Original Text:  
62 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES  
  
But eheerly 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 love for God had blessed, and lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.  
  
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 a wrongful fate.  
  
Guilty Haroun, plagued by distrust over the potential talk of both well-intentioned and malicious individuals, decreed that from that day forward, none would dare to utter Jaffar's name upon the threat of death. Every breath across Arabia and Persia was held painfully still.  
  
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 Baghdad every day at the very public square. Once, a happy house proudly stood there, but all that remained was a reminder of Jaffar's divine deeds.  
  
"Bring me this man," ordered the caliph. The man was brought forward and bound by the caliph's servants. He welcomed the restraints, declaring, "These ties are welcome, for from far worse shackles, Jaffar once freed me."

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.  
  
Ie said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall ble 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 dcemest fit."  
  
" Gifts I" 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, Jan.'s."  
  
LEIGIT Hum.  
  
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 arc 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 when even the bees grow languid. Meanwhile, the cricket loves the warmth of the fire and detests the sight of candles. His cheerful tune nostalgically marks those happy moments spent around the fire. One creature belongs to the fields, the other to the hearth; both bring elements of sunshine and impart messages of joy to us.   
  
(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 recetving 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 sounds that came from the arena. As you read the poem, note down more examples that particularly strike you.  
  
(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 liad 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, sit —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 'cm 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 breakfast, which was tastefully prepared and ready. They sat down to enjoy the meal; broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and other items began to vanish swiftly, demonstrating not only the quality and appeal of the food but the appetite of those consuming it.   
  
"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 the gentleman who drives. My apologies again, sir—only three can be accommodated."  
  
"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 of Mr. Wardle's men going to Rochester can return them, sir."  
  
"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 pre-  
pare 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 appear-  
ing 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, andan 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."  
  
"Ohl 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 by others, thus he promptly responded with confidence, "Certainly, I would enjoy that immensely."  
  
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 for the upcoming endeavor.  
  
Mr. Pickwick had made the preliminary arrangements and was peering through the coffee-room blinds at the bustling street when the waiter returned to announce the chaise was ready, a fact simultaneously confirmed by the arrival of said vehicle in front of the very coffee-room blinds Mr. Pickwick was observing through.  
  
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 huge brown horse with strikingly symmetrical build. Nearby stood a stable hand, holding the reins of another massive horse, seemingly the companion to the one hitched to the chaise, already saddled for Mr. Winkle.  
  
"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? I hadn't thought of that."  
  
"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  
  
natant 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 Tup-  
man 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'Im'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 in-  
expressibly gratified waiter.  
  
Mr Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into his saddle,  
with about as much ,,difficulty as he would have ex-  
perienced 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, settling his feet on a floor-clothed shelf built specifically for that reason.  
  
"Now, Shiny William," the hostler instructed the deputy hostler, "give the gentlemen the reins." Shiny William, named probably due to his glossy hair and greasy face, handed the reins over to Mr. Pickwick's left hand and the head hostler slid a whip into his right.  
  
"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 while the head hostler ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.  
  
"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 con-  
stantly 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 im-  
possible to control.  
  
"What can he mean by this?" said Mr Snodgrass,  
when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the  
twentieth time.  
  
"T don't know," replied Mr Tupman: "it /Jooks 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. Pickwick on the box of one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the entire inn-yard.  
  
"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 tail pointed to the other.   
  
Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe this peculiar behavior, or any other detail. All his faculties were concentrated on controlling his own steed. The animal was behaving oddly — displaying a number of unusual actions which were certainly interesting to bystanders but hardly amusing to Mr. Pickwick seated behind him.   
  
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. Pickwick to hold them, the horse had a strange penchant for darting suddenly to the side of the road, stopping abruptly, and then rushing forth for several minutes at a speed which was completely impossible to manage.   
  
"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. Pickwick interrupted him.   
  
"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 Ito 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. Winkle was trembling uncontrollably from the strenuous activity, looking like he could fall apart at any moment. "Could you pick up the whip for me?" he asked.  
  
Straining his face to a crimson hue, Mr. Winkle struggled with the tall horse's bridle until he managed to halt the creature. Once the horse had stopped, he dismounted, handed the whip over to Mr. Pickwick, and then, with reins in hand, prepared to climb back onto the horse.  
  
It was unclear whether the tall horse, perhaps due to its naturally playful temperament, sought some harmless amusement at Mr. Winkle's expense, or simply preferred to undertake this journey unburdened by a rider. In any case, the moment Mr. Winkle touched the reins, the horse slyly slid them over its head and retreated.  
  
"Poor fellow," Mr. Winkle cooed sympathetically, "good old horse." His flattery, however, fell on indifferent ears, the "poor fellow" being immune to it. The more Mr. Winkle attempted to approach the horse, the more the animal sidestepped him. Despite all manner of coaxing and cajoling, the standoff between Mr. Winkle and the horse continued in a circular dance for a good ten minutes, at the end of which both were precisely the same distance apart as when they had begun. Not a satisfactory state of affairs at any time, but particularly so on a lonely road where no help was forthcoming.  
  
"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 pre-  
viously 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 Pick-  
wick, "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 the chaise into the nearby hedge to avoid any roadside disruptions. He then moved back to assist his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.  
  
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 abrupt shift caused Mr. Winkle, still holding the bridle, to follow at more than a walking pace in the opposite direction. Mr. Pickwick tried to assist, but the more he advanced, the more the horse retreated. It resulted in great scraping of feet and whirling of dust. Eventually, the strain on Mr Winkle's arms forced him to release his grip. The horse paused, gave a bewildered look, shook his head, and casually trotted back towards Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick staring at each other in disbelief. A clattering noise at a distance caught their attention, and they looked up.  
  
"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 Tup-  
man 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 satis-  
faction 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 Piclacick 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 interest-  
ing 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 himself into the hedge, promptly imitated by Mr. Snodgrass. The horse then crashed the chaise against a wooden bridge, separating the wheels from the body and the bin from the perch. In the end, it stood utterly still, seemingly contemplating the destruction it had caused.  
  
The first action of the two untouched friends was to help their unfortunate companions out of the hedge, which, to their immense satisfaction, revealed that, other than a few tears in their clothes and some minor scratches from the brambles, they were unharmed. The next task at hand was unharnessing the horse. Having completed this complex procedure, the group strolled on, guiding the horse along and leaving the chaise to its fate.   
  
