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THE BOOK ONLY**

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the entire text area of the book cover.

ENGLISH
PROSE & VERSE

PART I

E. M. GOPALAKRISHNA KONE

MADURA & MADRAS.

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ENGLISH
PROSE AND VERSE
PART I

BY
G. C. D'CRUZ B.A., L.T.

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PREFACE

Parts I and II of ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE are intended for pupils of the IVth and Vth Forms of Indian High Schools.

The prose selections will be found to represent the narrative type, the most popular form, of literary composition. Whether it takes the form of fable, legend, or short story, the narrative more readily arrests attention and allows of easier imitation than the other types of composition. It is also the most suitable introduction to the descriptive essay, as description is a more or less necessary, though subordinate, part of any well-written story. Experience has shown that it is futile to expect more than a narrative essay, with a few descriptive touches, from the average pupil in the upper Forms of our High Schools.

To obviate the need for a separate word-and phrase book a collection of words and phrases has been included after each prose lesson. The use of these in original sentences will build up the pupil's active vocabulary, if centred round familiar topics.

The poems are mainly descriptive, and offer sufficient material to stimulate the imagination and appeal to the love of the noble and beautiful in Nature. A few narrative poems have also been included.

G. C. D.

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ENGLISH

PROSE AND VERSE

I. Building Castles in the Air

Alnaschar was a very idle fellow, who never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in bottles, glasses, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet and leaned his back against the wall in expectation of customers.

As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours as he talked to himself in the following manner.—“This basket,” said he, “cost me a hundred drachmas, at the wholesale merchants; it is all the money I had in the world. But, by selling retail, I can easily make two hundred drachmas. These two hundred drachmas will, in a very little while, rise to four hundred; which, of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail to bring me a profit of four thousand more. When I have, in this way, made about

ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of glassman and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones.

“When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I shall buy the best house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses, I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and show the world how great I am. I will not give up my business, but will continue trading till I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. Then I shall naturally consider myself as important as a prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier’s daughter in marriage, after telling him how much I have heard of her beauty, wit, intelligence, and other good qualities. I shall make it a point to tell him that I intend giving him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage day

“As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier’s daughter, I must visit him with a large train of followers, all dressed in expensive livery. And when I am placed at his right hand, which will surely happen because he will want to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him. Afterwards, to everybody’s surprise, I will present him with another purse of the same value, and make a short speech, something like this: ‘Sir, you see I am a man of my word, and will make a worthy son-in-law.’

“When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take good care to teach her how to respect me. I shall forbid her to leave her apartments, pay her a short visit now and then, and talk but little to her. Her women will, no doubt, complain, and report to me

that she is in great grief owing to my behaviour. But I will remain firm. Her mother will then come, and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The princess herself, with tears in her eyes, will fall at my feet and beg of me to love and be kind to her. But I shall spurn her with my foot, thus, and

Alnaschar was so much under the power of his lively imagination, that he could not help acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts. He had no sooner done so than his basket rolled into the street, and all his ware broke into a thousand pieces

J. ADDISON.
Adapted.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

drachma an ancient silver coin used by the Greeks and worth about 10 d in English money.

piled heaped, placed one on top of the other.

customers buyers

posture position, attitude

wholesale merchants those who sell goods only in large quantities.

selling retail selling in small quantities.

Grand Vizier the chief Turkish minister.

livery dress or uniform worn by servants, which showed that they all served the same master.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

set one's hand to, make the best of, lay aside, make it a point to; pay a visit, under the power of.

ORAL WORK

What did Alnaschar do with the money his father left him?

WRITTEN WORK —

Write a story similar to this about a girl who bought a basket of eggs with the little money she had.

2. The Milkmaid

Once on a time a rustic dame,
(No matter for the lady's name)
Wrapt up in deep imagination,
Indulg'd her pleasing contemplation,
While on a bench she took her seat,
And placed the milk-pail at her feet

Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
The profits which arose from thence,
While fond ideas filled her brain
Of layings up, and monstrous gain,
Till every penny which she told
Creative fancy turned to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation .

“ Please heaven but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth ;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
O, how I'll break their stubborn hearts
With all the pride of female arts !
What suitors then will kneel before me ;
Lords, Earls, and Viscounts shall adore me !
When in my gilded coach I ride,
My lady, at his Lordship's side,
How will I laugh at all I meet

Clattering in pattens down the street '¹
And Lobbin then I'll mind no more,
Howe'er I loved him heretofore :
Or, if he talks of plighted troth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet."

Action, alas '¹ the speaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place.
For, in the tossing forth her shoe
What fancied bliss the maid o'erthrew !
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

R. LLOYD.

The story told you in this poem is similar to that related in the previous lesson. Notice that the story gains in liveliness, in interest, by being told in verse.

rustic belonging to the country.

indulged gave herself up to.

contemplation thought, reflection, meditation

computation calculation, reckoning.

arts cunning tricks to deceive, wiles

pattens clogs, wooden shoes.

Tell the story in your own words.

What is a narrative poem ?

