

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 •  
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;

From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restored me, loved me, put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jane?"

Hamm, who felt that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deigned to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great.  
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall 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."

LEIGHT 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;

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

## II

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.

JOHEN KEATS

## EXERCISES

### (A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

## FOUR POEMS

65

- (i) The *occasion* is divine.
- (ii) The *presence* in the room.
- (iii) 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 example:

And hold I the g'v Cr as I thou deem ; est fit  
*Ers,00.tlos immano;*

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

- (ii) The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through  
the air.
- (iii) 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**

- (i) 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?
- (iii) Find out all the information you can concerning the grasshopper and cricket, and write a brief description of each.
- (iv) What do you suppose the Caliph felt on receiving Mondeer'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.

## VII

### AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE

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

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

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

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

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

"True, sir—beg your pardon, 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 'em back, sir."

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

## EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

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

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

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

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

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

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

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

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

"I" exclaimed Mr Pickwick.

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

"Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him."

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

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

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

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

"Wo-o1" 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'l'm'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'l'm'n worn't a gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning post-boy to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

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

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

"All right," replied Mr Winkle faintly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Woof" said that gentleman; "I have dropped my whip."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Pickwick Papers*

## EXERCISES

### (A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

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

## VIII

### MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,  
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.  
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spakc 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.

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 hilt 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,

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

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:  
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:  
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!  
Authority forgets a dying king,  
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
In whom should meet the offices of all,

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  
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

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 l the level lake,  
And the long glories of the winter moon.

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:

- (i) Arthur had seen his knights go one by one, and Sir Bedivere was the last of any.
- (ii) The goodliest of any fellowship of famous knights that ever existed was unsoldered.
- (iii) 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.

- (v) Excalibur was more wonderful than all swords.  
(vi) There were three queens in the barge, and the taller  
and fairest of them called Arthur by name.

### (13) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following sentences by using relative pronouns:

- (i) Arthur writhed in pain. He said that he perished by  
the people he had made.  
(ii) Sir Bedivere was the last of Arthur's knights. He flung  
Excalibur into the middle mere.  
(iii) But first Bedivere tried to hide it. He thought it  
was a shame to throw away so fine a sword.  
(iv) Arthur hated all deceit. He reproached Bedivere  
bitterly.  
(v) There was an arm clothed in white samite. It caught  
Excalibur by the hilt.  
(vi) The knight was overcome with grief. He bore his  
precious load to the margin of the lake.

### (C) PUNCTUATION

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

- (1) Of all the swords that Sir Bedivere had ever handled  
there was none so grand as Arthurs.  
(ii) The Round Table was dissolved: the knights places  
were vacant.  
(iii) Sir Bediveres eyes were dazzled.  
(iv) He nuxde up his mind to disregard the kings whims.  
(v) Excalibur was a lonely maidens work. She wrought it  
nine years as she *sat in* the deeps upon the hidden bases of the

**(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS**

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

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly whel'd and threw it.

Neither can you read this quickly:

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

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

**(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES**

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

(ii) 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.

(iii) 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.

Describe the scene pictured by the poet as expressively as you can in your own words.

(vi) "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." What do you consider the greatest change that you have seen? Do you consider it a change for the better?

## IX

### SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

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

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

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

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when 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 remarkable for being an idle, fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very

## (B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

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

- (i) We know London as it is now and we find it very hard to realize what it was *in* the days of Addison.
- (ii) It had not long recovered from the ravages of plague and fire and it was filled with new buildings.
- (iii) The church spires and the great new dome of St Paul's gleamed white over the roofs and were a sight to behold.
- (iv) The 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:

- (i) Why said Sir Roger is your husband not at church this morning
- (ii) Is it likely that many country squires were as kindly as old Sir Roger
- (iii) What are you doing said my old Mend to John Matthews
- (iv) Do the old knights peculiarities make you smile
- (v) Is not the church beautiful asked Sir Roger with pride

## (D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

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

#### (E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) What part of a church is the chancel? Draw a sketch-plan of any church you know showing the chancel.
- (ii) Set out the reasons which Addison gives in favour of keeping Sunday as a day of rest.
- (iii) 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.

## X

### 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,

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.

She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray  
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.  
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me I  
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."  
I said; "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;  
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."  
She smil'd, she went up through the surf in the bay.  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?  
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.  
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.  
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.  
We went up the beach, by the sandy down  
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town.  
Through the narrow pav'd streets, where all was still,  
To the little grey church on the windy hill.  
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,  
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.  
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,  
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.  
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:  
"Margaret, hist I come quick, we are here.  
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.  
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."  
But, ah, she gave me never a look,  
For her eyes were seed to the holy book.  
"Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door."  
Come away, children, call no more.  
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down.  
Down to the depths of the sea.