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 by controlling the horse tethered to the chaise. To a bystander, the unusual antics of the horse would be fascinating, but to anyone seated behind the beast, these behaviors were far from entertaining. Alongside inexplicably jerking its head in an exceedingly uncomfortable manner and yanking at the reins to the point that Mr. Pickwick struggled to hold on, the horse had a peculiar habit of unexpectedly darting to the side, abruptly halting, then surging forward at high speed.

Original Text:  
Vill  
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 Lyonnesse 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 Lyonnesse 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 bast 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 mel  
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 questionable rumors? But if kept, housed in some grand treasury of powerful kings, someone might display it at a jousting tournament, proclaiming, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur, crafted by the solitary maiden of the Lake. She worked on it for nine years, submerged in the depths upon the unseen foundations of the mountains."  
  
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, gasping for air, asked, "What have you seen, or what have you heard?" Sir Bedivere replied bravely, "I heard water lapping on the crag and the long ripple washing in the reeds."  
  
King Arthur, consumed by rage, retorted, "Ah, you miserable, deceitful, disloyal man! Coward! Treasonous at heart! Poor me! Authority loses its hold on a dying king, robbed of the power in his gaze that once commanded the will. I see you for what you truly are. You, the last of all my knights, in whom the responsibilities of all should converge...

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,  
Anti 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 of her swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,  
Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
lie 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 responded, "My end is near; it's time for me to depart. Widen your shoulders to bear my weight, and carry me to the edge, but I fear the cold has entered my wound, and I might die."   
  
Half-rising from the pavement, he leaned onto his arm with difficulty, his deep, blue eyes displayed a wistful expression, similar to a painting. Sir Bedivere watched him remorsefully with tears in his eyes, wordless. He handled Arthur with care, drawing the king's limp hands over his shoulders. He rose to his feet, bearing the king through the tombstones.   
  
As they walked, King Arthur panted heavily, akin to someone experiencing a nightmare in a quiet house. The king sighed, whispering, "Hurry... I fear it might be too late, and I will die."   
  
As for the other, clothed in the king's breath, he swiftly moved from ridge to ridge, appearing more substantial than human against the backdrop of the frosty hills. Behind him, he could hear the depth, and a cry echoed ahead. His own thoughts prodded him onward.  
  
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, his feet cautiously treading on precarious crags that echoed when struck by his armored heels.   
  
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  
andsfairer 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. Re thought it  
was a Shame to throw away so fine a sword.  
  
(iv)Arthur hated all deceit. He reproached Bedivcre  
bitterly.  
  
(v) There was an arm clothed in white samite. It caught  
Exealibur 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.  
  
(i11)Sir Bediveres eyes were dazzled.  
(iv)He nuxde up his mind to disregard the kings whims.  
  
(v) Exealibur was a lonely maidens 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 arc examples of both in this poem. You cannot  
read this passage slowly:  
  
Then quickly rose Sir Bediverc, and ran  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly whcel'd and threw it.  
  
Neither can you read this quickly:  
Long stood Sir Bedivero  
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) Mat 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 examples of both speeds in this poem. This excerpt, for example, should be read swiftly:  
  
"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 meaning.  
  
(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES   
  
(1) 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 position?  
  
(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 civiliz-  
ing 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 ex-  
plained 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 dis-  
cussed 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 human institution, it would still be the most effective method ever conceived for refining and civilizing mankind. I am certain that country folks would quickly decline into savagery and barbarism if there were not such regular recurrence of a set time during which the entire village gathers in their best attire to converse on various topics, listen to explanations of their duties, and unite in worship of the Supreme Being. Sunday removes the week's accumulated grime, not only by refreshing religious principles in their minds, but also by encouraging both genders to present themselves in the most appealing manner and display all the qualities likely to grant them status in the eyes of the village. A country fellow establishes his place as much in the churchyard as a citizen does at the Exchange; the entire parish's politics are usually deliberated there, either after the sermon or before the bell rings.  
  
My friend Sir Roger, as a devout churchgoer, has enhanced the interior of his church with a number of texts of his own selection. He has also generously provided an attractive cloth for the pulpit and financed the installment of a railing around the communion table. He has often told me that upon his arrival at the church...

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 sing-  
ing-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 recover-  
ing 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 congre-  
gation have done with it; sometimes when lie 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 re-  
markable 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 kneeling and joining in the responses, he provided each with a hassock and a common-prayer book. He also employed a wandering singing-master, who travels throughout the country for this purpose, to teach them the correct psalm tunes. His efforts have led the parish to take pride in their singing, which now surpasses most of the rural churches I have visited.  
  
As the landlord of the entire congregation, Sir Roger maintains order attentively. He does not permit anyone to sleep during the sermon, except himself. Should he ever drift into a brief nap, he stands and looks around upon awakening. If he finds anyone else nodding off, he either wakes them himself or sends his servants to do so. Various other unique traits of the old knight become apparent on such occasions. For instance, he sometimes prolongs a verse in the singing psalms, continuing half a minute after the rest of the congregation has concluded. At times, when pleased with his prayer's essence, he repeats 'amen' three or four times. Occasionally, he stands while everyone else is on their knees, either to tally the congregation or to see if any of his tenants are absent.  
  
Yesterday, I was taken aback when my old friend, in the midst of the service, shouted at one John Matthews to behave and not disturb the rest of the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is known for being idle and at that moment was amusing himself by kicking his heels. Despite the unconventional manner of Sir Roger's authority, which is consistent in all his life circumstances, it has a significant impact.

Original Text:  
92 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES  
  
(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS  
Avoid the use of and in the following sentences by using a parti-  
ciple. 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 im 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 citizen's 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 OP 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 flow-  
ing, 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 writing, "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) 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 and the style is fluid and smooth, suitably matching the subject matter. Rewrite the following to create flowing sentences as close as possible to Addison's style.

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 he  
Secretary of State. Ile 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 front 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 keep-  
ing 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 hint 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 a profound fondness for writing Latin poetry. In that era, the ability to write verses in Latin was essential for success. Consequently, Addison ascended to the position of Secretary of State. He also composed much poetry in English, which, with the exception of one or two hymns often sung in churches, has mostly been forgotten. However, Addison’s lasting fame lies in his role as an essayist. His essays, specifically those from The Spectator, enjoyed a wide circulation and secured his popularity. "Sir Roger at Church" is extracted from The Spectator and is a good representation of Addison's style.  
  
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, deur 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, conic 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 sate with you and me,  
  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
  
And the youngest sate 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 arc 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: "0 joy, 0 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 blaneh'd 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  
  
(el) 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 yester-  
  
day.  
  
