increasingly precarious, leading to a fear that the science of architecture would soon be lost to the world.

Despite the slightly incredulous nature of the narrative, it can be agreed that, if there were a noteworthy justification for such a potentially catastrophic

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Expand the following sentences by inserting relative clauses, as demonstrated: Charles Lamb, who wrote this essay, lived in London.

(I) The swine-herd, Ho-ti, (), entrusted the cottage to his eldest son, Bo-bo.

(II) As he pondered what to express, a scent () infiltrated his nostrils.

(III) Bo-bo disregarded the blows (), persevering with his feast.

(IV) The father and son were called upon to stand their trial at Pekin ().

Original Text:

106 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(v) The gentlemen of the jury () brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

(v1) T

he judge () bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

As a sentence is the expression of a single thought, it should contain no more than is necessary to convey that one thought. Rewrite the following passage, breaking up the sentences where this rule is not obeyed:

The cottage, a poor makeshift of a building, was left in the charge of Bo-bo, who was extremely fond of playing with fire. He let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which kindled quickly and made such a blaze that their poor mansion was reduced to ashes together with a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, and this was much more important. Bo-bo, wondering what he should say to his father, was in great trouble over the loss of the pigs, which was indeed a serious matter, when a strange odour assailed his nostrils. It was unlike any scent which he had before experienced, and he knew it did not come from the burnt cottage. He had smelt that smell before. It was not the first accident of the kind which had occurred through his carelessness, and his mouth began to water. He felt the pig and burnt his fingers. To cool them, he put them to his mouth and tasted—crackling!

(C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

(1) Bo-bo asked his father to come and taste the burnt pig.

(11) Ho-ti asked his son what he had got there devouring.

(iii) The foreman of the jury said he should like to have

some of the burnt pig.

(iv) Ho-ti told his son not to let the secret escape.

(v) The angry father told the boy that he had already

burnt down three houses.

(vi) The reporter said that it was the oddest verdict he had ever known.

Corrected Text:

106 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(v) The jury unanimously delivered a verdict of "Not Guilty".

(vi) The judge purchased all available pigs at any cost.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

A sentence, as an expression of a single thought, should only contain what is absolutely necessary to convey that specific thought. Please rewrite

Left in the care of Bo-bo was the cottage, a rather shoddy structure. Known for his great fondness for playing with fire, Bo-bo irresponsibly let so

(C) PUNCTUATION

Convert this into direct speech:

(1) "Father, come and taste the burnt pig," Bo-bo suggested.

(2) "What are you devouring there, son?" Ho-ti inquired.

(3) "I'd like to try some of that burnt pig," the foreman of the jury admitted.

(4) "Son, do not let this secret slip," Ho-ti instructed.

(5) Furious, the father told his son, "You've already burnt down three houses!"

(6) "This is the most unusual verdict I've ever encountered," the reporter stated.

Original Text:

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG 107

(I) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Charles Lamb in this essay often uses high-sounding phrases in order to produce a humorous effect. Notice the following examples, and rewrite, expressing the same idea as simply as possible:

- (i) His sire entered, armed with retributory cudgel.
- (ii) He shouted out, "Only taste-O Lord,"—with suchlike barbarous ejaculations.
- (iii) A premonitory moistening overflowed his nether lip.
- (iv) An odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced.
- (v) The tickling rendered him quite callous to any MoonWide:1M he might feel in those remote quarters.

(vi) Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think.

(B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) Write an account entitled "The Discovery of Roast Pig, according to Bo-bo."

(11) Give a version of the trial at Peking supposed to have been written by a reporter who was present.

(111) Write an essay on "My Favourite Dish."

(iv) Imagine that you have discovered a paragraph cut from an old newspaper giving an account of the sudden rise in the price of fuel and pigs. Write out this paragraph.

(v) Write a short conversation that took place between Ho-ti and Bo-bo after the trial.

(vi) Search for the meanings of these words, and then use each in a sentence: consternation, wringing, negligence, asunder, manifest.

Corrected Text:

DISSERTATION ON ROAST PIG 107

(I) WORD CHOICE

In this essay, Charles Lamb frequently uses grandiose words and phrases to achieve a humorous effect. Here

(i) His father walked in, brandishing a punishing stick.

(ii) He exclaimed, "Just try it, Lord," accompanied by other such crude exclamations.

- (iii) A warning sign of moisture appeared on his lower lip.
- (iv) A unique smell infiltrated his nostrils, unlike any he had previously encountered.
- (v) The tickling made him insensible to any discomfort he might feel in those distant regions.
- (vi) As you can imagine, Bo-bo was deeply distraught.

(B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Compose a narrative titled "The Discovery of Roast Pig, from Bo-bo's Perspective."
- (ii) Provide a rendition of the trial in Pekin as if it had been documented by an eyewitness reporter.
- (iii) Write an essay entitled "My Favorite Dish."
- (iv) Picture that you've found a paragraph cut from an old newspaper, detailing a sudden increase in the cost of fuel and pigs. Craft this paragraph.
- (v) Script a brief exchange between Ho-ti and Bo-bo following the trial.
- (vi) Look up the definitions of these words, and incorporate each into a sentence: consternation, wringing, negligence, asunder, manifest.

Original Text:

XII

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

How THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three:
"Speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
ew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Re-buckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;

At Duffield, 'twas morning as plain as could be;

And som Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,

So, Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time!"

Corrected Text:

XII

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and so did Joris and he;

I galloped, Dirck galloped, all three of us galloped hastily.
"Speed!" cried the watch as the gate bolts withdrew;
"Speed!" responded the wall as we galloped through.
The postern closed behind us, the lights faded to rest,
And into the midnight, we galloped abreast.

We each kept a steady pace,
Stride by stride, side by side, never changing our place.
In my saddle, I turned and tightened its girths right,

Shortened each stirrup and set the pique in the light.
Refastened the cheek-strap, loosened the bit,
However, Roland's gallop did not cease a bit.

We started at moonset; but as we neared
Lokeren, cocks crowed and the twilight appeared;
At Boom, a large yellow star came to see;
At Duffield, 'twas plain morning, as clear as could be.
From Mecheln church steeple, we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke the silence saying, "Yet, there is time."

Original Text:

SOME GALLOPING POEMS 109

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,

And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting away

The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,

As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,

Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff:
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,

And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us !"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

Corrected Text:

"Some Galloping Poems 109

At Aerschot, the sun suddenly leapt up, and against it, all cattle stood black, staring through the mist at us galloping past. Then, I finally saw my s

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned, and Joris exclaimed, "Hold your spur! Your Roos galloped bravely; the fault is not in her. We'll remember her at Aix"

So, only Joris and I were left galloping past Looz and Tongres, with not a cloud in the sky. The broad sun above emitted a merciless laugh, while

"We will be greeted warmly!" he said. But in an instant, his roan rolled over neck and croup, and lay as dead as a stone. That left my Roland to be

Original Text:

110 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,

Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,

Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round

As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine.
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)

Was no more than his due who brought good news from

Ghent.

RODE= BROWNING

LOCUINVAR

O, YOUNG Loehinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,

There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted by Netherby gate,

The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,

Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Corrected Text:

110 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

With nostrils full to the brim with blood,
And with circles of red on his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I unfastened my buff coat, let each holster fall,
Shook off my jack-boots, let go of my belt and all.
I stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Until, at length, into Aix, Roland galloped and stood.

All I remember is—friends flocking around
As I sat with his head between my knees on the ground;
There was no voice but was praising this Roland of mine.
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the townsmen voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

BY BROWNING

LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar has come from the west,
Throughout the wide border, his steed was the best.
And, other than his good broadsword, he had no weapons,
He rode unarmed, and he rode alone.

In love so faithful, and in war so fearless,
There has never been a knight like the young Lochinvar.

He did not stop for brake, nor for stone,
He swam the Eske river where there was no ford;
But before he reached the Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the brave man arrived late;

For a laggard in love, and a coward in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

Original Text:

SOME GALLOPING POEMS 111

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,

Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,

Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,

To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,--
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,

Thai never a hall such a galliard did grace;

While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,

When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,

So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

Corrected Text:

Boldly, he entered Netherby Hall,
Among bride's men, kinsmen, brothers and all.
The bride's father spoke, his hand on his sword,
(For the timid bridegroom uttered not a word),
"Do you come in peace or do you come in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I wooed your daughter long, but you refused my suit—
Love swells like the Solway but ebbs like its tide—
And now I've come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead just one dance, drink just one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland far more lovely by far,
Who would joyfully be a bride to young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight picked it up,
He drank down the wine, and then threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.

Before her mother could intervene, he took her soft hand,
"We shall dance now," said young Lochinvar, so grand.

His form was so stately, her face so roundly beautiful,
Never had such a galliard graced another hall so fully.
Her mother fretted, her father fumed,
The bridegroom stood idly, his bonnet and plume dismissed,
The bridesmaids whispered, "It would have been better by far,
To match our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

With one touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, the charger stood near.
The fair lady he swung so lightly to the croupe,
So easily to the saddle before her he sprung.

Original Text:

112 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;

Faqrsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,

But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,

Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONO !

IRODE through the Bush in the burning noon
Over the hills to my bride,—
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my Beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the West;—
Lightly lilting a gay love-song

Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,

With a blood-red rose on his breast.

"Red, red rose of the Western streams"
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need;

Bay 3.4athinna his peerless steed—I

had my own good grey.

: By permission of Miss Alice Werner.

Corrected Text:

112 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"She has been won! We have escaped over bank, bush, and scar;
They'll need fast steeds to follow us," said young Lochinvar.

Among the Graemes of the Netherby clan there was a mounting frenzy;
The Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and ran hurriedly.

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the missing bride of Netherby was nowhere to be seen.

So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you ever heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG!

I rode through the bush in the burning noon,
Over the hills to my bride, —
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode right by my side.

A day's march away my beloved lived,
By the Murray streams in the West; —
Singing a gay love-song lightly,

Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,

With a blood-red rose on his chest.