3. On A Lonely Island

It often happens that ships sailings in the Arctic sea find themselves in danger of being suddenly surrounded by ice. Four men in a fishing boat were faced with this danger, one evening, and quickly decided to camp on an island close by

A small tent, rifles, a couple of axes, five pounds of meat, a few small bags of flour, a kettle and four cups formed their equipment. This they removed from the boat which they moored to the shore, and, having pitched their tent, made themselves as comfortable as they could and prepared to settle down for the night

Warmly clad as they were, the cold did not trouble them much, but the wind did. It threatened to blow everything before it; they wondered if their tent ropes would stand the strain and, in their anxiety about their shelter, forgot all about their boat. As the night advanced, the wind increased in force. The men now knew that a storm had arisen at sea. All night they lay awake listening to the fury of the storm and wondering when it would cease. At last, towards morning, the rain stopped, the sea grew calmer as the force of the wind decreased, and there was every hope that a calm day would enable them to sail home in their boat, not much the worse for their night's experience.

When day broke, the men left their tent and made their way to the shore, carrying some of their equipment. Imagine their horror when they found that their

boat was nowhere to be seen ! The storm had deprived them of their only means of leaving the island. Their grief would have led them to despair ; but they were brave men, and they soon made up their minds to do their best to live there till they were rescued.

Their first duty was to explore the island. There was hardly a shrub to be seen, and not a single tree. To live without fire was impossible, both on account of the cold during winter, and of the need for cooking their food. However, in wandering along the beach, they collected plenty of wood which had been driven ashore by the waves, and which they found to be the wrecks of ships. These supplied them not only with wood, but also with iron bands, hooks and nails, all of which proved very useful. They had, fortunately, brought with them, in their large pockets, the usual supply of tobacco and matches to last them while they were out fishing.

Their stock of flour and meat soon came to an end; but, as seals were plentiful, they were able to supply themselves with meat. Reindeer also proved good eating, while their skins made warm and comfortable coverings. They kept clear of polar bears, however, as they are very powerful and dangerous animals. Only once did they kill one, and that in self-defence.

Thus they lived in their little tent, on the lonely island, for about a month. They had just begun to despair of being rescued, when, to their great delight, a ship hove in sight. Their signals were answered. Soon a boat put out. It did not take them long to place their equipment into it, and to row back to the ship. They were welcomed on board, and reached their homes after a few days.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

equipment . supply of necessary articles.

moored tied to a post with a rope.

pitched set up.

fury loud noise made by the wind and the waves.

decreased grew less.

experience trial

horror a feeling of great fear or terror.

deprived , taken away from.

despair loss of all hope.

explore . examine (by going all over the island).

hove came.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

an danger of ; faced with , settle down , stand the strain , make one's way to , feel the need for , keep clear of , begin to despair.

ORAL WORK.—

How did the fishermen live on the island after their supply of flour and meat had come to an end ?

WRITTEN WORK :

Say what you know of an island in the Arctic sea.

4. Alexander Selkirk

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own !
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see,
They are so unacquainted with man
Their tameness is shocking to me !

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, enduring report
Of a land I shall visit no more
My friends—do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
Oh tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest
The beast is laid down in his lair,
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !

Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

COWPER.

[Alexander Selkirk was a sailor. He had a quarrel with his captain, and was put ashore on a lonely island in the Pacific, named Juan Fernandez. Here he lived for about four and a half years. Naturally, he felt his loneliness very much, at first, and longed to be back amongst his fellow-creatures. Afterwards he grew reconciled to his fate, made himself quite comfortable, and was sorry to leave when a ship came to the island.]

In 1719, Daniel Defoe wrote the famous book, in which Selkirk tells us his story under the name of Robinson Crusoe.]

Which lines tell you that Selkirk is alone on an island.

Note how the lines bring out the feeling of loneliness that has taken hold of Selkirk. He longs for human society. Which lines tell you this?

desolate deserted, lonely

cordial hearty.

enduring, lasting.

affliction . sorrow, grief.

5. How Crusoe Caught the Goats

As I had very little powder and shot left, I began to think of how I could catch the goats alive. At first I placed some nets in such a way that they would be entangled in them when they came to feed on the grain I scattered about to tempt them. This would have worked well had the nets been strong enough. But I found them broken every day, and this could only mean that the goats had been caught but had been able to break through.

After many failures I thought of digging a pit. No escape was possible if a goat fell in and the pit was deep enough. But wild goats are very suspicious animals; I knew they would have to be carefully tempted before my plan met with success. I was determined, however, to succeed this time.

I dug three pits, quite deep enough to make escape impossible. Over each I placed a strong covering which would be able to stand the weight of three, or even four, goats walking on them. I carefully disguised these with sand and grass, and over all I placed ears of barley and dry rice. I allowed the corn to be eaten for three days. Then I removed the strong coverings, and replaced them by very flimsy ones which would break immediately a goat trod on them. From afar, hiding behind a rock, I watched what happened.

Just after sunrise the herd came along, led by a large he-goat. He and some others made straight for the pits and walked on the coverings. Down they went in a moment. The rest of the herd, hearing the cries of distress from their companions, turned back and fled. I ran to the pits. The he-goat was very wild. I pulled him out with difficulty, and allowed him to escape. I kept the remainder, two she-goats, a young male, and three kids. They grew tame very quickly, and ran in and out of my hut as if it belonged to them.

DEFOE.