(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 site might  
lose her soul.  
(v) The mother was faithless. The children loved her.  
  
(vi) When it is tine 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 yester-  
day 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 allitera-  
tion; 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. 11 kink of 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 sate 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. There are several notable instances of this technique used in this poem, for example:  
  
"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 and note down three strong examples.  
  
(ii) The poem is suffused with pathos; the author masterfully evokes feelings of sorrow for the lonely merman and the children bereft of maternal care. Think about other poignant stories you have encountered in both poetry and prose, and write a short description of the most heart-rending among them.  
  
(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 (') over each syllable that receives an emphasis.  
  
(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." Discover and indicate a similar example.  
  
(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 narrative.

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 younkers 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, directly from the living animal, a practice that is still carried out in modern-day Abyssinia. The manuscript further explains the accidental discovery of roasting, or perhaps, broiling, which it considers a more ancient method.   
  
The tale is characterized by a swineherd named Ho-ti, who, one morning, ventured into the woods, as he often did, to gather mast for his hogs. He left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a rather large and clumsy boy, who, like many his age, had a fascination with fire. Bo-bo inadvertently let some sparks fly into a bundle of straw, causing a rapid fire that engulfed their humble abode until it was reduced to ashes.  
  
Along with the loss of their cottage, which one might dismiss as a rudimentary structure, a more valuable asset was destroyed - a litter of newborn pigs, totalling nine, all perished in the fire. Chinese pigs have been regarded as a luxury in all of eastern culture since the earliest known times. Understandably, Bo-bo was filled with the utmost fear and regret, not so much for the loss of their house, which he and his father could easily reconstruct using a few dry branches and a couple hours of labor, but rather for the loss of the pigs. He was left wondering what he could possibly say to his father, distress evident as he wrung his hands over the remains.

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 retribu-  
tory 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 was not reminiscent of the burnt cottage, a smell he had encountered before. This was not the first time such an incident had occurred because of this careless, young arsonist. The aroma was also unlike any known herb, weed, or flower. Simultaneously, his bottom lip became moist with anticipation. He was puzzled, unsure of what to make of it. He bent down to check the pig for signs of life. When he burnt his fingers, instinctively, he applied them to his mouth in a silly fashion. Doing so, he realized, some of the scorched skin had transferred onto his fingers. For the first time in his life - in fact, in human history because no one before had known of this - he tasted crackling. He proceeded to explore the pig again. It didn't burn as intensely as before, but out of habit, he licked his fingers. Slowly, the truth began to register - the pig was responsible for the tantalizing smell and delicious flavor. Embracing this newfound pleasure, he started ripping off large portions of the charred skin with the flesh beneath, shoving them into his mouth in a unrefined manner. During this, his father entered, through the smoky remnants of the house, armed with a cudgel. Upon seeing the situation, he began to punish his son with a barrage of blows. Despite the amount and intensity of the hits, comparable to a hailstorm, the boy ignored them as if they were nothing more than minor annoyances. The incredible pleasure he derived from consuming the roasted pig made him quite indifferent to any discomfort his father's punishment might have caused. His father might continue punishing him, but nothing could separate him from his pig until he had savored every bit of it.

Original Text:  
A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG. 108  
  
of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situa-  
tion, something like the following dialogue ensued.  
  
"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devour-  
ing? 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 ?"  
  
"0, 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-0 Lord,"—with such-like bar-  
barous 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 lingers, 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 displeas-  
ing 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 with your reckless pranks, leaving me curse-riddled, but now you're feasting on fire and goodness knows what else. What is it that you're eating, I demand to know?"  
  
"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 the smaller section into the hands of Ho-ti, vehemently encouraging, "Eat, father, eat the charred pig. Just taste it, oh Lord," while voicing such uncivilized exclamations. All the while, he consumed it hastily as if he would suffocate.  
  
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 young beast. However, when the sizzling meat scorched his fingers as it had his son's, and he applied the identical remedy to them, he cautiously sampled its taste. Regardless of his feigned distaste, he found it not entirely displeasing. In conclusion (for the manuscript here becomes somewhat verbose), both father and son finally sat down to the meal and continued until they had polished off the remaining portions of the litter.  
  
Bo-bo was strictly instructed not to let this secret slip, for their neighbors would undoubtedly have castigated them, viewing them as loathsome beings capable of such barbaric indulgence.

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 IIo-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 dis-  
covered, and father and son summoned to take their trial  
at PeIdn, then an inconsiderable assize town, Evidence  
was given, the obnoxioixs 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 enor-  
mously 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 were whispered that the frequency of fires at Ho-ti's abode had noticeably increased. Whether day time or night, the fires ensued incessantly. A peculiar pattern emerged where the occurrence of fires at Ho-ti's house coincided with each of the sow's farrow. Curiously, rather than reprimanding his son, Ho-ti grew more accepting of him.   
  
Eventually, onlookers began to scrutinize their activities, leading to the revelation of their peculiar secret. Both father and son were commanded to stand trial at Peldn, a small, fairly insignificant town known for its assizes. Court proceedings began and evidence was presented, most notably the suspiciously prepared food was on display in court. Right before the verdict was announced, the presiding juror requested a sampling of the controversial pig meat with which the pair stood accused.   
  
All the jurors inspected it, burning their fingers, much like Bo-bo and Ho-ti had before them. Nature seemed to guide them all towards the same balm. Despite the mountain of evidence and the steadfast argument from the judge, the entire jury, to the astonishment of the court, locals, strangers, reporters, and all in attendance, declared the verdict impromptu. Without leaving the box or convening, they unanimously pronounced the pair Not Guilty.  
  
The sharp-minded judge, recognizing the indisputable injustice of the verdict, kept his counsel. Once the court was dismissed, he discretely purchased all available pigs. Within days, a fire was sighted at his townhouse. That incident instigated an outbreak and soon fires were visible from every direction. The surge in demand for fuel and pigs caused prices to skyrocket throughout the region. The insurance offices, too, felt this escalade.

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 cen-  
tury 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 OP 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) B  
o-be paid no heed to the blows ( ) but continued  
eating.  
  
(iv) The father and son were summoned to take their trial  
  
at Pekin (  
  
  
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. This practice of burning houses persisted until, over time, a thoughtful sage discovered that the flesh of swine, or indeed any other animal, could be cooked, or "burnt" as they referred to it, without needing to burn an entire house in the process. This sparked the rudimentary beginnings of a cooking tool - the gridiron. The technique of roasting by string, or a spit, came in a century or two later; I can't recall during whose dynasty this innovation materialized. The manuscript concludes that even the most useful, and seemingly evident disciplines, penetrate human society in such slow increments.   
  
