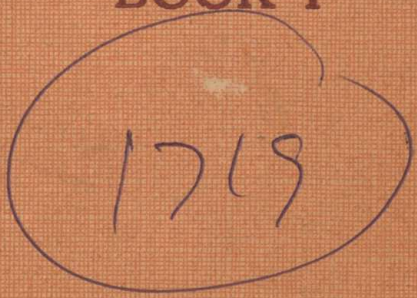
THE REFORM METHOD LITERARY READERS

BOOK I



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THE REFORM METHOD

LITERARY READERS

BOOK I

EDITED WITH
EXERCISES IN COMPOSITION
AND APPRECIATION

BY
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PREFACE.

This book is intended for use in the higher standards of our schools.

The method adopted is the Reform Method advocated by the Board of Education in their Report on the Teaching of English, and favoured by most modern educationists.

The aim of the book is to help boys and girls to appreciate fine literature and to express themselves in good English.

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PROSE.

POETRY.

THE REFORM METHOD

LITERARY READERS

1. The King and the Angel.

I

King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban and of the Emperor Valemond, was a prince of great courage and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient that he did not choose to bend his knee to Heaven itself.

One day, while he was present at Vespers, his attention was excited by some words in the "Magnificat." Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning; and being told that the words meant, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble and meek," he said that men like himself were not so easily put down.

The chaplain made no reply; and his Majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some time, he woke up in more than his usual state of impatience; and was preparing to vent it, when to his astonishment he saw that the church was empty. Every soul was gone, except a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions.

He addressed her to no purpose. He spoke louder and louder, and was about to try, as well as rage and wonder would let him, if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when, catching sight of his face, the old woman uttered a cry of "Thieves!" and shuffling away, closed the door behind her.

King Robert looked at the door in silence, then round about him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap, the very jewels from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white from shame and rage. "Here is open rebellion! Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What, ho, there! Open the door! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another gibe at his prisoner.

"I see you there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap."

The only answer King Robert made, was to dash his foot against the door, and burst it open. The sexton, who felt as if a house had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as his sense of dignity allowed him, hurried to his palace, which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do *you* want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door with his foot.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the king. "Look at me, fellow! Who am I?"

"A madman and a fool; that's what you are!" cried the porter. "Hold him fast!"

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who had just been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the glass in his hand.

"Captain Francavilla," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Your rebels pretend not even to know me! Go before me, sir, to my rooms!" And as he spoke, the king shook off the men, as a lion does curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francavilla put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and said in a very mincing tone, "Some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hands, and looked himself in the face. *It was not his own face.*

"Here is witchcraft!" exclaimed King Robert. "I am changed." And, for the first time in his life, a feeling of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained.

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, he found himself face to face with *another King Robert*, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hideous impostor!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court, at the word "hideous," roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling, at present, that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as if a palsy had smitten him. He stopped,

and tried to vent his rage, but could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared it, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel. But the angel was not going to make himself known yet, nor for a long time.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth a very king of fools, thou shalt have crown and sceptre, and be my fool.—Fetch the cap and bauble, and let the King of Fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit.

II

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners, and, without the power to oppose, bearing every slight which his former favourites could heap on him.

All the notice the king took of him, consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but the signal for a roar of laughter, he turned his speech into a haughty silence; till, seeing

that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he acted in a way that showed neither defiance nor agreement, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or, as they supposed him, the altered, king; for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was not too heavy. Half the day was given to industry, and half to healthy enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tenderest, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with blessings; and the fool heard them, and wondered.

At the end of these two years, or nearly so, the king announced that he was to pay a visit to his brother the Pope and his brother the Emperor, the latter coming to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, all clad in the most magnificent garments but the fool, who was dressed in fox-tails, and put side by side with an ape dressed like himself.

The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards, all struggling to get a sight of the king's face and to bless it; the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wives holding up their rosy children, which last sight seemed to delight the sovereign.

The fool came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, causing shouts of laughter; though some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch, so kind to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most insolent of men toward the prince himself; and then although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of wrath against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse.

The fool had still a hope that, when his Holiness saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end. The good man, however, beheld him without the least sign of knowing him; so did the Emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with admiration at the new king, and not with the old look of pretended goodwill and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humility for the first time fell gently upon him.

It happened that it was the same day as that on which, two years before, Robert had scorned the words in the "Magnificat." Vespers were sung before the sovereigns; the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words; and Robert again heard, with far different feelings, "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Tears gushed

into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the fool was seen with his hands clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the tears pouring down his face.

When the service was over, the king spoke of giving the fool his discharge; and he sent for him, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great Unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. By the hand he had the ape, who had long courted his goodwill, and who, having now obtained it, clung closely to his human friend.

"Art thou still a king?" said the Angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

"What wouldst thou, Robert?" returned the Angel in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou wouldst, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt a great calm suddenly spread itself over his being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," said the Angel, in a grave but sweet voice; and, kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "Let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the Angel prayed, and after a few moments the King looked up, and the Angel was gone; and then the King knew that it was an Angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride; and, after a blessed reign, he died, telling this history to his weeping nobles, and asking that it might be set down in the Sicilian Annals.

LEIGH HUNT.

I.

The lesson of this old legend (also told in verse by Longfellow, the American poet) is the sinfulness of pride. It is summed up in the words of the "Magnificat" which King Robert heard the choir singing at vespers (evening prayers) in the church :—"He hath put down the mighty from their seat," etc. The Magnificat is the psalm of praise sung by Mary when the angel had announced to her that her child, Jesus, was to be the Messiah, the saviour of his people. (See the story in the Bible, *Luke*, chap. 1.) The psalm begins, "My soul doth magnify the Lord," and it gets its name from the first word in the Latin version, 'Magnificat,' which means 'Doth magnify'.

Exercises.

1. Answer each of these questions in a complete sentence :—

a. Why was King Robert offended by the words he heard sung in the church ?

b. Why did the sexton of the church think he was a thief ?

c. What did Robert think about it all ?

d. What did the people think about Robert ?

e. What punishment did the angel-king give Robert, and why ?

2. Imagine yourself to be a courtier, and give an account of the scene in the king's court when Robert comes before the new king.

3. Imagine yourself to be King Robert, and tell the story of what happened in the church and in the court.

4. Combine the following sentences into a single sentence :—

Robert was king of Sicily. He was Pope Urban's brother. He was the brother of the Emperor Valemond. He was a brave and famous prince. He was very proud and impatient. He would not bend his knee even to God.

5. Use the following in sentences of your own making :—

a. of a temper so proud and impatient.

b. grinning like a rat in a trap.

c. as far as his sense of dignity allowed him.

d. his attention being drawn to.

e. venting his rage.

f. as if a palsy had smitten him.

g. the pride that goes before a fall.

6. Analyse the following sentences :—

a. He stopped, and tried to vent his rage, but could not speak.

b. The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the [face.

c. He addressed her to no purpose.

7. Turn into indirect speech :—

"Well," said the porter, "what do you want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the King.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the King. "Look at me, fellow! Who am I?"

"A madman and a fool; that's what you are!" cried the porter. "Hold him fast!"

8. Punctuate and supply inverted commas and capitals :—

a. on your lives cried the king look at me fellow who am I.

b. a madman and a fool that's what you are cried the porter hold him fast.

Hints.

Exercise 2.—You might begin like this :—The court was crowded, and we were all listening to what His Majesty was saying, when there was a great commotion at the door and a good deal of shouting, and a man in rags rushed in, etc.

Exercise 3.—Try to put yourself in the king's place, and imagine what he would feel like when he woke up in the empty church. You could begin like this :—I must have fallen asleep during the church service, which was very tedious. When I woke up the church was silent and empty. I rubbed my eyes and thought I was dreaming. What had happened? How dared they leave me here alone! I felt furiously angry, etc.

II.

As the first part of this story illustrates the first part of the verse from the Magnificat ("He hath put down the mighty from their seat"), so this second part illustrates the second part of that verse ("and hath exalted the humble and meek"). For King Robert learnt the lesson which the angel was sent to teach him. His pride was broken and he became humble and penitent; and so was restored to his place as king.

Exercises.

1. Write out in your own words a brief outline of the story of King Robert of Sicily.

2. Imagine a stranger coming to Sicily during the reign of the angel, and write in the form of a dialogue an imaginary conversation between him and a Sicilian about the wonderful change in the supposed King Robert's character.

3. Take the conversation between the Angel and King Robert and report it in indirect speech as a newspaper reporter would do it. (See p. 8, lines 15 to 34. "Art thou still a king?" said the Angel, ... "Let us pray.")

4. Complete the following comparisons :—

a. They thought Robert to be as mad as ——.

b. The king was as proud as ——.

c. The fool did not make any jokes but was as surly as ——.

d. The tears poured down his face like ——.

e. He became as meek as ——.

f. Be ye wise as —— but as harmless as ——.

g. His heart was as hard as ——.

5. Correct the mistakes in the following sentences :—

a. He acted in a way that showed neither defiance or agreement.

b. Vespers were sang before the sovereigns.

c. Even what thou would, O mighty and good stranger, who I know not how to name.

d. The stranger lay his hand on the shoulder of King Robert.

6. Insert appropriate prepositions :—

a. Wherever the king went, he was loaded —— blessings.

b. King Robert trembled —— head —— foot.

c. Half the day was given —— industry ; and half —— healthy enjoyment.

d. The king announced that he was to pay a visit —— his brother.

e. Some persons were a little astonished to think how a monarch, so kind —— all the rest of the world, should be so hard —— a sorry fool.

7. Punctuate :—

a. Taxes were light the poor had plenty work was not too heavy.

b. Meantime everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new or as they supposed him the altered king.

c. All the notice the king took of him consisted in his asking now and then in full court when everything was silent well fool art thou still a king.

8. Write a short essay on "Pride goeth before a fall."

Hints.

Exercise 1.—In writing a summary, give only the main points of the story, and omit all details. The points to bring out here are the king's pride, the words he heard sung in the church, his waking up, his reception in the court, his appointment as the king's jester, his long humiliation, the angel's just rule, Robert's change of heart at Rome, etc.

Exercise 2.—The dialogue might begin in this way :—

Stranger.—What is this I hear about the change in your king? He used to be well hated, I think.

Sicilian.—You are right, stranger. He was a proud and haughty tyrant, who cared for nothing but war and fame and his own pleasures.

Stranger.—But now?

Sicilian.—Now he is a just and merciful ruler, who spends all his time in trying to make his people happy.

Stranger.—Wonderful! How did the change come about? Etc.

2. The White Ship.

Nearly eight hundred years ago King Henry the First of England was in France at his son's wedding. The feast was over, and Henry and all the English nobles were getting ready to sail home. On the very day they were to start there came to the king Fitz-Stephen, a sea-captain, and said--

"My father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you in the White Ship to England!"

"I am sorry, friend," replied the king, "that my vessel is already chosen, and that I cannot sail with the son of the man who served my father. But the prince and all his company shall go along with you in the fair White Ship, manned by the fifty sailors of renown."

An hour or two afterwards the king set sail in the vessel he had chosen, along with other vessels, and, sailing all night with a fair and gentle wind, arrived upon the coast

of England in the morning. While it was yet night, the people in some of those ships heard a faint wild cry come over the sea, and wondered what it was.

Now the prince was a bad young man of eighteen, who bore no love to the English, and had said that when he came to the throne he would yoke them to the plough like oxen. He went aboard the White Ship with one hundred and forty young nobles like himself, among whom were eighteen noble ladies of the highest rank. This gay company, with their servants and the fifty sailors, made three hundred souls aboard the fair White Ship.

"Give three casks of wine, Fitz-Stephen," said the prince, "to the fifty sailors of renown! My father the king has sailed out of the harbour. What time is there to make merry here and yet reach England with the rest?"

"Prince," said Fitz-Stephen, "before morning my fifty and the White Ship shall overtake the swiftest vessel in attendance on your father the king, if we sail at midnight."

Then the prince commanded to make merry; and the sailors drank out the three casks of wine; and the prince and all the noble company danced in the moonlight on the deck of the White Ship.

When at last she shot out of the harbour, there was not a sober seaman on board. But the sails were all set, and the oars all going merrily. Fitz-Stephen had the helm. The gay young nobles and the beautiful ladies, wrapped in mantles of various bright colours to protect them from the cold, talked, laughed, and sang. The prince encouraged the fifty sailors to row harder yet, for the honour of the White Ship.

Crash! A cry broke from three hundred hearts. It was the cry the people in the distant vessels of the king heard faintly on the water. The White Ship had struck upon a rock, and was going down!

Fitz-Stephen hurried the prince into a boat, with some few nobles. "Push off," he whispered, "and row to the land. It is not

far, and the sea is smooth. The rest of us must die."

But as they rowed away fast from the sinking ship, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie calling for help. He never in his life had been so good as he was then. He cried in an agony, "Row back at any risk! I cannot bear to leave her!"

They rowed back. As the prince held out his arms to catch his sister, such numbers leaped in that the boat was overset. And in the same instant the White Ship went down.

Only two men floated. They both clung to the main-yard of the ship, which had broken from the mast, and now supported them. One asked the other who he was. He said, "I am a nobleman..... And you?" "I am a poor butcher of Rouen," was the answer. Then they said together, "Lord be merciful to us both!" and tried to encourage one another as they drifted in the cold sea on that November night.

By-and-by another man came swimming towards them, whom they knew, when he pushed aside his long wet hair, to be Fitz-Stephen. "Where is the prince?" said he. "Gone! gone!" the two cried together. "Neither he, nor his brother, nor his sister, nor the king's niece, nor her brother, nor any one of all the brave three hundred, except

we three, has risen above the water." Fitz-Stephen, with a ghastly face, cried, "Woe! woe to me!" and sank to the bottom.

The other two clung to the yard for some hours. At length the young noble said faintly, "I am worn out, and chilled with the cold, and can hold no longer. Farewell, good friend! God preserve you!" So he dropped, and sank; and of all the brilliant crowd, the poor butcher of Rouen alone was saved. In the morning some fishermen saw him floating in his sheepskin coat, and got him into their boat—the only one left to tell the dismal tale.

For three days no one dared to tell the king. At length they sent into his presence a little boy, who, weeping bitterly, and kneeling at his feet, told him that the White Ship was lost with all on board. The king fell to the ground like a dead man, and never afterwards was seen to smile.

CHARLES DICKENS—*A Child's History of England.*

This is a true story. Henry I, son of William the Conqueror, reigned as king of England from 1100 to 1135 A. D. He lost his eldest son, William, in the way described in this story, in the year 1120. The White Ship sailed from the harbour of Harfleur in the north of France, and was wrecked on the rocks of the Ras de Catte. The Prince's sister, in trying to save whose life he lost his own, was Matilda, Countess

of Perche. The name of the butcher of Rouen was Berold. The little boy who was sent to tell the King the sad news was the son of Count Theobald of Blois.

Exercises.

1. Answer each of the following questions in a complete sentence :—

   a. Why did Fitz-Stephen want the King to sail in his ship?

   b. What had King Henry been doing in France?

   c. Why did Prince William refuse to sail at the same time as his father? And why did Fitz-Stephen agree to the delay?

   d. Why was the White Ship wrecked?

   e. How did the Prince lose his life?

   f. Why did Fitz-Stephen allow himself to be drowned?

2. Imagine yourself to be the only survivor, the butcher of Rouen, and tell the story of the disaster as he may have told it to the fishermen who rescued him.

3. Rewrite the following speech of Fitz-Stephen, the sea-captain, to King Henry, in indirect speech :—

"My father served your father all his life, upon the sea. He steered the ship with the golden boy upon the prow, in which your father sailed to conquer England. I beseech you to grant me the same office. I have a fair vessel in the harbour here, called the White Ship, manned by fifty sailors of renown. I pray you, Sire, to let your servant have the honour of steering you in the White Ship to England!"

4. Correct the following sentences :—

   a. The ship was drowned in the sea.

   b. None of the passengers was saved but we.

   c. All what sailed in the badly fated ship was drowned.

   d. What shall the King do when he will hear the news?

   e. Will I leave my sister to drown?

   f. What I can do to rescue the prince?

5. Punctuate, using capitals and inverted commas where necessary :—

By-and-by another man came swimming towards them whom they knew when he pushed aside his long wet hair to be Fitz-Stephen where is the prince said he gone gone the two cried together neither he nor his brother nor his sister nor the king's niece nor her brother nor any one of all the brave three hundred except we three has risen above the water Fitz-Stephen with a ghastly face cried woe woe to me and sank to the bottom.

6. Analyse the following sentences :—

a. They sent into his presence a little boy, who told him that the White Ship was lost with all on board.

b. An hour or two afterwards the King set sail in the vessel he had chosen.

Hints.

Exercise 2.—Try to imagine the butcher, after he had revived a little, in the fishermen's boat, trying to answer their eager questions. You might begin something like this : "Well, my friends, I will try to tell you, who have saved my life, how it all happened. The Prince did not want to start when the King's ship went. He wanted to have a good time on shore first. The captain boasted, too, that his ship was so swift that it could easily overtake the other ships if it started at midnight. So there we stayed, and all the sailors got drunk on the beer which the Prince provided for them."

3. Procrustes the Stretcher.

From there Theseus went a long day's journey towards Attica, and as he was skirting the Vale of Cephisus a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden

bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come to my castle and rest yourself awhile. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travellers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps upon it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus' hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward; but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and, besides, he was hungry and weary; yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for, though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky like a toad's; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up the glen, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And, as they went up, narrower grew the glen, and higher and darker the cliffs, and

beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags; and around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the peaks snow-blasts swept down, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus as he looked round at that doleful place. And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes," answered the stranger, "but, once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and, far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking beside them.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I saw them! Wait awhile till I go down and call them, and we will eat and drink together."

And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep pass.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent-bed. He had laid down his faggot on the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said:

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his own back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said :

" Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road ? " And Theseus answered : " I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon a wondrous bed."

Then the old man clapped his hands together and cried : " Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death, for he who met you is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets, he entices him hither to death ; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

" Why ? " asked Theseus, astonished.

" Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and, if he be too short, he stretches his limbs till they be long enough ; but me only he spared, seven weary years ago : for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in brazen-gated Thebes ; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men. And, therefore, is he called Procrustes the Stretcher. Flee from him. Yet whither will

you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

Then Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee"; and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death"; and the old man screamed after him down the glen; but Theseus strode on in his wrath.

Soon he met Procrustes coming up the hill, and all the merchants with him smiling and talking gaily. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered sternly: "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

Then Procrustes' countenance changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leapt upon him, and clasped him round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword. Then he flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before the robber could strike him he had struck; and Procrustes' evil soul fled forth, and went down to Hades squeaking, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he called the people of the country, and parted the spoil among them, and went down the mountains, and away.

CHARLES KINGSLEY — *The Heroes.*

This is one of the many stories about Theseus, the legendary king of Athens in ancient Greece. He was the son of Ægeus, king of Athens, but had been brought up in a distant place, and had not seen his father. When he grew to be a man, his mother sent him to Athens to make himself known to his father. On his way there he met with a number of strange adventures ; and one of them was his encounter with Procrustes, which is here related. Eventually Theseus reached Athens, and was acknowledged by Ægeus. Soon after he sailed to Crete and, in his most famous adventure, slew the monster called the Minotaur.

Attica : the district of which Athens was the capital.
Cephisus : a river in Attica.
Hades : the place of departed spirits.
Thebes : a famous Greek City.

Exercises.

1. Give short answers to the following questions :—
   a. Why did Theseus accept the invitation of Procrustes to his house ?
   b. Why did Procrustes seem to be so hospitable to the people he met ?
   c. Why did the old man warn Theseus at the risk of his life ?
   d. Why had the old man been spared by Procrustes ?
   e. How did Theseus punish Procrustes ?

2. Use these phrases and words in sentences of your own construction :—

Skirting the valley. Bowing courteously. To a hair. Churlish. Hospitable. Fawning. Snow-blasts. Drift-wood. His countenance changed. Squeaking like a bat.

3. Reproduce in your own words the last two paragraphs (from "Then Procrustes' countenance changed" .... to .... "and went down the mountains, and away").

4. Turn into statements :—

a. What greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers?

b. Have I kept you too long waiting?

5. Turn into simple sentences :—

a. He came forward and held out both his hands.

b. He met an aged man, who had been gathering drift-wood in the torrent-bed.

c. When he saw Theseus, he called to him.

6. Fill in the blanks with suitable adjectives :—

a. Though his voice was —— and ——, it was —— and —— like a toad's.

b. Though his eyes were ——, they were —— and —— like stones.

c. A horror fell on Theseus as he looked round at that —— place.

d. Your castle stands, it seems, in a —— region.

e. My limbs are —— and —— with years.

f. I have been invited by a —— man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon a —— bed.

g. If a man be too —— for the bed, he lops his limbs till they be —— enough ; and, if he be too ——, he stretches his limbs till they be —— enough.

h. Once I was a —— merchant, and dwelt in —— Thebes.