(*Adapted*)

This story is one of many that you may read for yourself in the book, Robinson Crusoe, written by Daniel Defoe. The book tells you of the adventures of a boy who ran away to sea, and was ship-wrecked on an uninhabited island, where he had to remain for twenty-eight years

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

entangled caught, trapped
cattered sprinkled, threw about loosely.
suspicious distrustful, inclined to doubt.
disguised changed the appearance of.
limsy weak, thin, easily broken.
distress grief, sorrow, misery.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

Entangled in, scatter about, break through; to be tempted by, to be suspicious of, stand the weight of, cry out in distress.

FOR ORAL WORK —

Crusoe's first attempt to catch the goats was not successful. Say why

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Describe how the goats were caught.

6. A Farewell

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver :
 No more by thee my steps shall be
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet then a river :
 Nowhere by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

THE WINDMILLS

13.

But here will sigh thine alder-tree
And here thine aspen shiver; 10
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be 15
For ever and for ever.

TENNYSON

[Tennyson's father was rector of Somersby, in Lincolnshire. After his death, the family left the place. The poet writes this song as a farewell to the little stream that flows through the village of Somersby. He had often walked along its shady banks, listening to the wind flowing through the alder and aspen leaves, or watching the busy bee humming its way along in search of honey. A great love of Nature is shown in many of Tennyson's poems.]

What do you notice about the expression 'tribute wave'? With what is the stream, flowing down to the sea, compared?

Notice the repetition in the last two lines of verses 1, 2, and 4. What does this show?

7. The Windmills

Don Quixote and his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, were riding along in search of fresh adventures. They found themselves in a large, grassy plain. A knight's proper business was fighting. So Don Quixote looked eagerly across the wide plain, hoping to see somebody whom he could fight with and defeat. He saw the farmers' cottages in the distance, and many windmills.

which looked to him like huge, frowning giants, clad in white, with their arms outstretched.

Quickly he turned to Sancho Panza. "Look yonder, friend!" said he, "where those monstrous giants stand. Now will I challenge them and kill them all. We will take all that they possess, and be the richer for this adventure. It seems that Fortune arranges our affairs better than we could have desired. A famous knight like me could wish for nothing better than this fight, and God will certainly be pleased if I rid the earth of these cruel tyrants."

"Where are the giants?" asked Sancho Panza. "There, in front of you," said Don Quixote, "those tall, white figures with long arms. You know giants sometimes have arms the length of two leagues." "Be careful, Sir," advised Sancho; "those are not giants, but windmills. What you take to be arms are the sails which turn the millstone."

"This comes of your not being a knight," observed Don Quixote; "you need more training in this business of seeking adventure. Practice will, no doubt, improve you. Meanwhile, stand aside if you are afraid. I will fight those giants alone."

So saying, he spurred his horse, Rosinante, and charged his foes. In vain did his squire shout, "Come back, come back! those are windmills, not giants." Either he did not shout loud enough, or his master turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. When the gallant knight was close to the windmills, he shouted, "Fly not, fly not, you cowards! Are ye afraid, ye cariffs? 'Tis a single knight approaching!" Just then the wind sprang up, and the sails began to move. "Yes, use

your arms," said the knight, "but, though you have as many arms as Briareus, as sure as Fate I'll slay ye."

He then drew rein for a moment, prayed fervently to his lady, imploring her aid in his present danger, and lowered his lance. Right gallantly did the knight charge the first windmill, and run his lance clean through the sail. Alas for our hero! The wind was against him. It whirled the sail about so furiously, that knight and horse were lifted up and thrown tumbling over and over on the wide plain.

Sancho Panza hurried to his master's assistance. "Did I not tell you, my noble knight, that these were windmills?" "Peace," replied the knight, "I know what has happened. You remember Friston, the sage. He is my enemy 'Tis he who has changed these giants into windmills, in order to deprive me of the glory of defeating and slaying them. But I will yet be even with him." "I fervently hope so," said his squire

CERVANTES.

(Adapted)

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

squire a knight's attendant.

frowning knitting the brows in anger.

tyrants, oppressors.

entreaties, earnest requests.

caitiffs, base fellows; villains.

Briareus a huge giant with a hundred hands and fifty heads. He was the son of Coelus and Terra. Because he joined in a plot to overthrow Jupiter, he was cast beneath Mount Ætna.

gallantly bravely.

whirled, turned round and round.

Friston Don QUIXOTE firmly believed that Friston had stolen his books previous to this adventure. He now thinks that Friston is again acting against him.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

frowning at , be the wiser for , rid the place of , turn a deaf ear to , be even with.

FOR ORAL WORK

What happened when Don QUIXOTE charged the windmills ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK

Write a paragraph on Don QUIXOTE's character

8. Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes ;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clotnes.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG 17

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends ;
But, when a pique began,
The dog (to gain some private ends)
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied ;
The man recovered of the bite,—
The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

This is a humorous poem. The poet surprises us at the end of a verse,
by saying something quite unexpected and witty.

still . frequently used in poetry to mean "always."

pique : quarrel.

wits senses.

Is this also a narrative poem ?

Mark the accented syllables (1) in the 1st and;

(2) in the 2nd and 4th lines of each verse.

9. An Indian Fable

"Of all the animals I was ever acquainted with," said a Falcon once to a Hen, "you are the most ungrateful."

"Why, what ingratitude," replied the Hen, "have you ever observed in me?"