Despite the slightly incredulous nature of the narrative, it can be agreed that, if there were a noteworthy justification for such a potentially catastrophic experiment as incinerating houses, this justification could be found in the culinary delight that is roast pig. CHARLES LAMB  
  
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.  
  
(1) 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 ina  
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 con-  
tain no more than is necessary to convey that one thought. Re-  
write 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, lie 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 the given passage, breaking the sentences where this rule fails to apply:  
  
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 some sparks fly into a straw bundle. This quickly ignited, leading to a large blaze that reduced their humble home to ashes, along with a fine litter of newborn piglets. This was a grave loss. Distraught and apprehensive about what to tell his father, Bo-bo was stricken by a peculiar smell. This scent was unfamiliar to him, clearly not from the burnt cottage, something he had experienced before. Recalling past accidents caused by his carelessness that generated this smell, his mouth started to water. As he touched the pig, he burnt his fingers. To cool them, he put them in his mouth and tasted the crackling.  
  
(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 ex-an  
miles, and rewrite, expressing the same idea as simply as possible:  
(i) Ills sire entered, armed with retributory cudgel.  
(ii) He shouted out, "Only taste-0 Lord,"—with  
suchlike barbarous ejaculations.  
(i111) 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 Pekin 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, mani-  
fest.  
  
  
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 are a few examples of those phrases, rewritten to convey the same message more simply:   
  
(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:  
ano 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 stout galloper, Roland, his resolute shoulders seeming to butt away the haze like a bluff river clearing its spray. With his head low and crest elevated, one sharp ear was bent back to my voice, while the other was pricked out on his track. The black intelligence of his one eye consistently glanced over its white edge at me, his master, askance. As we galloped on, his fierce lips shook the thick, heavy spume-flakes upwards, now and then.  
  
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". One could hear the quick wheezing of her chest and see her stretched neck, staggering knees, sunken tail, and the dreadful heaving of her flank as she shuddered and sank onto her haunches.  
  
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 beneath our feet, the brittle, bright stubble broke like chaff. A dome-spire sprang white over by Dalhem. "Gallop!" gasped Joris. "Aix is in sight!"  
  
"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 bear the entire weight of the news that could alone save Aix from her fate."

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  
  
0, 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 I" 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 car,  
  
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 I  
  
  
Corrected Text:  
Some Galloping Poems, 111  
  
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 Nammoora gate,  
I fell, and lay like a stone.  
0 love! thine arms were about me then,  
Thy warm tears called me to life again,-  
But-0 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 re-  
sumed 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 barren-  
ness 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 its natural verdure. It rose on desolation. Not a single weed, not a blade of grass was left. The tall grove now spread a labyrinth of scorched and bare branches — an epitome of ruin. A thin layer of gray ash covered the ground below, and several large dead trees were still burning, sending up towering columns of smoke. Barrenness marked the pathway of the flames in every direction. The fire had even worked its course against the wind, clinging to the roots of the tall grass. The wind was still roaring; ashes and drifting cinders were peppering the air.

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: (ili) cast  
loose; (iv) dauntless in war; (v) lightly lilting; (vi) a breath-  
ing-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) 0, 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 de-  
frayed 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 educated at Dr. Swishtail's esteemed school. Dobbin, the latter and young boy, was often taunted with nicknames like Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin - a testament to his peers' juvenile disdain. He was among the gentlest, most awkward, and seemingly slowest of Dr. Swishtail's students. His father was a city grocer, and rumors circulated that Dobbin was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy on "mutual principles". In other words, his father paid his tuition and boarding expenses in kind, not in cash.  
  
Dressed in worn-out corduroy trousers and jackets which seemed too small for his large bones, Dobbin served as a tangible representation of the groceries his father provided. These items included tea, candles, sugar, mottled soap, and a modest amount of plums used for the school's puddings, among other goods. A dreadful day came for young Dobbin when one of his schoolmates, on a town trip for sweets and sausages, spotted Dobbin and Budge's grocery cart, from Thames Street, London, outside the Doctor's door, offloading products sold by the duo.

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 con-  
sidered 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 pro-  
pounded 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 ieer and ioke at Dobbin: and he bore everv-  
  
  
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. "Hey, Dobbin," one would jeer, "there's good news in the paper. The price of sugar has increased, my boy." Another would propose a mock arithmetic problem. "If a pound of mutton candles costs seven and a half pence, how much would Dobbin cost?" A burst of laughter would follow from the group of young ruffians, including the school usher who believed that retail selling of goods was a disgraceful practice, deserving the disdain and scorn of all true gentlemen.  
  
"Your father is merely a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin privately told the boy responsible for his recent humiliation, to which the boy retorted arrogantly, "My father is a gentleman and owns a carriage." Stricken, Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a secluded outhouse in the schoolyard, where he spent a half-day holiday in profound sadness and desolation.  
  
William Dobbin, unable to grasp the basic principles of the Latin language as presented in the acclaimed Eton Latin Grammar book, found himself at the bottom of Dr. Swishtail's class. Little boys, all fresh-faced and donned in pinafores, frequently outperformed him. He stood out among them - a tall figure with a dejected face, tightly worn corduroys and a well-thumbed primer - when he trudged up with the lower form. Classmates of all ranks poked fun at him. They sewed up his corduroys even tighter. They snipped his bed strings. They upset buckets and benches so he would trip over them, which he invariably did. They sent him packages filled with his own soap and candles. No one was too small to taunt or mock Dobbin, and he bore it all silently.

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 ho 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 princi-  
pal 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  
I o him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever conde-  
!itcathi to hold personal communication.  
  
hie day in private, the two young gentlemen had had  
a (III rc rielle Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blunder-  
ing flyer a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him  
go upon some message, of which tarts was probably the  
subject.  
  
"T can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my  
letter."  
  
"You can't! says Mr Cuff, laying hold of that docu-  
ment (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. Every Saturday, ponies were sent for him to ride home. He kept his high boots in his room, which he used for hunting on holidays. He owned a gold pocket watch and took snuff just like the Doctor. Cuff had been to the Opera and formed opinions on the primary actors, favoring Mr. Kean over Mr. Kemble. He could produce forty lines of Latin poetry in an hour, and he could write in French. What was it that he did not know or could not do? It was said even the Doctor himself feared him.  
  