"Red, red rose of the Western streams,"
Was the song he sang that day —
He was my truest comrade in our time of need;

Riding Bay 3.4athinna, his flawless steed —

While I rode my own reliable grey.

: By permission of Miss Alice Werner.

Original Text:

SOME GALLOPING POEMS 113

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame;—

And I felt my heart go cold as death,

And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,—
But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed.
On the roaring eastern wind;—Neck
and neck was the reckless race,—Ever
the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say!"
And his bridle rein he drew.
lie sprang to the ground,— "Look sharp I " he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head—
"T ride lighter than you!"

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!—Swift
as a swallow she sped along, The good
bay mare from Dandenong,—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell:-
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars into the sky;...
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—tride for her sake!" he cried;
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lins that named Her name.

Corrected Text:

Some Galloping Poems 113

A spark fell on the upland grass—
The dry bush burst into flame;

I felt my heart turn cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath—
Yet, I heard him whisper her name.

Down the hillside, the fire-floods rushed,
Fueled by the roaring eastern wind;
Neck and neck was the reckless race—
The bay mare maintained her steady pace,
While the grey horse lagged behind.

He turned in the saddle and proposed, "Let's switch!"
Quickly drawing his bridle rein.
He jumped to the ground, saying, "Be quick!"
With a backward toss of his curly head—
"I ride lighter than you!" He claimed.

Down and up—it was swiftly done—
No time for discussion that day!
Swift as a swallow, she dashed along,
The good bay mare from Dandenong—
And Bannerman mounted the grey.

Hot air seared like a furnace blast,
As though from the mouth of Hell:
Blue gums caught and blazed up high,
Resembling fire pillars in the sky;
The grey horse staggered, then fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—ride for her sake!" he pleaded;
Into the fiery abyss,
In less than a breathing space, were swept
The laughing eyes, the comely face,
And the lips that named her name.

Original Text:

114 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare,—
Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
"Twas the river's rush that I heard before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammooora gate,
I fell, and lay like a stone.
O love! thine arms were about me then,
Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
But-O God! that I came alone!—

I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,

By the Murray streams in the West,—
But oft through the mist of my dreams along
Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,

With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite the following passage, making the necessary corrections in the tenses:

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting-place and resumed my journey. What a &angel All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herb-age. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed—not a blade of grass is left. The tall grove now spreads a labyrinth of scorched and naked branches—the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees were still blazing or sending up long spires of smoke. In every direction barrenness marks the track of the flames. It has even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of tall grass. The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes are drifting and

Corrected Text:

114 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

The good bay mare bore me bravely —
Stunned, dizzy, and blind,
I heard the mingling roar.
It was the river's rush that I heard before,
And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe — safe at the Nammoora gate,
I fell and lay like a stone.
Oh, love! Your arms were around me then,
Your warm tears revived me again —
But, oh God! I came alone! —

My Beautiful and I lived in peace,
By the Murray streams in the West —
But often through the haze of my dreams rides,
Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite the following passage, making the necessary corrections in the tenses:

At sunrise, I rose from my resting place and resumed my journey. What a change! Everything was barren. The sun had set on a prairie still clad in

Original Text:

SOME GALLOPING POEMS 115

(73) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Use the following phrases in complete sentences:

(i) broke silence; (ii) horrible heave of the flank: (iii) cast loose; (iv) dauntless in war; (v) lightly liting; (vi) a breathing-space.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following sentences, and supply capital letters where necessary:

(1) good speed cried the watch as we galloped through

(ii) joris broke silence with yet there is time

(iii) gallop gasped he for aix is in sight

(iv) joris cried stay spur

(v) now tread we a measure said young lochinvar

(vi) he turned in the saddle lets change I say

(13) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Rearrange the words so as to restore the galloping rhythm to these lines:

(i) And at last I saw my stout galloper Roland.

(ii) As down his throat I poured our last measure of wine.

(iii) But they did ne'er see the lost bride of Netherby.

(iv) O, out of the west young Lochinvar is come.

(v) But behind dropped the grey horse.

(vi) She, the good bay mare, bore me bravely.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Write a descriptive sketch entitled "A Ride for Life."

(ii) Examine the following lines, and notice how the sound helps the sense:

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
"Neigh our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff.

The 5's convey just the crisp, snapping effect which the poet

desired. Search for other examples.

Corrected Text:

"Galloping Poems 115"

(73) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Use the following phrases in complete sentences:

- (i) Broke silence.
- (ii) Horrible heave of the flank.
- (iii) Cast loose.
- (iv) Dauntless in war.
- (v) Lightly lilting.
- (vi) A breathing space.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following sentences, and supply capital letters where necessary:

- (1) "Good speed," cried the watch, as we galloped through.
- (ii) Joris broke silence with, "yet there is time."
- (iii) "Gallop," gasped he, "for Aix is in sight."
- (iv) "Joris," cried, "stay, spur."
- (v) "Now tread we a measure," said young Lochinvar.
- (vi) He turned in the saddle, "Let's change, I say."

(13) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Rearrange the words so as to restore the galloping rhythm to these lines:

- (i) And at last, I saw, my stout galloper, Roland.
- (ii) I poured our last measure of wine, down his throat.
- (iii) But they never saw the lost bride of Netherby.
- (iv) Young Lochinvar has come out of the west.
- (v) But the grey horse dropped behind.
- (vi) The good bay mare bore me bravely.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (1) Write a descriptive sketch entitled "A Ride for Life."
- (ii) Examine the following lines, and notice how the sound helps the sense:

The broad sun laughed a pitiless laugh above,
"Our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff."

The repetition of 'b' sounds conveys the crisp, snapping effect desired by the poet. Search for other examples.

Original Text:

Corrected Text:

It appears that there is no text provided to edit. Could you please provide the text you'd like me to revise?

Original Text:

XI

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF

Cum's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the City: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood

it-almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Budge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Corrected Text:

Chapter XI

Dobbin's Battle with Cuff

The extraordinary outcome of the skirmish between Cuff and Dobbin will long be remembered by every scholar.

Dressed in worn-out corduroy trousers and jackets which seemed too small for his large bones, Dobbin served

Original Text:

118 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris'; my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who 'rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage," and Mr William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe.

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and ioke at Dobbin: and he bore every-

Corrected Text:

118 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

After that incident, young Dobbin had no peace. The jokes made at his expense were harsh, relentless and merciless.

"Your father is merely a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin privately told the boy responsible for his recent humiliation.

William Dobbin, unable to grasp the basic principles of the Latin language as presented in the acclaimed Eton

Original Text:

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF 119

thing quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and he took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr Kean to Mr Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do ? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes : that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. 'Figs ' was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abuse to him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a (Irish) Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering away a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which Figs was probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You can't! says Mr Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought. and labour. and tears: for the poor fellow

Corrected Text:

Dobbin's Fight with Cuff 119

Dobbin, on one hand, persevered through everything quite patiently. He was completely mute and miserable.

On the other hand, Cuff was the unmistakable leader and dandy of Swishtail Seminary. He would smuggle in wine and battle against the local boys.

Cuff, as the uncontested king of the school, dominated over his peers, bullying them with majestic superiority. Some shined his shoes while others

One day in private, the two young men had a disagreement. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, struggled over a letter when Cuff suddenly entered, demanding

"I can't," said Dobbin, "I want to finish my letter."

"You can't!" retorted Mr. Cuff. He seized the document that was scarred with crossed-out words and misspellings, and had undoubtedly consumed

Original Text:

120 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlour in Thames Street). "You can't?" says Mr Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down that letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth lettefth."

"Well, now will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll thnzash you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of The Arabian Nights which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—dquite lonely, and almost happy.

William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his

Corrected Text:

120 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

He was writing to his mother, who held deep affection for him despite being a humble grocer's wife residing in a small back parlor on Thames Street.

"Let's refrain from name-calling," Dobbin chided, stepping down from the bench with noticeable nervousness.

"So, will you go?" The school's ruffian taunted.

"Put down that letter," Dobbin retorted; "no gentleman reads others' letters."

"And now, are you leaving?" the ruffian persisted.

"No, I'm not. Don't strike, or I'll thrash you!" Dobbin warned, grasping a hefty inkstand, his menacing look causing Mr. Cuff to withdraw. He rolled back to his desk.

Sometime after this encounter, Mr. Cuff found himself near a solitary William Dobbin on a sunny afternoon. Dobbin lay under a tree in the playground.

For that moment, William Dobbin was in a world of his own, adventuring with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or trailing Prince Ahmed.

Original Text:

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF 121

pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle ?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipt, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the Roe had whisked away Sinbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain.

Corrected Text:

CHAPTER 121: DOBBIN'S CONFRONTATION WITH CUFF

In his pleasant daydream, Dobbin snapped back to reality to see Cuff lavishing blows on a small boy.

This was the boy who had betrayed Dobbin about the grocer's cart. Despite this, Dobbin harbored little resentment, particularly towards the young

Guiding instructions had led the boy to scale the playground wall where the harmful broken glass had been previously cleared off, easing his climb

"How dare you, sir, break it?" Cuff scolded, "You clumsy little thief. You swallowed the shrub, and now you feign to have broken the bottle. Ext

With a swift movement, the cricket stump came down hard on the child's hand, drawing out a moan from the boy. Dobbin lifted his gaze. The Fai

"Extend your other hand, sir," Cuff commanded his little school-fellow, who was visibly in pain.

Original Text:

122 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little rascal!" cried Mr Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand. Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff, don't bully that child any more; or I'll]—"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"T'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him : while Cuff's astonishment was hardly less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American Colonies : fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs "; and not a single other

Corrected Text:

122 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Dobbin trembled, pulling his old, narrow clothes tighter around him.

"Take that, you little rascal!" Mr. Cuff shouted, bringing down the wicket once again on the child's hand. Dobbin hastily stood up.

His motive was unclear. Regardless, he sprang up and shouted, "Hold it right there, Cuff. Stop bullying that child, or I'll--"

"Or you'll do what?" Cuff asked, astounded by this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you've ever had," Dobbin countered, addressing Cuff's prior statement. Little Osborne, catching his breath between

"After school," Cuff managed after a pause, his gaze piercing as if he was saying, "Use the time wisely to finalize your will and convey your final

"As you wish," Dobbin responded. "You'll have to be my backup, Osborne."