7. Insert suitable prepositions :—

a. Theseus stripped him —— his gold ornaments.

b. He parted the spoil —— the people of the country.

c. He shrank —— the man, he knew not why.

8. Correct the mistake in the following sentence :—
   Around them was neither tree or bush.
9. Complete :—
   a. His cheeks grew as . . . . .
   b. Procrustes' evil soul fled forth, and went down to Hades squeaking, like . . . . .
10. Turn into indirect speech :—
   a. He called to Theseus, and said : " O fair youth, help me up with my burden, for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."
   b. The old man blessed him, and said : " Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel you this doleful road ?" And Theseus answered : " I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon a wondrous bed."
   c. He came forward and spoke : " Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains ; happy am I to have met you ! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers ? But I see that you are weary. Come to my castle and rest yourself awhile. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine, and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travellers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps upon it as he never slept before."
11. Analyse the following sentences :—
   a. Come to my castle and rest yourself awhile.
   b. I see that you are weary.
   c. He who met you is a robber.
   d. Do not tell him that I have warned you.
12. Explain :—
   a. That bed fits him *to a hair*.
   b. My limbs are stiff and weak *with years*.

13. Write out the story of Procrustes the Stretcher, as though told by Theseus.

(Begin : As I was skirting the Vale of Cephisus a very tall and strong man came down to meet me.)

14. Punctuate, inserting capitals and inverted commas:—

He came forward bowing courteously and held out both his hands and spoke welcome fair youth to these mountains happy am I to have met you for what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers but I see that you are weary come to my castle and rest yourself awhile come up with me and eat the best of venison and drink the rich red wine and sleep upon my famous bed of which all travellers say that they never saw the like for whatsoever the stature of my guest however tall or short that bed fits him to a hair and he sleeps upon it as he never slept before.

Hints.

Exercise 2.—Example :—Instead of going direct to the town, he took a roundabout way, skirting the valley and approaching the town from the west.

Exercise 10 c.—Begin thus :—He came forward and bade the youth welcome to those mountains, and expressed his pleasure at meeting him ; for there was no greater pleasure . . .

4. The Second Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor.

I had resolved, after my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days in Bagdad ; but it was not long before I grew tired of a quiet life. My inclination to trade revived. I bought goods suitable for the places I intended to visit, and put to sea a second time, with

merchants of known probity. We embarked on board a good ship, and after recommending ourselves to God, set sail. We traded from island to island, and exchanged commodities with great profit.

One day we landed upon an island covered with several sorts of fruit-trees, but so unpeopled that we could see neither man nor beast upon it. While some of my companions diverted themselves with gathering flowers, and others with gathering fruits, I took my wine and provisions and sat down by a stream between two great trees. I made a very good meal, and afterwards fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I awoke the ship was gone.

I got up and looked about everywhere, but could not perceive one of the merchants who landed with me. At last I saw the ship under sail, but at such a distance that I lost sight of her in a very little time.

I leave you to guess at my melancholy reflections in this sad condition. I was ready to die with grief: I cried out sadly, beat my head and breast, and threw myself down on the ground, where I lay for some time in a terrible agony. But all this was in vain.

At last I resigned myself to the will of God, and not knowing what to do, I climbed up to the top of a great tree, whence I

looked about on all sides to see if there was anything that could give me hope. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water; but looking towards the land I saw something white. Coming down from the tree, I took up what provisions I had left, and went towards it.

As I came nearer, I thought it to be a white bowl of immense size and height; and when I came up to it and touched it, I found it to be very smooth. I went round to see if it was open on any side, but saw it was not; and there was no climbing to the top of it, it was so smooth.

By this time the sun was near setting, and all of a sudden the sky became as dark as if it had been covered with a thick cloud. I was much astonished at this sudden darkness, but much more so when I found it was caused by a bird of a monstrous size, that came flying towards me.

I remembered a bird, called the *roc*, that I had often heard mariners speak of, and it occurred to me that the great bowl, which I so much admired, must be her egg. As I perceived her coming, I crept close to the egg, so that I had before me one of the legs of the bird, which was as big as the trunk of a tree. I tied myself strongly to it with the cloth of my turban, in the hope that when


S. B. Vaidya

the roc flew away the next morning, she would carry me with her out of this desert island.

After having passed the night in this condition, the bird really flew away next morning, as soon as it was day, and carried me so high that I could not see the earth. Then she descended suddenly, with so much rapidity that I lost my senses; but when the roc was settled, and I found myself upon the ground, I speedily untied the knot. I had scarcely done so when the bird, having taken up a serpent of monstrous length in her bill, flew away.

The place where she left me was a deep valley, surrounded on all sides with mountains, so high that they seemed to reach above the clouds, and so full of steep rocks that there was no possibility of getting out of the valley. This was a new perplexity, so that when I compared this place with the desert island from which the roc had brought me, I found that I had gained nothing by the change.

As I walked through this valley I perceived it was strewn with diamonds, some of which were of surprising bigness. I took a great deal of pleasure in looking at them; but presently I saw at a distance a great number of serpents, so big and so

long that the least of them was capable of swallowing an elephant. They retired in the daytime to their dens, where they hid themselves from the roc, their enemy, and did not come out but in the night-time.

I spent the day in walking about the valley. When night came on I went into a cave, where I thought I might be in safety. I blocked up the mouth of it, which was low and narrow, with a great stone, to preserve me from the serpents. I ate part of my provisions, but the serpents which began to appear, hissing about in the meantime, put me into such extreme fear, that you may easily imagine I did not sleep. When day appeared, the serpents retired, and I came out of the cave trembling.

I can justly say that I walked a long time upon diamonds without feeling an inclination to touch any of them. At last I sat down upon a rock, but not having shut my eyes during the night, I fell asleep. I had scarcely shut my eyes, when something that fell by me with a great noise awakened me. This was a great piece of fresh meat; at the same time I saw several others fall down from the rocks in different places.

I had always looked upon it as a fable when I heard mariners and others talk of the Valley of Diamonds, and of the stratagems

made use of by some merchants to get jewels from there; but now I found it to be true. For, in reality, those merchants come to the neighbourhood of this valley, when the eagles have young ones, and throw great joints of meat into the valley, so that the diamonds, upon whose points they fall, stick to them. The eagles, which are stronger in this country than anywhere else, pounce with great force upon those pieces of meat, and carry them to their nests upon the top of the rocks to feed their young with. Then the merchants, running to their nests, frighten the eagles by their noise, and take away the diamonds that stick to the meat. And this stratagem they make use of to get the diamonds out of the valley, which is surrounded with such precipices that nobody can enter it.

I believed till then that it was not possible for me to get out of this abyss, which I looked upon as my grave; but now I changed my mind, for the falling of those pieces of meat put me in hopes of a way of saving my life.

I began to gather together the largest diamonds I could see, and put them into the leathern bag in which I used to carry my provisions. I afterwards took the largest piece of meat I could find, tied it close round me with the cloth of my turban, and then laid myself, face downwards, upon the ground.

I had tied the bag of diamonds fast to my girdle, so that it could not possibly drop off.

I had scarcely laid me down when the eagles came. Each of them seized a piece of meat; and one of the strongest having taken me up, with the piece of meat on my back, carried me to his nest on the top of the mountain.

The merchants fell straightway to shouting, to frighten off the eagles; and when they had obliged them to quit their prey, one of them came to the nest where I was. He was very much afraid when he saw me; but recovering himself, instead of inquiring how I came there, he began to quarrel with me, and asked why I stole his goods.

"You will treat me," replied I, "with more civility when you know me better. Do not trouble yourself; I have diamonds enough for you and myself too; more than all the other merchants together. If they have any, it is by chance; but I chose myself in the bottom of the valley all those which you see in this bag"; and, having spoken those words, I showed them to him.

I had scarcely done speaking, when the other merchants came trooping about us, much astonished to see me; but they were much more surprised when I told them my story.

They took me to the place where they were staying all together, and there I opened my bag. They were surprised at the size and beauty of my diamonds, and confessed that in all the courts where they had been, they had never seen any that compared with them.

I begged the merchant to whom the nest belonged (for every merchant had his own) to take as many for his share as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that by no means the largest, and when I pressed him to take more, "No," said he, "I am very well satisfied with this, which is valuable enough to save me the trouble of making any more voyages."

The merchants had thrown their pieces of meat for several days, and each of them being satisfied with the diamonds that had fallen to his lot, we left the place next morning. We took ship at the nearest port, and soon came to the isle of Roha.

Here I exchanged some of my diamonds for good merchandise. From there we went to other isles, and at last landed at Balsora, whence I went to Bagdad. There I immediately gave alms to the poor, and lived honourably upon the vast riches I had gained at so much peril.

— *The Arabian Nights.*

This is from one of the best known stories in "The Arabian Nights." Sindbad was a Bagdad merchant who, being always restless for adventures, could never settle down at home for long. He made many voyages, in which he met with marvellous adventures.

Exercises.

1. In your own words relate the adventure of Sindbad with the Roc up to the point where he was brought to the valley of diamonds.

2. Imagine yourself to be the merchant who found Sindbad, and from his point of view tell how Sindbad was rescued from the valley of diamonds. (Begin at the point when Sindbad was found in the eagle's nest.)

3. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own composing:—

a. Inclination to trade.
b. Of known probity.
c. Of mountainous size.
d. Came trooping round.
e. Live honourably.

4. Add words to the following so as to make complete sentences:—

a. Sindbad, being in despair of escape . . . . .
b. When Sindbad hid in the cave, he heard . . . . .
c. Sindbad hoped to make large profits on his venture but . . . . .

5. Explain in simple language:—

a. My inclination to trade revived.
b. Merchant of known probity.
c. After recommending ourselves to God.
d. At last I saw the ship under sail.

6. Insert appropriate prepositions:—

a. I bought goods suitable —— the places I intended to visit.

b. Some of my companions diverted themselves —— gathering flowers.

c. I leave you to guess —— my melancholy reflections.

d. I was ready to die —— grief.

e. I resigned myself —— the will of God.

f. I perceived that the valley was strewn —— diamonds.

g. It was capable —— swallowing an elephant.

7. Correct the mistakes in the following sentences :—

a. The island was so unpeopled that we can see neither man or beast upon it.

b. I climbed up to the top of a great tree, from whence I looked about on all sides.

c. The bird carried me so high that I cannot see the [earth.

8. Change into simple sentences :—

a. He was very much afraid when he saw me.

b. They were very much surprised when I told them my story.

c. They took me to the place where they were staying.

d. They confessed that they had never seen such diamonds.

e. I lived honourably upon the vast riches I had gained at so much peril.

f. I cannot tell how long I slept.

g. When I looked towards the sea, I could see nothing but sky and water.

9. Analyse the following sentences :—

a. I had scarcely laid me down when the eagles came.

b. I begged the merchant to take as many for his share as he pleased.

c. The place where the *roc* left me was a deep valley.

d. I got up and looked about everywhere, but could not perceive one of the merchants who landed with me.

Hints.

Exercise 3.—Example :—Having no inclination to trade with the merchants, he sailed to another port.

5. The Barber of Bagdad.

In the reign of the Caliph Haroon al Rashid, there lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, called Ali Sakal. He was so skilful, that there was not a man of fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch the head of any man who was not of high rank.

Wood for fuel was scarce and dear in Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a good deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference to others, being sure of a ready sale.

It happened one day that a poor wood-cutter, new at his job and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop and offered him for sale a load of wood which he brought on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "*For all the wood that is upon the ass.*" The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack-saddle as well; that was our agreement."

"How!" said the other, in great amazement. "The pack-saddle is made of wood," said Ali, "and I offered the price for all the

wood that is upon the ass." "Who ever heard of such a bargain?" replied the wood-cutter. "It is impossible."

In short, after many high words, the over-bearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor wood-cutter in great distress.

He applied to several magistrates, but as they were all patrons of the fashionable barber, they refused to listen to his complaint; and at last the wood-cutter got a scribe to write a petition to the Caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque.

Very soon the wood-cutter was called into the Caliph's presence. When he had approached the Caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case.

"Friend," said the Caliph, "the barber has words on his side — you have justice on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the law must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood; but——". Then calling the wood-cutter close to him,

the Caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

The wood-cutter having made his bow, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home.

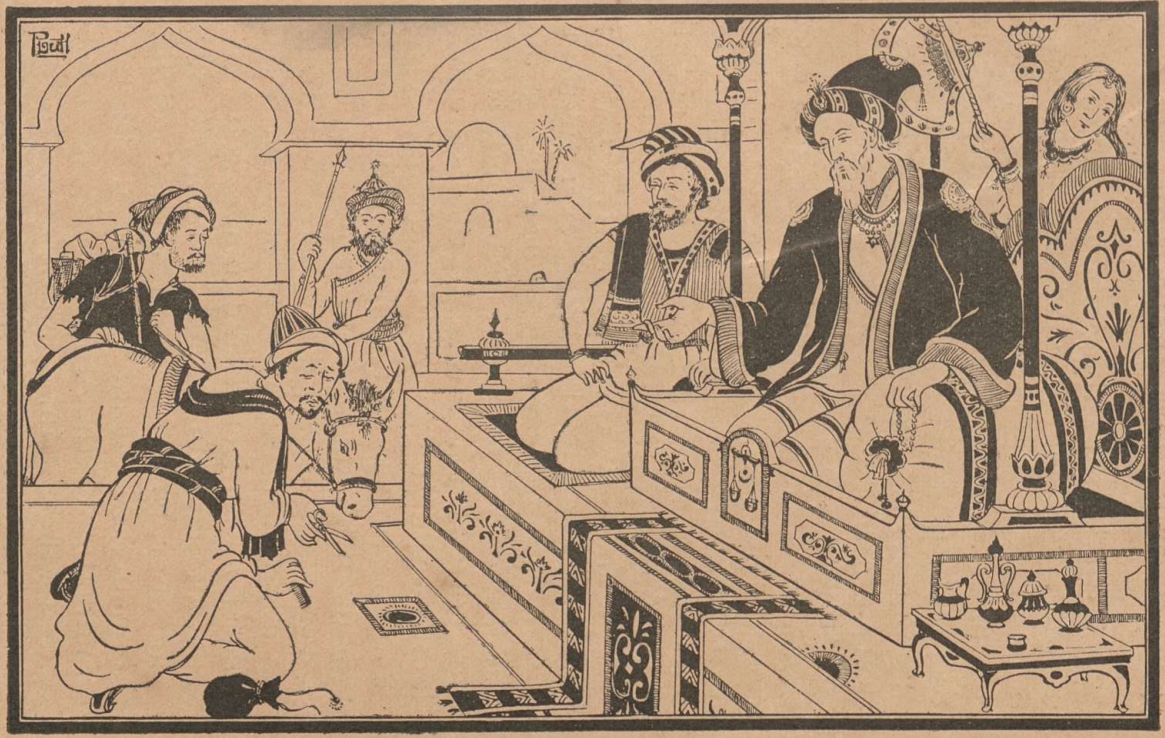
A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might be shaved by him; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled.

When the wood-cutter's head had been properly shaved, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing outside," said the other, "and he shall come in presently."

Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. "This is my companion," said he, "you must shave him."

"Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; "it is enough that I have consented to debase myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you!" and forthwith he drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the Caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case.



"'Tis well," said the Commander of the Faithful. "Bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers. After ten minutes the barber stood before him.

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the Caliph to the barber; "was not that your agreement?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered: "'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of shaving an ass?"

"You may be right," said the Caliph; "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences."

The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the Caliph and of the whole court whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders.

The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with a present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and praised the justice of the Commander of the Faithful.

J. MORIER—*Hajji Baba of Ispahan.*

This version of an old story of the days of the famous Haroon al Rashid, the Khalifa of Bagdad, is taken from Morier's amusing book, "Hajji Baba of Ispahan."

Caliph : English form of the word Khalifa.

Cadi and *mufti*: Muslim judges or magistrates of different ranks.

Bey and *agha* : men of high official rank.

Exercises.

1. Read the story through to the end attentively and then retell it briefly in your own words.

2. Write in the form of a dialogue an imaginary conversation between two spectators in the court of the Caliph, who watch the shaving of the wood-cutter's donkey. One may be supposed to know something of the matter, while the other is a stranger.

3. Give answers to the following questions :—

a. How did the barber cheat the wood-cutter ?

b. Why did the different magistrates refuse to take up the case of the wood-cutter ?

c. How was it that the poor wood-cutter was able to take his case to the Caliph himself ?

d. Why did the Caliph say that he could not interfere with the barber in this matter ?

e. What do you think the Caliph whispered to the wood-cutter ?

f. Why did the Caliph make the barber shave the wood-cutter's donkey ?

g. Was the Caliph's judgment just ?

4. Imagine yourself to be the Caliph and tell the story from his point of view.

5. Turn into indirect speech the following conversation between the Caliph and the Barber :—

"Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion ?" said the Caliph to the barber ; "was not that your agreement ?"

Ali, kissing the ground, answered : "'Tis true, O Caliph, that such was our agreement ; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of shaving an ass?"

"You may be right," said the Caliph ; "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences."

6. Combine each set of sentences into one complete simple sentence:—

a. Haroon al Rashid was a famous Caliph. He was a wise ruler. Many stories are told about him.

b. The wood-cutter was cheated by the barber. He appealed to the Caliph. He got justice from the Caliph.

c. Hajji Baba travelled in Iraq. He came to Bagdad. Bagdad was the Caliph's capital.

d. Ali Sakal was the best barber in Bagdad. He made much money. He was proud and insolent.

7. The meaning of the following sentences is ambiguous. Rewrite them with the words in the right order so as to make the meaning clear :—

a. All the courtiers told the Caliph how wise he was all the day long.

b. The man should be brought before the Caliph who behaved so dishonestly.

Hints.

Exercise 2.—You might begin something like this :—

Yusuf.—What is this all about, my friend?

Ali.—Oh! haven't you heard? I think Ali Sakal is going to get into trouble.

Yusuf.—What has he been up to?

Ali.—He cheated a poor wood-cutter by a trick. The wood-cutter has appealed to the Caliph. Etc.

6. The Minotaur.

I

Prince Theseus was a young Greek prince whose father, Ægeus, reigned over Athens. As a boy, Theseus lived with his mother in a distant part of the country; but, when he grew up, he joined his father, then a feeble old man in Athens.

One morning, when Prince Theseus awoke, he fancied that he must have had a very sorrowful dream, and that it was still running in his mind, even now that his eyes were open. For it appeared as if the air was full of a melancholy wail; and when he listened more attentively, he could hear sobs, and groans, and screams of woe, mingled with deep, quiet sighs, which came from the king's palace, and from the streets, and from the temples, and from every habitation in the city. And all these mournful noises, issuing out of thousands of separate hearts, united themselves into the one great sound of affliction which had startled Theseus from slumber. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and hastening to the king, inquired what it all meant.

"Alas! my son," quoth King Ægeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable

matter in hand! This is the woefullest anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we annually draw lots to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be devoured by the horrible Minotaur!"

"The Minotaur!" exclaimed Prince Theseus, and like a brave young prince as he was, he put his hand to the hilt of his sword. "What kind of monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life, to slay him?"

But King Ægeus shook his venerable head, and to convince Theseus that it was quite a hopeless case, he gave him an explanation of the whole affair. It seems that in the island of Crete there lived a certain dreadful monster, called a Minotaur, which was shaped partly like a man and partly like a bull, and was such a hideous creature that it is really disagreeable to think of him. King Minos, who reigned over Crete, laid out a vast deal of money in building a habitation for the Minotaur, and took great care of his health and comfort, merely for mischief's sake.

A few years before this time, there had been a war between the city of Athens and the island of Crete, in which the Athenians were beaten, and compelled to beg for peace. No peace could they obtain, however, except on condition that they should send seven

young men and seven maidens, every year, to be devoured by the pet monster of the cruel King Minos.

For three years past, this grievous calamity had been borne. And the sobs, and groans, and shrieks, with which the city was now filled, were caused by the people's woe, because the fatal day had come again, when the fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot.

When Theseus heard the story, he straightened himself up, so that he seemed taller than ever before; and, as for his face, it was indignant, bold, tender, and compassionate, all in one look.

"Let the people of Athens, this year, draw lots for only six young men, instead of seven," said he. "I will myself be the seventh; and let the Minotaur devour me, if he can!"

"O my dear son," cried King Ægeus, "why should you expose yourself to this horrible fate? You are a royal prince, and have a right to hold yourself above the destinies of common men."

"It is because I am a prince, your son, and the rightful heir of your kingdom, that I freely take upon me the calamity of your subjects," answered Theseus. "And you, my father, being king over this people, and answerable to Heaven for their welfare, are bound to sacrifice what is dearest to you,

rather than that the son or daughter of the poorest citizen should come to any harm."

The old king shed tears, and besought Theseus not to leave him desolate in his old age. Theseus, however, felt that he was in the right, and therefore would not give up his resolution. But he assured his father that he did not intend to be eaten up, unresistingly, like a sheep, and that, if the Minotaur devoured him, it should not be without a battle for his dinner. And finally, since he could not help it, King Ægeus consented to let him go. So a vessel was got ready, and rigged with black sails; and Theseus, with six other young men, and seven tender and beautiful damsels, came down to the harbour to embark. A sorrowful multitude accompanied them to the shore. There was the poor old king, too, leaning on his son's arm, and looking as if his single heart held all the grief of Athens.