Cuff, as the uncontested king of the school, dominated over his peers, bullying them with majestic superiority. Some shined his shoes while others toasted his bread. Many would labor and offer him the ball during cricket matches that last whole afternoons in summer. 'Figs' was the boy he scorned the most, and despite constant mockery and sneering, he barely ever stooped to have direct contact with him.  
  
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 him to run an errand most likely related to tarts.  
  
"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 much of Dobbin's thought, effort, and tears.

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 gentle-  
man 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 Peri-  
banou 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. "You can't?" Mr. Cuff queried, "May I know the reason why? Can't you write to old Mother Figs tomorrow?"  
  
"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 down his sleeves, stuffed his hands into his pockets, and strolled away with an air of disdain. From that day forward, he never directly bothered the grocer's son, although he frequently uttered disrespectful remarks about Mr. Dobbin behind his back.  
  
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, engrossed in his favorite copy of 'The Arabian Nights'. He was detached from his schoolmates who carried on with their diverse games, leaving him alone and almost content.  
  
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 and the Fairy Peribanou in the fascinating cavern. He was so engrossed in his fantasy that sharp cries, akin to a young boy weeping, startled him out of his reverie.

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 play-  
ground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass  
had been removed from the top, and niches made con-  
venient 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 younger or smaller ones. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" Cuff challenged the little youngster, brandishing a yellow cricket stump over him.  
  
Guiding instructions had led the boy to scale the playground wall where the harmful broken glass had been previously cleared off, easing his climb. His task involved running a quarter of a mile, purchasing a pint of rum shrub on credit, evading the school doctor's peripheral watchmen, and then scrambling back into the playground. During his daring venture, he'd slipped, broken the bottle and spilled the shrub on his clothes. Consequently, he appeared before Cuff as a purely culpable, trembling but harmless culprit.  
  
"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. Extend your hand, sir."  
  
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 Fairy Peribanou had sought refuge in the deepest cavern with Prince Ahmed and Sinbad the Sailor had been carried by the Roe far beyond the reach of the Valley of Diamonds, disappearing into the clouds. Before Dobbin, instead of his daydreams, was the raw scene of the bigger boy assaulting the smaller one without justification.  
  
"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'l]—"  
  
"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 communi-  
cate 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," littlhe 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 sobs, looked up in disbelief as he witnessed this bold champion stand up to defend him. Cuff's surprise was equally notable. Imagine King George III's shock when he learned of the North American Colonies' rebellion or Goliath's astonishment when little David challenged him. This accurately reflects Mr. Reginald Cuff's sentiment when this unexpected encounter was presented to him.  
  
"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 wishes to your loved ones."  
  
"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 protector.  
  
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. The highly skilled Cuff began the clash with a dismissive smile on his face, light and carefree as if attending a ball. He swiftly landed his blows on his opponent, knocking the unfortunate champion to the ground three times in a row. Each fall was met with rousing cheers, and everyone eagerly sought the honor of providing a knee for the victorious Cuff.  
  
As he helped his combatant rise, young Osborne couldn't help but consider the formidable thrashing awaiting him. Turning to Dobbin, he said, "You may as well give in, it's just a beating, Figs, and I've taken plenty." However, Dobbin, trembling in anticipation and breathing heavily with anger, disregarded the well-intended advice and prepared for a fourth round.  
  
Unsure how to defend against incoming blows, and having seen Cuff commence the attack without giving him a chance to strike back on each preceding occasion, Dobbin decided to spearhead the next round himself. Being left-handed, he leveraged this advantage, throwing a few powerful punches. His target: the somewhat smug Mr. Cuff's left eye and his admirably Romanesque nose.  
  
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 on the back with an air of admiration, "Hit him with the left, Figs, my boy."  
  
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" almost matched the cries of "Go, Cuffs." By the twelfth round, it was blatantly clear who the crowd's new favorite champion was.

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 con-  
trary, 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 pre-  
pared 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.  
  
"T think that will do for him," Figs said, as his op-  
ponent 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 ascendency  
over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.  
  
W. M. TFIACKERAY, Vanity Pair  
  
  
Corrected Text:  
124 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES  
  
Completely disoriented, he had lost all composure and ability to attack or defend himself. Contrarily, Figs remained as calm as a Quaker. His pale face, wide shining eyes, and a significant cut on his lower lip that bled profusely, gave this young man an intimidating and ghastly appearance, which perhaps struck fear into many spectators. Yet, his brave adversary prepared to approach for the thirteenth time. Cuff was full of courage but seemed unsteady and dazed. The Fig merchant delivered his typical left hit on his adversary's nose, knocking him down one last time.  
  
"I think that will do for him," Figs commented, as his competitor dropped as smoothly onto the green turf as I've seen Jack Spot's ball descend into the pocket in a game of billiards. In fact, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was either unable or unwilling to rise again.  
  
Now, all the boys exulted for Figs with such a colossal roar that one might have thought he had been their esteemed champion throughout the whole battle. Their noise summoned Dr. Swishtail from his study, curious about the cause of the uproar. He threatened to punish Figs severely, of course. However, Cuff, who had regained his senses at this point and was tending to his injuries, stood up and proclaimed, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs'—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy, and he served me right." With this noble declaration, he not only saved his conqueror a punishment but also regained all the influence over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.  
  
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':  
  
Thaekeray, who was born at Calcutta, was sent to the  
famous Chartcrhouse 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 Fairy Peribanou in the delightful cavern where the Prince finds her, a place we would all like to tour. Suddenly, shrill cries, like those of a weeping little boy, interrupt his pleasant daydream. Looking up, he sees Cuff in front of him, mistreating a small boy. It's the same little lad who snitched on him about the grocer's cart, but he harbors little resentment, especially towards the young and small.  
  
(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". Afterward, he proceeded to Cambridge where he befriended Tennyson and many others who eventually became famous. He was always endearingly called "Old Thack" by them. After some time, he traveled abroad before returning home to enjoy the fortune his father had left him. Unfortunately, he lost a significant portion of this fortune through gambling, at which point he realized he had to work for his living. He took up the pen and embarked on his career as a writer. What seemed at the time a great disaster, ultimately turned out to be a blessing both for Thackeray himself and for us, the appreciators of 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.  
  
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.  
  
(ili) Write a letter from Dr Swislitail 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 "What constitutes a gentleman?".  
  
(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, request a supply of soap and candles for use at the Seminary.

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 happy to assist you with it.