"Well, if you insist," little Osborne retorted, somewhat embarrassed - his father did maintain a carriage, and he felt a twinge of shame for his prot

Yes, when the hour of the battle arrived, he almost hesitated to cheer, "Go it, Figs", and no one else did either.

Original Text:

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF 128

boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of that famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuffs." At the twelfth round the latter champion was

Corrected Text:

"Dobbin's Fight with Cuff: Scene 128"

Every boy in the vicinity was screaming in excitement during the first two or three rounds of that memorable fight.

As he helped his combatant rise, young Osborne couldn't help but consider the formidable thrashing awaiting

Unsure how to defend against incoming blows, and having seen Cuff commence the attack without giving him a chance to strike back on each pro-

The unexpected punch sent Cuff crashing to the ground, to the utter surprise of the crowd. "Great punch, by Jove," exclaimed little Osborne, patting

Dobbin's left hand continued to dominate the ensuing rounds of the fight. Each time, it was Cuff who fell. By the sixth round, shouts of "Go, Figs

Original Text:

124 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time. Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think that will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs'—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*

Corrected Text:

124 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Completely disoriented, he had lost all composure and ability to attack or defend himself. Contrarily, Figs remained

"I think that will do for him," Figs commented, as his competitor dropped as smoothly onto the green turf as I've

Now, all the boys exulted for Figs with such a colossal roar that one might have thought he had been their erstwhile

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*

Original Text:

DOBI3IN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF 125

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS Rewrite the following passage in the present tense:

William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour: when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy. It was the little lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Rewrite the following passage, altering the phrasing so as to omit the word 'then':

Thaekera y, who was born at Calcutta, was sent to the famous Charterhouse School in London which he nicknamed the "Slaughterhouse." Then he went to Cambridge where he made friends with Tennyson and many others who afterwards became famous. By them he was always affectionately called "Old Thack." Then he went abroad; and then he returned home to enjoy the fortune which his father had left him. Then he lost a great portion of this fortune through gambling and then he realized that he would have to work for his living. Then he set to work and started on his career as a writer. So that what seemed at the time a great disaster was really a blessing both for Thackeray himself and for us who read his books.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

(1) The wags told Dobbin that sugar was ris'.

(ii) Dobbin reminded Osborne that his father was only a merchant.

Corrected Text:

DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF 125

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS Rewrite the following passage in the present tense:

William Dobbin, for once, forgets the world and is away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds. Or he's with Prince Ahmed and the Fa

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Rewrite the following passage, altering the phrasing so as to omit the word 'then':

Born in Calcutta, Thackeray was sent to the famous Charterhouse School in London, a place he affectionately dubbed the "Slaughterhouse". After

(C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

(1) The wags told Dobbin that sugar was ris'.

(ii) Dobbin reminded Osborne that his father was only a merchant.

Revised:

(1) The wags told Dobbin, "The price of sugar has risen."

(ii) Dobbin reminded Osborne, "Your father is merely a merchant."

Original Text:

126 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) Osborne replied that his father was a gentleman and kept his carriage.

(iv) Cuff said he would like to know why.

(v) Cuff ordered Osborne to hold out his hand.

(vi) Dobbin said he would give him the worst thrashing he had ever had in his life.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Supply descriptive words of your own in the following sentences, afterwards comparing your words with those used by Thackeray:

(i) He stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his — corduroys.

(ii) The jokes were — and — against him.

(iii) They considered that the selling of goods by retail was a — and — practice.

(iv) He marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with — look.

(v) Little Osborne gasped with wonder and incredulity at seeing this — champion put up suddenly to defend him.

(vi) Fancy — Goliath when — David stepped forward and claimed a meeting.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) Write the outlines of an imaginary debate, in which Cuff, Osborne, Dobbin, and other boys at the Swishtail Seminary took part, on the subject "What makes a gentleman?"

(ii) Supply an alternative title to the extract.

(iii) Write a letter from Dr Swishtail to Messrs Dobbin and nudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, E.C., requesting a supply of soap and candles for use in the Seminary.

Corrected Text:

126 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) Osborne responded, stating that his father was a gentleman who owned a carriage.

(iv) Cuff expressed curiosity and inquired as to why this was the case.

(v) Cuff commanded Osborne to extend his hand.

(vi) Dobbin declared that he intended to deliver the harshest beating Cuff had ever experienced.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Use your own descriptive words to complete the following sentences, later comparing your choices with the words used by Thackeray:

(i) He stood there—almost at the lowest ranking of the school—in his ___ corduroys.

(ii) The jokes were ___ and ___, all directed toward him.

(iii) They regarded the retailing of goods as a ___ and ___ practice.

(iv) He walked up alongside the younger class as a giant among them, bearing a ___ expression.

(v) Little Osborne gaped in astonishment and disbelief upon witnessing this ___ champion rise suddenly to his defense.

(vi) Imagine ___ Goliath when ___ David came forward and requested a duel.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) Craft the basic framework of a hypothetical debate involving Cuff, Osborne, Dobbin, and other pupils at the Swishtail Seminary on the topic "

(ii) Propose an alternative title for the extract.

(iii) Draft a letter from Dr. Swishtail to Messrs Dobbin and Nudge, Grocers and Oilmen, located on Thames Street, London, E.C. In this letter, re

Original Text:

Corrected Text:

You haven't provided the text that you wish to be edited. Could you please provide the relevant text? I'd be ha

Original Text:
XIV

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD

TEE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
%Mere heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

Corrected Text:
XIV

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd winds slowly over the lea,

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
And all the air holds a solemn stillness,

Except where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Except that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl complains to the moon
Of those who, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, under that yew tree's shade,
Where the turf heaves in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,

The humble forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morning,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
Shall rouse them no more from their lowly bed.

Original Text:
GRAY'S ELEGY 129

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How how'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th'inevitable hour;

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold car of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

Corrected Text:

GRAY'S ELEGY 129

No longer shall the blazing hearth burn for them,
Nor shall the busy housewife attend to her evening tasks:

No children quicken their pace to greet their returning sire,

Nor clamber upon his knees for a much coveted shared kiss.

Often the harvest surrendered to their sickle,

Many times they broke the obstinate soil with their plow;
Filled with joy, they managed their team in the field!
How powerful was their strike in the quiet woods!

Let not Ambition scorn their useful labor,
Their humble joys, and obscure fate;
Nor let Grandeur dismiss with a disdainful smile
The short and simple chronicles of the poor.

The pride of ancestry, the show of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth could give,
Awaits the same inevitable hour;

The paths of glory lead only to the grave.

Nor you, the proud, attribute to them the fault,

If Memory raises no trophies above their tomb

Where through the grand aisle and decorative vault,

The pealing anthem amplifies its note of praise.

Can a decorated urn or lifelike bust

Revive the fleeting breath to its dwelling?
Can the voice of Honour stir the silent dust,
Or can Flattery pacify the dull, cold grasp of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

A heart once radiant with celestial fire;
Hands, that might have wielded the rod of empire,
Or played to ecstasy the vibrant lyre.

Original Text:

180 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th'applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Corrected Text:

180 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Knowledge never unrolled her ample page, rich with the spoils of time, before their eyes;
Their noble rage was repressed by harsh poverty,
And it froze the genial current of the soul.

Many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of the ocean bear:
Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And wastes its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, who with dauntless breast
Stood up to the little tyrant of his fields,

There might rest a silent, inglorious Milton,
Or a Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Forbidden to command the applause of listening senates,
Or to despise the threats of pain and ruin,

To scatter plenty over a smiling land,

And to read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: Not only circumscribed their growing virtues, but also confined their crimes;
Forbidden to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pains of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, secluded vale of life,

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Original Text:
GRAY'S ELEGY 181

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect

Some frail memorial still erected nigh,

With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th'unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:

And many a holy text around she strews,

That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
Dog in these lines their artless tale relate;

If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Corrected Text:
GRAY'S ELEGY 181

Yet even these bones seek protection from insult.

A frail memorial stands near, adorned with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculptures,
Imploring a passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelled out by an unlettered muse,
Are placed to substitute fame and elegy.

She scatters around many a holy text,
That teaches the rustic moralist to confront death.

For who, falling prey to dumb forgetfulness,
Ever resigned from this pleasing anxious existence,
Left the warm boundaries of the cheerful day,
Without casting one longing, lingering look behind?

Upon some fond breast, the departing soul relies;
Some pious tears are required by the closing eye.
Even from the tomb, Nature's voice cries out;
Even in our ashes, their familiar fires live on.

For you, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Recount their artless story in these lines;

If by chance, led by lonely contemplation,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire of your fate, —

Perhaps some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Often we've seen him at dawn's first light,
Brushing away the morning dew with hasty steps,
To meet the sun upon the high upland lawn.

"There, at the base of yonder nodding beech,
That weaves its old, fantastical roots so high,
At noon-time, he would often stretch languidly,
And ponder over the babbling brook nearby.

Original Text:

182 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,

Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due in sad array

Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn!!

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth

A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;

Heaven did a recompense as largely send:

He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,

He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Tnomns Gitsv

Corrected Text:

182 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"Close to that wood, now smiling in apparent scorn,

He'd wander, murmuring his whimsical thoughts;
Now drooping, pitifully pale, like one forlorn,
Or tormented with worry, or embittered by unrequited love.

"One morning I missed him on the usual hill,
Across the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another day came; still, he was not by the stream,

Nor near the lawn, nor in the woods was he;

"Next, with appropriate dirges and solemn procession,

Slowly along the church path, we saw him carried.
Approach and read (for you can read) the inscription
Carved on the stone beneath that ancient thorn.

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon Earth's lap

A Youth, both to fortune and fame unknown:
Fair Science did not disdain his humble birth,
And Melancholy claimed him as her own.

So large was his generosity, and his soul sincere,

Heaven sent an equal reward in return:

He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,

He received from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

Seek no further to disclose his merits,
Or expose his weaknesses from their fearful place,
(There they rest in anxious hope,)
In the heart of his Father and his God.