Just as Prince Theseus was going on board, his father bethought himself of one last word to say.

"My beloved son," said he, grasping the prince's hand, "you observe that the sails of this vessel are black; as, indeed, they ought to be, since it goes upon a voyage of sorrow and despair. Now, being weighed down with infirmities, I know not whether I can survive

till the vessel shall return. But, as long as I do live, I shall creep daily to the top of yonder cliff, to watch if there be a sail upon the sea. And, dearest Theseus, if by some happy chance, you should escape the jaws of the Minotaur, then tear down those dismal sails and hoist others that shall be bright as the sunshine. Beholding them on the horizon, myself and all the people will know that you are coming back victorious, and will welcome you with such a festal uproar as Athens never heard before."

Theseus promised that he would do so. Then he went on board, and the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sails to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore. But by-and-by, when they had got fairly out to sea, there came a stiff breeze from the north-west, and drove them along as merrily over the white-capped waves, as if they had been going on the most delightful errand imaginable. At last the high, blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds.

Theseus stood among the sailors, gazing eagerly towards the land; although, as yet, it seemed hardly more substantial than the clouds, amidst which the mountains were looming up. Once or twice, he fancied that he saw a glare of some bright object, a long way off, flinging a gleam across the waves.

"Did you see that flash of light?" he inquired of the master of the vessel.

"No, prince; but I have seen it before," answered the master. "It came from Talus, I suppose."

II

As the breeze came fresher just then, the master was busy with trimming his sails, and had no more time to answer questions. But, while the vessel flew faster and faster towards Crete, Theseus was astonished to behold a human figure, gigantic in size, which appeared to be striding, with a measured movement, along the margin of the island. It stepped from cliff to cliff, and sometimes from one headland to another, while the sea foamed and thundered on the shore beneath, and dashed its jets of spray over the giant's feet. What was still more remarkable, whenever the sun shone on this huge figure, it flickered and glimmered; its vast countenance, too, had a metallic lustre, and threw great flashes of splendour through the air. The folds of its garments, moreover, instead of waving in the wind, fell heavily over its limbs.

The nigher the vessel came, the more Theseus wondered what this immense giant could be, and whether it actually had life or no. For, though it walked, and made other lifelike motions, there yet was a kind of jerk

in its gait, which, together with its brazen aspect, caused the young prince to suspect that it was no true giant, but only a wonderful piece of machinery. The figure looked all the more terrible because it carried an enormous brass club on its shoulder.

"What is this wonder?" Theseus asked of the master of the vessel, who was now at leisure to answer him.

"It is Talus, the Man of Brass," said the master.

"And is he a live giant, or a brazen image?" asked Theseus.

"That, truly," replied the master, "is the point which has always perplexed me. Some say, indeed, that this Talus was hammered out for King Minos by Vulcan himself, the most skilful of all workers in metal. But who ever saw a brazen image that had sense enough to walk round an island three times a day, as this giant walks round the island of Crete, challenging every vessel that comes nigh the shore? And, on the other hand, what living thing, unless his sinews were made of brass, would not be weary of marching eighteen hundred miles in the twenty-four hours, as Talus does, without ever sitting down to rest?"

Still the vessel went bounding onward; and now Theseus could hear the brazen clangour

of the giant's footsteps, as he trod heavily upon the sea-beaten rocks, some of which were seen to crack and crumble into the foamy waves beneath his weight. As they approached the entrance of the port, the giant straddled clear across it, with a foot firmly planted on each headland, and uplifting his club to such a height that its butt-end was hidden in a cloud, he stood in that formidable posture, with the sun gleaming all over his metallic surface. There seemed nothing else to be expected but that, the next moment, he would fetch his great club down, slam bang, and smash the vessel into a thousand pieces, without heeding how many innocent people he might destroy. But just when Theseus and his companions thought the blow was coming, the brazen lips unclosed themselves, and the figure spoke:

"Whence come you, strangers?"

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply.

"On what errand?" thundered the Man of Brass.

"We bring the seven youths and the seven maidens," answered the master, "to be devoured by the Minotaur!"

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

No sooner had they entered the harbour than a party of the guards of King Minos

came down to the waterside. Surrounded by these armed warriors, Prince Theseus and his companions were led to the king's palace, and ushered into his presence. Now, Minos was a stern and pitiless king. He bent his shaggy brows upon the poor Athenian victims. Any other mortal, beholding their fresh and tender beauty, and their innocent looks, would have felt himself sitting on thorns until he had made every soul of them happy, by bidding them go free as the summer wind. But Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite.

One after another, King Minos called these frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave them each a poke in the ribs with his sceptre (to try whether they were in good flesh or not), and dismissed them with a nod to his guards. But when his eyes rested on Theseus, the king looked at him more attentively, because his face was calm and grave.

"Young man," asked he, with his stern voice, "are you not appalled at the certainty of being devoured by this terrible Minotaur?"

"I have offered my life in a good cause," answered Theseus, "and therefore I give it freely and gladly. But thou, King Minos, art thou not thyself appalled, who, year after

year, hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong, by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster? Dost thou not tremble, wicked king, to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart? Sitting there on thy golden throne, and in thy robes of majesty, thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself!"

"Aha! do you think me so?" cried the king, laughing in his cruel way. "To-morrow, at breakfast time, you shall have an opportunity of judging which is the greater monster, the Minotaur or the king. Take them away, guards; and let this free-spoken youth be the Minotaur's first morsel."

Near the king's throne stood his daughter Ariadne. She was a beautiful and tender-hearted maiden, and looked at these poor doomed captives with very different feelings from those of the iron-breasted King Minos. And when she beheld the brave and high-spirited Prince Theseus bearing himself so calmly in his terrible peril, she grew a hundred times more pitiful than before. As the guards were taking him away, she flung herself at the king's feet, and begged him to set all the captives free, and especially this one young man.

"Peace, foolish girl!" answered King Minos. "What hast thou to do with an

affair like this?" As he would hear not another word in their favour, the prisoners were now led away, and clapped into a dungeon, where the jailer advised them to go to sleep as soon as possible, because the Minotaur was in the habit of calling for breakfast early. The seven maidens and six of the young men soon sobbed themselves to slumber. But Theseus was not like them. He felt conscious that he was wiser, and braver, and stronger than his companions, and that therefore he had the responsibility of all their lives upon him, and must consider whether there was no way to save them, even in this last extremity. So he kept himself awake, and paced to and fro across the gloomy dungeon in which they were shut up.

III

Just before midnight, the door was softly unbarred, and the gentle Ariadne showed herself, with a torch in her hand.

"Are you awake, Prince Theseus?" she whispered. "Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live, I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

"Then follow me," said Ariadne, "and tread softly."

What had become of the jailer and the guards, Theseus never knew. But, however that might be, Ariadne opened all the doors,

and led him forth from the darksome prison into the pleasant moonlight.

"Theseus," said the maiden, "you can now get on board your vessel and sail away for Athens."

"No," answered the young man; "I will never leave Crete unless I can first slay the Minotaur, and save my poor companions, and deliver Athens from this cruel tribute."

"I knew that this would be your resolution," said Ariadne. "Come, then, with me, brave Theseus. Here is your own sword, which the guards deprived you of. You will need it; and pray Heaven you may use it well."

Then she led Theseus along by the hand until they came to a dark, shadowy grove. After going a good way through this obscurity, they reached a high marble wall, which was overgrown with creeping plants, that made it shaggy with their verdure. The wall seemed to have no door, nor any windows, but rose up lofty and massive, and was neither to be clambered over, nor, so far as Theseus could perceive, to be passed through. Nevertheless, Ariadne did but press one of her soft little fingers against a particular block of marble, and it yielded to her touch, disclosing an entrance just wide enough to admit them. They crept through, and the marble stone swung back into its place.

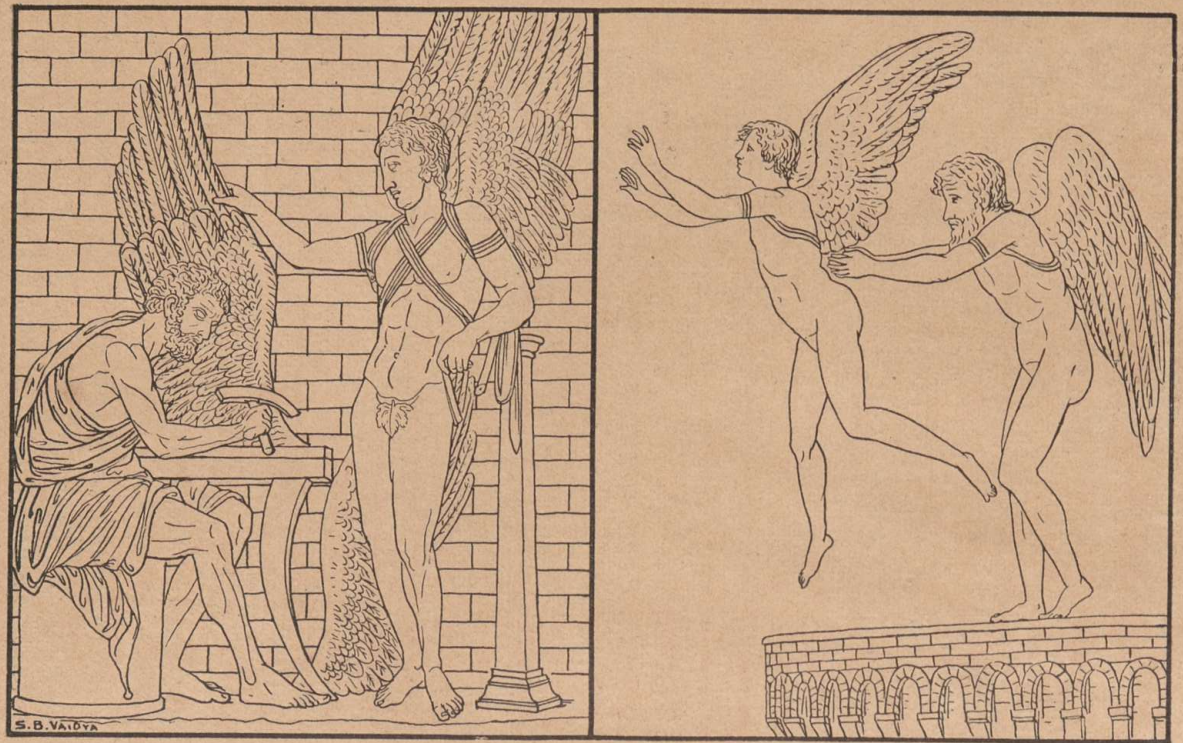
"We are now," said Ariadne, "in the famous labyrinth which Dædalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Dædalus was a very cunning workman: but of all his artful contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it again. Yet in the very centre of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

"But how shall I ever find him," asked Theseus, "if the labyrinth so bewilders me as you say it will?"

Just as he spoke they heard a rough and very disagreeable roar, which greatly resembled the lowing of a fierce bull, but yet had some sort of sound like the human voice.

"That is the Minotaur's noise," whispered Ariadne, closely grasping the hand of Theseus, and pressing one of her own hands to her heart, which was all in a tremble. "You must follow that sound through the windings of the labyrinth, and, by-and-by, you will find him. Stay! take the end of this silken string; I will hold the other end; and then, if you win the victory, it will lead you again to this spot. Farewell, brave Theseus."

So the young man took the end of the silken string in his left hand, and his gold-hilted



DÆDALUS AND HIS SON ICARUS.

sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the labyrinth. Theseus had not taken five steps before he lost sight of Ariadne; and in five more his head was growing dizzy. But still he went on, now creeping through a low arch, now ascending a flight of steps, now in one crooked passage, and now in another, with here a door opening before him, and there one banging behind, until it really seemed as if the walls spun round, and whirled him round along with them. And all the while, through these hollow avenues, now nearer, now farther off again, resounded the cry of the Minotaur; and the sound was so fierce, so cruel, so ugly, that the brave heart of Theseus grew sterner and angrier at every step.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer discern the bewilderment through which he was passing. He would have felt quite lost, and utterly hopeless of ever again walking in a straight path, if, every little while, he had not been conscious of a gentle twitch at the silken cord. Then he knew that the tender-hearted Ariadne was still holding the other end, and that she was fearing for him, and hoping for him. But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder,

THE MINOTAUR.

and finally so very loud that Theseus fully expected to come close upon him, at every new zigzag and wriggle of the path. And at last, in an open space, at the very centre of the labyrinth, he saw the hideous creature.

Sure enough, what an ugly monster it was! Only his horned head belonged to a bull; and yet, somehow or other, he looked like a bull all over, waddling on his hind legs; or, if you happened to view him in another way, he seemed wholly a man, and all the more monstrous for being so. He kept striding to and fro in a solitary frenzy of rage, continually emitting a hoarse roar, which was oddly mixed up with half-shaped words. After listening awhile, Theseus understood that the Minotaur was saying to himself how miserable he was, and how hungry, and how he hated everybody, and how he longed to eat up the human race alive.

IV

Was Theseus afraid? By no means, my dear readers. What! a hero like Theseus afraid! Not if the Minotaur had twenty bull heads instead of one. Bold as he was, however, I rather fancy that it strengthened his valiant heart, just at this crisis, to feel a tremulous twitch at the silken cord, which he was still holding in his left hand. It was as

if Ariadne were giving him all her might and courage; and, much as he already had, and little as she had to give, it made his own seem twice as much. And to tell the honest truth, he needed the whole; for now the Minotaur, turning suddenly about, caught sight of Theseus, and instantly lowered his horribly sharp horns, exactly as a mad bull does when he means to rush against an enemy. At the same time, he belched forth a tremendous roar, in which there was something like the words of human language.

Theseus could only guess what the creature intended to say, and that rather by his gestures than his words; for the Minotaur's horns were sharper than his wits, and of a great deal more service to him than his tongue. But probably this was the sense of what he uttered :—

"Ah, wretch of a human being! I'll stick my horns through you, and toss you fifty feet high, and eat you up the moment you come down."

"Come on then, and try it!" was all that Theseus deigned to reply.

Without more words on either side, there ensued the most awful fight between Theseus and the Minotaur that ever happened. I really know not how it might have turned out, if the monster, in his first headlong rush

against Theseus, had not missed him, by a hair's breadth, and broken one of his horns off against the stone wall.

Smarting with the pain, he galloped around the open space in so ridiculous a way that Theseus laughed at it long afterwards, though not precisely at the moment.

After this, the two antagonists stood valiantly up to one another, and fought, sword to horn, for a long while. At last, the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down; and then, thinking that he had stabbed him to the heart, he cut a great caper in the air, opened his bull mouth from ear to ear, and prepared to snap his head off. But Theseus by this time had leaped up, and caught the monster off his guard. Fetching a sword stroke at him with all his force, he hit him fair upon the neck, and made his bull head skip six yards from his human body, which fell down flat upon the ground.

So now the battle was ended. Immediately the moon shone out as brightly as if all the troubles of the world, and all the wickedness and the ugliness that infest human life, were past and gone for ever. And Theseus, as he leaned on his sword, taking breath, felt another twitch of the silken cord; for all

through the terrible encounter, he had held it fast in his left hand. Eager to let Ariadne know of his success, he followed the guidance of the thread, and soon found himself at the entrance of the labyrinth.

"Thou hast slain the monster," cried Ariadne, clasping her hands.

"Thanks to thee, dear Ariadne," answered Theseus, "I return victorious."

"Then," said Ariadne, "we must quickly summon thy friends, and get them and thyself on board the vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were awakened, and, hardly knowing whether it was not a joyful dream, were told of what Theseus had done, and that they must set sail for Athens before daybreak. Hastening down to the vessel, they all clambered on board, except Prince Theseus, who lingered behind them, on the strand, holding Ariadne's hand clasped in his own.

"Dear maiden," said he, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos. He cares no more for thee than a granite rock cares for the little flower that grows in one of its crevices. But my father, King Ægeus, and my dear mother, Æthra,

and all the fathers and mothers in Athens, and all the sons and daughters too, will love and honour thee as their benefactress. Come with us, then; for King Minos will be very angry when he knows what thou hast done."

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me. At first, King Minos will be angry; but he will soon forgive his only child; and, by-and-by, he will rejoice, I know, that no more youths and maidens must come from Athens to be devoured by the Minotaur. I have saved you, Theseus, as much for my father's sake as for your own. Farewell! Heaven bless you!"

All this was so true, and so maiden-like, and was spoken with so sweet a dignity, that Theseus would have blushed to urge her any longer. Nothing remained for him, therefore, but to bid Ariadne an affectionate farewell, and go on board the vessel, and set sail.

In a few moments the white foam was boiling up before their prow, as Prince Theseus and his companions sailed out of the harbour, with a whistling breeze behind them. Talus, the brazen giant on his never-ceasing sentinel's march, happened to be approaching that part of the coast; and they saw him, by the

glimmering of the moonbeams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clockwork, however, and could neither hasten his enormous strides nor retard them, he arrived at the port when they were just beyond the reach of his club. Nevertheless, straddling from headland to headland, as his custom was, Talus attempted to strike a blow at the vessel, and, overreaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape, as when an iceberg turns a somerset.

On the homeward voyage the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. In due season they came within sight of the coast of Attica, which was their native country. But here, I am grieved to tell you, happened a sad misfortune.

You will remember (what Theseus unfortunately forgot) that his father, King Ægeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshiny sails, instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur, and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, these young folks never once thought whether their sails were black, white, or rainbow coloured. Thus the vessel returned, like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away. But poor King Ægeus, day after day,

had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner did he behold the fatal blackness of the sails, than he concluded that his dear son, whom he loved so much, and felt so proud of, had been eaten by the Minotaur. He could not bear the thought of living any longer; so, first flinging his crown and sceptre into the sea, King Ægeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned.

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or not; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.

N. HAWTHORNE — *Tanglewood Tales.*

I

Exercises.

1. Give answers in complete sentences to the following questions:—

a. Why had Athens to send fourteen victims to Crete every year?

b. Who was Theseus?

c. Who was Minos?

d. Why did Theseus want to go to Crete?

e. How did Theseus persuade his father to let him go?

f. What sign was Theseus to give to his father if he returned safely ?

2. Write out in your own words and in direct speech the King's explanation about the Minotaur. (See p. 48, line 15 to p. 49, line 9 : " It seems that in the island of Crete " . . . . . to . . . . . " fourteen victims were to be chosen by lot.")

3. Rewrite in the form of a dialogue the passage, " The old king shed tears," . . . . . to . . . . . " consented to let him go." (See p. 50, line 3—13.)

4. Substitute simpler words for the words in italics in this passage :—

" Alas ! my son," *quoth* King Ægeus, *heaving a long sigh*, " here is a very *lamentable* matter *in hand* ! This is the *woefullest* anniversary in the whole year. It is the day when we *annually* draw lots to see which of the youths and maidens of Athens shall go to be *devoured* by the horrible Minotaur ! "

5. Correct the following sentences :—

a. Theseus promised that he should do so.
b. Everyone of the victims were young.
c. Which of the two are to go ?
d. What like was the Minotaur ?
e. How I can kill the monster ?
f. The sound of sobs and groans and screams of woe come from the city.
g. Theseus stood among the sailors, who was gazing towards the land.
h. Neither Theseus nor his father were happy.
i. Theseus said, 'Come with my father and I.'

6. Use the following phrases in complete sentences :—

a. At the risk of one's life.
b. A hopeless case.
c. Merely for mischief's sake.
d. The fatal day.
e. Draw lots.

f. Weighed down with infirmities.
g. A sail upon the sea.
h. By some happy chance.
i. Bright as the sunshine.
j. Fairly out to sea.
k. The white-capped waves.
l. Gazing eagerly.

II

Exercises.

1. Write a brief description, in your own words, of Talus, the Man of Brass.

2. Imagine yourself to be Ariadne, and describe the bringing of the fourteen Athenian victims before King Minos.

3. Add words of your own to complete the sense of the following :—

a. Who ever saw a brazen image that . . . . .
b. On what errand . . . . .
c. He told King Minos that . . . . .
d. No sooner had they entered the harbour than . . . . .
e. And when she beheld the brave . . . . .
f. She begged the king to . . . . .

4. Punctuate this passage :—

I have offered my life in a good cause answered Theseus and therefore I give it freely and gladly but thou King Minos art thou not thyself appalled who year after year hast perpetrated this dreadful wrong by giving seven innocent youths and as many maidens to be devoured by a monster dost thou not tremble wicked king to turn thine eyes inward on thine own heart sitting there on thy golden throne and in thy robes of majesty thou art a more hideous monster than the Minotaur himself.