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 relics,  
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 talc 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,  
Ilis 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 cant 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 tail 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) I:lothing 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 I 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 thisand one night  
ern r d fire v.I 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 I 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 land-  
scape." to "No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."  
Notice in each ease 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 circulated among his friends in manuscript form. Later, it was published in a pamphlet and sold for sixpence. Unlike Old Thack, who was forced to write for a living due to circumstances, Gray didn't write much and he had a private income. He lived in a college in Cambridge but developed a severe fear of fire. To escape in case of emergency, he ordered a rope ladder from London. When the undergraduates learned of Gray's fear and his ladder, they falsely alarmed him of a fire. Expecting the worst, Gray descended his ladder quickly, landing in a bucket of cold water which had been placed beneath him. Gray failed to see the humor in the prank and angrily moved to another college, where ironically, he nearly had a legitimate fire emergency.  
   
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 rouse them from their lowly bed." Note how each description is aptly fitting. Any word replacement would potentially lose its effect on sound or meaning.

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 Church-  
yard."  
  
(iii) What do you imagine the gold-fish thought: (a) when the  
cat first stretched out a paw; (J0 when "she tumbled headlong  
in"?  
  
(iv) Bow 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. VVhy 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 determine if you can discover a comparable example within the same poem.  
  
(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 plunged headfirst into the water?  
  
(4) How did Gray's Elegy become associated with the capture of Quebec? Provide a detailed description of the event.  
  
(5) Define an elegy. Is the second poem considered an elegy? Read sections from each poem carefully. Do you observe any differences in their respective tempos? Discuss why one poem should be read at a faster pace and the other more slowly.  
  
(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, ()II, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll  
t Ile 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..  
I':: , , and flight, and mad return of wave on wave, and  
t )))), niggle, ending in a spouting-up of foam that.  
N% 1111 cir; Ihe 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 than Charity, was shivering at the street corners, and the church towers hummed faintly with their own vibrations, silent after resounding with the ghostly preaching, "One." The earth seemed shrouded by a dark pall as if mourning the day just passed. Dark clusters of trees, like solemn funeral feathers, waved mournfully in quiet repose, all hushed, all still.   
  
The only sounds breaking the stillness were the swift clouds that skimmed across the moon and the steady wind that trailed behind, pausing as if to listen, and then rustling onward, pausing again, and trailing behind in imitation of a predator stalking its prey. Where were these clouds and wind hastening to so eagerly? Were they, like guilty spirits, rushing to a dreadful meeting with a mighty force akin to themselves? In which wild regions would these ghostly elements hold council or indulge in fearsome play?   
  
Incessantly on, over the infinite expanse of turbulent space, rolled the thunderous waves. Once-solid mountains and caves were now indistinguishable, what once was one distinct form morphed into another, creating a seething maelstrom of boiling water. There was a constant movement, retreat, and the fierce return of wave after wave, culminating in a foaming spray that steeped the black night.   
  
There was a relentless shifting of place and time, a lack of consistency in anything but eternal discord; on and on they rolled, and as they moved, the night grew darker, the wind howled louder, and the clamor and fury intensified.

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 un-  
accustomed 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 recog-  
nised 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 roll-  
ing 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 elements, her tall masts trembling and her timbers creaking under the strain. She rides high upon the curling billows, then dips low, momentarily hiding in the hollows of the sea to escape its fury. Each storm-driven voice in the air and water amplifies the cry, "A ship!"  
  
The eager multitude continues to crowd around her throughout the night. Dawn reveals an untiring throng still bearing down upon the ship amidst turbulent waters. Yet, she presses onward. Her dim lights burn within her hull, its occupants asleep, seemingly oblivious to the deadly elements peering in through every seam and crevice. Beneath her, the unfathomable depths yawn open, representing a drowned sailor's grave with just a plank as its cover.   
  
Among the sleeping passengers are Martin and Mark Tapley. Lulled into a heavy slumber by the unfamiliar motion, they remain insensible to the foul air in their quarters and the turmoil outside. Mark awakens in broad daylight with the vague impression of having fallen asleep in a four-poster bed that has somehow turned upside down. His confused state seems less absurd than the thought of roasting eggs; the first things he recognizes upon opening his eyes are his own heels, peering down at him from a near-vertical height.   
  
"Well," Mark says, maneuvering himself into a sitting position after numerous failed attempts to counterbalance the rolling ship, "This is the first time I've ever spent the night standing on my head."

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 mean-  
while 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 non-  
sensical 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-  
doen 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. Neither you nor any other friend of mine should go to sleep with your heads in a ship, anymore."  
  
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. Having no focus for its energy, it remains in a perpetual state of aimlessness. Like those polar bears in wildlife shows that are always nodding their heads from side to side, it can never be still. This behaviour is simply a reflection of its extraordinary lack of sense."  
  
"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 grasping something or the other, often in a topsy-turvy state. Coupled with this, I've exerted a lot of effort while also losing substantial energy to various tasks. As a result, there's barely enough of me left to vouch for. How do you feel this morning, sir?"  
  
"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 ac-  
commodations 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 pro-  
visions, 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. "That's the great comfort. Keeping up one's spirits here is commendable. Virtue is its own reward, as is jollity."  
  
Mark was correct in his perceptions. Any man able to maintain cheerfulness amidst the steerage accommodations of the noble and fast-sailing packet-ship, The Screw, owed his bright spirits solely to his own inner resources. He held onto his good humour, much like his provisions, without any help or contribution from the ship's owners.   
  
The unpleasantness of the dark, cramped, stuffy cabin, filled with men, women, and children in various stages of discomfort and sickness, hardly made it a place for jovial gatherings. The overcrowding was such that mattresses were heaped on the floor, obliterating all semblance of comfort, cleanliness, and decency. It risked promoting not just hard tempers, but also selfish and crude behaviours. Mark keenly felt these conditions, and his spirits lifted in defiance.  
  
Nearby, an old grandmother was softly singing while rocking a sick child back and forth in her arms, which were barely more emaciated than the child's frail limbs. A poor woman, cradling an infant, simultaneously repaired a little one's clothes and soothed another child who was emerging from their sparse bedding on the floor. Some old men were involved in small domestic chores, in which they would have appeared ridiculous if not for their good intentions. Swarthy men, seeming like giants among them, were performing minor acts of kindness for those around them, acts they might have been considered unsuited for in a different context.

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 imita-  
tion roused by what he saw about him; and snapped  
his lingers; 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 cou/d make tea, but anyone can wash a  
boy."  
  
The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and under-  
stood 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:  
Mark Tapley at Sea 141  
  
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 imitation awakened by what he saw around him, and clicked his fingers to amuse a crying child.  
  