"Can there be a greater piece of ingratitude," replied the Falcon, "than that which you commit in regard to men? By day they seek out every nourishment to fatten you; and in the night you have a place always ready to roost in, where you are quite safe and your sleep undisturbed. Nevertheless, when they would catch you, you forget all their goodness to you, and basely endeavour to escape their hands. I never do this, though I am a wild creature, a bird of prey, and in no way obliged to them. I sit quietly on their fists, ready to do their bidding."

"All this is very true," replied the Hen, "but you do not know why I run away: you never saw a falcon upon a spit; but I have seen a thousand hens cooked in many, many ways."

Damna, the fox, who had related this little story to Cohotorbe, the ox, in order to warn him against the lion, then continued, "I believe, friend, the lion is jealous of your virtues, and therefore seeks your life."

"Merit is often the cause of our misfortunes," said Cohotorbe. "Fruit trees have their branches broken because they are heavily laden with fruit; Nightingales are imprisoned because they sing so sweetly; and pea-

cocks' tails suffer because their feathers are so beautiful. But, as we cannot prevent what must happen, I must submit to whatever Fortune brings me, just as the Nightingale did "

"Why, what did the Nightingale do?" asked Damna.

"A certain peasant," replied Cohotorbe, had a rose tree in his garden. He tended it with great care and loved to look at its pretty flowers. One day he saw a Nightingale on the tree, quite close to one of the roses. He watched it, and saw it pecking at the petals till it had destroyed the rose completely. This made the peasant so angry that he laid a snare for the bird and caught it the next day. When the Nightingale asked him why he had caged her, the peasant replied, 'Do you not know that each petal of my beautiful roses is as dear to me as a drop of blood in my heart?'

'I did not know that,' answered the Nightingale sorrowfully, 'but you have used me too cruelly for merely destroying a few petals; and you must expect cruel treatment in the next world, because everybody is treated there as he treats the birds and animals in this world.'

"These words so moved the man that he gave the Nightingale her freedom. The bird flew to a bough near by, and, turning to the peasant, said, 'Your kindness shall have its reward. Go to the foot of yonder tree; a pot of gold lies buried there. Take it, and Heaven bless you.'

"Quickly did the peasant dig around the tree, and great was his joy when he found a pot full of gold coins. While he wondered at his luck, a thought

struck him, and he turned to the Nightingale and asked, 'If your eyes could see a pot buried in the earth, why could they not see the net I spread to catch you?'

"The Nightingale quietly replied, 'No matter how clever we are, we can never escape our destiny.'

"So you see," continued Cohotorbe, "the best thing one can do, especially, when one is innocent, is to resign oneself to one's fate."

"Very true," said Damna, "and the lion is bound to be punished in the next world, if he seeks to destroy you here. He may even suffer before he goes to the next world, just as the hunter did when he dug a pit for a fox, and found a leopard in it which tore him to pieces."

The ox put up a brave fight when the lion attacked him, but was killed in the end. And the lion? Though he was King in this world, he did not escape his punishment in the next.

FABLES OF PILPAY THE BRAHMIN.
Adapted.

WORDS AND MEANINGS

ungrateful not thankful (the noun form of *ungrateful* is *ingratitude*).

commit do; are guilty of doing.

nourishment food.

roost sleep.

basely in a low, mean way.

endeavour attempt, try.

obliged owing something to, indebted.

bidding commands.

submit yield quietly, put up with.

tended looked after.

snare trap.

destiny fate

resign : submit, yield.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

Be ungrate ful to, endeavour to ; to do one's bidding ; submit to ; lay
snare for , resign oneself to , put up a brave fight.

FOR ORAL WORK

Why was the Nightingale imprisoned ? Why was it set free ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Write out, in your own words, the fable related by the fox.

10. Country Life

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

Anonymous.

The pleasures of living in the country form the subject of this poem.

walk in the air · walk in the open, in the fields

adorning decorating.

brow the ridge or higher portion of a plain.

clothe in gray dress in rough, gray clothing, viz peasants.

folding placing (their sheep) in the fold.

whose minds are bent to who have taken to, whose duty is, whose only concern is.

What pleasures of a country life are spoken of in the poem ?

II. The Ugly Duckling

It was summer time in the land of Denmark, and the country that for a greater part of the year looks flat and uninteresting, was now beautiful. The wheat was yellow, the oats were green, and the hay was drying in the fields.

A canal ran through the country side, along which the pretty canal-boats sailed, carrying produce from one town to another. Near this canal a duck built her nest, and all day long sat upon her six eggs. Five of the eggs were plain white, but the sixth, which was larger than the others, was a dull grey colour.

The duck was very much puzzled about her sixth egg. How did it come to be so different from the others? But being a duck, and therefore not very clever, she gave up the puzzle, and set herself to keep all her eggs snug and warm, so that they would presently hatch six little ducklings.

The days flew by, and mother duck began to think it was high time that the eggs hatched. She looked

at them at least a hundred times a day and at last she was rewarded

One afternoon she heard the little ducklings begin to "peep" in their shells, and when the sun rose in the morning she found five little yellow ducklings in the nest. How delighted the mother duck was! And how much she wished that the sixth egg, that large grey one, would hatch also, so that she could take all her little ducks together down to the canal and teach them how to swim. But the big egg lay just the same as it had done ever since mother duck began to sit

"I can't think what is the matter," she said to a neighbour who came to pay her a friendly visit one day. "Why doesn't the young bird peck its way through like the others did?" "Let me look at it," said the neighbour, who was very old and wise

"Ah, I thought so. That egg is a turkey's egg. I once reared a brood of young turkeys, and oh, the trouble I had with them! Why, believe me when I tell you that the creatures would not even learn to swim."