5. Make sentences which show that you know the difference in meaning between —

Lose and *loose* ; *accept* and *except* ; *practical* and *practicable* ; *stationary* and *stationery* ; *eminent* and *imminent* ; *rain*, *rein* and *reign* ; *plane* and *plain* ; *pain* and *pane* ; *fain*, *feign* and *fane* ; *born* and *borne* ; *draught* and *draft* ; *progeny* and *prodigy* ; *right* and *rite* ; *strait* and *straight* ; *principle* and *principal* ; *tail* and *tale* ; *wet* and *whet* ; *whale* and *wail*.

6. Complete the following comparisons :—

a. The Minotaur roared like ——.
b. Minos was as cruel as ——.
c. The giant was taller than ——.
d. Talus flashed in the sun like ——.
e. Theseus was as brave as ——.
f. The sound of the waves on the shore was like ——.
g. The news ran through the town like ——.
h. Ariadne was as gentle as ——.

III

Dædalus fastened a pair of wings upon his back with wax, and flew from Crete to Italy. His son Icarus for whom also a pair of wings was made, was not so fortunate. The sun melted the wax from his wings and he fell into the sea.

Exercises.

1. Write a summary in not more than 80 words of the paragraph, " So the young man took the end of the silken string " ..... to ..... " sterner and angrier at every step." (See p. 59, line 30 to p. 61, line 17.)

2. Rewrite in indirect speech :—

" We are now," said Ariadne, " in the famous labyrinth which Dædalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Dædalus was a very cunning workman : but of all his artful contrivances, this labyrinth is the most wondrous. Were we to take but a few steps from the doorway, we might wander about all our lifetime, and never find it

again. Yet in the very centre of this labyrinth is the Minotaur; and, Theseus, you must go thither to seek him."

3. Combine the following short sentences into one longer sentence, using relative pronouns wherever possible:—

The Minotaur was a monster. It was part man and part bull. It belonged to King Minos. It lived in the labyrinth. The labyrinth was a maze. It was made by Dædalus. Dædalus was a clever workman.

4. Answer each of the following questions in a complete sentence:—

a. Who was Ariadne?

b. Why did she want to save Theseus?

c. Why did Theseus refuse to escape without his companions?

d. How did Ariadne help him? [it?

e. What did the Minotaur look like when Theseus saw

f. What was it doing?

5. Fill in suitable words in the blanks in the following passage:—

But still he —— the —— roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and ——, and —— so very loud that Theseus fully —— to come close upon him at every new —— and —— of the path. And at last, in an —— space, at the very —— of the labyrinth, he —— the —— creature.

6. Certain words must be followed by special prepositions. Make up sentences that show what prepositions should follow the words given below:—

Differ; conform; conversant; responsible; compare; deliver; yield; hope; contrast; compromise; atone; listen; depend; trust; rely; expert; practised; ignorant; unlucky; dislike; hatred; antipathy; affinity; criticism; sympathy; pity; yearn; opposition; unheard.

IV

Exercises.

1. Describe in your own words the fight between Theseus and the Minotaur.

2. Write short character sketches of Theseus and Ariadne.

3. Rewrite the first paragraph in simpler and more modern English ("Was Theseus afraid? By no means" . . . . . to . . . . . "when he means to rush against an enemy.")

4. Correct the mistakes in the following sentences:—

a. Theseus left the Minotaur laying dead on the ground.

b. Theseus as well as Ariadne have come out of the labyrinth.

c. Ariadne gave Theseus the silken string what she had in her hand.

d. Theseus departed from Crete and goes to Athens.

e. The lives of his companions will be at stake if Theseus shall be killed by the Minotaur.

f. If he were to appear now, my sword shall be ready for him.

g. Which one of the seven maidens was the more beautiful.

h. Talus was the biggest of all other giants in the world.

5. Point out anything wrong in the arrangement of the following sentences, and rewrite them so as to make them express the intended meaning:—

a. The Minotaur uttered a sound as soon as he felt the blow like thunder.

b. He saw the Minotaur in the middle of the labyrinth which was rapidly approaching him.

c. He was in the midst now of the labyrinth.

d. Minos ordered the prisoners to be taken away angrily.

e. The captives were brought to King Minos, who greeted them with a cruel laugh, in the black-sailed ship.

f. Theseus struck the monster with his sword which fell dead on the ground.

g. He began to carefully find his way through the labyrinth.

6. Turn into indirect speech :—

"Dear maiden," said Theseus, "thou wilt surely go with us. Thou art too gentle and sweet a child for such an iron-hearted father as King Minos."

"No, Theseus," the maiden said, pressing his hand, and then drawing back a step or two, "I cannot go with you. My father is old, and has nobody but myself to love him. Hard as you think his heart is, it would break to lose me."

7. The Battle of Hastings.

On Saturday the fourteenth of October, 1066, was fought the great battle.

The Duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spoke to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs; and how sure he felt of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army or such good men and true as were then forming about him. Then they cheered him in turn, and cried out, "You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be." And he answered them, "I thank you well. For God's sake spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be

plenty for everyone. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight. You may flee to the sea, but you can flee no farther; you will find neither ships nor bridge there; and the English will overtake you there and slay you in your shame. Then, as fight will not secure you, fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory: we are come for glory, the victory is in our hands, and we can make sure of obtaining it, if we so please."

The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined the whole work so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade on their front through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in lost his life.

At length the Normans appeared advancing over a ridge, and the first division of their troops moved onwards across the valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, and were led to another part of the field. The third company covered all the plain, and in the midst of them was raised a standard which came from Rome. Near it

was the Duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there.

Then Taillefer, the minstrel, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse before the Duke, singing of Charlemagne, and of Roland, of Oliver, and the Peers who died at Roncesvalles.

And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire!" cried Taillefer: "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. I ask as my reward, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!" And the Duke answered, "I grant it!" Then Taillefer put his horse to the gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, "Come on, come on!" At the second blow he struck, the English surrounded him and slew him.

Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion. Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns, and the shocks of the lances, the quick clashing of swords, the shouts of the victors, and the groans and cries of the dying. The Normans pressed on to the assault, and the English defended their post right well.

In the plain was a ditch, which the Normans now had behind them. But the English

charged, and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this ditch, overthrowing into it both horses and men. Many fell therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, unable to rise. At no time during the battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse.

Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them: "Stand fast! stand fast!" So they took courage and remained where they were.

There, from nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the fight was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upwards into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. When they aimed so, the arrows in falling struck their heads, and put out the eyes of many. They now flew thicker than rain before the wind.

Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upwards, struck Harold above his

right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands: and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield.

When the Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that little could be done against them, they arranged to draw off, and to pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field: for they saw that, if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited more easily.

Therefore the Normans by little and little fled, and the English began to follow them. Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved, it is not likely that they would have been conquered. When the Normans had so retreated for a space, and numbers of the English had come out to pursue them, they turned their faces towards the foe again, and the fury of the battle redoubled.

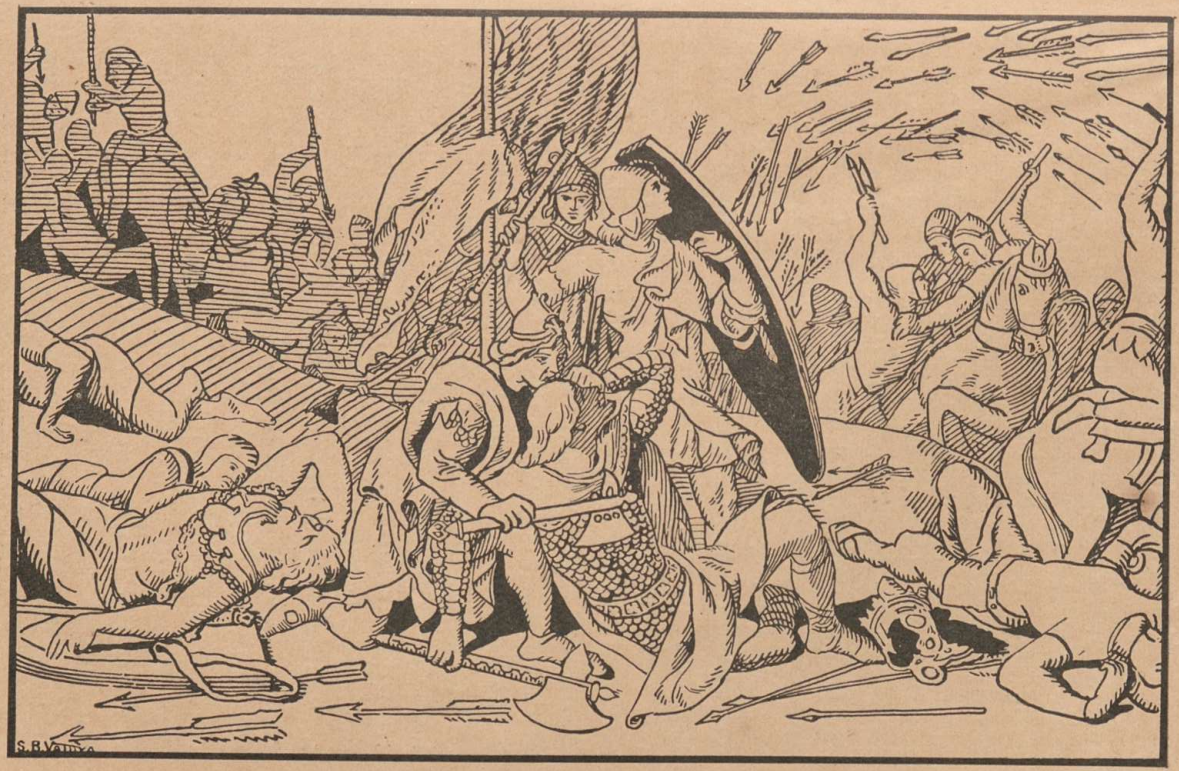
Now might be heard the roar and the noise of many men fighting. The Normans once more approached the barricade, and began to hew it down with their swords, and the English in great trouble fell back upon their standard, where were collected the wounded.

Duke William himself pressed close upon them, striving to reach the standard with the great troop which he led.

One of the English was a man of great strength, and was armed with a hatchet. All feared him, for he had struck down a great many Normans. The Duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped and so escaped the stroke. Then, jumping to one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and struck the Duke on the head, beating in his helmet. William was very near to falling, but recovered himself with an effort.

Loud was now the clamour, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body which it inhabited. The living marched over heaps of the dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. Sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again, and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

And now the Normans had pressed on so far that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on



THE DEATH OF HAROLD AT HASTINGS.

his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

His brother Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the Duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. And he fell, and rose no more.

The golden standard was beaten down and taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain. But there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that it is not known who slew him.

The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the Duke's having conquered and beaten down the standard; but still they fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news spread throughout the army that Harold for certain was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

SIR EDWARD CREASY — *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.*

This description of the Battle of Hastings is taken from Sir Edward Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." Hastings was a decisive battle because it changed the course of English history. When the Norman-French Duke William defeated Harold, the last Saxon king of England, a new chapter in English history began.

Exercises.

1. Describe the following incidents in the battle :—
   a. Taillefer's daring feat.
   b. The wounding of King Harold.
   c. How the Duke William was nearly killed.
   d. The death of Gurth, Harold's brother.
   e. How Odo rallied the Norman's.
   f. The trick by which the Normans finally broke through the Saxon defence.
2. Write a summary, in not more than 90 words, of the three paragraphs beginning, "There, from nine o'clock in the morning" .... to .... "they might be attacked more easily."
3. Use the following phrases in making sentences of your own :—

Spare not. To strike the first blow. The clashing of swords. Stand fast. Put their horses to the gallop. The shocks of the lances. Hastening to ruin. The golden standard.

4. Turn the following into passive voice :—
   a. The Normans killed King Harold.
   b. Taillefer claimed the honour of striking the first blow.
   c. Odo rallied the Normans at a critical point in the battle.
   d. The Saxons repelled the Norman attacks during the first part of the day.
   e. William, Duke of Normandy, claimed the English throne.
   f. The Normans won the battle of Hastings.

8. Ulysses and the Cyclops.

Coasting on all that night by unknown and out-of-the-way shores, the Greeks came by daybreak to the land of the Cyclops. These were a sort of giant shepherds who neither sowed nor ploughed, but dwelt in caves and gained their sustenance from the milk and flesh of their herds of sheep and goats. Here Ulysses, with a chosen party of twelve followers, landed to explore what sort of men dwelt there.

The first sign of habitation they found was a giant's cave rudely fashioned.

Taking with them a goatskin flagon full of Greek wine, they ventured into the recesses of the cave. Here they pleased themselves a whole day with beholding the giant's kitchen, where the flesh of sheep and goats lay strewed, and his dairy, where goat-milk stood ranged in troughs and pails. While they were feasting their eyes with a sight of these curiosities, their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise like the falling of a house. It was the owner of the cave who had been abroad all day feeding his flock, as his custom was, in the mountains, and now drove them home in the evening from pasture. He threw down a pile of firewood, which he had been gathering against supper-time, before the mouth of the cave, which occasioned the crash they heard.

The Greeks hid themselves in the remote parts of the cave, at sight of the uncouth monster. It was Polyphemus, the largest and savagest of the Cyclops. He drove his flock, all that gave milk, to the interior of the cave, but left the rams and the he-goats without. Then taking up a stone so massy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it, he placed it at the mouth of the cave to defend the entrance, and sat him down to milk his ewes and his goats. This done, he kindled a fire, and throwing his great eye round the cave (for the Cyclops have no more than one eye, and that placed in the midst of their forehead), by the glimmering light he discerned some of Ulysses' men.

"Ho, guests, what are you? merchants or wandering thieves?" he bellowed out in a voice so thundering that it took from them all power of reply.

Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer, that they came neither for plunder nor traffic, but were Greeks who had lost their way, returning from Troy. He replied nothing, but gripping two of the nearest of them, as if they had been no more than children, he dashed their brains out against the earth, and devoured them; for the Cyclops are *man-eaters*, and esteem human flesh to be a delicacy far above goat's or kid's.

POLYPHEMUS, THE ONE-EYED GIANT.

When he had made an end of his wicked supper, he drained a draught of goat's milk down his prodigious throat, and lay down and slept among his goats.

When day came the Cyclops awoke, and kindling a fire, made his breakfast of two other of his unfortunate prisoners. He then milked his goats as he was accustomed, and pushed aside the vast stone, and shut it again upon the prisoners. After that he let out his flock, and drove them before him with whistlings (as sharp as winds in storms) to the mountains.

Then Ulysses, being left alone, with the remnant of his men which the Cyclops had not devoured, chose a stake, in length and thickness like a mast, from among the wood which the Cyclops had piled up for firing. He sharpened and hardened it in the fire, and selected four men, and instructed them what they should do with this stake.

When the evening was come, the Cyclops drove home his sheep. Then closing the stone of the cave, he fell to his horrible supper. When he had dispatched two more of the Greeks, Ulysses took a bowl of Greek wine, and said:

"Cyclops, take a bowl of wine from the hand of your guest. All I ask in recompense, if you find it good, is to be dismissed in whole skin."

The brute took and drank, and immensely enjoyed the taste of wine; he then entreated for more, and begged Ulysses to tell him his name, that he might bestow a gift upon the man who had given him such delicious liquor.

"My name is Noman," said Ulysses, "my kindred and friends in my own country call me Noman." "Then," said the Cyclops, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman; I will eat thee last of all thy friends." He had scarce said this when the fumes of the strong wine overcame him, and he reeled down upon the floor and sank into a dead sleep.

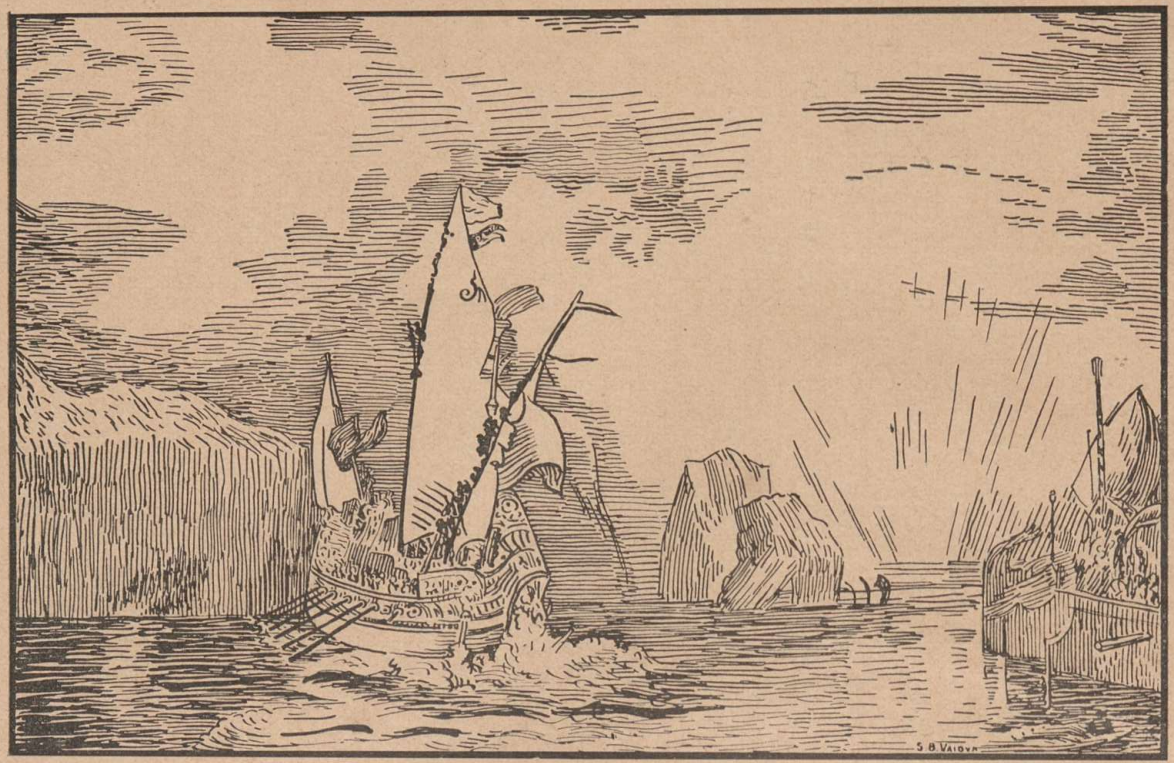
Ulysses watched his time, while the monster lay insensible, and heartening up his men, they placed the sharp end of the stake in the fire till it was heated red-hot. Then four men with difficulty thrust the sharp end of the huge stake, which they had heated red-hot, right into the eye of the drunken giant.

He waking, roared with the pain so loud that all the cavern broke into claps like thunder. They fled, and dispersed into corners. He plucked the burning stake from his eye, and hurled the wood madly about the cave. Then he cried out with a mighty voice for his brethren the Cyclops, that dwelt hard by in caverns upon hills. They, hearing the terrible shout, came flocking from all parts to enquire what ailed Polyphemus. He made

answer from within that Noman had hurt him, Noman had killed him, Noman was with him in the cave.

They replied: "If no man has hurt thee, and no man is with thee, then thou art alone, and the evil that afflicts thee is from the hand of heaven, which none can resist or help." So they left him and went their way, thinking that some disease had troubled him. He, blind and ready to split with the anguish of the pain, went groaning up and down in the dark to find the doorway. When he found it, he removed the stone, and sat in the threshold, feeling if he could lay hold on any man going out with the sheep, which (the day now breaking) were beginning to issue forth to their accustomed pastures.

But Ulysses made knots of the osier twigs upon which the Cyclops commonly slept. With these he tied the fattest and fleeciest of the rams together, three in a rank, and under the middle ram he tied a man, and himself last, wrapping himself fast with both his hands in the rich wool of one, the fairest of the flock. As the males passed, Polyphemus felt the backs of those fleecy fools, never dreaming that they carried his enemies beneath them. So they passed on till the last ram came loaded with his wool and Ulysses



ULYSSES LEAVING THE GIANT'S ISLE.

together. He stopped the ram and felt him, and had his hand once in the hair of Ulysses, yet knew it not.

When Ulysses found himself free, he let go his hold, and assisted in disengaging his friends. The rams which had befriended them they carried off with them to the ships, where their companions with tears in their eyes received them, as men escaped from death. They plied their oars, and set their sails, and when they were got as far off from shore as a voice would reach, Ulysses cried out to the Cyclops, "Cyclops, thou should'st not have so much abused thy monstrous strength as to devour thy guests."

The Cyclops heard, and came forth enraged, and in his anger he plucked a fragment of a rock, and threw it with blind fury at the ships. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat, but with the fall it raised so fierce an ebb, as bore back the ship till it almost touched the shore. "Cyclops," said Ulysses, "if any ask thee who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes."

Then they crowded sail, and beat the old sea, and forth they went with a forward gale.

CHARLES LAMB—*Adventures of Ulysses.*

Ulysses (or Odysseus, as the Greeks called him) was one of the Greek chiefs that fought in the famous siege of Troy, the story of which is told in the old Greek poem called the *Iliad*. When Troy was destroyed and the war over, the other Greek princes returned to their homes; but Ulysses, king of Ithaca, was compelled to wander about the Mediterranean for ten years by the enmity of the god of the sea, whom he is supposed to have offended. He met with many marvellous adventures, which are described in another old Greek poem called the *Odyssey*. This is the story of one of these adventures retold in English by Charles Lamb (1775-1834), the essayist.