"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 ear, "Hand over one of the youngsters according to custom."  
  
"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, but anyone can wash a boy."  
  
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 night, while he rested on nothing but bare boards and a rug. Martin, who rarely stirred or observed his surroundings, was quite vexed with Mark's absurd statements and expressed his displeasure with an impatient groan.  
  
"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 indeed very hard on her."  
  
"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. In case you'd rather not be...

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 he 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 dis-  
course returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectu-  
ally put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr  
Tapley; who, when the meal was over and be 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 close it."  
  
"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. If she doesn't spot him waving his handkerchief on the shore like a scene from a romantic ballad, I believe it will break her heart."  
  
"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 anticipating their reunion. It's astonishing that she should be here. Quite perplexing! A touch of madness, perhaps! There's no other plausible explanation for it."  
  
Martin was too consumed in the exhaustion of seasickness to adequately respond or pay attention to their conversation. Just as they were discussing, they were interrupted by the return of the woman in question with a cup of hot tea. This effectively ended any further discussion on the matter by Mr. Tapley. After the meal, once Martin's bed was in order, he went up on deck to wash the breakfast dishes, which consisted of two half-pint tin mugs and a shaving pot of the same material.  
  
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 dis-  
advantageous 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  
Iw v. odd easy Ili ine."  
  
"11, II, M.irk," said Martin, near whose berth he had  
ruolittoti Ito I Incc "When will this be over ?"  
  
#i.1 Ir week, II 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, II is, indeed," groaned Martin.  
  
" I I'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 his footing with every lurch of the ship. However, he resolved—in his usual phrase—to "come out strong" amidst difficult conditions. He was the life and soul of the steerage. He made no fuss about interrupting a humorous conversation to go and be excessively ill by himself. Then, he would return in the highest and most cheerful mood to continue it, as if such behavior was the most ordinary in the world.   
  
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 a level of universal admiration that he started questioning if a man could rightfully garner praise for being cheerful under such stimulating conditions.  
  
"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 credit. I'm beginning to fear that fate is determined to make life easy for me."  
  
"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. No doubt, my situation would greatly improve from that."  
  
"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 would feel significantly more displeased down here than up in the fresh air. Particularly when the high class men and women in the after-cabin know just as much about him as he does about them and show a comparable lack of concern. That was certainly my presumption."  
  
"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 lying here?"  
  
"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 days I hope for, by any wealthy individual as the man who traveled over as a steerage passenger. I hide here, concealing my circumstances and my identity, so as not enter a new world branded and labelled as an utterly impoverished man. If I could have afforded passage in the after-cabin, I would have held my head high with the others. But as I couldn't, I keep it low. Do you comprehend that?"

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 circum-  
stances 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 lit t le 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 Iii tit. quieter to-night than she did last night;  
that's a good fellow,"  
  
Mr Tapley .a\*I himself to obey these orders with great  
altieri y, and pending their execution, it may be pre-  
sumed flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he  
several Niue. til)served, below his breath, that in respect  
of if 'lower of imparting a credit to jollity, The Screw  
It'll I (".1 I nimbly had some decided advantages over the  
Dragon. Ile 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 comfortable and to stay busy. It's as natural for you to do so under these circumstances as it is for me to refrain. Do you suppose there's anyone on this ship who could possibly endure half as much as I am aboard her?" he inquired, sitting upright in his bed and scrutinizing Mark with an earnest and somewhat puzzled expression.   
  
Mark contorted his face and tilted his head to one side, pondering this question as though he found it tremendously difficult to answer. His discomfort was eased by Martin himself, who stretching back onto his bunk and picking up the book he had been reading, said,   
  
"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 little brandy-and-water for me, cold and very weak, and give me a biscuit. Also, tell your friend, our close neighbor, to try and keep her children a bit quieter tonight than they were last night. That would be appreciated."  
  
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 few times, under his breath, that in terms of imparting enthusiasm, The Screw (presumed to be a ship) certainly had some clear benefits over The Dragon (presumably another ship). He also remarked to himself that it was a high gratification.

Original Text:  
148 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES  
  
(iii) Explain what is meant by the terms: leeward, berth, steer-  
age, 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 ob-  
tains 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 "con-  
  
solatory 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. His narrative is so vibrant that it allows the reader to envision the whirl of the waters. Take note of how his use of the historical present enhances this effect. Compose a brief essay called "A Page from a Lighthouse-Keeper's Notebook," aiming to produce a similar impact.  
  
(vi) Mark Tapley never clarified those "consolatory thoughts" that assisted him. What do you think these thoughts might have been?

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! Ihn.11'd: dew'd with showery drops,  
I'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. tsitII 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 gentlier 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.  
  
Il  
  
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,  
TI tp 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! Ilnats 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 arc 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.  
  
VIll  
  
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 le 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 lightlv  
  
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 over wasted lands, blight and famine, plague, earthquakes, roaring depths and fiery sands. Amid the clanging fights, flaming towns, sinking ships and, praying hands, they manage to find solace.  
  
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 of little meaning, the words are indeed potent. It's chanted from an ill-used race of men that till the soil, sow the seeds, and reap the harvest with enduring toil, storing yearly mere earnings of wheat, wine, and oil.  
  
Until they perish and suffer - some, 'tis whispered, suffer endless anguish in hell, while others dwell in Elysian valleys, resting their weary limbs on beds of asphodel. Assuredly, slumber is sweeter than toil. The shore seems fair within the deep mid-ocean, amidst wind, wave, and oar. Rest, noble mariners, we will not wander anymore.  
  
- 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 dearly 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 verse form:  
  
When you carefully read "The Lotos-Eaters", it becomes apparent that Tennyson had a unique ability to conjure vivid imagery that delights the mind's eye, and to create beautiful rhythm and melody that pleases the ear, in a way that few other poets could match.   
  
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 from the altar in the center of the stage, then turned back, singing a responding stanza. And then...

Original Text:  
THE LOTOS-EATERS 157  
  
they turned to the left, and back to the starting-point once  
more.  
  
The Chorie 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 car 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. hat is your opinion?  
  
(iv) Write explanatory notes on: nectar, asphodel, amaranth,  
cooly, acanthus.  
  
(v) Ina 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, while the second, known as the antistrophe, depicts the challenges and wanderings that have plagued the mariners. The third stanza revisits the description of the captivating country they have now reached, while the fourth again underscores their sorrows from beyond. The strophe is a breath of contentment, while the antistrophe resonates with despair. Ultimately, in the epode, the final stanza, the mariners resolve to cease their wandering.   
  