"Well," sighed the duck, "I will give it another day"; and that very day a little beak did begin to peck at its shell prison, and that evening a little duck, the awkwardest, most ungainly little duck alive, toppled out of the shell on to the floor.

There was no denying it; it was ugly, and when mother duck took her abroad for a walk into the yard, every other duck and fowl noticed how awkward it was. So different from the five other little balls of yellow down, that followed obediently after their

mother. It had a grey body and a long lean neck on which there was no down

"Dear me" said all the other ducks; "what a sight!" and the poor little ugly duckling felt that the others were being unkind to it

The mother duck would never admit that her duckling was ugly,

"No," said she "he is very tall and strong for her age, but not ugly"

One day the mother duck led her ducklings to see the head duck of the yard, to whom all the others showed great respect. All the birds of the yard stood around, and all were pleased with the five little ducklings, but they were all unkind to the ugly duckling. One bird, at last, put up her feathers, and running at him, bit his neck. The duckling gave a loud quack. It was the first time he had felt pain. At the sound his mother turned quickly

"Leave him alone" she said angrily, "or I will call his father. He was not troubling you."

Then the old duck struck in "It is a pity," said she, "that he is so different from the other little darlings."

At this the poor little fellow dropped his head, but he was greatly comforted when his mother said, "I never heard such nonsense, he is as handsome as the other ducklings, and he is stronger and swims better than all of them."

One day it seemed to the ugly duckling that even his mother had turned against him; his brothers and sisters had long since sided with the others. That night when all the yard was asleep, he crept out of the

yard, and down to the bank of the canal. He followed this until he reached a moor, full of soft marshy places, where the reeds grew.

For two whole days he stayed among the reeds, eating such food as he could find, and drinking from the moorland waters. Never had he felt so free and perfectly happy. He enjoyed it so much that he set off across the moor, stopping where there was food and water, diving to the bottom of the deep, clear pools and thrusting his long slender bill into the waving rushes and weeds at the bottom.

In course of time the summer passed, and the autumn nights grew chilly. Autumn gave way to winter, the snow began to fall, and one day the duckling heard the sound of whirring wings over his head. Looking up from the hollow in which he had taken shelter, he saw, high in the sky, a flock of swans. They were as white as the snow that lay around him, and their long necks with yellow bills were stretched southwards, for they were going to a land where the sun shone all day.

Everyday it grew colder, and the duckling had much ado to keep himself warm. At last, one bitter night, the cold overcame him. The ice froze round his legs, and by morning the poor duckling's senses had left him.

The duckling nearly died there and then, but a kind hearted man happened to pass near him. Seeing the condition of the poor duckling, he took pity on it and stamped upon the ice with his wooden shoes, until he broke it. Then he took the duckling home to his children, who placed it in a basket near the fire and gave it warm food.

The duckling was more comfortable than he had been for many a day. The children seeing that he had recovered, wanted to play with him. But the duckling who had never played in his life, thought they wanted to tease him. In his flight he flew first into the milk-pail, then to the butter dish, from that into the meal barrel, and finally, terrified with the noise, he flew out of the open door, and hid himself in the snow among the bushes behind the house.

The duckling never could tell exactly how he managed to live through the winter. But, at last, spring came, the earth grew softer, the sun hotter, the birds sang and the bright flowers came out in the fields.

And now, when the duckling stood up, his body seemed larger, and his wings stronger. He stretched forth his wings, and on the side of the opposite hill, he spied a cloud of pink blossoms. A desire to go to them filled him, and he rose into the air. How glorious it was to rush through the clean air, wheeling first this way and then that! He had never dreamt that flying could be so good.

He fluttered to the ground, and paused under a thicket of syringas. And while he rested there, he saw a flock of beautiful white birds he had seen last winter, fly across the sky and pass near him. He watched them drop one by one into the canal, and glide along the still waters.

The duckling felt a desire to follow them, and flying quickly down to the water he swam after them as fast as he could. It did not take him long to reach them, because they stopped to rest in a green pool shaded by a tree.

Directly they saw him coming, some of the younger ones swam to meet him with cries of welcome. As he saw the beautiful creatures approaching, he paused to look down at his own reflection in the still, clear water, expecting to see the same ungainly body, and long skinny neck. The image that met his eyes caused him to tremble with gladness; for, reflected in the pool, he saw a graceful white bird, with a slender neck and golden bill. It was the image of the swan.

"The new one is the best of all," cried the children when they came down to feed the swans with biscuit and cake before going to bed; "his feathers are whiter and his neck more golden than the others."

When he heard that, the ugly duckling was sure that he was indeed no longer an ugly duckling

"Now," said he "I know what it is to be really happy."

HANS ANDERSON.

Adapted.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

awkwardest most clumsy.

ungainly ugly, clumsy looking

toppled dropped, fell

whirring making a buzzing sound.

bitter (here means) very cold.

wheeling turning.

fluttered flew slowly down, clapping its wings.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

give up a puzzle, pay a visit, go abroad, topple over; show great respect, comforted by, side with, terrified with, feel a desire to, tremble with gladness.