Thomas Gray

Original Text:

ON A FAVOURITE CAT 133

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT
DROWNED IN A TUB OP GOLD-FISHES

TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind

The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,

Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish

She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid!, with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Corrected Text:

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT
DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISH

It was upon the side of a lofty vase,

Where China's most colourful art had dyed
The blooming azure flowers;
The most demure of the tabby kind,

The thoughtful Selima, reclined,
Gazed at the lake below.

Her twitching tail declared her joy:
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet touches of her paws,

Her coat that rivaled the tortoise's hue,
Her ears of jet-black, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred in approval.

She would have continued to gaze, but amid the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The guardians of the stream:

Their scaly armor's Tyrian hue
Through the richest purple, to the view
Revealed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
First a whisker, and then a claw,

With many an eager wish

She stretched, in vain, to grasp the prize.
What woman's heart can gold despise?
What cat dislikes a fish?

Presumptuous maiden, with determined looks,
Again she stretched, again she bent.

Original Text:

184 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Nor knew the gulf between—
(Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—);
The slippery verge her feet beguiled;
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood
She inew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send.—

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—A
favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties! undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold:

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,

Nor all that glisters, gold!
THOMAS GREY

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Turn into the passive:

- (1) The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
- (11) The ploughman leaves the world to darkness and to me.
- (111) Let not ambition mock their useful toil.
- (iv) One morn I missed him on the eustomed
- (v) Heaven did a recompense send.
- (vi) Her conscious tell her joy declared.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine the following pairs of sentences by using for, as, Or
because:

Corrected Text:

184 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

She was unaware of the gaping chasm—

(Malignant Fate sat by, smirking—);
Bewildered by the treacherous edge,
She stumbled and fell headfirst!

Emerging eight times from the water,
She cried out for help to every aquatic deity.
Praying for swift aid to arrive—

No dolphin arrived, no Nereid stirred,
Neither cruel Tom nor Susan heard—A
Favorite indeed has no friend!

From this, you Beauties! be undeceived,
Know that one false step can never be undone,
And proceed with caution:

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And careless hearts is lawful prize,
And not all that glistens is gold.
THOMAS GREY

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Turn into the passive:

- (1) The toll of the curfew signifies the knell of the departing day.
- (2) The world is left to darkness and to me by the ploughman.
- (3) Their useful toil should not be mocked by ambition.
- (4) He was missed by me one morning on the accustomed path.
- (5) A recompense was sent by Heaven.
- (6) Her joy was declared by her conscious tail.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine the following pairs of sentences by using for, as, or because:

Provide the revised version below.

Original Text:

GRAY'S 'ELEGY & ON A FAVOURITE CAT 135

- (i) The ploughman plods slowly homeward. He is weary.
- (ii) The moping owl complains to the moon. Some have molested her ancient solitary reign.
- (iii) Nothing shall rouse them from their lowly bed. They are gone beyond recall.
- (iv) Knowledge did not unroll her ample page to their eyes, They were poor and had to toil unceasingly.
- (v) Some hand has erected a frail memorial. It wished to protect these bones from insult.
- (vi) I missed him near his favourite tree. He was dead.

(CG PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following passage, and supply capital letters where necessary:

while thomas gray was staying with his mother and aunts at stoke poges he began the famous elegy for a time it was not printed but circulated in manuscript among his friends afterwards however it was brought out in pamphlet form and sold at sixpence unlike old thack who was driven through force of ei Feu instances to write for his living gray had private means and wnr very little he resided in a college in cambridge at ole l i rite tir became terribly afraid of fire and so that he might be um iy at any time he ordered a rope ladder from london WWI(- III H+11 leV011n undergraduates heard of this and one night ern r d fire v.l len there was no fire gray as they expected let down hie' 13(h ter and quickly descended into a big tub of cold water whirl l inut been placed beneath the poet did not see the joke and angrily MOW(' to another college where strange to say he was nearly burned out in dead earnest.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Make a list of all the adjectives with the accompanying nouns which occur in the lines from "Now fades the glimmering landscape." to "No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed." Notice in each case how apt is the description. You could not change a word without losing something of sound or meaning.

Corrected Text:

Gray's Elegy & On a Favourite Cat 135

- (i) The weary ploughman plods slowly homeward.
- (ii) The moping owl complains to the moon that her ancient, solitary reign has been disturbed.
- (iii) Nothing will rouse them from their lowly bed. They have departed beyond recall.
- (iv) Due to their poverty and ceaseless toil, the ample page of knowledge was never unrolled before their eyes.
- (v) A frail memorial has been erected by someone who wished to protect these bones from disrespect.
- (vi) I found his absence near his favourite tree. He had died.

While Thomas Gray was staying with his mother and aunts at Stoke Poges, he began writing the famous elegy. For a time, it was not printed, but

The Choice of Words

Create a list including the adjectives and their corresponding nouns from the lines "Now fades the glimmering landscape..." to "No more shall rou

Original Text:

186 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Notice the slumbrous effect of the letter in in the line:

The moping owl does to the moon complain,

and see if you can find a similar instance in the same poem.

(ii) Write an essay entitled "Reflections in a Country Churchyard."

(iii) What do you imagine the gold-fish thought: (a) when the cat first stretched out a paw; (b) when "she tumbled headlong in"?

(iv) How came Gray's Elegy to be associated with the capture of Quebec? Give an account of the incident.

(v) What is an elegy? Is the second poem an elegy? Read a portion of each poem carefully to yourself, and then say what you notice about their respective times. Why must one be read in quick time and the other slowly?

(vi) Write out "cruel Tom's" reasons for not coming to the rescue.

Corrected Text:

186 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Analyze the calming effect of the alliteration within the line: "The moping owl does to the moon complain," and

(2) Compose an essay with the title, "Reflections in a Country Churchyard."

(3) What do you suppose the goldfish was thinking (a) when the cat first extended its paw and (b) when it suddenly

(4) How did Gray's Elegy become associated with the capture of Quebec? Provide a detailed description of the

(5) Define an elegy. Is the second poem considered an elegy? Read sections from each poem carefully. Do you

(6) Write out the reasons "Cruel Tom" presented for not coming to the rescue.

Original Text:

XV

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA

A DARK and dreary night; people nestling in their beds
or circling late about the fire; Want, colder than Charity,
shivering at the street corners; church-towers humming
with the faint vibration of their own tongues, but newly
resting from the ghostly preachment "One " The earth
covered with a sable pall as for the burial of yesterday;
the clumps of dark trees, its giant plumes of funeral
feathers, waving sadly to and fro: all hushed, all noise-
less, and in deep repose, save the swift clouds that skim
across the moon, and the cautious wind, as, creeping after
them upon the ground, it stops to listen, and goes rustling
on, and stops again, and follows, like a savage on the trail.
Whither go the clouds and wind, so eagerly? If, like
guilty spirits, they repair to some dread conference with
power., like themselves, in what wild regions do the elei
I :ell f ©; hold council, or where unbend in terrible disport?
ma, ()ll, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll
t lle luutt I win/jug billows. Mountains and caves are here,
and vet. are not; for what is now the one, is now the
of then all is but a boiling heap of rushing water..
l': , , and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and
t)))), niggles, ending in a spouting-up of foam that.
N% 1111 cir; the black night; incessant change of place, and
)1 1, :1'1(1 hue; constancy in nothing, but eternal strife;
on, Am, on, they roll, and darker grows the night, and
louder howls the wind, and more clamorous and fierce

Corrected Text:

CHAPTER XV

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA

It was a dark and dreary night; people were nestled in their beds or seated late before the fire. Despair, colder

The only sounds breaking the stillness were the swift clouds that skimmed across the moon and the steady wi

Incessantly on, over the infinite expanse of turbulent space, rolled the thunderous waves. Once-solid mountai

There was a relentless shifting of place and time, a lack of consistency in anything but eternal discord; on and

Original Text:

188 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES «

become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A ship |"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain ; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into a heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as insensible to the foul air in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a dim idea that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead which had turned bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs; for the first objects Mr Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels—looking down at him, as he afterwards observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

"Well!" said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. "This is the first time as I ever stood on my head all night."

Corrected Text:

188 Excerpts and Exercises

Like a million voices in the sea, a wild cry goes out upon the storm, "A ship!" The ship gallantly combats the el

The eager multitude continues to crowd around her throughout the night. Dawn reveals an untiring throng still

Among the sleeping passengers are Martin and Mark Tapley. Lulled into a heavy slumber by the unfamiliar motion, they remain insensible to the

"Well," Mark says, maneuvering himself into a sitting position after numerous failed attempts to counterbalance the rolling ship, "This is the first

Original Text:

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA 139

"You shouldn't go to sleep on the ground with your head to leeward, then," growled a man in one of the berths.

"With my head to where?" asked Mark. The man repeated his previous sentiment.

"No, I won't another time," said Mark, "when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship, any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

"__For," said Mr Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice; "the sea is as nonsensical a thing as any going. It never knows what to do with itself. It hasn't got no employment for its mind, and is always in a state of vacancy. Like them Polar bears in the wild-beast shows as is constantly a-nodding their heads from side to side, it never can be quiet. Which is entirely owing to its uncommon stupidity."

Is I hat you, Mark ?" asked a faint voice from another

"It's as much of me as is left, sir, after a fortnight of this work," Mr Tapley replied. "What with leading the life of a fly ever since I've been aboard—for I've been perpetually holding-on to something or other, in a upside-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very

le into myself, and taking a good deal out in various way , I here an't too much of me to swear by. How do you id yourself this morning, sir ?"

"Very Miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan. "T';. hI This is wretched, indeed!"

Corrected Text:

Chapter 139: Mark Tapley at Sea

"You shouldn't sleep on the ground with your head to leeward," a man in one of the berths growled.

"With my head to where?" Mark asked. The man repeated his earlier statement.

"I won't do that next time," Mark said, "once I know where on the map that location is. In the meantime, I can offer you a sounder piece of advice."