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,  
Singing most joyfully.  
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,  
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.  
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.  
For the wheel where I spun,  
And the blessed light of the sun."  
And so she sings her fill,  
Singing most joyfully,  
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,  
And the whizzing wheel stands still.  
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;  
And over the sand at the sea;  
And her eyes are set in a stare;  
And anon there breaks a sigh,  
And anon there drops a tear,  
From a sorrow-clouded eye,  
And a heart sorrow-laden,  
A long, long sigh,  
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,  
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children.  
Conic, children, come down.  
The hoarse wind blows colder;  
Lights shine in the town.  
She will start from her slumber  
When gusts shake the door;  
She will hear the winds howling,  
Will hear the waves roar.  
We shall see, while above us  
The waves roar and whirl, A  
ceiling of amber,

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."

MENHEW 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*:

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

- (ii) My poor soul is lost, merman, here with thee.
- (iii) 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*.

- (i) The children called long and loud. Their mother did not hear.
- (ii) The strong winds howled. The wild waves roared.
- (iii) 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 yesterday we heard the sweet bells over the bay in the caverns where we My through the surf and through the swell the far-off sound of a silver bell,

**(1) THE CHOICE OF WORDS**

In prose-writing careless repetition is a fault, but *in* poetry a very striking effect is often produced by repeating a word or sound. There are many good instances in this poem—e.g.,

Let us away  
This way, this way.

Write the stanza which you think contains the best examples, and underline the repeated words.

**(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES**

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

(ii) 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. In 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.

(iii) 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.

## 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

remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he *tasted—crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which 13o-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

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

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

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

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

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

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his 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 displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

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

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 Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at 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 enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices

## A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG 105

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

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

CHARLES LAMB

## EXERCISES

### (A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

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

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

(iii) o-be paid no heed to the blows ( ) but continued eating. B

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

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

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

#### (B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

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

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

#### (C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

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

(ii) 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.*

## A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG 107

### (I) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

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

### (B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Write an account entitled "The Discovery of Roast Pig, according to Bo-bo."
- (ii) Give a version of the trial at Pekin supposed to have been written by a reporter who was present.
- (iii) Write an essay on "My Favourite Dish."
- (iv) Imagine that you have discovered a paragraph cut from an old newspaper giving an account of the sudden rise in the price of fuel and pigs. Write out this paragraph.
- (v) Write a short conversation that took place between Ho-ti and Bo-bo after the trial.
- (vi) Search for the meanings of these words, and then use each in a sentence: consternation, wringing, negligence, asunder, manifest.

## 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;  
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;  
"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 from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,  
So, Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time!"

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,

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

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

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

RODE= BROWNING

#### LOCUINVAR

O, YOUNG Loehinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted by Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

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 ear,  
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood  
    near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung I

"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;

Fqrsters, 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<sup>1</sup>

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 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.

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Miss Alice Werner.

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—  
"I 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—ride 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 lips that named *Her* name.

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.  
O love! thine arms were about me then,  
    Thy warm tears called me to life again,—  
But—O God! that I came alone!—

I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,  
    By the Murray streams in the West,—  
But oft through the mist of my dreams along  
    Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,  
        With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER

## EXERCISES

### (A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

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

**(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:

- (i) good speed cried the watch as we galloped through  
(ii) joris broke silence with yet there is time  
(iii) gallop gasped he for aix is in sight  
(iv) joris cried stay spur  
(v) now tread we a measure said young lochinvar  
(vi) he turned in the saddle lets change I say

**(13) THE CHOICE OF WORDS**

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

- (i) And at last I saw my stout galloper Roland.  
(ii) As down his throat I poured our last measure of wine.  
(iii) But they did ne'er see the lost bride of Netherby.  
(iv) O, out of the west young Lochinvar is come.  
(v) But behind dropped the grey horse.  
(vi) She, the good bay mare, bore me bravely.

**(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES**

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

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

The *b's* convey just the crisp, snapping effect which the poet desired. Search for other examples.