Examine the Choric Song meticulously, observing the stark contrast its structure provides. Subsequently, identify and record the strophe you think is the most breathtaking.  
  
(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 Robinson believed they were reasonable to remain in a comfortable place once they discovered it. What is your perspective?  
  
(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 poem.

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  
Iolcos 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 step-brother named Pelias whose birth was shrouded in mystery and sorrow. Some speculated that he was the son of a nymph; as an infant, he was abandoned on the mountains where a wild mare kicked him. A passing shepherd found the baby, his face bruised and darkened by the blow. He took the baby home, named him Pelias because of his blackened face. Growing up fierce and lawless, Pelias committed numerous dreadful deeds. He eventually usurped his step-brother Aeson, his own brother Neleus, and took over the kingdom. He ruled over the rich Minuan heroes in Iolcos by the sea.   
  
Aeson, on being exiled, sorrowfully left the town leading his young son by the hand. He resolved to hide his son in the mountains, fearing that the relatives would kill the boy, the rightful heir. He journeyed from the sea through valleys, vineyards, olive groves, and crossed the torrent of Anarous to reach the ancient mountain Pelion, known for its snow-capped peaks.   
  
He steadily ascended the mountain, traversing marshes, crags, and valleys until the boy grew tired and footsore. Aeson carried his son in his arms until they arrived at a secluded cave at the base of an impressive cliff.   
  
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 flowers and herbs grew as in a garden, arranged neatly by species. They flourished in the sun and the spray from the overhead torrent. From within the cave, the melodious sounds of music wafted out along with a man's voice singing to the harp.

Original Text:  
JASON AND THE CENTAUR 161  
  
Then £son 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 lie sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens  
and I he dancing stars; and of the ocean, and the ether,  
and I he 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  
or 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  
I ravel, and wars, and sieges, and a noble death in fight;  
will I hen he sang of peace and plenty, and of equal justice  
in I he land; and as he sang the boy listened wide-eyed,  
and l'urgot 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 you find there, lay your hands on his knees. Say, 'In the name of Zeus, the father of Gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"  
  
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 by the enchanting song.  
  
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 beneath the sky. From the waist up, he was a man, while his lower half was that of a noble horse. His white hair cascaded over his broad shoulders and his white beard sprawled across his broad chest. His eyes were wise and gentle, his forehead imposing like a mountain wall.  
  
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 celestial brilliance.  
  
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 miraculous earth. He sang of the treasures hidden within the hills, the precious gems concealed in the mines, the veins of fire and metal, the virtues of healing herbs, the language of birds, prophecies, and of the mysteries of the future.  
  
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. He sang about travels, wars, sieges, and heroic deaths in battle. When he sang about peace, abundance, and the notion of justice throughout the land, the boy listened with rapt attention, utterly forgetting his purpose as he lost himself in the song.

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:  
162 EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES  
  
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, for I recognize you and your circumstances. I spotted both of you in the valley, even before you left the town."  
  
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 to venture forth like the son of a hero. But now, I beg you by Zeus, let the boy be your guest during these tough times. Train him among the sons of heroes so that he may avenge my death."  
  
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 lad, or will you be my pupil from today?"  
  
"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 over gallant men."  
  
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 bring glory to you and to the house of Aeolus."  
  
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 11¢.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 forward to meeting the friends he had yet to encounter.  
  
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 dip behind the cliffs. Their serene interlude was soon interrupted by echoing shouts from the exterior of the cave.  
  
Momentarily, the sons of the heroes barreled in, each donning a name as mighty as their forebear- The types of legends, including Aeneas, Heracles, and Peleus. Cheiron couldn't contain his joy at their arrival, his hoofs resounding off the cave walls as he greeted them enthusiastically.  
  
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 by the horns, his stature as commanding as a towering crag. Then, Czeneus casually strolled in, holding a bear cub under each arm, laughing off their feeble attempts to scratch and bite him, for no tooth nor steel could wound him.  
  
Cheiron took turns praising them all according to their accomplishments, leaving no one unacknowledged. However, one among them, Asklepios, the unusually wise child, kept his distance. He hung by the sidelines, hugging a bundle of herbs and flowers to his chest. Around his wrist was a spotted snake. With downcast eyes, he approach Cheiron to reveal the events of his day. He had observed a snake shedding its old skin, rejuvenating. In a village, he had seen a sick goat consume a particular herb, which he then gave to a dying villager and cured him.  
  
Cheiron, while he smiled, noted that though Athene and Apollo bequeath gifts upon each individual, and each is deserving in their own rights; Asklepios had been granted an honor surpassing all - He is bestowed the ability to cure, a striking contrast to his peers' capacity to kill.  
  
Following this, the boys busied themselves with gathering and splitting firewood, kindling a robust fire. Others began preparing the game they'd caught– skinning and dressing the deer before setting it to roast on the fire.

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 OP 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  
futurity.  
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 ate until they could eat no more, having tasted nothing since dawn, and drank from the clear spring water. Wine was not suitable for growing boys. When the remnants were put away, they all lay down on the skins and leaves near the fire. Each took turns playing the lyre, singing, and playing with all his heart.  
  
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. Then Cheiron took the lyre; all the lads joined hands and danced to his rhythm, weaving in and out, round and round. They danced hand in hand until night fell over land and sea, their broad white limbs and golden hair glowing against the dark glen.  
  
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 if it means determination, and (F) if it signifies simple futurity. Cheiron then 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." Cheiron laughed and said, "Sit here by me until sundown, when your playfellows will come home, and you shall learn like them to be a king, worthy to rule over gallant men."

Original Text:  
JASON AND THE CENTAUR 165  
  
Then he turned to /Eson, 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) !no said the children must he 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 Retie fell into the sea. Those narrow straits are  
called Hellespont.  
  
(v) &son 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  
(hennas to the heroes.  
  
(C) PUNCTUATION  
  
Punctuate and insert capital letters where necessary:  
  
Many wonderful tales were told among the old grceks 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  
blow no lath: or greek might read these wonderful stories in  
our own tongue diaries kingslcy 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  
Von 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 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 Greek mythology and each separate story is termed a myth. So, we who know no Latin or Greek might read these wonderful stories in our own tongues. Charles Kingsley wrote The Heroes in plain and simple English. Here we may learn of Perseus, the Golden Fleece, the Argonauts, and Theseus.  
  
(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.)