The man gave a gruff sound of discontented agreement, turned in his berth, and pulled his blanket over his head.

"For," Mr. Tapley continued, speaking more to himself in a low voice, "the sea is as capricious a thing as any. It never knows what to do with itself."

"Is that you, Mark?" asked a faint voice from another bunk.

"There's not much left of me after a fortnight of this work," Mr. Tapley replied. "Ever since I boarded this ship, I've led the life of a fly, constantly being crushed."

"Very miserable," Martin groaned peevishly. "Ugh! This is truly wretched!"

Original Text:

140 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"Creditable," muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head and looking round him with a rueful grin. "That's the great comfort. It is creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

Mark was so far right, that unquestionably any man who retained his cheerfulness among the steerage accommodations of that noble and fast sailing line of packet-ship, The Screw, was solely indebted to his own resources, and shipped his good humour, like his provisions, without any contribution or assistance from the owners. A dark, low, stifling cabin, surrounded by berths all filled to overflowing with men, women, and children, in various stages of sickness and misery, is not the liveliest place of assembly at any time; but when it is so crowded that mattresses and beds are heaped upon the floor, to the extinction of everything like comfort, cleanliness, and decency, it is liable to operate not only as a pretty strong barrier against amiability of temper, but as a positive encourager of selfish and rough humours. Mark felt this, as he sat looking about him; and his spirits rose proportionately.

Here an old grandmother was crooning over a sick child, and rocking it to and fro, in arms hardly more wasted than its own young limbs; here a poor woman With an infant in her lap, mended another little creature's clothes, and quieted another who was creeping up about her from their scanty bed upon the floor. Here were old men awkwardly engaged in little household offices, wherein they would have been ridiculous but for their good-will and kind purpose; and here were swarthy fellows--giants in their way—doing such little acts of tenderness for those about them, as might have belonged

Corrected Text:

"Creditable," Mark muttered, pressing a hand to his throbbing head. He scanned his surroundings with a wry smile.

Mark was correct in his perceptions. Any man able to maintain cheerfulness amidst the steerage accommodations

The unpleasantness of the dark, cramped, stuffy cabin, filled with men, women, and children in various stages

Nearby, an old grandmother was softly singing while rocking a sick child back and forth in her arms, which were

Original Text:

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA 141

to gentlest-hearted dwarfs. The very idiot in the corner who sat mowing there, all day, had his faculty of imitation roused by what he saw about him; and snapped his fingers; to amuse a crying child.

"Now, then," said Mark, nodding to a woman who was dressing her three children at no great distance from him: and the grin upon his face had by this time-spread from ear to ear: "Hand over one of them young 'uns according to custom."

"I wish you'd get breakfast, Mark, instead of worrying with people who don't belong to you," observed Martin, petulantly.

"All right," said Mark. "She'll do that. It's a fair division of labour, sir. I wash her boys, and she makes our tea. I never could make tea, but anyone can wash a boy."

The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness, as well she might, for she had been covered every night with his great-coat, while he had had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug. But, Martin, who seldom got up or looked about him, was quite incensed at the folly of this speech, and expressed his dissatisfaction by an impatient groan.

"So it is, certainly," said Mark, brushing the child's hair as coolly as if he had been born and bred a barber.

"What are you talking about, now ?" asked Martin.

"What you said," replied Mark; "or what you meant, when you gave that there dismal vent to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It is very hard upon her."

"What is?"

"Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here, and going such a way at such a time of the year to join her husband. If you don't want to be

Corrected Text:

Even the gentlest-hearted dwarfs seemed affected, even the idiot sitting in the corner, who was mowing all day, seemed to find his faculty for imi

"Now then," Mark addressed a woman in the near distance, who was dressing her three children. The grin on his face had expanded from ear to ea

"Mark, I wish you would prepare breakfast instead of meddling with people who aren't your concern," Martin remarked peevishly.

"All right," responded Mark. "She'll handle that. It's a fair distribution of work, sir. I wash her boys, and she brews our tea. I never could brew tea

The woman, who was frail and ill, appreciated his kindness. Indeed, she had the full reason to, for she had been covered with his overcoat every m

"Indeed, it is," replied Mark, brushing the child's hair with nonchalance as though it were his born profession.

"Now, what are you talking about?" Martin asked.

"I'm referring to what you said," replied Mark, "or what you insinuated when you let loose that gloomy sigh. I completely agree with you, sir. It is

"What is?"

"The fact that she is making this voyage alone with these young obstacles here, and travelling this far at this time of the year to meet her husband.

Original Text:

142 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man," said Mr Tapley to the second urchin, who was by this time under his hands at the basin, " you'd better shutit."

"Where does she join her husband?" asked Martin, yawning.

"Why, I'm very much afraid," said Mr Tapley, in a low voice, "that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and if she don't see him a waving his pocket handkerchief on the shore, like a pietur out of a song-book, my opinion is, she'll break her heart."

"Why, how, in Folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture!" cried Martin.

Mr Tapley glanced at him for a moment as he lay prostrate in his berth, and then said very quietly:

" Ah I How, indeed! I can't think! He's been away from her, for two year: she's been very poor and lonely in her own country; and has always been looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing! A little mad, perhaps! There can't be no other way of accounting for it."

Martin was too far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness to make any reply to these words, or even to attend to them as they were spoken. And the subject of their discourse returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectually put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr Tapley; who, when the meal was over and he had adjusted Martin's bed, went up on deck to wash the breakfast service, which consisted of two half-pint tin mugs, and a shaving-pot of the same metal.

It is due to Mark Tapley to state, that he suffered at least as much from sea-sickness as any man, Woman, or

Corrected Text:

142 EXTRACTIONS AND EXERCISES

"Driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man," Mr. Tapley said to the second urchin, already under his hands at the basin, "you'd better

"Where is she meeting her husband?" asked Martin, mid-yawn.

"There's a real possibility," said Mr. Tapley softly, "that she doesn't know. I have hopes she won't miss him. She delivered her last letter by hand.

"How on earth did this woman end up on board on such a baseless mission!" exclaimed Martin.

Mr. Tapley looked at Martin, who was sprawled in his berth, then very calmly replied:

"That's the question. I really can't figure it out. He's been away from her for two years. She's been poor and desolate in her own country, always a

Martin was too consumed in the exhaustion of seasickness to adequately respond or pay attention to their conversation. Just as they were discussi

It's worth mentioning that Mark Tapley suffered from seasickness as much as any man or woman.

Provide the revised version below.

Original Text:

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA 148

child, on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world. There never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became, on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, The Screw; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.,

"If this was going to last," said Mr Tapley, "there'd be no difference as T can perceive, between The Screw and t he Dragon, 1 never am to get credit, I think. I licrin In be afraid !hat the Fates is determined to make lw v. odd easy Ili ine."

"11, Il, M.irk," said Martin, near whose berth he had ruolittoti lto l Incc "When will this be over ?"

#i.1 Ir week, Il y say, sir," returned Mark, "will mo.t bring lei into port. The ship's going along at present, seen dre u ship can, sir; though I don't 1114.1111 in e411y ne. hal very high praise."

"JT don't I hint, Il is, indeed," groaned Martin.

" I l'cie all I he bet ter for it, sir, if you was to turn out ," rd Mark.

a AWI ne "*" by the ladies and gentlemen on the after drel,," returned Martin, with a scornful emphasis

Corrected Text:

Chapter 148: Mark Tapley At Sea

On board, there was a child who had a peculiar tendency to injure himself at the slightest provocation and lose

There was never a more popular character on board that grand, fast-sailing packet ship, The Screw, than Mark Tapley. He rose eventually to such

"If this was going to last," said Mr. Tapley, "I can't see a difference between The Screw and The Dragon. I somehow don't ever manage to earn c

"Oh, Mark," Martin groaned, near whose berth he had paused to converse. "When will this ordeal end?"

"Another week, they say, sir," returned Mark. "The ship's moving along as well as any ship can, though that's not particularly high praise."

"If only it were," sighed Martin.

"It would make you feel better, sir, if you stepped out a bit," suggested Mark.

"I'm well avoided by the ladies and gentlemen on deck," retorted Martin, with a scornful emphasis.

Original Text:

144 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

upon the words, "mingling with the beggarly crowd that are stowed away in this vile hole. I should be greatly the better for that, no doubt!"

"I'm thankful that I can't say from my own experience what the feelings of a gentleman may be," said Mark, "but I should have thought, sir, as a gentleman would feel a deal more uncomfortable down here, than up in the fresh air, especially when the ladies and gentlemen in the after-cabin know just as much about him, as he does about them, and are likely to trouble their heads about him in the same proportion. I should have thought that, certainly."

"IT tell you then," rejoined Martin, "you would have thought wrong, and do think wrong."

" Very likely, sir," said Mark, with imperturbable good temper. "I often do."

"As to lying here," cried Martin, raising himself on his elbow, and looking angrily at his follower. "Do you suppose it is a pleasure to lie here?"

"All the madhouses in the world," said Mr Tapley, "couldn't produce such a maniac as the man must be who could think that."

"Then why are you for ever goading and urging me to get up?" asked Martin. "I lie here because I don't wish to be recognised, in the better days to which I aspire, by any purse-proud citizen, as the man who came over with him among the steerage passengers. Die here, because I wish to conceal my circumstances and myself, and not to arrive in a new world Wedged and ticketed as an utterly poverty-stricken man. If I could have afforded a passage in the after-cabin, I should have held up my head with the rest. As I couldn't, I hide it. Do you understand that?"

Corrected Text:

144 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Here, Mark listened to the words, "mingling with the destitute crowd that's tightly packed away in this sordid place."

"I'm grateful that I don't know from personal experience what a gentleman's feelings might be," Mark said. "But I always thought, sir, that a gentleman

"Then let me tell you," retorted Martin, "You would have presumed incorrectly, and you still do."

"Very likely, sir," Mark responded, unfazed. "I often make mistakes."

"As to lying here," Martin interjected, raising himself on his elbow and glaring defiantly at his comrade. "Do you suppose I derive pleasure from

"Not all the asylums in the world," Mr. Tapley said, "could yield such a lunatic as the man who could think that."