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- (iii) Tell the story of Bannerman's great sacrifice in your own words.
- (iv) Write in a few lines what you think must have been the bridegroom's opinion of young Lochinvar and his exploit.
- (v) Find the meanings of the following words : postern, askance, dastard, craven, galliard, seaur, strath, peerless.
- (vi) Read carefully the account of young Lochinvar's feats, and say which you consider to be the most wonderful. Was it *possible*?

## XIII

### DOBBIN'S FIGHT WITH CUFF

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

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

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

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

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

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 principal actors, preferring Mr Kean to Mr Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do ? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes : that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. 'Figs ' was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abuse 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 riell• Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering flyer a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts was probably the subject.

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

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

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

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

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

"Put down that letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readeth letteth."

"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—quite lonely, and almost happy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him : while Cuff's astonishment was hardly less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American Colonies : fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr Reginald Cuff when this *rencontre* was proposed to him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*

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

## (C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

- (1) The wags told Dobbin that sugar was ris'.
- (ii) Dobbin reminded Osborne that his father was only a merchant.

- (iii) Osborne replied that his father was a gentleman and kept his carriage.
- (iv) Cuff said he would like to know why.
- (v) Cuff ordered Osborne to hold out his hand.
- (vi) Dobbin said he would give him the worst thrashing he had ever had in his life.

#### (D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

- (i) He stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his — corduroys.
- (ii) The jokes were — and — against him.
- (iii) They considered that the selling of goods by retail was a — and — practice.
- (iv) He marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with — look.
- (v) Little Osborne gasped with wonder and incredulity at seeing this — champion put up suddenly to defend him.
- (vi) Fancy — Goliath when — David stepped forward and claimed a meeting.

#### (E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Write the outlines of an imaginary debate, in which Cuff, Osborne, Dobbin, and other boys at the Swishtail Seminary took part, on the subject "What makes a gentleman?"
- (ii) Supply an alternative title to the extract.
- (iii) Write a letter from Dr 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.

(iv) Find out all you can concerning the Fairy Peribanou, Sinbad the Sailor, the Valley of Diamonds, the Roe, and Prince Ahmed, and write a short account of each.

(v) Write an essay on "Bullies."

(vi) Compile a list of all the schoolboy lights of which you have ever read, and say which account pleases you most.

## XIV

### ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE 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.

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;

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 ingenuous 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.

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,  
Dost 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,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch  
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"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

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,

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:

- (i) The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.
- (ii) The ploughman leaves the world to darkness and to me.
- (iii) 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*:

## 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.

### (C) 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 wn r very little he resided in a college in cambridge at ol• I i rite fir became terribly afraid of fire and so that he might be um iy at any time he ordered a rope ladder from london WWI(• III H•11 leV011n undergraduates heard of this and one night ern r d fire v.I l•n there was no fire gray as they expected let down hi•' 13( h 1er 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 landscape." 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.

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(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(1) Notice the slumbrous effect of the letter *i* 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; (10 when "she tumbled headlong in")?

(iv) How came Gray's *Elegy* to be associated with the capture of Quebec? Give an account of the incident.

(v) What is an elegy? Is the second poem an elegy? Read a portion of each poem carefully to yourself, and then say what you notice about their respective *times*. Why must one be read in quick time and the other slowly?

(vi) Write out "cruel Tom's" reasons for not coming to the rescue.

## 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 preaching "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 noiseless, 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, OII, on, over the countless miles of angry space roll t Ile luutt I win/jug billows. Mountains and caves are here, and yet. 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; I he 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

become the million voices in the sea, when the wild cry goes forth upon the storm, "A ship!"

Onward she comes, in gallant combat with the elements, her tall masts trembling, and her timbers starting on the strain; onward she comes, now high upon the curling billows, now low down in the hollows of the sea as hiding for the moment from its fury; and every storm-voice in the air and water, cries more loudly yet, "A ship!"

And though the eager multitude crowd thick and fast upon her all the night, and dawn of day discovers the untiring train yet bearing down upon the ship in an eternity of troubled water, onward she comes, with dim lights burning in her hull, and people there, asleep: as if no deadly element were peering in at every seam and chink, and no drowned seaman's grave, with but a plank to cover it, were yawning in the unfathomable depths below.

Among these sleeping voyagers were Martin and Mark Tapley, who, rocked into a heavy drowsiness by the unaccustomed motion, were as insensible to the foul air in which they lay, as to the uproar without. It was broad day, when the latter awoke with a dim idea that he was dreaming of having gone to sleep in a four-post bedstead which had turned bottom upwards in the course of the night. There was more reason in this too, than in the roasting of eggs; for the first objects Mr Tapley recognised when he opened his eyes were his own heels—looking down at him, as he afterwards observed, from a nearly perpendicular elevation.