FOR ORAL WORK.—

This is a story with a moral. What does it teach us?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Relate what happened to the ugly duckling during the winter.

12. Nod

Softly along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew,
Old Nod the shepherd goes

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold

The hedge is quick and green with brier ;
From their sand the conies creep ;
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses ;
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all.

His are 'the quiet steeps of dreamland,
The waters of no-more-pain ;
His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
" Rest, rest, and rest again "

This poem, like the previous one, tells us something about the country. It describes a summer evening, at twilight. The old shepherd, Nod, is surrounded by a scene of peace and happiness, quite in keeping with his peaceful and happy life

Notice the expressions dim with rose, drenched with dew, charged with gold, green with brier. The colours are blended by the poet in much the same way as the painter blends his in his picture. The rose pink of the sky, the bright green of the hedge, the rich gold of the sun's light colouring the fleece of the sheep, and the sparkling dew give us a delightful picture of quiet happiness and preparation for rest.

conies rabbits.

13. Greeks and Trojans

The Greeks sailed across the sea till they reached the shores of Troy. They landed far from the city and drew up their ships on the shore. There were so many ships and tents that they covered the whole shore and the wide plain that lay to the west of the city. In fact, the encampment looked like a town with broad streets and narrow pathways.

The Trojans were amazed at the strength of their enemies; but they did not despair, as they had asked all their neighbours to help them. Some had come already, and many more were expected. But their chief hope lay in their King, Priam, and his fifty sons. These were brave and noble young men, the mightiest of whom was the eldest, Hector. He was a good leader and would give his life for his country. Amongst the other citizens, also, there were many brave warriors; and even if they were defeated in the open field, their high-

walled and strongly fortified city could always be a safe refuge.

But why had the Greeks come to attack Troy ? Paris, son of Priam, had gone to Sparta, a Greek city, and was the guest of the Spartan King, Menelaus. After some time, Paris fell in love with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, and she returned his love because the goddess, Aphrodite, had cast a spell on her which made her do so. Paris and Helen fled to Troy. Thereupon Menelaus called upon the Greeks to raise an army and besiege the city. Hence we find them encamped before Troy.

The Trojans believed that the Greeks would soon tire of the siege, and go back, disappointed, to their homes far away. Little did they know the courage of the Greek leader, Agamemnon, and of his generals. The strongest and mightiest of these was Achilles ; but there were many other brave and powerful leaders, and some of them were as wise as they were brave. Nestor was old and experienced ; Ulysses was wiser than anybody else, and very cunning. The Greeks always consulted one or the other whenever they were in doubt.

When both sides are more or less equally matched, the struggle is sure to be hard and long. So it was at Troy. The wide plain between the Greek camp and the city was constantly drenched with blood. Months and years went by. Many valiant heroes fell. Fate seemed to favour first one side, then the other. Even the gods on Mount Olympus watched the fight with great interest, and sometimes took part by helping those dear to them, whether Greeks or Trojans. Thus the struggle continued.

The siege of Troy lasted ten years. In the end, the Greeks built a large wooden horse, and their bravest soldiers hid themselves inside it, while the remainder pretended to go away. When the Trojans found that the Greeks had gone and had left the wooden horse behind, they opened the gates of the city and dragged the horse inside. At night the Greeks came out quietly, opened the gates so that their comrades, who had pretended to go away, could join them, and then plundered and burnt the city.

Aphrodite the goddess of beauty, to whom Paris awarded the golden apple. Therefore the goddesses, Athene and Hera, were jealous of her.

Præm King of Troy, killed by Neoptolemus at the sacking of Troy.

Agamemnon brother of the Spartan king, Menelaus. He was king of Mycenæ. Hearing of his brother's grief, he gathers a large army and lays siege to Troy.

Achilles the greatest of the Greek heroes. During the siege, he quarrelled with Agamemnon and withdrew from the fight. But when his friend, Patroclus, was slain, he returned to avenge his death.

Ulysses the wisest of the Greek leaders. It was Ulysses who, in the end, suggested the building of the wooden horse. The story of his adventures after the fall of Troy is related in a famous poem, the *Odyssey*, written by Homer, the Greek poet.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

amazed very surprised, astonished

despair give up hope, lose courage.

consulted asked the advice of.

drenched wet.

valiant brave, courageous.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES :—

amazed at; despair of, hope for, take refuge in, in doubt, drenched with, favoured by, take part in.

FOR ORAL WORK —

Why did the Greeks attack Troy ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Paris is watching his father's sheep on Mount Ida. Three goddesses appear before him. They are Hera, Athene, and Aphrodite. Paris is asked to choose who is the most beautiful of these three [Read the note on Aphrodite]. Write a short story making use of the above points.

14. Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth Ambition shun
 And loves to lie in the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Here again life in the country is compared with, and preferred to, life in the town. But a new idea is introduced. Man's ambition to be great brings him many enemies who seek to ruin him. In the country a man has no enemy to fear. He may live a free, happy life, provided he is content with what he gets.

The song is taken from Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It," where we read of a Duke living in exile but quite happy and contented.

15. Paris and Menelaus

During one of the attacks that the Greeks made against the city of Troy, Paris left the Trojan ranks and, advancing in front of his men, demanded that one of the noblest of the Greek heroes should meet him in single combat.