Exercises.

1. Give short answers to the following questions :—
   a. Who were the Cyclops? What was Polyphemus like to look at?
   b. How were Ulysses and his men caught in the giant's cave?
   c. Why did not Ulysses kill Polyphemus while he slept?
   d. What trick did Ulysses play to make Polyphemus helpless?
   e. How did Ulysses and his companions escape after the giant had been blinded?
   f. What did Polyphemus do when he found they were gone?
2. (*a*) Imagine yourself to be Ulysses and tell the story in your own words.
   (*b*) Tell the story from the point of view of Polyphemus.
3. From what you can learn from this story, try to write a character sketch of Ulysses.

9. Gulliver Arrives in Lilliput.

We set sail from Bristol on May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. But on our way back we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. So severe was the storm that twelve of our crew died and the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen suddenly noticed a rock just ahead of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon the rock and wrecked. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down a boat into the sea, tried to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden squall from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part I swam forward and was helped by wind and tide.

When I was able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth. By this time the storm was almost over. I walked nearly a mile in the shallow water before I got to

the shore, which was about eight o'clock in the evening. I could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that and the heat of the weather I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, and slept sounder than ever I remember to have done in my life.

When I awoke it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I also felt several slender cords across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; and as the sun began to grow hot, the light hurt mine eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the position in which I lay, I could see nothing except the sky.

In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg. It advanced gently forward over my breast, and came almost up to my chin. Bending my eyes downwards as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature scarcely six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back.

GULLIVER WITH HIS ARMS AND LEGS STRONGLY FASTENED TO THE GROUND.

In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt by the falls they got by leaping from my sides to the ground.

However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out something in a shrill but distinct voice. The others repeated the same words several times; but I did not know then what they meant.

I lay all this while in great uneasiness; but at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground. By lifting it up to my face I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me. At the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them. I heard one of them shout out an order, and in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows which pricked me like so many needles; and they shot

another flight into the air, of which many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I did not feel them), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over I groaned with grief and pain; and then, when I strove again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted to thrust spears into my sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a leather jacket, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself. As for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest armies they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size. But fortune disposed otherwise.

When the people saw that I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers had increased; and about four yards from me, near my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work. When I turned my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants,

with two or three ladders to mount it. From this one of them, who seemed to be a person of rank, made me a long speech, of which I understood nothing. He appeared to be taller than any of the other three who attended him ; of whom one was a page, somewhat taller than my middle finger. He used the gestures of an orator ; from these I guessed that sometimes he was threatening, and sometimes he promised pity and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner ; and being almost famished with hunger, I put my fingers frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The great lord on the platform understood me very well. He descended and commanded that several ladders should be set against my sides. On these over a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of food, which had been provided and sent by the king's orders, upon the first news he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but I could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a pigeon. I ate them two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, each about as big as a musket bullet. They

supplied me as fast as they could, showing much wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

I then made sign that I wanted drink. Being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great skill, one of their largest barrels, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught, for it did not hold half a pint; it tasted like wine, but much more delicious. They brought me a second barrelful, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. They then made a sign that I should throw down the two barrels, first warning the people below to stand out of the way. When they saw the vessels in the air there was an universal shout of astonishment.

I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came within my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt from their arrows, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the considerate treatment I had received, soon drove out this idea. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the courage of these diminutive mortals, who ventured to mount and walk upon my body,

while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them.

J. SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels.*

"Gulliver's Travels", which came out in the year 1726, was written by Jonathan Swift, a great satirist. The book reads like a story of adventures ; but it is really a very clever and biting satire on the politics, manners and customs and general civilisation of Europe in that century. Gulliver, who tells the story himself, says he was a ship's doctor, and made several voyages. In one of these voyages his ship was cast upon an island, called Lilliput, inhabited by a race of tiny dwarfs, the Lilliputians. They treated him kindly, and he was taken into favour by the King of Lilliput, and became the King's adviser.

Exercises.

1. Imagine yourself to be one of the Lilliputians, and write a description of the discovery of the sleeping Gulliver on the shore of your island.

2. Rewrite the following paragraph in indirect speech as a short report for a newspaper :—

We set sail from Bristol on May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous. But on our way back we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land. So severe was the storm that twelve of our crew died and the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen suddenly noticed a rock just ahead of the ship ; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon the rock and wrecked. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down a boat into the sea, tried to

get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and in about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden squall from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part I swam forward and was helped by wind and tide.

3. Answer the following questions briefly :—

a. In what condition did Gulliver find himself when he awoke in Lilliput?

b. Why did he not try to escape?

c. What were the Lilliputians like when Gulliver first saw them?

Hints.

Exercise 2.—You can begin like this :—We are informed that Dr. Gulliver and his companions set sail from Bristol on May 4, 1699, and that their voyage was etc.

10. The Inventory.

In the right coat pocket of the great Man-Mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a carpet for Your Majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us, stepping into it, found himself up to the middle in a sort of dust, some part of which, flying up to our faces,

set us both sneezing. In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white papers, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures, which we believe to be writings, every letter almost as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the railings round Your Majesty's courtyard. With this, we think, the Man-Mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it very difficult to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his breeches, we saw an iron pipe, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber thicker than the pipe; and upon one side were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket was another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of silver and copper of different sizes. Some of the silver pieces were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped. We could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the

bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his food with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; they were two large slits cut into his middle coat, but squeezed close by the pressure of his stomach. Out of the right pocket hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain. It appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side, we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that transparent substance. He put this engine to our ears, and it made an incessant noise like that of a watermill. We believe it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he

assured us that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left pocket he took out a bag, in which we found several great pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

There was also a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two parts, each capable of holding three of Your Majesty's subjects. In one of these were several globes or balls, of a very heavy metal, about the bigness of our heads; the other contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great size or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to Your Majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of Your Majesty's auspicious reign.

J. SWIFT — *Gulliver's Travels.*

This extract is also from "Gulliver's Travels". To the Lilliputians Gulliver is a tremendous giant, and they call him the great Man-Mountain. However, when they find he is not

dangerous, they treat him with kindness, and their King takes him into his favour. They take the precaution, however, of having him searched, which is done at the King's command. This is the report of the Lilliputian officers who made the examination, giving an inventory of the things they found in Gulliver's pockets, many of which they could not understand.

Exercises.

1. Keep in mind that the Lilliputians were only six inches high, and try to imagine how the contents of a sailor's pocket would appear to such tiny dwarfs. Now try to answer the following questions :—

a. What was the "great piece of coarse cloth" in the right coat pocket?

b. What was the "huge silver chest" full of dust?

c. What was the "prodigious bundle of white papers"?

d. What was the "sort of engine" in the left waistcoat pocket?

e. What was the iron pipe fastened to a piece of timber in the breeches pocket?

f. What were the flat pieces of silver and copper?

g. What were the "two black pillars" in the left pocket?

h. What was the wonderful silver engine that made a noise like a watermill?

i. What were the pouches containing "globes of heavy metal" and a "heap of black grains?"

2. Write a short summary of the whole piece, giving the right names to the things Gulliver had in his pockets.

3. Transform the following exclamatory sentences into assertions :—

a. What a tremendous giant he is!

b. Oh that I could be as tall as that!

c. If only I could have seen Gulliver among the Lilliputians!

d. That you should dare to criticise my conduct!

e. Shame on you to use a poor feeble dwarf so !

f. What outrageous lies you tell !

g. How cleverly he tells his story !

4. Transform the following assertions into exclamatory sentences :—

a. He has by now sailed very far away.

b. The Lilliputians were very frightened when they first saw Gulliver.

c. It is hard to credit his wonderful story.

d. It was extremely base of him to desert you in your hour of need.

e. I wish I could have met you when you were young.

Hints.

Exercise 3.—Example *b.* :—I wish I could be as tall as that.

Exercise 4.—Example *a.* :—How far away he has sailed by now !

11. Gulliver Captures the Fleet of Blefuscu.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is separated only by a channel eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death.

I communicated to His Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole

fleet, which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often sounded. They told me that in the middle, at high water, it was about six feet deep at most, and shallower at the sides.

I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu, and lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket telescope, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports. I then came back to my house, and gave orders for a great quantity of the strongest cable and some bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook.

Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half

an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand people. Then fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each ship, I tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, caused much disturbance in my work. My greatest fear was for my eyes, which I should have lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus protected, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any effect.

I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, I began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all held too fast by their anchors. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about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two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least idea of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive.

When I had got out of danger I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that had stuck in my hands and face. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, awaiting to see the result of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, since I was up to my breast in water. The Emperor concluded that I was drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. But he was soon eased of his fears; for, the channel

growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all praise possible, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

J. SWIFT—*Gulliver's Travels.*

Soon after Gulliver's arrival, Lilliput was threatened with a naval attack from a neighbouring island kingdom, called Blefuscu, with which there had been war for three years. The cause of the war was that the Blefuscus had helped the rebels in a rebellion against the king in Lilliput. The King of Lilliput asked Gulliver to help him against the enemy; and this is the way Gulliver did it.

Exercises.

1. Tell the story of the capture of the fleet from the point of view of a Blefuscun sailor. (Imagine yourself to be a Blefuscu, and how Gulliver's exploit would appear to you.)

2. Give brief answers to the following questions:—

a. Why did Gulliver keep out of sight of Blefuscu?

b. What were his preparations for his expedition against the enemy's fleet?

c. How did he capture the fleet?

d. What danger did he run in carrying out his plan?

e. What reward did he receive for his victory?

3. Write a summary in not more than 90 words of the first three paragraphs (from "The empire of Blefuscu" ..... to ..... "the extremities into a hook").

4. What is wrong with the following sentences? Reconstruct them :—

a. Why Gulliver went to Lilliput?
b. What like were the people of Lilliput?
c. What plans he made against Blefuscu?
d. How he captured the enemy's fleet?
e. What reward the king gave Gulliver?
f. In what way Gulliver protected his eyes from the arrows?

12. The Shipwreck.

And now our case was very dismal indeed; for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should be inevitably drowned. We worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, for we all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore, she would be dashed in a thousand pieces.

After we had rowed, or rather driven, about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the end. In a word, it took us with such a fury that it overset the boat at once, and we were all swallowed up in a moment.

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not free myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven

me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, with whom I had no means or strength to contend.

The wave that came upon me buried me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath, and swam forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, and gave me breath and new courage.

I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long; and finding the water had spent itself, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again

with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran, with what strength I had, farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again; and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

The last time of these two was nearly fatal to me; for the sea, having hurried me along as before, dashed me against a rock with such force that it left me senseless; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

Now, as the waves were not so high as at first, being nearer land, I kept my hold till the wave abated, and then ran again, which brought me so near the shore, that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not carry me away. The next run I took, I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore, and sat down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life

was saved, although there was, some minutes before, scarcely any hope. I never saw my comrades afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

DANIEL DEFOE—*Robinson Crusoe.*

This is from Daniel Defoe's famous romance, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe", which is the story of a man shipwrecked on an uninhabited island where he managed to live for twenty-five years. The tale is, of course, only fiction, but it is told in such realistic detail that it reads like fact. This part describes how Crusoe was shipwrecked and cast upon the island. He was on a voyage to South America when the ship was caught in a violent hurricane and struck on a sandbank. Crusoe and the sailors tried to reach the land in a boat.

Exercises.

1. Describe in your own words how Robinson Crusoe reached safely after the boat was upset.

2. Turn into indirect speech the following :—

Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water ; for though I swam very well, yet I could not free myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that wave having driven me, or rather carried me, a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

I had so much presence of mind, as well as breath left, that seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could, before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was

impossible to avoid it ; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy, with whom I had no means or strength to contend.

3. Make use of the following in sentences of your own composing :—

Confusing thought. Presence of mind. Left me senseless. Draw breath. Held my breath. The waves abated. To my great comfort. Free from danger. As we reckoned. A dismal case. With heavy hearts. Rolling astern. Swallowed up. The boat could not live.

4. Give a description of an imaginary shipwreck in which the lives of all the passengers and crew are saved.

Hints.

Exercise 3.—Example :—Everything depended on his answer, and I held my breath as I waited for him to speak.

13. Robinson Crusoe's Diary.

September 30, 1659.—I, poor miserable Robinson Crusoe, being shipwrecked during a dreadful storm in the offing, came on shore of this dismal, unfortunate island, which I called "The Island of Despair"; all the rest of the ship's company being drowned, and myself almost dead.

I had neither food, house, clothes, weapon, nor place to fly to; and, in despair of any relief, saw nothing but death before me—either that I should be devoured by wild beasts, murdered by savages, or perish for want of food. At the approach of night I slept in a tree, for fear of wild creatures; but slept soundly, though it rained all night.

October 1.—In the morning I saw, to my great surprise, the ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore again, much nearer the island. This was some comfort, on one hand, for, seeing her sit upright, and not broken to pieces, I hoped, if the wind abated, I might get on board, and get some food and necessaries out of her for my relief. But on the other hand, it renewed my grief at the loss of my comrades, who, I imagined, if we had all stayed on board, would not have been all drowned, as they were.

From the 1st of *October* to the 24th.—All these days entirely spent in many voyages to get all I could out of the ship, which I brought on shore, every flood-tide, upon rafts. Much rain also in these days, though with some intervals of fair weather; but, it seems, this was the rainy season.

Oct. 25.—It rained all night and all day, with very strong wind, during which time the ship broke in pieces, and was no more to be seen, except the wreck of her, and that only at low water. I spent this day in covering and securing the goods which I had saved, that the rain might not spoil them.

Oct. 26.—I walked about the shore almost all day, to find out a place to fix my habitation, greatly concerned to secure myself from any attack in the night, either from

wild beasts or men. Towards night I fixed on a proper place under a rock, and marked out a half-circle for my encampment, which I resolved to strengthen with a work, wall, or fortification, made of double stakes, lined within with cable, and without with turf.

From the 26th to the 30th, I worked very hard in carrying all my goods to my new habitation, though some part of the time it rained exceeding hard.

November 1.—I set up my tent under a rock, and lay there for the first night, making it as large as I could, with stakes driven in to swing my hammock upon.

Nov. 2.—I set up all my chests and boards, and the pieces of timber which made my rafts, and with them formed a fence round me, a little within the place I had marked out for my fortification.

Nov. 3.—I went out with my gun, and killed two fowls like ducks, which were very good food. In the afternoon went to work to make me a table.

Nov. 4.—This morning I began to order my times of work, of going out with my gun, time of sleep, and time of diversion. Every morning I walked out with my gun for two or three hours, if it did not rain; then worked till about eleven o'clock; then ate what I had to live on; and from twelve till two I lay

down to sleep, the weather being excessively hot; and then in the evening to work again. The working part of this day and of the next were wholly employed in making my table, for I was yet but a very unskilful workman.

Nov. 5.--This day, went abroad with my gun and my dog, and killed a wild cat; her skin pretty soft, but her flesh good for nothing. Coming back by the seashore, I saw many sorts of sea-fowls, all new to me.

Nov. 6.—I finished my table, though not to my liking.

Nov. 7 to 12.—I made a chair, and after pulling it to pieces several times, brought it to a tolerable shape, but never to please me.

Nov. 13.—This day rain refreshed me exceedingly, and cooled the earth, but it was accompanied by terrible thunder and lightning, which frightened me dreadfully, for fear of my gunpowder. I resolved to separate my stock of powder into as many little parcels as possible, that it might not all be destroyed at once.

Nov. 14, 15, 16.—These three days I spent in making little square boxes, which might hold about a pound or two of powder; and so putting the powder in, I stowed it in places as secure and remote from one another as possible.

Nov. 17.—I began to dig behind my tent into the rock, to make room for my goods.

Three things I wanted exceedingly for this work, *viz.*, a pick-axe, a shovel, and a wheelbarrow or basket; so I desisted from my work, and began to consider how to supply that want, and make some tools. As for a pick-axe, I made use of the iron crows; but the next thing was a shovel or spade.

Nov. 18.—In searching the woods, I found a tree of that wood, or like it, which in the Brazils they call the iron tree, for its exceeding hardness. Of this, with great labour, and almost spoiling my axe, I cut a piece, and brought it home.

I worked it, by little and little, into the form of a shovel or spade, the handle exactly shaped like ours in England, only that the broad part having no iron shod upon it at bottom, it would not last me so long. However, it served well enough for the uses which I had occasion to put it to.

I still wanted a basket or a wheelbarrow. A basket I could not make by any means, having no such things as twigs that would bend to make wicker-ware, at least none yet found out. And as to a wheelbarrow, I fancied I could make all but the wheel, but that I had no notion of; and so for carrying away the earth which I dug out of the cave, I made a thing like a hod which the labourers carry mortar in, when they serve the bricklayers.

Nov. 23.—When these tools were finished I spent eighteen days entirely in widening and deepening my cave, that it might hold my goods commodiously.

As for my lodging, I kept to the tent, except that sometimes, in the wet season of the year, it rained so hard, that I could not keep myself dry, which caused me afterwards to cover the place within my pale with long poles, in the form of rafters, leaning against the rock, and cover them with large leaves of trees, like a thatch.

DANIEL DEFOE—*Robinson Crusoe.*

Exercises.

1. Rewrite in indirect speech the following diary entry for Oct. 1st :—

In the morning I saw, to my great surprise, the ship had floated with the high tide, and was driven on shore again, much nearer the island. This was some comfort, on one hand, for, seeing her sit upright, and not broken to pieces, I hoped, if the wind abated, I might get on board, and get some food and necessaries out of her for my relief. But on the other hand, it renewed my grief at the loss of my comrades, who, I imagined, if we had all stayed on board, would not have been all drowned, as they were.

2. In your own words, explain what Crusoe did to provide himself with tools. How far did he succeed ?

3. Answer each of the following questions in complete sentences :—

a. What were Crusoe's feelings when he found himself alone on the island ?

b. What were the dangers he feared ?

c. What did he do for a house to live in?
d. How did he at first get any food?
e. What did he do to preserve his gunpowder?
f. How did he arrange his day's work?

4. Write a short essay on:—
Keeping a diary: its advantages and disadvantages.

14. Monarch of all he Surveys.

It would have made a stoic smile, to have seen me and my little family sit down to dinner; there was my majesty, the prince and lord of the whole island; I had the lives of all my subjects at my absolute command. I could hang, draw, give liberty and take it away; and no rebels among all my subjects. Then to see how like a king I dined too, all alone, attended by my servants: Poll, as if he had been my favourite, was the only person permitted to talk to me. My dog, who was now grown very old and crazy, sat always at my right hand, and two cats, one on one side of the table, and one on the other, expecting now and then a bit from my hand, as a mark of special favour.

Had any one in England met such a man as I was, it must either have frightened him, or raised a great deal of laughter; and, as I frequently stood still to look at myself, I could not but smile at the notion of my travelling through Yorkshire in such a dress.

I had a great high shapeless cap, made of goat's skin, with a flap hanging down behind, to keep the sun off me, as well as to prevent the rain from running down my neck; nothing being so hurtful in these climates as the rain upon the flesh, under the clothes.

I had a short jacket of goat's skin, the skirts coming down to about the middle of my thighs; and a pair of open-kneed breeches of the same. The breeches were made of the skin of an old he-goat, whose hair hung down such a length on either side, that it reached to the middle of my legs. Stockings and shoes I had none, but I had made me a pair of somethings, I scarcely know what to call them, like buskins, to flap over my legs, and lace on either side.

I had on a broad belt of goat's skin, which I drew together with two thongs of the same, instead of buckles; and from either side of this, instead of a sword and dagger, hung a little saw and a hatchet, one on one side, and one on the other. I had another belt, not so broad, but fastened in the same manner, which hung over my shoulder. At the end of it, under my left arm, hung two pouches, both made of goat's skin too, in one of which hung my powder, in the other my shot. At my back I carried my basket, on my shoulder my gun, and over my head a great, clumsy,

ugly, goat's skin umbrella, but which, after all, was the most necessary thing I had about me, next to my gun; as for my face, the colour of it was really not so mulatto-like as one might expect from a man not at all careful of it, and living within nine or ten degrees of the equinox. My beard I had once suffered to grow till it was about a quarter of a yard long; but as I had both scissors and razors, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mahometan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks whom I saw at Sallee; of these mustachioes or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as, in England, would have passed for frightful.

D. DEFOE—*Robinson Crusoe.*

This extract describes the time when Crusoe, after great labour and many disappointments has managed to make himself a home, and clothes, and has gathered together a family of tamed animals and birds—Poll, his talking parrot, his dog, and two wild cats, tamed.

Exercises.

1. Write a description in your own words of the dress and personal appearance of Robinson Crusoe at this period of his stay on the desert island. Why did he think that he would have caused a sensation in Yorkshire?