"Well!" said Mark, getting himself into a sitting posture, after various ineffectual struggles with the rolling of the ship. "This is the first time as I ever stood on my head all night."

"You shouldn't go to sleep on the ground with your head to leeward, then," growled a man in one of the berths.

"With my head to *where?*" asked Mark. The man repeated his previous sentiment.

"No, I won't another time," said Mark, "when I know whereabouts on the map that country is. In the meanwhile I can give you a better piece of advice. Don't you nor any other friend of mine never go to sleep with his head in a ship, any more."

The man gave a grunt of discontented acquiescence, turned over in his berth, and drew his blanket over his head.

"—For," said Mr Tapley, pursuing the theme by way of soliloquy, in a low tone of voice; "the sea is as 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-down position—what with that, sir, and putting a very

le into myself, and taking a good deal out in various way, I here an't too much of me to swear by. How do you id yourself this morning, sir?"

"Very Miserable," said Martin, with a peevish groan.

"I 'l; h I This is wretched, indeed!"

"Creditable," muttered Mark, pressing one hand upon his aching head and looking round him with a rueful grin. "That's the great comfort. It *is* creditable to keep up one's spirits here. Virtue's its own reward. So's jollity."

Mark was so far right, that unquestionably any man who retained his cheerfulness among the steerage accommodations of that noble and fast sailing line of packet-ship, *The Screw*, was solely indebted to his own resources, and shipped his good humour, like his provisions, without any contribution or assistance from the owners. A dark, low, stifling cabin, surrounded by berths all filled to overflowing with men, women, and children, in various stages of sickness and misery, is not the liveliest place of assembly at any time; but when it is so crowded that mattresses and beds are heaped upon the floor, to the extinction of everything like comfort, cleanliness, and decency, it is liable to operate not only as a pretty strong barrier against amiability of temper, but as a positive encourager of selfish and rough humours. Mark felt this, as he sat looking about him; and his spirits rose proportionately.

Here an old grandmother was crooning over a sick child, and rocking it to and fro, in arms hardly more wasted than its own young limbs; here a poor woman With an infant in her lap, mended another little creature's clothes, and quieted another who was creeping up about her from their scanty bed upon the floor. Here were old men awkwardly engaged in little household offices, wherein they would have been ridiculous but for their good-will and kind purpose; and here were swarthy fellows--giants in their way--doing such little acts of tenderness for those about them, as might have belonged

to gentlest-hearted dwarfs. The very idiot in the corner who sat mowing there, all day, had his faculty of imitation roused by what he saw about him; and snapped his 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 *could* make tea, but anyone can wash a boy."

The woman, who was delicate and ill, felt and understood his kindness, as well she might, for she had been covered every night with his great-coat, while he had had for his own bed the bare boards and a rug. But, Martin, who seldom got up or looked about him, was quite incensed at the folly of this speech, and expressed his dissatisfaction by an impatient groan.

"So it is, certainly," said Mark, brushing the child's hair as coolly as if he had been born and bred a barber.

"What are you talking about, now?" asked Martin.

"What you said," replied Mark; "or what you meant, when you gave that there dismal vent to your feelings. I quite go along with it, sir. It *is* very hard upon her."

"What is?"

"Making the voyage by herself along with these young impediments here, and going such a way at such a time of the year to join her husband. If you don't want to be

driven mad with yellow soap in your eye, young man," said Mr Tapley to the second urchin, who was by this time under his hands at the basin, " you'd better shutit."

"Where does she join her husband?" asked Martin, yawning.

"Why, I'm very much afraid," said Mr Tapley, in a low voice, "that she don't know. I hope she mayn't miss him. But she sent her last letter by hand, and if she don't see him a waving his pocket handkerchief on the shore, like a pietur out of a song-book, my opinion is, she'll break her heart."

"Why, how, in Folly's name, does the woman come to be on board ship on such a wild-goose venture!" cried Martin.

Mr Tapley glanced at him for a moment as he lay prostrate in his berth, and then said very quietly:

"Ah I How, indeed! I can't think! He's been away from her, for two year: she's been very poor and lonely in her own country; and has always been looking forward to meeting him. It's very strange she should be here. Quite amazing! A little mad, perhaps! There can't be no other way of accounting for it."