"Then why do you continually provoke and push me to get up?" Martin questioned. "I lie here because I don't want to be recognized, in the better

Original Text:

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA 145

"I am very sorry, sir," said Mark, "I didn't know you took it so much to heart as Ibis comes to."

"Of course you didn't know," returned his master.

"How should you know, unless I told you? It's no trial to you, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to bustle about. It's as natural for you to do so under the circumstances as it is for me not to do so. Why, you don't suppose there's a living creature in this ship who can possibly have half so much to undergo on board of her as

have? Do you?" he asked, sitting upright in his berth and looking at Mark, with an expression of great earnestness not unmixed with wonder.

Mark twisted his face into a tight knot, and with his head very much on one side pondered upon this question as if he felt it an extremely difficult one to answer. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Martin himself, who said, as he stretched himself upon his back again and resumed the book he had been reading:

"But what's the use of my putting such a case to you, when the very essence of what I have been saying, is, that you cannot by possibility understand it! Make me a little brandy-and-water, cold and very weak, and give me a biscuit, and tell your friend, who is a nearer neighbour of ours than I could wish, to try and keep her children a little quieter to-night than she did last night; that's a good fellow,"

Mr Tapley. "I myself to obey these orders with great alacrity, and pending their execution, it may be presumed flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he several times served, below his breath, that in respect of the lower of imparting a credit to jollity, The Screw It'll I ("I nimbly had some decided advantages over the Dragon. He also remarked, that it was a high gratifica-

Corrected Text:

MARK TAPLEY AT SEA 145

"I am very sorry, sir," said Mark, "I was unaware that you took this situation to heart as much as you do."

"Of course, you didn't know," replied his master. "How could you know unless I told you? It's not a challenge for you, Mark, to make yourself co

Mark contorted his face and tilted his head to one side, pondering this question as though he found it tremendously difficult to answer. His discon

"But what's the point of posing such a question to you, when the crux of what I'm saying is that you couldn't possibly understand it! Prepare a littl

Mr. Tapley set about these tasks swiftly, and it can be inferred from his lively actions that his spirits were revived. He even observed to himself a

Original Text:

148 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) Explain what is meant by the terms: leeward, berth, steerage, long-boat, spar.

Draw a plan of a ship, showing starboard and port; fore and aft.

(iv) Write down some "Thoughts on Sea-sickness."

(v) Notice how Dickens in his description of a stormy sea obtains the effect of rapid and constant motion. The narrative is so vivid that you can fancy you hear the swirl of the waters. Notice, too, how the effect is heightened by the use of the historic present. Write a short passage entitled "A Page from a Lighthouse-keeper's Note-book," and strive to obtain similar effects.

(vi) Mark Tapley did not give any explanation of those "consolatory thoughts" which helped him. What do you think they were?

Corrected Text:

148 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) Define the following terms: leeward, berth, steerage, long-boat, and spar.

Create a diagram of a ship, indicating starboard and port; fore and aft.

(iv) Jot down a few thoughts on seasickness.

(v) Observe how Dickens, in his depiction of a tempestuous sea, achieves the sensation of swift and continuous motion.

(vi) Mark Tapley never clarified those "consolatory thoughts" that assisted him. What do you think these thoughts were?

Original Text:

XVI

THE LOTOS-EATERS

" COURAGE? -he said, and pointed toward the land.

"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land,

In which it seemed always afternoon,

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams? some like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And scum t hro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling it %luminous sheet of foam below.

Tile) :.axs III(' gleaming river seaward flow

From I he inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,

Thni «41, nl pimnwles of aged snow,

itn it :Anew! lhn.11'd: dew'd with showery drops,

l'p.clumh I lie ..hadowy pine above the woven copse.

Thr ehanmd t.imset linger'd low adown

Int hi nr'it : I hrn mountain clefts the dale

ho and the yellow down

thail. tsitll palm, and many a winding vale

And un n low, with slender galingale;

Corrected Text:

XVI

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"Courage," he said, and pointed toward the land.

"This mounting wave will soon roll us shoreward."

In the afternoon, they came unto a land,

Which perhaps always seemed to be in the afternoon.

All around the coast, the languid air swooned,
Breathing like one entrapped in a tired dream.
Unequivocally, above the valley, stood the full-faced moon;

Like wisps of smoke trailing downwards, the narrow stream
Seemed to falter and pause along the cliff, before it tumbled down.

A land of streams? Some, like smoke drifting down,
Slowly fell behind veils of the finest lawn;

Scum, coursing through fluctuating lights and shadow, broke,
Rolling into a luminous sheet of foam below.

The glistening river flowed towards the sea
From the inner land: far off, three mountaintops,

Three peaks covered in aged snow,
Crowned and dampened with showery drops,
Climbing up the shadowy pines above the tangled copses.

The enchanted sunset lingered low,
Hidden in the western mountain clefts of the dale,
Low greenery and the yellow down,
Sheltering palms and many a winding vale,
And a slender galingale, all in sight now.

Original Text:

150 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

A land where all things always seem'd the same.
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
.Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,

And taste, to him the gushing of the wave

Far far away did seem to mourn and rave

On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,

His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;

And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,

And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;

And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,

Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore

Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then some one said, "We will return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

cnorac SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;

Corrected Text:

150 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

In a land where all things always seemed the same,
And around the ship's keel with faces pale,
Dark faces looked pale against that rosy flame,

The gentle-eyed, melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

They bore branches of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flowers and fruit, which they offered to each.
However, whoever received and tasted them,

Would hear the mourning and raving of waves
Far away on alien shores. If his companion spoke,

His voice was thin, like voices from the grave;
He seemed deeply asleep, yet entirely awake,

And music resonated in his ears, setting his heart aflutter.

They sat down on the yellow sand,
Between the sun and the moon upon the shore;

Dreaming of the homeland was sweet,
Daydreaming of children, wives, and servants; but always

The sea seemed weariest, as did the oar,
And the wandering fields of barren foam.

Then someone said, "We shall return no more";
And all at once they sang, "Our island home

Is far beyond the wave; we shall roam no more."

SONORIC SONG

I

Sweet music can be felt here, falling softer
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass.

Original Text:
THE LOTOS-EATERS 151

Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here arc cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

In

1401 in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is %you'd from out the bud
11 it It win<h Whim I he branch, and there
(41.4r,* , 104*e0 mid broad, and takes no care,
:-1111 ..teyl,'11 al, noon, and in the moon
ly i h %% i'vd; and turning yellow

Valk, um! Inats adown the air.

Corrected Text:

"The Lotos-Eaters 151

Music, which lies gentler on the spirit

Than fatigued eyelids upon tired eyes;

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

Here, deep cool mosses lie,

And through the moss, the ivies creep,

And in the stream, long-leaved flowers weep,

And from the craggy ledge, the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why fall we under such heaviness,

And are utterly consumed with sharp distress,

While all other things find rest from weariness?

All things find rest: why should we toil alone,

We only toil, who are the first of things,

And perpetually moan,

Still thrown from one sorrow to another:

Never folding our wings,

And ceasing from wanderings,

Nor bathing our brows in slumber's holy balm;

Nor listening to what the inner spirit sings,

"There is no joy but calm!"

Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

1401 in the heart of the wood,

A folded leaf is drawn out from the bud,
It swings from the branch there,
It grows wide and takes no care,
At noon, it's in the moonlight

It turns yellow,
And drifts down the air."

Original Text:

152 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Lo | sweeten'd with the summer light,

The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.

All its allotted length of days,

The flower ripens in its place,

Ripens, and fades, and falls, and bath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,

And in a little while our lips are dumb.

Let us alone. What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

Let us alone. What pleasure can we have

To war with evil? Is there any peace

In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:

Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem

Falling asleep in a half-dream I

To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;

Corrected Text:

152 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Glowing sweetly in the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, growing overly ripe,
Falls on a silent autumn night.

It lives its given number of days,

In its place, the flower ripens,
Ripens, fades, falls, and knows no work,
Firmly rooted in the furtive soil.

IV

The dark-blue sky is hateful,
arched over the equally dark-blue sea.

Death is the end of life; oh, why
Should life be all about labor?

Leave us be. Time pushes us swiftly forward,
And soon our lips will stay silent.

Leave us be. What will endure?

All things are taken from us, turning
Into parts and pieces of the dreadful past.

Leave us be. What joy can we find
In fighting with the wrong? Is there any peace
In the constant push of life, like the ever climbing wave?

All things find rest, growing ripe towards the grave
In quietude; ripen, fall, and end:

Offer us long rest or death, the darkness of death, or peaceful sleep in a dream.

How pleasant it would be, hearing the flowing stream
With half-closed eyes, always seeming
To fall asleep in a half-experienced dream!

To dream and dream, like that persistent amber light,
That will not depart from the myrrh-bush on the highland.

Original Text:

THE LOTOS-EATERS 153

To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all bath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:

Ms hard to settle order once again.

There is confusion worse than death,

Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,

Long labour unto aged breath,

Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars

And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

Corrected Text:

The Lotos-Eaters 153

We listen carefully to each other's whispered speech,

Eating the Lotos day after day,

Watching the crisp ripples on the beach,

And the tender, curved lines of creamy spray.

We surrender our hearts and spirits entirely,

To the influence of gentle melancholy.

We muse, brood, and relive our past in memory,

Seeing those familiar faces from our infancy,

Buried beneath a grassy mound,

With two handfuls of white dust sealed in a brass urn.

VI

The memory of our married lives is cherished,

And the final embrace from our wives are precious,

With their warm tears; but all have experienced change.

For now, our household hearths are cold,

Our sons have inherited our roles, our looks are foreign,

And we would appear as ghosts disrupting happiness.

Perhaps the overconfident princes on the island

Have consumed our substance, while the minstrel sings

Before them, of the ten-year war in Troy,

And our great deeds are treated as half-forgotten things.

Is there confusion on the small island?

Let what is shattered remain thus.

The Gods are challenging to appease —

It's tough to restore order once again.