Menelaus welcomed the challenge, and sprang from his chariot eager to meet the man who had robbed him of his wife. Paris was seized with a sudden fear. He rushed back to the ranks, but Hector followed him, reproaching him for his cowardice. "The Greeks and your own men will despise you," he said; "you were brave enough to rob a stranger of his wife, but to meet him in battle you dare not!" Paris was ashamed of himself and agreed to fight.

Hector then told the Greeks that Paris would meet Menelaus. The Spartan King was glad to hear this, but he made a condition that both sides should bind themselves by a sacred treaty by which the result of the fight would decide the war. The oath was taken. Hector and Ulysses measured out the ground, and told the combatants where to stand. The fight commenced.

Paris hurled his spear at Menelaus, but could not pierce his shield. His foe was more successful, for his spear went through Paris' shield and wounded him, but only slightly as he turned away in the nick of time. Menelaus then sprang at Paris and, raising his sword, struck him a mighty blow on his helmet. To the amazement of all the sword broke into three pieces

and Paris stood unhurt. The goddess, Aphrodite, had come to his aid. Even when Menelaus seized his helmet, intending to drag him to the ground, she loosened the helmet strap and Menelaus found himself holding an empty helmet. He turned to the Greeks and laid hold of a spear, but when he tried to hurl it at Paris, his enemy had vanished. This, again, was the work of Aphrodite.

Even Helen was disgusted at the result. The spell which had been cast on her had lost its power by now, and she wished with all her heart that Menelaus would win.

The Greeks claimed the victory. The Trojans said that Paris had not been slain. Meanwhile, Pandarus, a Trojan hero, grew so impatient, and was so strongly tempted by Athene, the goddess, who wanted the Greeks to win a decisive victory, that he shot an arrow at Menelaus. Athene protected him, and he escaped. But the act of Pandarus meant that the treaty had been broken. Both sides, therefore, prepared to continue the fight.

Hector the eldest of King Priam's sons, and the bravest of the Trojan warriors. He killed Patroclus, the friend of Achilles. Because of this, Achilles fought with Hector and slew him.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

demand asked.

reproaching blaming.

despise scorn, treat with contempt.

combatants : those engaged in a fight, opponents.

vanished : disappeared.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES ;—

welcome a challenge ; reproach a person for ; bind oneself by a promise ;
take an oath ; in the nick of time ; go to one's aid ; grow impatient at.

FOR ORAL WORK —

What did Hector tell Paris when he ran back to the ranks after challenging Menelaus ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

How did the goddess, Aphrodite, help Paris in his fight with Menelaus ?

16. 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 mountains 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 hyena 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 !

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The unhappy life of the poor Negro slaves is well brought out in this poem. Many died through exhaustion and grief.

Note how vividly the scenery of Africa is described as the Poet tells us about the slave's dream.

in the mist and shadow of sleep the words "mist" and "shadow" suggest vagueness and darkness, and are very suitable in the description of a dream.

tinkling caravans bands of travellers whose camels sometimes wore bells which would tinkle as they moved

caffre Kaffir, a warlike and powerful African race

river-horse the hippopotamus.

Blast of the Desert the wind.

17. The Death of Paris

Many years had passed. The Greeks were still trying to capture Troy. Many of their bravest heroes had died, even the great Achilles and the brave Ajax. It seemed that they would never enter the city.

One of the Greeks was a famous soothsayer. His name was Calchas. He told his countrymen that they would never get possession of Troy until one of their heroes, whom they had left behind, came to their aid. This was Philoctetes. He had been bitten by a snake when the Greeks were offering a sacrifice. Not being able to stand the pain, he moaned aloud during the sacrifice. This was considered a bad omen. The Greeks, therefore, had waited till he fell asleep, and had left him alone on an island with a small supply of food and his bow and arrows.

After hearing what Calchas had said, some of the Greeks sailed to the island and brought the hero back.

He was the best archer in the Greek army, and the arrows he used had been given to his father by a famous warrior. A wound inflicted by these arrows was deadly because they had been dipped in the gall of the Hydra.

Cheered by the presence of Philoctetes, the Greeks once more attacked Troy. The Trojans, as usual, stoutly defended their walls. In one of their attacks, Paris, who was their best archer, came face to face with Philoctetes. The Greek was quick to act. Soon an arrow sped from his bow and Paris was wounded in the hand. In an instant another arrow followed. Down fell Paris in great pain. His wounds could be healed by no physician. There was only one who could do so, a woman. She was C  none, whom Paris had loved and whom he had deserted for Helen. Though he was in great agony, Paris travelled to Mount Ida where C  none lived, a lonely, sorrowful woman. She looked at Paris in anger and refused to help him. Paris started back for Troy, but before he had left Mount Ida he died.

Ajax another of the famous Greek heroes. He fought with Hector. After a severe struggle, neither could claim a victory. He was sent by Agamemnon to Achilles when the latter quarrelled with the Greek leader and refused to fight for the Greeks. He fought over the body of Patroclus and saved it from being carried off by the Trojans. After the death of Achilles, Ajax claimed his armour. Because it was given to Ulysses and not to him, he grew mad with anger and killed himself.

WORDS AND MEANINGS.—

soothsayer a fortune-teller.

omen sign.