Martin was too far gone in the lassitude of sea-sickness to make any reply to these words, or even to attend to them as they were spoken. And the subject of their discourse returning at this crisis with some hot tea, effectually put a stop to any resumption of the theme by Mr Tapley; who, when the meal was over and 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

child, on board; and that he had a peculiar faculty of knocking himself about on the smallest provocation, and losing his legs at every lurch of the ship. But resolved, in his usual phrase, to "come out strong" under disadvantageous circumstances, he was the life and soul of the steerage, and made no more of stopping in the middle of a facetious conversation to go away and be excessively ill by himself, and afterwards come back in the very best and gayest of tempers to resume it, than if such a course of proceeding had been the commonest in the world. There never was a more popular character than Mark Tapley became, on board that noble and fast-sailing line-of-packet ship, *The Screw*; and he attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration, that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances.,

"If this was going to last," said Mr Tapley, "there'd be no difference as T can perceive, between *The Screw* and t h<sub>e</sub> Dragon, I 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 I to I In c c                  "When will this be over ?"

Hi .1 I r week, II y say, sir," returned Mark, "will  
mo·t                  bring lei into port. The ship's going along at  
present,            \*\*\*n,dr•       u ship can, sir; though I don't  
1114.1111 in •411y n•.hal                  very high praise."

" I don't I hint, II is, indeed," groaned Martin.

"                  I l'ci• all I he bet ter for it, sir, if you was to turn  
out ,,"                  rd Mark.

" Awl he "en by the ladies and gentlemen on the  
after drel," returned Martin, with a scornful emphasis

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."

"I 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?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Mark, "I didn't know you took it so much to heart as Ibis comes to."

"Of course you didn't know," returned his master. "How should you know, unless I told you? It's no trial to *you*, Mark, to make yourself comfortable and to bustle about. It's as natural for you to do so under the circumstances as it is for me not to do so. Why, you don't suppose there's a living creature in this ship who can possibly have half so much to undergo on board of her as

have? Do you?" he asked, sitting upright in his berth and looking at Mark, with an expression of great earnestness not unmixed with wonder.

Mark twisted his face into a tight knot, and with his head very much on one side pondered upon this question as if he felt it an extremely difficult one to answer. He was relieved from his embarrassment by Martin himself, who said, as he stretched himself upon his back again and resumed the book he had been reading:

"But what's the use of my putting such a case to you, when the very essence of what I have been saying, is, that you cannot by possibility understand it! Make me a little brandy-and-water, cold and very weak, and give me a biscuit, and tell your friend, who is a nearer neighbour of ours than I could wish, to try and keep her children a little quieter to-night than she did last night; that's a good fellow,"

Mr Tapley .<sup>a</sup>I himself to obey these orders with great alacrity, and pending their execution, it may be presumed flagging spirits revived: inasmuch as he several times served, below his breath, that in respect of if 'lower of imparting a credit to jollity, *The Screw It'// I ("I nimbly had some decided advantages over the Dragon. He also remarked, that it was a high gratifica-*

(iii) Explain what is meant by the terms: leeward, berth, steerage, long-boat, spar.

Draw a plan of a ship, showing starboard and port; fore and aft.

(iv) Write down some "Thoughts on Sea-sickness."

(v) Notice how Dickens in his description of a stormy sea obtains the effect of rapid and constant motion. The narrative is so vivid that you can fancy you hear the swirl of the waters. Notice, too, how the effect is heightened by the use of the historic present. Write a short passage entitled "A Page from a Lighthouse-keeper's Note-book," and strive to obtain similar effects.

(vi) Mark Tapley did not give any explanation of those "consolatory thoughts" which helped him. What do you think they were?

## 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,  
it n it :Anew! Ihn.11'd: dew'd with showery drops,  
l'p.clumh I li• ..hadowy pine above the woven copse.

Thr ehanmd t.imset linger'd low adown  
InIhi n r'it : I hrn' mountain clefts the dale  
              ho and the yellow down  
!hail. tsitII palm, and many a winding vale  
And un n low, with slender galingale;

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;

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.

## II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,  
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,  
While all things else have rest from weariness?  
All things have rest: why should we toil alone,  
We only toil, who are the first of things,  
And make perpetual moan,  
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:  
Nor ever fold our wings,  
And cease from wanderings,  
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;  
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,  
"There is no joy but calm!"  
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

## In

1401 in the middle of the wood,  
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 ..tcyl,'11 al, noon, and in the moon  
    ly i h %% i'vd; and turning yellow  
    Valk, um! Ilnats adown the air.

Lo I 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;

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.