The confusion is worse than death,

Troubles and pains pile on,

Long labor is painful to aging breath,

A daunting task for hearts worn by many wars

And eyes dimmed from gazing at the navigator's stars.

Original Text:

154 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Vil

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,

How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)

With half-dropt eyelids still,

Beneath a heaven dark and holy,

To watch the long bright river drawing slowly

His waters from the purple hill—

To hear the dewy echoes calling

From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—

To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling

Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!

Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:

The Lotos blows by every winding creek:

All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:

Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone

Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains

in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hued

Corrected Text:

154 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

VII

Propped on beds of amaranth and moly, how sweet it is –
While warm airs lull us, blowing gently –
To watch, with half-closed eyelids,
Beneath a dark, holy heaven,
The long, bright river draw its water slowly
From the purple hills.
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave, through the dense, intertwining vine.
To watch the emerald-colored water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine.
Just to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear—it's sweet, lying stretched out beneath the pines.

VIII

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak.
It blows along every winding creek.
Throughout the day, the wind breathes softly with mellower tone,
Through every solitary cave and hidden alley.
Around the spicy downs, the yellow Lotus-dust is blown.

We've had enough of action, and of the free seething motion,
Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, amidst the sea's turmoil,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath and keep it with an undisturbed mind,
To live and lie reclined in the secluded Lotus-land,
Like Gods together on the hills, unconcerned with mankind.
For they recline by their nectar, the bolts exquisitely hued.

Original Text:
THE LOTOS-EATERS

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song

Steaming up, a lamentation, and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning, tho' the words are strong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd,
down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

11(-.1 lug weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

14111.1.1y, Surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

'7111111 hi lunir in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and

t)11 rust ye, 1)11)1 her mariners, we will not wander more.

Loan TENNYSON

EXERCISES

) THE USE OF WORDS

Make | lin necessary corrections in the following sentences:

(I) The yellow clown was bordered by palm-trees.

(II)The shadowy pinestrees seemed as if they were climbing
up above the copse.

Corrected Text:

THE LOTUS-EATERS

Far below, in the valleys, the clouds are lightly curled around their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world. Smiling in secret, they look o

Yet, they find music centered in a doleful song steaming upwards – a lamentation, an ancient tale reflecting a wrong. Although it seems like a tale

Until they perish and suffer - some, 'tis whispered, suffer endless anguish in hell, while others dwell in Elysian valleys, resting their weary limbs o

- Lord Tennyson

EXERCISES

THE USE OF WORDS

Make necessary corrections in the following sentences:

(I) The yellow clown was bordered by palm trees.

(II) The shadowy pine trees seemed as if they were climbing up above the copse.

Provide the revised version below.

Original Text:

156 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) The Lotos was different to anything they had ever tasted before.

(iv) We can find no fault to what the weary mariners said.

(v) The old Greeks said they would swear an oath and keep it in an equal mind.

* (vi) Death is the end to life.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Make sentences containing the following phrases:

(i) slumbrous sheet of foam; (ii) gushing of the wave;
(iii) craggy ledge; (iv) our household hearths; (v) winding creek; (vi) weary limbs.

(©) PUNCTUATION

Rewrite the following, showing clearly which is poetry and which prose by using quotation marks, and by setting out the poetry in its proper verse-form:

If you read "The Lotos-Eaters" carefully, you will see that Tennyson was able to paint beautiful pictures to please the mind's eye, and at the same time to compose sweet music to delight the ear, in a way that few other poets could equal. You can hear the mighty billows heaving in we have had enough of action, and of motion we, mll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething free. You can see the water falling over the cliff into the depths below in the lines and like a downward smoke, the slender stream along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem. While if you read the stanza beginning there is sweet music here that softer falls than petals from blown roses on the grass, you feel yourself being sweetly lulled to sleep.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

In the old Greek plays the Chorus always played a prominent part. This was composed of singers and dancers, who sang a stanza as they turned to the right from the altar in the centre of the stage. Then they turned back, singing an answering stanza. After that

Corrected Text:

156 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(iii) The Lotos was different from anything they had ever tasted before.

(iv) We can find no fault in what the weary mariners said.

(v) The ancient Greeks pledged they would swear an oath and uphold it with an equal mind.

* (vi) Death is the end of life.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Compose sentences incorporating the following phrases:

(i) slumbrous sheet of foam; (ii) gushing of the wave; (iii) craggy ledge; (iv) our household hearths; (v) winding creek; (vi) weary limbs.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Revise the following text, clearly distinguishing between poetry and prose by using quotation marks, and formatting the poetry in its appropriate

When you carefully read "The Lotos-Eaters", it becomes apparent that Tennyson had a unique ability to conjure vivid imagery that delights the n

His description of the roaring waves can be heard in the lines:

"We have had enough of action, and motion,
we, rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard,
when the surge was seething free."

And the scene of water spilling over the cliff into the abyss below is depicted in:

"And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

Whereas in the stanza beginning with:

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
than petals from blown roses on the grass,"

you can feel yourself being gently lulled to sleep.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

In ancient Greek plays, the Chorus always had a significant role. It consisted of singers and dancers who sang a stanza as they veered to the right

Original Text:

THE LOTOS-EATERS 157

they turned to the left, and back to the starting-point once more.

The Choric Song in "The Lotos-Eaters" is arranged in this way. The opening stanza, or strophe, describes the beauty of the Lotos-land, while the second, or antistrophe, deals with the troubles and wanderings which have vexed the mariners. The third returns to sing of the wondrous country to which they have come, while the fourth reverts to the sorrows beyond. One stanza, the strophe, is a sigh of contentment; the next, the antistrophe, is a moan of despair, until in the epode, the last stanza of all, the mariners resolve that they will wander no more.

Read through the Choric Song carefully, noting the contrast which this arrangement gives, then write out the strophe which you think to be the most beautiful.

(B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) Write a prose description: (a) of the Lotos-land, (6) of the life of a mariner.

(ii) Give as many beautiful comparisons as you can remember for sweet music which falls on the ear ever so softly.

(iii) Smith and Robinson had a debate, Smith arguing that the mariners were lazy loafers who were shirking their duties, while Robinson contended that they were sensible men to stay in a good place when they found it. What is your opinion?

(iv) Write explanatory notes on: nectar, asphodel, amaranth, cooly, acanthus.

(v) In a previous exercise you noted the 'slumbrous' effect of the letter in. Find an example in this poem.

(vi) Write an essay entitled "The Life-Story of an Apple," first reading carefully the very beautiful description in the poem.

Corrected Text:

THE LOTOS-EATERS 157

They turned to the left, and then back to the starting point once more.

"The Lotos-Eaters" features a unique arrangement, known as the Choric Song. The first stanza, or strophe, details the allure of the Lotos-land, wh

Examine the Choric Song meticulously, observing the stark contrast its structure provides. Subsequently, identify and record the strophe you thin

(B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) Write a prose description of: (a) the Lotos-land, and (b) a mariner's life.

(ii) Recall and note down as many beautiful comparisons as you can for the sweet music which falls gently on the ear.

(iii) Smith and Robinson engaged in a debate. Smith argued that the mariners were indolent vagabonds avoiding their responsibilities, whereas R

(iv) Write explanatory notes on: nectar, asphodel, amaranth, coolly, acanthus.

(v) In a previous exercise, you noted the 'slumbrous' effect of the word. Locate an example of this in the poem.

(vi) Compose an essay entitled "The Life-Story of an Apple", initially reading through and reflecting on the exquisite description provided in the

Original Text:

160 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

heroes, as Athamas his uncle ruled in Bceotia; and like Athamas, he was an unhappy man. For he had a step-brother named Pclias, of whom some said he was a nymph's son, and there were dark and sad tales about his birth. When he was a babe he was cast out on the mountains, and a wild mare came by and kicked him. But a shepherd passing found the baby, with its face all blackened by the blow; and took him home, and called him Pelias, because his face was bruised and black. And he grew up fierce and lawless, and did many a dreadful deed; and at last he drove out iEson his step-brother, and then his own brother Neleus, and took the kingdom to himself, and ruled over the rich Minuan heroes, in lolcos by the sea.

And &son, when he was driven out, went sadly away out of the town, leading his little son by the hand; and he said to himself, "I must hide the child in the moun-tains; or relicts will surely kill him, because he is the heir."

So he went up from the sea across the valley, through the vineyards and the olive groves, and across the torrent of Anauros, towards Pelion the ancient mountain, whose brows are white with snow.

He went up and up into the mountain, over marsh, and crag, and down, till the boy was tired and footsore, and A.son had to bear him in his arms, till he came to the mouth of a lonely cave, at the foot of a mighty cliff.

Above the cliff the snow-wreaths hung, dripping and cracking in the sun; but at its foot around the cave's mouth grew all fair flowers and herbs, as if in a garden, ranged in order, each sort by itself. There they grew gaily in the sunshine, and the spray of the torrent from above; while from the cave came the sound of music, and a man's voice singing to the harp.

Corrected Text:

160 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Heroes, such as Athamas, ruled in Boeotia, but like his uncle Athamas, he was an unfortunate man. He had a

Aeson, on being exiled, sorrowfully left the town leading his young son by the hand. He resolved to hide his son

He steadily ascended the mountain, traversing marshes, crags, and valleys until the boy grew tired and footsore. Aeson carried his son in his arms

Above the cliff, snowdrifts hung, melting and cracking under the sun. However, at its base near the mouth of the cave, a variety of beautiful flowe

Original Text:

JASON AND THE CENTAUR 161

Then Jason put down the lad and whispered—

"Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find,
lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of
Zeus, the father of Gods and men, I am your guest from
this day forth."

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too
was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in
wonder to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer lying upon bear-skins and
fragrant boughs: Cheiron, the ancient centaur, the wisest
of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was
a man, but below he was a noble horse; his white hair
rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white
beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were
wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it
with a golden key; and as he struck, he sang till his
eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light.

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens
and of the dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether,
and of the fire, and the shaping of the wondrous earth.
And he sang of the treasures of the hills, and the hidden
jewels of the mine, and the veins of fire and metal,
and the virtues of all healing herbs, and of the speech
of birds, and of prophecy, and of hidden things to
come.