2. Reproduce in your own words the second paragraph, beginning, "Had anyone in England".

3. Turn into indirect speech the first paragraph.

4. Punctuate the following passage, without referring to the book, and supply capitals :—

i had another belt not so broad and fastened in the same manner which hung over my shoulder and at the end of it under my left arm hung two pouches both made of goat's skin too in one of which hung my powder in the other my shot at my back i carried my basket and on my shoulder my gun and over my head a great clumsy ugly goat's skin umbrella but which after all was the most necessary thing i had next to my gun

5. Make sentences to illustrate the idiomatic meaning of these expressions :—

Make shift with. Holds good. Have in hand. Serves you right. Out of the question. Make the best of. Agree to differ. To find a mare's nest. Under one's nose. To have two strings to one's bow. To crow over. To curry favour. To pin one's faith to.

Hints.

Exercise 5.—Example :—I had no proper table but I made shift with an old packing case, which served the purpose fairly well.

15. The Footprint on the Sand.

One day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised to see the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen a ghost. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything.


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I went up to a rising ground, to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if it might not be my fancy; but there was exactly the print of a foot — toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came there I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, I came home to my fortification, terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; for never frightened hare fled to cover with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept little that night when I realised that some of the savages from the mainland or another island must have wandered out to sea in their canoes, and either by the currents or by contrary winds had been driven here.

Then, terrible thoughts racked my imagination that, having found my boat, they would know that there were people here; and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me;

that even if they did not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats.

I began however to take courage, and go out again. Indeed it was necessary for me to go out for food and water, and to milk my goats. But you can imagine with what fear I went, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life.

But when I had been out two or three times without seeing anything more, I began to be bolder. For I had lived on the island fifteen years, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people before I saw the foot-print on the sand. Therefore, if at any time they had been driven here, they probably went away again as soon as ever they could.

The most I could expect any danger from, was the accidental landing of straggling people from the mainland, who, as it was likely, if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again. And that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat, in case I should see any savages land.

DANIEL DEFOE—*Robinson Crusoe.*

Robinson Crusoe, after the shipwreck, found he was quite alone on the island with little or no hope of rescue. So he set to work to make a home there, and with the help of things saved from the wreck built himself a house and settled down. His only fear was lest cannibal savages should visit his island and attack him.

Exercises.

1. Write short answers to the following questions :—
   a. If you were left alone on a desert island, would you not be glad to find some company?
   b. Why was Crusoe frightened by the footprint on the sand?
   c. What are cannibals? In which parts of the world are they found?
   d. What did Crusoe do when he had seen the footprint?
2. Write a summary in not more than 80 words of the first two paragraphs from "One day, about noon," ..... to ..... "than I to this retreat."
3. Tell from memory and in your own words how Crusoe found the footprint in the sand, and what he felt and did about it.
4. Correct the following sentences and explain your corrections :—
   a. Seeing a footprint in the sand, the island seemed to Crusoe to be invaded by savages.
   b. Crusoe laid in his bed that night without sleep.
   c. While walking on the shore the footprint was found.
   d. Crusoe was afraid he will be eaten by cannibals.

Hints.

Exercise 4.—Example *a.* :—Seeing a footprint in the sand, Crusoe thought that the island was invaded by savages.

16. The Rescue of Friday.

About a year and a half later I was surprised one morning by seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side of the island. The people who belonged to them had all landed and were out of my sight. The number of them upset all my plans; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell how to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I was ready for action, if anything happened. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill. Here I observed, by the help of my telescope, that they were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat cooked; that they were all dancing, with I know not how many barbarous gestures, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I saw two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, and brought up for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword; and two or three savages were at work immediately, cutting him open

for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. At that moment this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. I was dreadfully frightened when I perceived him run my way, as I thought, he would be pursued by the whole body; and I expected that he would certainly take shelter in my grove. However, my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him; and still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running, and gained ground on them; so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw he would get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when he came there he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and so went no further.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came to my thoughts, that now was my time to get a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life.

I immediately fetched my two guns, and getting up again to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea, and having a very short cut, and all down hill, put myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime, I advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my musket. The other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a pace towards him; but I perceived he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then forced to shoot at him first, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor man who had fled from them saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my gun, that he stood stock-still,

and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly than to come on. I hallooed again to him, and made signs for him to come forward. He came a little way, then stopped, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and was going to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me; and then he kneeled down again, and laid his head upon the ground, and, taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever.

But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived that the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but only stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself. So I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the

first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground. Upon this my savage, for so I called him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side. He no sooner had it, than he ran to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head. When he had done this, he brought me the sword again, and laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was, to know how I had killed the other savage so far off. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him — turned him first on one side, then on the other — looked at the wound the bullet had made, which was just in his breast. Then he took up his bow and arrows, and came back. So I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them in the sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and so I made signs to him to do so. He fell to work, and I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I took him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid some straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, tall, and well-shaped, and about twenty-six years of age. He had not a fierce and surly aspect, but seemed to have something very manly in his face; and yet he had a pleasant look, especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The colour of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, and his fine teeth were well set, and white as ivory.

After he had slumbered about half an hour, he woke and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats in the enclosure just by. When he saw me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with many signs of humility and thankfulness. In a little time, I began to

speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say 'Master', and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say 'Yes' and 'No,' and to know the meaning of them. I remained there with him all that night; but, as soon as it was day, I beckoned to him to come with me, and let him know I would give him some clothes.

DANIEL DEFOE—*Robinson Crusoe.*

Crusoe had been fifteen years on the island before he saw the footprint on the shore. About a year and a half after that the savages came; and in this extract Crusoe tells how he saved one of them from being killed and eaten by his fellows, and found in him a faithful servant and a good companion.

Exercises.

1. Tell from memory and in your own words how Crusoe rescued the savage (Friday).

2. Write answers to the following questions:—

a. Why did the savages come to Crusoe's island?

b. How was it that Friday was able to run away from them?

c. How did Crusoe save him from his pursuers?

d. What did Friday think about Crusoe's gun?

e. Why did they bury the bodies in the sand?

f. What was Friday like?

g. Why did Crusoe call him Friday?

3. What do you learn about Robinson Crusoe from these extracts? What kind of man was he? Give your answer in the form of a short character sketch.

4. Add words to the following to make complete sentences :—

a. Having seen the savages arrive in canoes, Crusoe ....
b. If Crusoe had not interfered, the cannibals .....
c. When Friday realised that he was saved, he .....
d. Terrified by the report of the gun, the savages .....
e. After he had cut off his enemy's head, Friday ....
f. Leaving his fortress, Crusoe .....

17. Christian's Fight with Apollyon.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground. But he considered again that he had no armour for his back; and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in my eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they

are his pride), he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects; for all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayst do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, for the wages of sin is death; therefore, when I was come to years, I did, as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee; but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes; and how can I, with fairness, go back with thee?

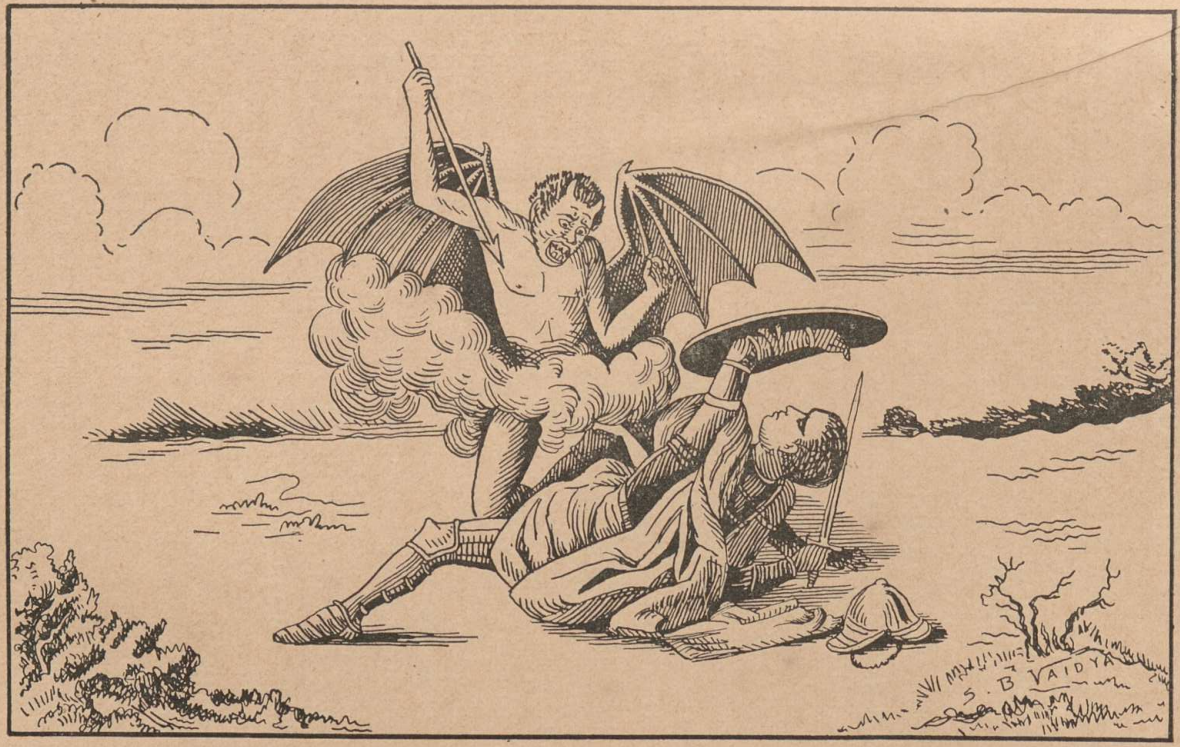
Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, "Changed a bad for a worse;" but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip and return again to me. Do thou so too, and all shall be well.

Chr. I have given him my faith, and sworn my allegiance to him; how, then, can I go back from this and not be hanged as a traitor? . . .

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, "I am void of fear in this matter; prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul!"

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw; for he saw it was time to bestir himself; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back;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Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for about half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and, wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, "I am sure of thee now." And with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise"; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving this, made at him again, and with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat, no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what

yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight: he spake like a dragon; and, on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then, indeed, he did smile and look upward; but it was the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

So when the battle was over, Christian said, "I will here give thanks to him* that hath delivered me out of the mouth of the lion, to him that did help me against Apollyon." And so he did.

Then there came to him a hand, with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before; so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in hand; for he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

JOHN BUNYAN—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

* Michael.

An allegory is a story that is told, not for its own sake, but for the sake of its moral or spiritual meaning. The best allegory in the English language is "The Pilgrim's Progress", by John Bunyan, from which this extract is taken. The book can be read simply as a tale, and as such even children find it interesting. It is about a man called Christian who leaves his native town, the City of Destruction, and goes on a long journey to find the Celestial City. He meets with many exciting adventures on the way, being nearly drowned in the Slough of Despond, climbing Hill Difficulty, passing through the Valley of Humiliation and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, at last crossing the dark river on the other bank of which is the Celestial City. But Bunyan did not write this as a tale of adventure; he meant it as an allegory of the spiritual life of man. Every part of the story has a spiritual meaning. The City of Destruction is the life of sin in this wicked world; the Celestial City is Heaven; the journey is the life of the soul seeking truth and goodness; the adventures of Christian are the spiritual experiences through which the soul passes.

In this adventure, the Valley of Humiliation means the periods of spiritual depression which earnest souls sometimes pass through, in which they are often tempted to lose faith and yield to despair. Apollyon is the Tempter, the Prince of this World; the fight is the struggle of the soul with evil. The victory is not won by merely human resolution but by Divine aid. This is symbolised by Christian's armour and weapons. These Bunyan took from the Bible, a passage in one of St. Paul's Epistles. "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the Devil"—"the breastplate of righteousness," "the shield of faith", "the helmet of salvation", "the sword of the spirit", and so on. The chief weapons Christian uses in this fight are his shield (faith) and his sword (the help of the Divine Spirit).

Exercises.

1. Describe the monster Apollyon as he appeared to Christian.

2. Tell the story of Christian's fight with Apollyon in simple straightforward modern English, merely as an interesting tale of adventure.

3. Explain very simply the allegorical meaning of the story.

4. Explain the following :—

The City of Zion. I am the prince and god of it. The wages of sin is death. The King of princes. My infernal den. The leaves of the Tree of Life.

5. Give the meaning of the following :—

Poor Christian was hard put to it. To cast in his mind. To stand his ground. I did look out if perhaps I might mend myself. To give him the slip. I have sworn my allegiance to him. I will spill thy soul. Apollyon as fast made at him. This made Christian give a little back. Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain. Christian was almost quite spent. Christian gave him a deadly thrust, which made Apollyon give back. Christian, perceiving this, made at him again. Apollyon sped him away. He addressed himself to his journey.

6. Paraphrase in simple modern English —

a. The first paragraph ("But now in this Valley of Humiliation" . . . . . to . . . . . "the best way to stand".)

b. The paragraph beginning, "Then did Christian draw" . . . . . to . . . . . "grow weaker and weaker."

18. Doubting Castle.

I

At last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day-break; but, being

weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. He, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds.

They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon.

Here then they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds.

Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy.

So when he arose he took a big crab-tree cudgel, and went down into the dungeon to them, and there first began rating them as if they were dogs. Then he fell upon them and beat them fearfully. This done, he withdrew. All that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

II

The next night she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, advised him to counsel them to make away themselves. So, when morning was come, he went to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were not likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" Then the prisoners consulted between themselves

whether 'twas best to take his counsel or not. Hopeful with comforting words soothed the mind of his brother: so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Towards evening the giant went down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel: but when he came there he found them alive; at which he fell into a rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

Night having come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues: they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them to pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

III

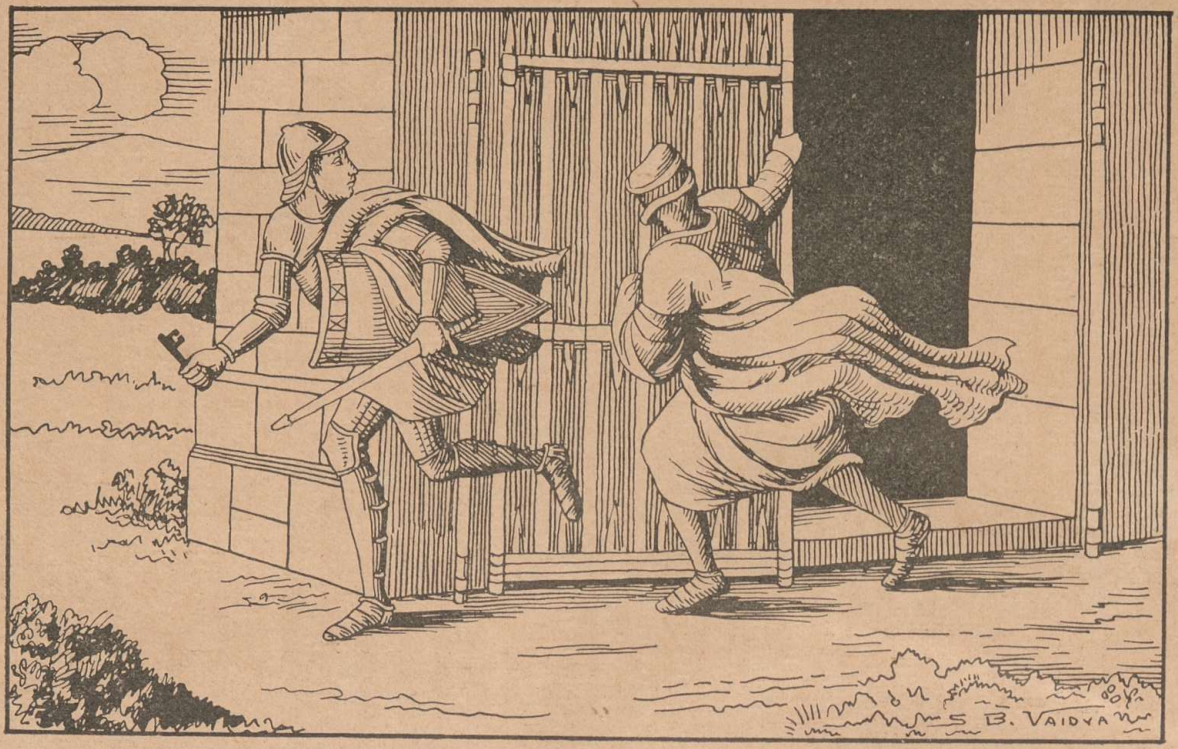
So when the morning was come, the giant went to them again and took them into the castle-yard and showed them, as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were once

pilgrims as you are, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them to pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again;" and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before.

Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and moreover the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost the break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, broke out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," said he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk in liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will,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I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that led into castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. Afterwards, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it woke up Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe.

They began to contrive with themselves what they should do to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence, "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despises the King of

the Celestial Country and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after read what was written, and escaped the danger.

JOHN BUNYAN—*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

As already pointed out, Bunyan's famous book, "The Pilgrim's Progress", is an allegory. In this incident, under the simile of imprisonment in the dungeon of Doubting Castle, the experience of spiritual doubt, which all earnest souls know, is described. In the end it is only by trust in God's promise that the soul escapes from doubt and despair.

Exercises.

1. Give answers to the following questions :—
   a. What is "diffidence" ? Why is Diffidence the fitting wife of Giant Despair ?
   b. What is the significance of the pilgrims being caught by Giant Despair when they were *weary* and *asleep* ?
   c. What is meant by the beatings Giant Despair gave the pilgrims ?
   d. Why did Diffidence advise her husband to tell the pilgrims to "make away with themselves" ?
   e. What is the meaning of the skulls and bones which Giant Despair showed them ?
   f. What is meant by the key called Promise ? Why did Christian forget he had it ? Why was it that he remembered he had it only after "they began to pray" ?
   g. Why was Giant Despair unable to run after the pilgrims when he heard them escaping ?

2. Reproduce in your own words the paragraph : "The next night she, talking" . . . . . to . . . . . "their sad and doleful condition."

3. Insert the required prepositions after the words in italics :—

a. He *trusted* . . . . . God.
His *distrust* . . . . . God's promises led to despair.

b. *Subsequent* . . . . . their escape they set up a pillar.
Consequent . . . . . their experience they kept watch.

c. As a *result* . . . . . their carelessness they fell into the hands of Giant Despair.
Nothing *resulted* . . . . . their consultation.

d. They were *equal* . . . . . the occasion.
Christian was to blame *equally* . . . . . Hopeful.

e. He had great *confidence* . . . . . his companion.
They were both *confident* . . . . . success.

f. He is *neglectful* . . . . . prayer.
He is often *negligent* . . . . . his prayers.

g. He *hindered* me . . . . . going.
Doubt is a great *hindrance* . . . . . progress.

4. Punctuate, without looking at the book, and supply capitals and inverted commas :—

now a little before it was day good christian as one half-amazed broke out in this passionate speech what a fool said he am i thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when i may as well walk in liberty i have a key in my bosom called promise that will i am persuaded open any lock in doubting castle then said hopeful thats good news good brother pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

1. The Useful Plough.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers, adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow!
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green tender bough.
With what content and merriment
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough!

ANON

NOTES.

This is a charming old English song, the writer of which is unknown. The poet, whoever he was, must have known and loved country life. Life in the country is happier, he says, than life in the town; and the simple villagers, who "follow the useful plough", are more contented than the richly dressed courtiers.

2-6. PROSE ORDER. How pleasant and fair (it is) to walk in the (open) air, in moderate cold and heat, in every field of wheat, (when) the fairest of flowers (are) adorning the bowers and the brow of every meadow.

3. *the air*, the open air; the pure, fresh air of the country.

5. *bowers*, arbours, summer-houses.

6. *brow*, properly, "forehead". The front or top of the meadow.

7. *courtier*, one who attends a king's Court. Such a one would be richly dressed in velvet and silk.

8. *who clothe in grey*, who wear ordinary grey woollen clothes.

7-9. The simple, homely villagers, who do useful work, are happier and more contented than the rich and finely dressed courtiers.

10. *the morning lark*. The sky-lark is a common English bird, that flies up to a great height in the sky and sings the whole time it is on the wing. It leaves its nest at dawn. So, very early in the morning.

12. *folding*, driving their sheep into the sheep-folds, or sheep-pens, for the night.

13. *park*, properly, a gentleman's estate, planted with trees and covered with well-kept grass. Here, fields and meadows.

16-18. The villagers who farm the land and take an interest in their useful work, are happy and contented.

2. Pippa's Song.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven —
All's right with the world!

R. BROWNING

Substance.

It is seven o'clock in the morning of a bright Spring day. The grass on the hill-side is wet with dew-drops, the larks are flying in the sky singing, the snails are feeding on the moist thorn-bush leaves. Everything is so beautiful and good that I feel that all is right with the world, because the good God in heaven still rules it and cares for it.

Appreciation.

1. This charming little song is taken from a long poem called "Pippa Passes". Pippa is a little Italian girl, who has a holiday. She gets up early in the morning, and goes out to enjoy herself. As she passes along, she sings happy songs, and this is one of them. Her innocent, happy singing has, unknown to her, a wonderful effect on certain people in trouble or sin, as they hear it.