## VII

But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)  
With half-dropt eyelids still,  
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,  
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly  
His waters from the purple hill—  
To hear the dewy echoes calling  
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine—  
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling  
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

## VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek:  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:  
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust  
is blown.  
We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
    Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge  
        was seething free,  
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains  
    in the sea.  
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.  
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are  
    hued

## THE LOTOS-EATERS

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly  
curl'd  
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming  
world;  
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring  
deeps and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,  
and praying hands.  
But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song  
Steaming up, a lamentation, and an ancient tale of  
wrong,  
Like a tale of little meaning, tho' the words are strong;  
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,  
Sow the seed and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;  
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd,  
down in hell  
Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,  
11(-.1 lug weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.  
14111.1.1y, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
'1111111 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 1 lin 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.

- (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.

**(C) 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

they *turned* to the left, and back to the starting-point *once* more.

The Choric Song in "The Lotos-Eaters" is arranged in this way. The opening stanza, or *strophe*, describes the beauty of the Lotos-land, while the second, or *antistrophe*, deals with the troubles and wanderings which have vexed the mariners. The third returns to sing of the wondrous country to which they have come, while the fourth reverts to the sorrows beyond. One stanza, the *strophe*, is a sigh of contentment; the next, the *antistrophe*, is a moan of despair, until in the *epode*, the last stanza of all, the mariners resolve that they will wander no more.

Read through the Choric Song carefully, noting the contrast which this arrangement gives, then write out the strophe which you think to be the most beautiful.

### (B) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Write a prose description: (a) of the Lotos-land, (b) of the life of a mariner.
- (ii) Give as many beautiful comparisons as you can remember for sweet music which falls on the ear ever so softly.
- (iii) Smith and Robinson had a debate, Smith arguing that the mariners were lazy loafers who were shirking their duties, while Robinson contended that they were sensible men to stay *in a* good place when they found it. What is your opinion?
- (iv) Write explanatory notes on: nectar, asphodel, amaranth, cooly, acanthus.
- (v) In a previous exercise you noted the 'slumbrous' effect of the letter *in*. Find an example in this poem.
- (vi) Write an essay entitled "The Life-Story of an Apple," first reading carefully the very beautiful description in the poem.

heroes, as Athamas his uncle ruled in Boeotia; and like Athamas, he was an unhappy man. For he had a step-brother named Pelias, 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 Jason his step-brother, and then his own brother Neleus, and took the kingdom to himself, and ruled over the rich Minyan heroes, in Iolcos by the sea.

And Jason, 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 mountains; 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 Jason 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.

Then Jason put down the lad and whispered—

"Fear not, but go in, and whomsoever you shall find, lay your hands upon his knees and say, 'In the name of Zeus, the father of Gods and men, I am your guest from this day forth.'"

Then the lad went in without trembling, for he too was a hero's son; but when he was within, he stopped in wonder to listen to that magic song.

And there he saw the singer lying upon bear-skins and fragrant boughs: Cheiron, the ancient centaur, the wisest of all things beneath the sky. Down to the waist he was a man, but below he was a noble horse; his white hair rolled down over his broad shoulders, and his white beard over his broad brown chest; and his eyes were wise and mild, and his forehead like a mountain-wall.

And in his hands he held a harp of gold, and struck it with a golden key; and as he struck, he sang till his eyes glittered, and filled all the cave with light.

And he sang of the birth of Time, and of the heavens and 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.

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

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-

the venison was cooking they bathed in the snow-torrent, and washed away the dust and sweat.

And then all ate till they could eat no more (for they had tasted nothing since the dawn), and drank of the clear spring water, for wine is not it for growing lads. And when the remnants were put away, they all lay down upon the skins and leaves about the fire, and each took the lyre in turn, and sang and played with all his heart.

And after a while they all went to a plot of grass at the cave's mouth, and there they boxed, and ran, and wrestled, and laughed till the stones fell from the cliffs.

Then Cheiron took the lyre, and all the lads joined hands; and as he played, they danced to his measure, in and out, and round and round. There they danced hand in hand, till the night fell over land and sea, while the black glen shone with their broad white limbs. and the gleam of their golden hair.

CRAB SS KINGSLEY, *The Heroes*

#### EXERCISES

##### (A) THE USE OF WORDS

Notice carefully how *shall* and *will* are used in the following passage. Make a copy of it, and after each *shall* 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."

Then he turned to *Ieson*, 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 obtains by the frequent use of and and *so*. Rewrite the following