Then he sang of health, and strength, and manhood,
and a valiant heart; and of music, and hunting, and
wrestling, and all the games which heroes love; and of
war, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight;
and then he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice
in the land; and as he sang the boy listened wide-eyed,
and he forgot his errand in the song.

Corrected Text:

Jason and the Centaur 161

Then Jason placed the young boy down and gently whispered, "Do not be afraid. Go inside, and upon whomever

With admirable courage for his age, the boy entered, unafraid, for he too was a son of a hero. Once inside, he had to halt momentarily, captivated

Inside, he spotted the singer reclined on bear skins and fragrant boughs. It was Cheiron, the ancient centaur, reputed as the wisest of all beings be

In his hands, he held a golden harp, playing it with a golden key. He sang as he played, his eyes sparkling brightly, flooding the cave with a celest

His song told the tale of Time's birth, the heavens, and the dancing stars. He sang of the ocean, the ether, the fire, and the shaping of the miraculo

He sang of health, strength, manhood, and the power of a brave heart. He sang of music, hunting, wrestling, and all the games beloved by heroes.

Original Text:

162 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

And at the last old Cheiron was silent, and called the lad with a soft voice.

And the lad ran trembling to him, and would have laid his hands upon his knees; but Cheiron smiled, and said, "Call hither your father iEson, for I know you, and all that has befallen, and saw you both afar in the valley, even before you left the town."

Then JEson came in sadly, and Cheiron asked him, "Why earnest thou not thyself to me, 4Eson the /Eolid ?"

And :son said-

"I thought, Cheiron will pity the lad if he sees him come alone; and I wished to try whether he was fearless, and dare venture like a hero's son. But now I entreat you by Father Zeus, let the boy be your guest till better times, and train him among the sons of the heroes, that he may avenge his father's hearse."

Then Cheiron smiled, and drew the lad to him, and laid his hand upon his golden locks and said, "Arc you afraid of my horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day?"

"I would gladly have horse's hoofs like you, if I could sing such songs as yours."

And Cheiron laughed, and said, "Sit here by me till sundown, when your playfellows will come home,. and you shall learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

Then he turned to iEson, and said, " Go back in peace, and bend before the storm like a prudent man. This boy shall not cross the Anauros again, till he has become a glory to you and to the house of fEolus."

And)Eson wept over his son and went away; but the boy did not weep, so full was his fancy of that strange

Corrected Text:

Finally, old Cheiron fell silent and called the boy with a soft voice.

Trembling, the boy ran to him and tried to lay his hands on Cheiron's knees. However, Cheiron simply smiled and said, "Summon your father, AEson."

Then AEson came in, looking despondent. Cheiron asked him, "Why didn't you introduce yourself to me, AEson of the AEolids?"

AEson replied, "I thought that if you saw the boy come alone, you would show him pity. Furthermore, I wanted to test his fearlessness and his ability."

Cheiron smiled and drew the boy towards him. Placing his hand upon the boy's golden locks, he asked, "Are you afraid of my horse's hoofs, young man?"

"I would proudly bear horse's hoofs like yours if it meant I could sing such beautiful songs as you do," the boy replied.

Laughing, Cheiron said, "Sit here beside me until sunset when your peers will return. Like them, you will learn to become a king worthy of ruling the world."

He then addressed AEson, saying, "Go in peace and be prudent amidst adversity. This boy will not cross the Anauros again until he has come to battle."

AEson shed tears over his son and departed, but the boy didn't cry, captivated as he was by these strange occurrences.

Original Text:

JASON AND THE CENTAUR 168

cave, and the centaur, and his song, and the playfellows
whom he was to see.

Then Cheiron put the lyre into his hands, and taught
him how to play it, till the sun sank low behind the cliff,
and a shout was heard outside.

Then in came the sons of the heroes, JEneas, and
Heracles, and Peleus, and many another mighty name.

And great Cheiron leapt up joyfully, and his hoofs
made the cave resound, as they shouted, "Come out
Father Cheiron; come out and see our game." And one
cried, "I have killed two deer "; and another, "I took
a wild cat among the crags "; and Heracles dragged a
wild goat after him by its horns, for he was as huge as
a mountain crag; and Czeneus carried a bear-cub under
each arm, and laughed when they scratched and bit, for
neither tooth nor steel could wound him.

And Cheiron praised them all, each according to his
deserts.

Only one walked apart and silent, Asklepios, the too-
wise child, with his bosom full of herbs and flowers, and
round his wrist a spotted snake; he came with downcast
eyes to Cheiron, and whispered how he had watched the
snake cast its old skin, and grow young again before his
eyes, and how he had gone down into a village in the vale,.
and cured a dying man with a herb which he had seen
a sick goat eat.

And Cheiron smiled, and said, "To each Athene and
Apollo give some gift, and each is worthy in his place;
but to this child they have given an honour beyond all.
hononN, to cure while others kill."

T 11ø.11 I lir lads brought in wood, and split it, and lighted
a blazing nit; and others skinned the deer and quartered
t hem, and set them to roast before the fire; and while-

Corrected Text:

Chapter 168: Jason and the Centaur

In the heart of the cave, Jason found companionship with the centaur and the joy of music that resonated within these stone walls. He also looked

Cheiron, the grand centaur, proceeded to place the lyre in Jason's hands, guiding him through the complex artistry of playing until the sun began to

Momentarily, the sons of the heroes barreled in, each donning a name as mighty as their forebear- The types of legends, including Aeneas, Heracles

Each young hero began to boast: "I've slain two deer!", "I nabbed a wild cat along the crags!." Meanwhile, Heracles was dragging along a wild goat

Cheiron took turns praising them all according to their accomplishments, leaving no one unacknowledged. However, one among them, Asclepius

Cheiron, while he smiled, noted that though Athene and Apollo bequeath gifts upon each individual, and each is deserving in their own rights; As

Following this, the boys busied themselves with gathering and splitting firewood, kindling a robust fire. Others began preparing the game they'd c

Original Text:

164 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow-torrent,
and washed away the dust and sweat.

And then all ate till they could eat no more (for they
had tasted nothing since the dawn), and drank of the
clear spring water, for wine is not it for growing lads.
And when the remnants were put away, they all lay
down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each
took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his
heart.

And after a while they all went to a plot of grass at
the cave's mouth, and there they boxed, and ran, and
wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the
cliffs.

Then Cheiron took the lyre, and all the lads joined
hands; and as he played, they danced to his measure,
in and out, and round and round. There they danced
hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while
the black glen shone with their broad white limbs. and
the gleam of their golden hair.

CRAB SS KINGSLEY, The Heroes

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Notice carefully how shall and will] are used in the following
passage. Make a copy of it, and after each shal/ or will place (D)
in brackets if it means determination, and (F) if it signifies simple
futura.

Then Cheimn smiled and said, "Are you afraid of my
horse's hoofs, fair boy, or will you be my pupil from this day ?"

"I would gladly have horse's hoofs like you, if I could sing
such songs as yours."

And Cheiron laughed, and said, "Sit here by me till suns
down, when your playfellows will come home, and you shall
learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

Corrected Text:

164 Extracts and Exercises

As the venison cooked, they bathed in the snow-torrent, washing away the dust and sweat. Afterward, they all

After some time, they moved to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth. There, they boxed, ran, wrestled, and laughed until stones fell from the cliffs.

Crab S.S.Kingsley, The Heroes

Exercises

(A) The Use of Words

Notice carefully how "shall" and "will" are used in the following passage. Make a copy of it, and after each "shall" or "will", place (D) in brackets.

Original Text:

JASON AND THE CENTAUR 165

Then he turned to Jason, and said, "Go back in peace.

This boy shall not cross the Anauros again, till he has become a glory to you."

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine the following sentences by using either so, therefore, or hence:

(i) Jason said the children must be sacrificed. The poor children were brought to the altar.

(ii) The Oracle told him that he must wander till the wild beasts should feast him as their guest. He went on in hunger for many a day.

(iii) The wolves left the sheep for him, and he ate of it, and knew that the oracle was fulfilled. He wandered no more.

(iv) There Jason fell into the sea. Those narrow straits are called Hellespont.

(v) Jason said he must hide the child. He went up from the sea towards Pelion, the ancient mountain.

(vi) Phrixus died but his spirit had no rest. He came in helms to the heroes.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate and insert capital letters where necessary:

Many wonderful tales were told among the old greeks or liellenes as we should call them and handed down from father to son these were usually about the gods and heroes who had done such mighty deeds in times past. all these legends when collected together form what is known as the greek mythology and each separate story is termed a myth so that we who know no latin: or greek might read these wonderful stories in our own tongue. kingsley wrote the heroes in plain and simple english here we may learn of perseus and of the golden fleece of the argonauts and of theseus.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

You will notice the smooth, flowing effect which Kingsley ob-

tains by the frequent use of and and so. Rewrite the following

Corrected Text:

JASON AND THE CENTAUR 165

Then, he turned to Eson and said, "Go back in peace. This boy shall not cross Anauros again until he has become a glory to you."

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Combine the following sentences by using either so, therefore, or hence:

- (i) Ino said the children must be sacrificed, so the poor children were brought to the altar.
- (ii) The oracle told him that he must wander until the wild beasts feast him as their guest, therefore, he went on in hunger for many days.
- (iii) The wolves left the sheep for him and he ate of it, knowing hence that the oracle was fulfilled. He wandered no more.
- (iv) There, Retie fell into the sea; therefore, those narrow straits are called Hellespont.
- (v) Jason said he must hide the child, so he went up from the sea towards Pelion, the ancient mountain.
- (vi) Phrixus died, but his spirit had no rest; therefore, he came in dreams to the heroes.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate and insert capital letters where necessary:

Many wonderful tales were told among the old Greeks, or Hellenes as we should call them, and handed down from father to son. These were usual

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

You will notice the smooth, flowing effect which Kingsley obtains by the frequent use of 'and' and 'so'. Rewrite the following:

(Provide the revised version below: This part of the text is missing.)