2. The last line of the poem is its key-word. It is the message this happy, innocent child gives to mankind—"All's right with the world"; and the reason she gives for this is the belief that "God's in His heaven". But what makes her *feel* this is true is the beauty and joy of the Spring morning, when everything is just right and in its place—early morning, Springtime, the cool dew on the grass, the larks singing in the sky, and the snails happy on the bushes.

3. Notice the imagery—the picture of the Spring morning, given by a few selected details.

3. The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
  The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
  With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
  Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. 42

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

NOTES.

This is a well-known poem by the popular American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882). Its subject is the dignity of honest manual labour; and it gives a fine description of an upright, sober, industrious working-man, who takes a pride in his work.

1. *chestnut tree*, a large tree common in America and England, that bears a kind of nut. (*Spreading*, because the branches spread out all round the trunk, and give good shade below.)

2. *smithy*, a blacksmith's shop, or work-room, where he heats the iron in his forge (furnace), and shapes it into horse-shoes on his anvil.

4. *sinewy*, muscular, strong.

5. *brawny*, strong, muscular.

7. *crisp*, curly.

8. *the tan*, the brown bark of a tree. (His face is *tanned*, or browned, by the heat of his forge.)

9. *honest sweat*, sweat caused by honest labour.

11-12. He can boldly face everyone, for, though he may be poor, he is independent, and is not in debt to anyone.

13. *week in, week out*, all the time, every week.

15. *sledge*, sledge-hammer : a heavy hammer with which the blacksmith beats the red-hot iron on the anvil.

16. *I. e.*, with regular and slow beat.

17-18. The clang of the hammer on the anvil sounds like the regular clang of the church-bell, rung by the sexton (grave-digger) at sunset.

21. *forge*, the blacksmith's fire.

23-24. The red sparks that are blown out of the fire by the wind of the bellows, are compared to the *chaff* (husks of corn) blown away by the wind when the corn is being threshed.

25. *Sunday*, the sacred day of the week among Christians, when all work stops, and good people go to the churches to pray and worship God.

27. *parson*, the clergyman, minister.

29. *choir*, band of singers that led the congregation in singing hymns in the church.

32. *Singing in Paradise.* The blacksmith's wife is dead, and he thinks of her singing praises to God in Heaven among the angels.

33. *He needs must.* When he hears his daughter's voice, he is reminded of his dead wife, and cannot help thinking of her. (*Needs* is an adverb, and means "necessarily".)

39-40. Every day he finishes the day's work, and does not, like lazy people, put it off until to-morrow.

41-42. He can sleep at night with a good conscience, because he knows that in the day he has done something which he had set himself to do.

43. The poet addresses the Village Blacksmith.

45-48. Just as the blacksmith softens the iron in his forge and shapes it on his anvil with his hammer, so we must by hard labour and earnest endeavour, form our characters in the struggle of life.

45. *flaming forge*, burning fire or furnace.

47. *sounding anvil.* The *anvil* is a heavy block of iron on which the blacksmith hammers the red-hot metal into shape. *Sounding*, because of the noise made by the hammer beating upon it.

4. The Miller of the Dee.

There dwelt a miller hale and bold,
  Beside the river Dee;
He work'd and sang from morn to night,
  No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
  For ever used to be,—
"I envy nobody: no, not I,
  And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend!" said old King Hal,
  "Thou'rt wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
  I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now what makes thee sing
  With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the King,
  Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled and doff'd his cap:
  "I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
  I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
  I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn,
  To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend!" said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,—
Thy mill, my kingdom's fee!
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

C. MACKAY

NOTES.

Charles Mackay (1814-1889), a Scottish journalist, wrote a number of cheery songs which were very popular in his day. This poem is a good specimen of his genial and hearty style, and teaches the lesson of happy contentment in a simple and kindly way. Notice how well a story can be told in short and easy words. Nearly all the words in the poem are of one syllable, and only one ("nobody") is of more than two.

1. *hale*, healthy.

2. *the river Dee*, a river in Cheshire (England), that flows into the sea near Chester.

4. *blithe*, merry, happy.

5. *burden*, refrain; or subject of the song.

9. *old King Hal.* "Hal" is short for Harry, and Harry is the familiar form of Henry. There were eight kings of England called Henry. If any one of them is meant here, it is probably Henry V, who was a popular king and called by his people, "Good King Hal". But perhaps no particular king is referred to.

11. *could my heart*, if my heart could.

17. *doff'd*, took off (*do-off*).

25. *the while*, *i. e.*, while he said it.

29. *mealy cap*, the miller's cap white with flour (meal).

30. *my kingdom's fee*, the price of my kingdom.

31. England is proud of its sturdy, independent, honest and contented workmen.

5. The Mountain and the Squirrel.

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little prig."
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

R. W. EMERSON

NOTES.

This poem is by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), an American writer, who is more famous for his *Essays* and philosophy than for his poetry. He was not often humorous in his poetry; and, though this poem is humorous, it has a serious lesson. It teaches us that God has not made us all alike. We have different gifts; and each must do the work for which he is fitted, and not despise others who have not the gifts he has. As the Squirrel says, "Talents differ".

4. *Bun*, short for "bunny", a pet name generally used of a rabbit. Here it means the Squirrel.

6-9. As the proverb says, "It takes all sorts to make a world". That is, it is a good thing all people are not exactly

alike, for the world needs people of different gifts and abilities. *sphere*, world.

14. *spry*, active, quick.

16. *squirrel track*, a run, or suitable ground, for squirrels to live on.

17. *Talents*, gifts ; different kinds of ability.

all is well, etc.—God has arranged everything wisely, and to serve its proper purpose in the world.

18. *carry forests*, as a mountain does.

19. *a nut*, the favourite food of squirrels, which they crack with their teeth.

6. The Stranger.

An aged man came late to Abraham's tent ;
The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.
He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent,
His haggard look implored the tenderest care.
The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,
But spake no grace, nor bowed towards the east,
Safe sheltered here from dark and angry sky ;
The bounteous table seemed a royal feast. 8

But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,
The patriach rose, and leaning on his rod—
"Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer?
Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?"
He answered, "Nay." The patriarch sadly said,
"Thou hast my pity. Go, eat not my bread." 14

Another came that wild and fearful night:
The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the skies;
But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,
And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.
"Where is that aged man?" the Presence said,
"That asked for shelter from the driving blast?
What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to cast?" 21

"Forgive me, Lord," the patriarch answer made,
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee.
"Ah me! the stranger might with me have stayed,
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee."
"I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait;
Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

W. BRUCE

NOTES.

The legend told in this poem teaches the long-suffering patience of God with sinners, as contrasted with the intolerance of even good men. Abraham could not tolerate the presence of an unbeliever in his tent for one night; but the merciful God bears with him for many years, to give him a chance of repentance.

1. *Abraham*, the founder of the Jewish nation, who forsook idol-worship and found the one true God. His story is told in the Book of Genesis in the Bible, where he is called

"the Friend of God". The Muhammadans call him the Prophet Ibrahim.

3. *spent*, exhausted. (*Well-nigh*, nearly.)

4. *haggard*, wild-looking. (His thin and ill appearance showed he needed food and care.)

6. *grace*, the words of thanks and blessing spoken by pious people before eating. (*Grace* properly means thanks, gratitude.)

8. *a royal feast*. To the starving man, the food seemed as good as a feast for a king.

9. *Fare*, food.

10. *The patriarch*, Abraham. In Jewish history Abraham, his son Isaac, and his grandson Jacob, are called the three Patriarchs. Patriarch means, literally, "father-ruler" — the head of the family.

his rod, staff, walking-stick.

14. *I. e.*, I pity you, because you are starving: but I cannot allow an unbeliever to eat bread at my table.

19. *the Presence*, God, who appeared to Abraham in vision.

26. I have borne with him patiently for a long time, and am still waiting patiently for him to turn to Me.

27. *in thy gate*, within thy gates; *i. e.*, in your house, or tent.

7. Written in March.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest:
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising.
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated,
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping — anon —
anon:
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing,
The rain is over and gone!

W. WORDSWORTH

NOTES.

The month of March is the beginning of the Spring season in England. The winter, with its storms and frosts and snow, is over, and the bare trees begin to leaf again; the new green grass begins to spring up in the fields, the first flowers appear, and the birds begin to nest. It is a happy time; and the great English poet, William Wordsworth (1770–1850), has caught and beautifully expressed the joy of the season in this charming little poem.

2. *The stream is flowing*, which was frozen in the winter.

3. *twitter*, the birds begin to sing again, for it is the nesting season. (The word *twitter* imitates the sound of small birds chirping.)

4. *glitter*, shine in the sun, which is hidden in the winter.

10. *like one.* All the cows are feeding in the meadows together, with their heads all one way.

13. *fare ill.* The snow has all disappeared in the valleys, and even on the tops of the hills it is being melted away by the sun's heat.

15. *whooping*, shouting (in joy).

anon, properly means 'soon'. Here, "anon, anon" seems to mean, 'every now and then', like 'ever and anon'.

19. *prevailing*, *i. e.*, over the clouds. In winter the sky is generally hidden by grey clouds : now the clouds are gone, and the blue sky appears.

8. The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

NOTES.

This is a very small poem, but it is one of the best known poems of William Wordsworth, the great English poet. It contains the line "The Child is father of the Man", which is so often quoted. Wordsworth says that the sight of the rainbow has always given him joy, and he hopes it will give him the same joy when he grows old. "The Child is father of the Man" in the sense that a man will continue to love what he learnt to love as a boy. The rainbow here is simply one example of the beauties of Nature ; and the poet means that all beautiful natural things give him joy.

1. *My heart leaps up*, *i. e.*, with joy. I feel glad.
3. *when my life began*, *i. e.*, when he was a child.
5. *So be it*, so it may be.
6. *Or let me die*! He means that he would rather die than lose his love of the beautiful things in Nature when he grows old.

7. All that will come out in the character of the full-grown man is already present, but as yet undeveloped, in the child. In the same way we may say that as the oak-tree is latent in the acorn, the acorn is the father of the oak.

8-9. "He is carrying on the idea of fatherhood; in this sense every to-day is the child of yesterday" (as the man is the child of the child) "and should show filial piety towards it." (Wheeler.)

natural piety. The original meaning of pious was "filial": and *piety* meant the duty of a child to its father. Wordsworth means that as his manhood is the child of childhood, he must as a man reverence and love the things he loved and reverenced when he was a child.

9. True Growth.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON

NOTES.

This little poem is really one verse (the 7th) from a long poem with a very long title: "To the immortal Memory and Friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison." This poem was written by Ben Jonson (1573-1637) who was a poet and dramatist in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, of course, did not give a title to this poem, as it was only one verse in a long poem; but it is sometimes called

True Growth, and sometimes *The Noble Nature*. The former seems to be the better title ; for the whole idea of the poem is that true growth is not a matter of size or time, but of perfection of quality. A lily, which is a small and short-lived flower, may be as perfect as a great oak-tree, which lives for centuries. So a short life may be morally more beautiful than a long one ; and an obscure and unknown man may have a finer character than many whom the world calls great men.

2. *bulk*, size.

3. *Or* (is it) standing long, (for example for) three hundred years, (that doth make) an oak (better be).

4. *To fall a log at last, i. e.*, only to fall as a (" dry, bald and sere ") log at last.

bald, bare ; without leaves.

sere, dry ; dead. (Compare " the sere and yellow leaf ".)

5. *of a day*, that lasts only a day.

6. *Is fairer far*, is much more beautiful than the old oak.

8. *flower of Light*, a flower produced by and showing, in its beautiful colours and delicate texture, pure Light.

9. We can see true beauty in things of small size.

10. *in short measures*, short periods or measures of time.

10. Rain in Summer.

How beautiful is the rain !
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain !

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !

Across the window-pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide,
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,
With their dilated nostrils spread
They silently inhale
The clover-scented gale,

And the vapours that arise
From the well-watered and smoking soil.
For this rest in the furrow after toil
Their large and lustrous eyes
Seem to thank the Lord,
More than man's spoken word.
Near at hand,
From under the sheltering tree,
The farmer sees
His pastures and his fields of grain,
As they bend their tops
To the numberless beating drops
Of the incessant rain.
He counts it as no sin
That he sees therein
Only his own thrift and gain.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

NOTES.

In this poem Longfellow catches and conveys to us all the refreshment a shower of rain brings to a hot, dried up and dusty countryside in the Summer. One can almost hear the rain drumming on the roofs and pattering on the window-panes, and smell the cool, fresh, damp breeze, and see the thirsty fields drinking up the welcome water. The rain brings relief to the sickman in his hot room, gives endless fun to the school-boys, relief to the toiling oxen, satisfaction to the farmer, and joy to all.

3. *fiery*, hot in the blazing sunshine.

6-7. The rattle of the rain on the roof of the houses sounds like the clatter (rattling noise) of the hoofs of galloping horses.

9. *spout*, the pipe for carrying the rain-water off the house roof.

17. *twisted brooks*, winding streams.

20-21. The rain-cooled and clean air reduces his fever, and takes away his restlessness.

25. *wonted*, accustomed, usual.

28. *mimic fleets*, paper-boats, in imitation of real ships.

29-31. The paper-boats are swamped in the little whirlpools in the gutters, made by the swift rush of the rain-water.

34. *Like a leopard's, etc.* The dried up plain, with its patches of brown and yellow grass, is compared to the spotted yellow and black skin of a leopard. (*Tawny*, a dark yellow colour.)

38. *furrowed land*, ploughed land. (A *furrow* is the trench or long ditch dug by the plough.)

39. *toilsome*, heavily worked.

40. *the yoke-encumbered head*, their heads bowed down by the weight of the yoke, or wooden collar.

41. *dilated nostrils spread*, opening wide their nostrils to smell and breathe in the sweet, cool air.

42. *inhale*, breathe in.

43. *clover-scented gale*, the wind bringing the sweet scent of the clover-flowers. (*Clover*, a small plant with pink, or white, sweet-scented flowers, which is grown in fields as fodder for cattle.)

45. *smoking soil*, steaming wet earth.

47. *lustrous*, bright, shining. (A cow has beautiful large brown eyes.)

57-59. The farmer does not care about the beauty of the scene; he thinks only how good the rain is for his crops, and so for his pocket.

11. The Sands of Dee.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she. 6

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she. 12

"O! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of Dee. 18

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY

SUBSTANCE.

Mary is told to go and bring back to the farm the cows that have been grazing all day across the sands, left bare at low tide, at the mouth of the river Dee. As she starts out on her lonely errand, a wild west wind is blowing up from the sea. Before she can get back, a dense sea-fog comes down in which she loses her way, and she is caught and drowned by the incoming tide. Next day, fishermen find her body caught in the salmon-nets, and bring it back to shore in their boat. She is buried near the sea. Local fishermen say that sometimes they still hear Mary's voice calling the cattle home across the Dee sands.

APPRECIATION.

1. The poem tells a story, but not in narrative form. The poet gives us only the main points, and leaves us to fill in details and connecting links. He does not tell us things, but makes us imagine them.

2. The story is told *dramatically.* (*a*) It is presented in a series of scenes or pictures: Mary starting out alone across the sands — Mary lost in the fog and caught by the tide — Mary's body found by fishermen in the nets — Mary's ghostly voice haunting the lonely sands. (*b*) Parts of the story are given in words spoken by the characters. The beginning of the story is told in the order given to Mary by her father, or mother; the finding of the body is implied in the fishermen's exclamations of astonishment.

3. Though it tells a story, this is not a narrative poem. Its purpose is not to tell a tale, but to convey an *impression.* The sad story of Mary's death has deeply impressed the poet with the tragedy of *human life at the mercy of the blind forces of Nature.* This impression, with all the feeling accompanying it, he conveys to us by means of his poem.

4. The poem is therefore a *lyric.* It is short, emotional, deals with one distinct impression, and in style and wording is so musical that it has been sung as a song.

5. Skilful use is made of *repetition*: *e. g.*, "Call the cattle home," three times in verse 1, and again at the end of the last verse; "Crept up along the sand, And o'er and o'er the sand, And round and round the sand," (the slow but relentless advance of the tide); "Across the rolling foam, The cruel crawling foam, The cruel hungry foam."

6. Alliteration is also used: *e. g.*, "The *w*estern *w*ind *w*as *w*ild"; "They *r*owed her in across the *r*olling foam."

7. In the last verse the foam is *personified* by being described as *cruel* and *hungry*, as if the sea was a wild beast. In the second verse there is no such personification. Of course, the sea is not really "cruel" and "hungry"; but *after* a tragedy like poor Mary's death, it *seems* so to survivors.

8. Note the curious but true comparison in the third verse.—Mary's hair is said to be more beautiful than any salmon caught among the stakes of Dee. Why? Because the fishermen were coming to take salmon from their nets, and at a distance they at first mistook the golden hair of Mary for a golden salmon.

9. The poet gets some of his effects in a very simple way. "And all alone went she," is full of foreboding; and all the tragedy is summed up in the simple line, "And never home came she."

10. The supernatural touch at the end is very effective — the ghostly voice calling across the lonely sands.

12. Incident of the French Camp.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came thro')
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
Smiling the boy fell dead.

R. BROWNING

NOTES.

Most of the poems of the great poet, Robert Browning (1812-1889), are so packed with thought that they are not easy reading. But this one, like his famous "Pied Piper of Hamelin", tells an interesting story fairly simply and in a very telling way. The "incident" is a true story, though the messenger was really a grown man and not a mere boy. The story shows the devotion with which Napoleon Buonaparte, the great French Conqueror, was served by his soldiers, and of what proud heroism men are sometimes capable. Dying of his wounds received in the battle, a

young soldier rides up to the Emperor to announce that the battle is won. Napoleon says to him, "You are wounded." With a proud smile the young soldier answers, "I'm killed, Sire!", and falls dead at the Emperor's feet.

1. *we French.* A French soldier is supposed to be telling the story.

stormed, took by storm, *i. e.*, by a sudden attack.

Ratisbon, a city in Bavaria, in Germany. After the battle of Eggmühl (1809), the defeated Austrian army retreated to Ratisbon, where the pursuing French defeated them again, and took the town. It was a five days' struggle, marked by Napoleon's great skill as a general.

3. *mound*, low hill.

5-8. This was a favourite attitude of Napoleon.

5. *neck out-thrust*, with head forward.

you fancy how. You can well imagine how he looked.

6. *arms locked behind*, with his hands clasped behind his back.

7. *prone brow. Prone* means falling forward, so projecting. Prominent forehead.

8. *Oppressive with its mind*, heavy with the great brain; or, burdened with weighty thoughts.

9. *mused*, thought.

9-10. *My plans That soar*, lofty, far-reaching schemes. (Napoleon's ambition was to conquer all Europe.)

10. *to earth may fall, i. e.*, may fail.

11. *Lannes*, Marshal Lannes, one of Napoleon's famous generals. He was leading the assault on Ratisbon.

12. *Waver*, falter; lose courage.

13. *the battery-smokes*, the smoke of the guns. (A battery is a collection of cannon.)

14-15. *bound on bound Full-galloping*, galloping at full speed.

16. *the mound*, where the Emperor, Napoleon, stood watching the battle.

17-19. PROSE ORDER. Then a boy flung (himself) off (his horse) in smiling joy, and held himself erect by just (*only*) his horse's mane.

17. *in smiling joy.* He was glad to have lived just long enough to be able to bring his Emperor the good news of victory.

19. *By just*, (supporting himself) only by. (If he had not held on to the mane of his horse, he would have fallen.)

20. *You hardly could suspect*, *i. e.*, that he was mortally wounded.

23. *You looked twice*, *i. e.*, he seemed so gay and active that at *first-sight* you could not believe him to be mortally wounded.

24. *all but*, almost.

27. *The Marshal*, Marshal Lannes.

28. *anon*, soon.

29. *your flag-bird*, the French flag, on which was pictured the French Eagle.

30. *to heart's desire*, according to my heart's desire; to my great joy.

31. *Perched him*, planted the flag. (The word "perched" is used because he thinks of the *bird* on the flag.)

The chief's eye flashed. The Emperor's eyes sparkled with joy and pride.

32. *Soared up*, his ambitious schemes rose again like a flame of fire ; his hopes burnt brightly.

33-36. Just as the bright eyes of a mother-eagle are dimmed with sorrow at the sight of her wounded eaglet, so the fierce joy in Napoleon's eyes was softened by pity when he saw that his young soldier was wounded.

34-35. *as sheathes A film*, *i. e.*, as a film sheathes.

film, very thin skin. *Sheathes*, covers, as with a sheath. (Birds can draw a thin transparent skin over their eyes. But the meaning here is that the eye is dimmed with pity.)

36. *bruised*, injured by a blow.

eaglet, young eagle.

breathes, breathes with difficulty; gasps in pain.

38. *Touched to the quick*, his pride being hurt. (The *quick* is the very tender flesh under the nails.)

39. *Sire*, Your Majesty. Napoleon had become the Emperor of the French in 1804.

40. *Smiling*, because he was proud and happy to die for his Emperor.

13. Past and Present.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow. 24

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

T. HOOD

NOTES.

The poet recalls with regret the days of his happy and innocent childhood.

3-4. *where the sun.....morn*, where the first rays of the sun penetrated at dawn. *a wink*, a moment.

6. *Nor brought.....day*, nor did I ever think the day too long.

7-8. *But now.....away!* But now I often wish, when morning breaks, that I had died in the night.

11. *lily-cups*, the lilies.

12. *made of light*, (which appeared to my boyish fancy to be) composed of light.

13. *lilacs*, bushes bearing little sweet-scented purple flowers. *built*, made its nest.

14. *set*, planted.

15. *laburnum*, a small tree bearing chains of beautiful golden-coloured flowers.

18. *used*, accustomed.

19-20. *And thought.....wing*, and thought the rushing breeze must feel to flying swallows as fresh as it did to me. (He thought he understood how swallows feel when they fly through the air.)

21. *My spirit.....then*, my heart which is so sad now was as light and free from care as the heart of a bird then.

24. *The fever.....brow*, my heated forehead.

28. *close against the sky*, very near the sky.

29. *a childish ignorance*, this thought was due to my childish ignorance.

30. Don't forget there is no stop at the end of this line.

30-32. *But now 'tis little joy.....boy.* But now it is small comfort to know that I am further away from Heaven than when I was a boy. I used to think Heaven very near to Earth. It does not comfort me much to know that I was mistaken.

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1. Give the substance of the poem in your own words. What is its central thought? Suggest another title to express it.

2. Bring out the antitheses in verses 1, 3 and 4; *i. e.*, show in what particulars the poet contrasts his old age with his childhood.

3. Each verse gives a picture of some scene in the poet's childhood; *i. e.*, the thought of the poem is presented by means of imagery. Describe these scenes in your own words.

4. There is a mingling of pleasure and sadness in the poem. To what is each feeling due? Why do memories of his childhood make the poet sad?

5. There is tragedy in the line, "The tree is living yet!" Why?

6. "He never came.....long a day." What do these lines express?

7. What effect has the repetition of "I remember, I remember" at the beginning of each verse?

8. In what sense does Hood feel that he is "farther off from Heaven Than when (he) was a boy?"

14. The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered:
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die. 4

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again. 8

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array
Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back. 12

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung. 16

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand time o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn";
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL

NOTES.

1. *night-cloud had lower'd*, the darkness of night had frowned upon the earth; (or simply) it was night.

lowered (pronounced *lowred*) is also spelt 'loured' and means 'frowned', 'looked dark and threatening.'

6. *wolf-scaring faggot*, fires kindled on the battle-field to keep the wolves from the bodies of dead soldiers.

14. *In life's morning march*, in my youthful wanderings. Youth is 'the morning of life' as old age is 'the evening of life.'

when my bosom was young, when I had in me the vigour and hope and strength of youth.

16. *Fain*, very willing.

23. *sorrow returned*: as he found that it was only a dream.

24. *dreaming ear*, the dreamer's ear: really the sleeping brain. The man was dreaming and thought he heard.

15. The Village Schoolmaster.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage.
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill;
For even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

O. GOLDSMITH

NOTES.

1. *straggling*, irregular.

skirts the way, runs along the edge of the road.

2. *furze*. Also called *gorse*, a thorny shrub which frequently covers waste ground with its handsome golden flowers.

unprofitably gay, qualifies *fence*. Either because the blossoms of furze, though very pretty, are of no particular use; or because the village is deserted and there is now no one to admire or to gather the flowers.

3. *noisy mansion*, *i. e.*, the schoolroom.

4. *master*, for 'school-master.' The original of this description is supposed to have been Thomas Byrne, a retired soldier, who opened a school at Lissoy.

6. *I knew him well*. Goldsmith was at Byrne's school for the best part of two years, 1734-1736.

14. *was in fault*, was to blame for his severity; since he was anxious to make others learned. To explain the rhyme of *fault* and *aught* it has been suggested that *fault* was then pronounced without the *l*.

16. *cypher* (*or cipher*), use figures, work sums in arithmetic; 'ciphering' being now an old-fashioned expression for arithmetic.

17. 'He could measure lands, and could foretell terms and tides.' By *measuring lands* is probably meant finding the area of a field.

18. *gauge* (pronounced *gage*, as may be seen from the rhyme), to find out how much a barrel or other vessel will hold. This is part of the regular work of certain Revenue officers.

19. *the parson*, the clergyman, who would probably be the best educated man in the village.

20. "Even though he was defeated by the ordinary rules of argument, he would not admit his defeat but went on finding fresh arguments."

21. The schoolmaster used the longest and most high-sounding words he could think of, in order that he might seem more learned.

16. The Scholar.

My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY

Robert Southey (1774–1843) was a most industrious writer though few of his works attract much interest now.

Some of his short narrative poems (ballads) and songs (lyrics) are still popular. Among the latter may be mentioned *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Scholar.*

His best prose work is his *Life of Nelson* (1813).

SUMMARY.

The Scholar lives in his library among his books, and wherever his glance falls it rests upon the great works of famous authors now dead. They add to his joys and diminish his sorrows. The scholar loves to read the lives of the famous dead, sympathising with their hopes and fears, and learning useful lessons from their virtues and from their mistakes.

He hopes that with them he may rise again from the dead, and that his spirit may progress with them from stage to stage through all eternity. Yet when he leaves this earth he trusts that his name will not be altogether forgotten.

NOTES.

1. *My days.....past,* I spend my days in my library among the works of famous authors now dead.

2-4. *Around me.....old,* wherever my glance may chance to fall it rests upon the books written by great authors in ancient days.

5-6. *My never failing.....day.* These books are like friends which never betray me, and I read and meditate upon them daily.

7. *With them.....weal,* these books add to my joy in prosperity.

8. *And seek.....woe,* and I seek comfort from them in sorrow.

11. *bedewed,* moist, wet.

13. *My thoughts.....dead,* I think much about these great authors now dead (when I read their lives).

17. *their lessons,* the lessons afforded by their lives.

19. *My hopes.....dead*, I hope to rise from the dead with the souls of the famous authors of old. *anon*, soon.

20. *My place.....be*, I shall be with them.

21-22. *And I.....futurity*, and my spirit will progress with theirs from stage to stage through all eternity.

23. *here*, in this world.

24. *That.....dust*, that will not fade into insignificance and be forgotten.

17. The Maid of Neidpath.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning. 8

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying. 16

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew, and waved to greet him;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him. 24

He came — he pass'd — an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing.
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT

SUMMARY.

Mary, the maid of Neidpath, was sitting in her tower awaiting her lover's return. Her form was wasted by sickness, her bright eyes had become dim, and through her thin hands the flame of a lighted candle could be seen. Her face was deadly pale, except sometimes when a dark feverish flush flitted across it. She seemed to her attendants to be in a dying state. Yet she still retained remarkable powers of sight and hearing where her lover was concerned. She heard the sound of his approaching horse before the watch-dog was aware of it, and recognized his form the moment it appeared in the distance, bending over the battlements to welcome him. But he looked at her with the careless glance of a stranger as he rode by. Her timid welcome could not be heard for the noise of his horse's hoofs, and the echoing archway scarcely caught the faint moan which told that her heart was broken.

NOTES.

Neidpath. A castle in Scotland.

2. *in hearing*, (are quick) to hear.
3. *in life's extremity*, at the point of death.
4. *can.....cheering*, can give an hour's happiness.
5. *bower*, dwelling.
8. *her love's returning*, the return of her lover.

11-12. *Till through.....shining*, till her hands became so thin that one could see through them at night the flame of a burning candle.

13. *By fits*, at intervals.

13-14. *a sultry.....flying*, a dark feverish flush fitted across her face.

19. *prick'd his ear*, showed by raising his ears that he had heard something.

21. *Ere scarce.....ken'd.* Turn this sentence into the active voice. 'Almost before she had perceived his form in the distance.'

22. *waved*, waved her hand.

24. *As on the wing*, like a bird on the wing.

25-26. *an heedless gaze.....glancing.* He glanced at her carelessly as if she were a stranger.

27. *spoke.....phrase*, faintly uttered.

28. *Lost.....prancing*, could not be heard above the sound of the excited movements of his horse.

29-30. *whose hollow.....spoken*, which echoes the sound of every word however softly spoken.

18. Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly. 4

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery. 8

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry. 12

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL

SUBSTANCE.

Before the battle.—The sun sinking in the West. The ground white with virgin snow, and the dark river flowing swiftly. Silence and solitude.

During the battle.—At midnight, suddenly the roll of drums; cavalry massing in battle formation by the light of torches; the roar of the guns shaking the hills, the rapid red flashes as they are fired, the thunderous charge of cavalry. The battle intensifies; the sky is red with the lurid light of the guns, and the snow on the hills and the rushing river are red with blood. Morning comes; but the clouds of smoke in

which the Austrians and the French are fighting hang over the battlefield like a pall which the sun's rays cannot pierce. The fight becomes more intense. May victory crown the brave charge of the Austrian horse!

After the battle.—Thousands have met in this battle, but few will survive it. Most will remain lying where they fell, with the snow for a shroud and the grassy sod as their grave.

APPRECIATION.

1. This poem is not so much a narrative poem as a descriptive poem. It describes a battle. The battle referred to was fought in 1800 between the Austrians and the French—a battle of the Napoleonic Wars. The Austrians were defeated with great loss. Hohenlinden (which means "High Lime-trees") is a village in Upper Bavaria about eighteen miles from the town of Munich in Bavaria. Campbell contracts the name to Linden. The river Iser is really twelve miles from Hohenlinden; perhaps Campbell meant the Isen, a small stream near the village that flows into the Iser.

2. The description of the battle is given as an *impressionist picture*—the sort of impression an onlooker in the darkness might get who simply hears the roar of the guns and the confused noise of fighting, and catches glimpses of struggling forms; and who notes in the morning the pall of smoke, the bloodstained snow and the reddened river.

3. The noise and confusion of battle is heightened by contrast with the silence and solitude described in the first verse. Linden, silent and snow-clad—but at midnight "Linden saw another sight".

4. The personal feelings of the poet are expressed in the last two verses. The seventh verse shows clearly on which side his sympathies were—"Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave." The Austrians were allies of the English in the struggle with Napoleon, and naturally he wanted them to win—though of course, at the time he wrote the poem, he knew

they had been defeated. The last verse expresses his sorrow over the thousands slain in the battle. He feels the horror and tragedy of war, not its vaunted glory. So the poem ends on a note of sadness.

5. The language is picturesque, and the descriptive epithets are striking. *Fires of death* : *i. e.*, the flash of the death-dealing guns. *Dreadful revelry* : an example of *oxymoron*, or apparent contradiction. 'Revelry' is joyous merry-making, but a battle is revelry of a dreadful kind. *The hills with thunder riven* : as though the noise of the gun was so terrible that it seemed to split or tear open the hills. *Rolling dun* : the rolling clouds of smoke of a dun (dark or dull brown) colour. *Sulphurous canopy* : the gunpowder smoke that hung over the battlefield like a roof.

6. *Rolling rapidly*—The alliteration and the very sound of the two words echo the sound of rushing water. (Find other examples of alliteration.)

19. The Slave's Dream.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

NOTES.

The poet's intention is to arouse sympathy for the slaves of North America. He represents one of them as, in the midst of his hard labour and degradation, dreaming of his house in tropical Africa. To heighten the contrast he speaks of the slave as having been a chieftain in his native country. Longfellow lived through the period of the great war between the Northern and Southern States of America which ended in victory for the North and the setting free of the slaves.

1. *ungathered*, uncut.

3. *matted*, untended and therefore sticking together.

5. *mist and shadow of sleep*, in his dream.

7. *landscape*, the scene of his early life which has come to him in his dream.

8. *lordly Niger*, one of the chief rivers of Africa; it falls into the Gulf of Guinea.

11. *tinkling caravans*. A caravan is a company of pack camels or bullocks; the tinkling is caused by the bells on their necks.

13. *queen*, his wife. They were negroes.

17. *lids*, eyelids.

19. *he rode*, dreamt that he was riding.

22. *martial clank*, noise as of a cavalry man.

23. *scabbard of steel*. The author is not very careful in his choice of expressions; it is difficult to imagine a Negro chief in this way.

26. *flamingoes*, tall birds of bright colour common in North Africa. They have very long legs and long necks and are found in places such as marshes and shallow lakes where these are very useful to them.

29. *Caffre huts*, the huts of his people. The poet seems again to be at fault. The Kafirs are a South African tribe and differ in important ways from the pure negroes found in Central Africa and south of the Great Desert.

33. *river-horse*, the Hippopotamus ; next to the elephant, the largest of land animals. It lives near rivers and spends much of its time in the water.

35. *it passed.* The sound caused by the animals.

36. *triumph*, the imagined time of glory and power.

37. *myriad.* All the multitudinous voices of the forest spoke of the freedom of the old life.

43. *driver's whip.* As he was found asleep at his work, the overseer would try to awaken him by a blow from his whip.

45. *had illumined.* This difficult line seems to mean that death had set his soul free to visit his home in spirit. His dream was thus in a way made more real.

47. *fetter.* The soul is regarded as fettered by or imprisoned in the body.

20. The Inchcape Rock.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell. 8

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd around,
And there was joyance in the sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, 'My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand;
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore.'
'Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock,—
'O horror! it is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

R. SOUTHEY

NOTES.

The story in this poem is a striking example of wickedness recoiling on the head of the evil-doer.

The Inchcape Rock is a rock off the east coast of Scotland, almost opposite the Firth of Forth and about twelve miles from Arbroath (Aberbrothok). It is covered by water at high tide, and at such time when the sea is smooth it is not visible and ships, if not warned, may easily be wrecked upon it. Its position in olden times was marked by a buoy or float to which a bell was attached, and when the sea was rough, the water moved the buoy and rang the bell. Mariners were thus warned. The rock is now marked by a light-house, and from this incident it is now usually called the Bell Rock.

4. *keel*, the long beam passing along the bottom of a ship or boat on which the whole upper framework is built.

11. *buoy*, a large closed iron cistern which floats on the water and is held in its place by an anchor or chains fixed to a rock. Buoys are often employed to mark the path in narrow channels.

13. *was hid* — at high tide.

20. *joyance*, joyousness.

22. *ocean green*. The water which is blue where it is deep, is green where it is more shallow.

23. *Rover*, a pirate or sea-robber.

28. *mirth was wickedness*. When he was merry he was apt to engage in malicious enterprises.

29. *the Inchcape float*, the buoy of the Inchcape Bell. (See l. 21.)

30. *Quoth*, an old word meaning said.

32. *plague*, tease ; do what he will not like.

42. *scour'd*, sailed here and there in search of plunder.

45. *haze*. The sky is said to be hazy when it is obscured by a thin mist.

47. *gale*, here used in its true sense of 'furious storm.'

53. *breakers*. On the open sea, waves, if the wind is not strong, rise and fall with little disturbance, but as they approach the shore and pass over shallow water, owing to the friction, the top of the waves advances and then falls

over with great force and noise. Such breakers are destructive of what is exposed to them. The noise they make can be heard for a considerable distance.

54. *methinks*, it seems to me.

57. *swell.* After a storm the waves thereby occasioned do not subside immediately, although they become less rough on the surface. These after waves are what is meant by 'swell.'

64. *tide.* Used here for the sea.

21. To the Cuckoo.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen! 24

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

NOTES.

Mr. Palgrave says of this poem that it "has an exaltation and a glory, joined with an exquisiteness of expression, which place it in the highest rank amongst the many masterpieces of its illustrious author."

The poet welcomes the arrival of the cuckoo, whose voice revives the memories of his happy boyhood.

1. *blithe*, merry, cheerful. The cuckoo is a good-sized bird, which makes its appearance in England about the middle of April, when the familiar cry from which it takes its name announces that spring has really come. Hence it is associated with cheerful thoughts.

4. *but*, only. This refers to the fact that, though so commonly heard in springtime, the cuckoo is comparatively seldom seen.

6. *twofold shout*, the cry consisting of the two notes *kook-oo*.

9. *babbling*, properly, talking in an inarticulate, unintelligible way, as a child does; but also used in the sense

of continually talking, or chattering, and hence often applied by the poets to the continual murmur of a shallow stream running over stones. Here the cuckoo is regarded as constantly repeating to the valley its message of the approach of the spring sunshine and spring flowers.

12. *visionary hours*, past times as revived (in *vision*) by the power of imagination.

13. *Thrice*, used with an intense force, as in many similar compounds, thrice-happy, thrice-blessed, a thrice-told tale, etc.

14. *Even yet*, though I am now a man, no longer the schoolboy of the next stanza.

15. *invisible*, not merely unseen, but not able to be seen.

21. *rove*, wander. The rhyme to this is *love*, though the two words are not pronounced alike: this kind of licence, however, is common enough.

22. *the green*, open grassy ground.

23-24. *still*, always, or constantly.

28. *That golden time*, the happy season of youth which by the power of imagination I seem to be enjoying once more.

29. *the earth we pace*, the earth over which we walk. The bird is *blessed*, because its note has excited the poet's imagination to forget the commonplace realities of the present, and has transported him into the golden and fairylike past.

31. *unsubstantial*, no longer composed of ordinary matter.

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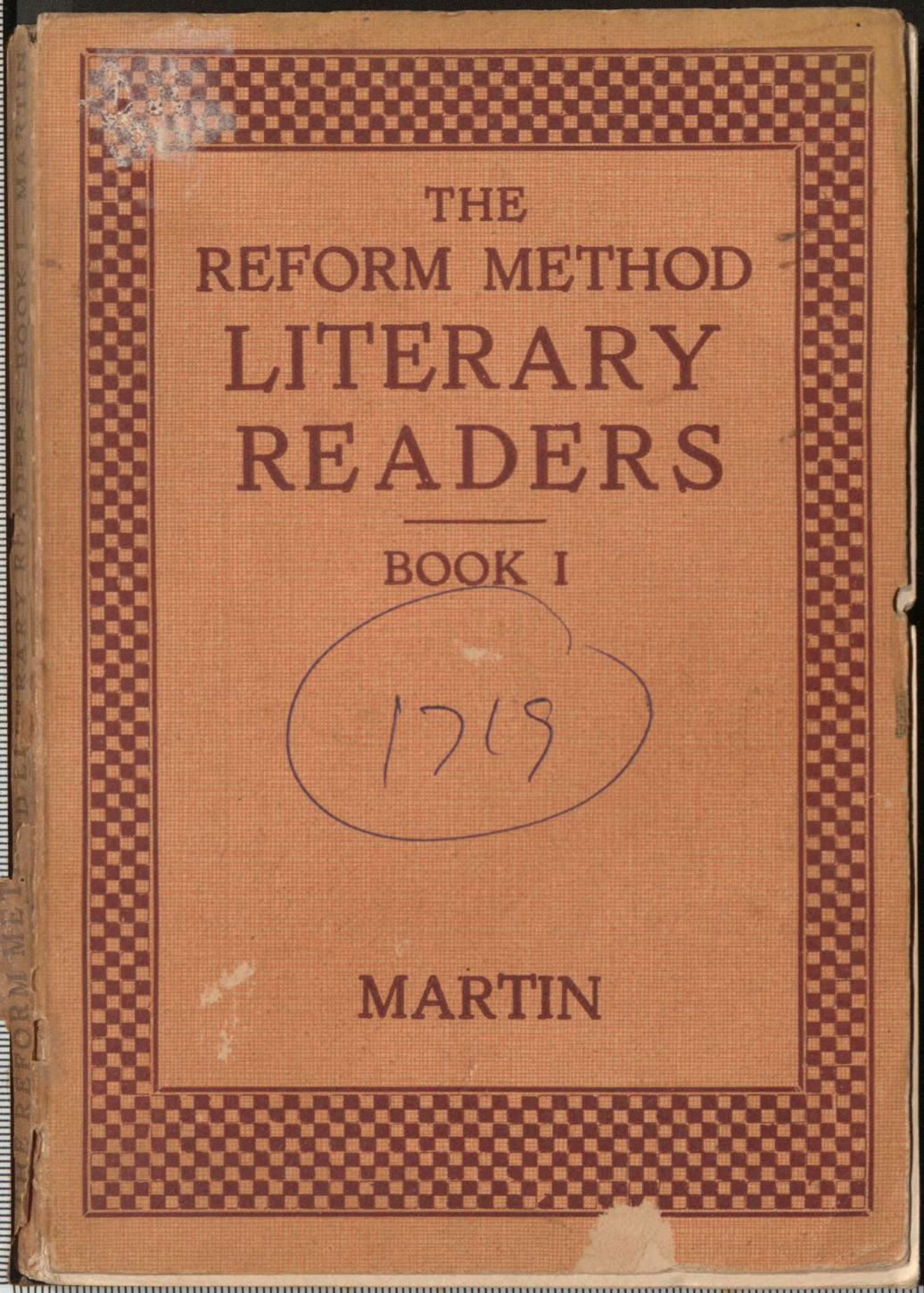

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