Hydra, a monster with seven heads which grew again when cut off. It was destroyed by Hercules. Arrows dipped in its gall or bile were poisoned.

stoutly bravely.

deserted left, given up.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

stand the strain of, a good omen, cheered by the presence of; face to face with, desert a place, start for

FOR ORAL WORK —

Who was Philoctetes? Why had he been deserted?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

What did Calchas advise the Greeks to do? How did Philoctetes help the Greeks?

18. The Wreck of the "Hesperus"

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main:
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“ Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring ;
O say, what may it be ?”
“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !”
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father ! I hear the sound of guns ;
O say, what may it be ?”
“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !”

"O father! I see a gleaming light;
 O say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face to the skies;
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
 On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks they gored her side,
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board ;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank, —
 Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day-break on the bleak sea-beach
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a 'drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes ;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
 On the billows fall and rise

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow !
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe !

H. W. Longfellow.

veering flaw gusts of wind that changed their direction frequently, a bad sign for ships.

What advice did the old sailor give his captain ? Was the advice followed ? What did the captain do when the storm struck his vessel ?

The poet compares the ship to

- (1) a frightened steed
- (2) a sheeted ghost

What figure of speech are these lines examples of —

- (1) The cruel rocks they gored her side,
 'Like the horns of an angry bull.
- (2) And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

What did the fisherman see on the morning after the storm ?

19. The Golden Fleece

King Aeson had long ruled over the kingdom of Thessaly. Being old, and tired of the cares of government, he gave up his crown to his brother, Pelias, on condition that he should rule only till Jason, the son of Aeson, grew to manhood.

When Jason came to claim the throne, Pelias pretended to be willing to yield it, but advised the young man to win honour and fame first, by going in quest of the Golden Fleece which was in the kingdom of Colchis, and which many had tried to take away without success. He told Jason that if he succeeded in bringing back the Golden Fleece, he could ascend the throne as the most renowned king of his time. Pelias hoped that Jason would be slain by the terrible dragon that guarded the Golden Fleece.

Jason was young and brave. The thought of travel and adventure pleased him. He immediately employed Argus to build him a boat large enough for fifty men. Argus did his work well, and the vessel was named the Argo, after its builder.

Jason invited the young men of Greece to join him, and soon found himself at the head of fifty heroes among whom were Hercules, Orpheus, Theseus, and Nestor. All of these were destined to become famous. Jason and his companions were called the Argonauts.

The Argo with her crew of brave, young men, sailed from Thessaly and dropped anchor off the coast

of Thrace Here Jason met the wise old man, Phineus, whose advice was of great value to the Argonauts. He told them how to avoid the Clashing Islands at the entrance of the Euxine sea. They followed his advice, got safely through the narrow strait leading to the Euxine, sailed along the eastern shore of the sea, and landed at the kingdom of Colchis.

The king of Colchis promised to give up the Golden Fleece if Jason would yoke to the plough two fire-breathing bulls and sow the teeth of a dragon which Cadmus had slain. It was said that these would yield a crop of armed men, and the king was certain that Jason would be killed by them, if he escaped the fury of the bulls.

Jason undertook the task. He had heard of Medea, the king's daughter, and of her great power as a sorceress. Before the altar of Hecate, he promised to marry her if she helped him. Medea was won over, and she gave Jason a charm to protect him from the anger of the bulls and the weapons of the armed men.

Great crowds gathered in the grove of Mars to watch Jason at his task. The bulls were set free. They rushed at Jason breathing fire which burned up the grass as they advanced. The burning breath did not affect Jason. He spoke gently to the fierce animals, stroked their powerful necks with his hand, and quickly slipping the yoke over their heads, forced them to drag the plough. His companions shouted for joy, while the king and the Colchians stood dumb with amazement. Jason now began to sow the dragon's teeth. Soon a crop of armed men sprang up and rushed at him. The Greeks trembled, and even Medea grew pale. Jason

kept cool. When he found that his enemies were too many for him, he threw a stone amongst them. They foolishly blamed one another for throwing the stone, quarrelled among themselves, and soon not one was left alive.

Jason next approached the dragon that guarded the fleece. He scattered around it a few drops of a mixture that Medea had given him. The very smell put the dragon to sleep. Jason seized the fleece, called to his companions to follow him, and leading Medea by the hand, walked straight for the shore where the *Argo* lay. Before the king could recover from his surprise, the vessel had left the shores of Colchis.

Jason and his band reached Thessaly in due course, and our hero presented the Golden Fleece to Pelias. Now the wicked king had to give up his throne, and Jason ruled over Thessaly.

Adapted.

Thessaly a province on the east coast of Greece, along the Gulf of Salonica.

The Golden Fleece the fleece of the famous ram, Chrysomallus. It was placed on a tree at Colchis and was (guarded) by the dragon. The ram had been given to Nephele, wife of Athamas, when she wanted to send away her children because she feared they would suffer at the hands of the second wife of Athamas. The two children were Phryxus and his sister, Helle. They were carried in the air by the ram, but when crossing a narrow strait Helle fell into the water. The strait was therefore called Hellespont (now called the Dardanelles). The ram reached Colchis, on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, and the King, Aetes, received Phryxus kindly. The boy sacrificed the ram to Jupiter and then made a present of the Golden Fleece to Aetes, who had it tied to a tree in a sacred grove, and took care to have it carefully guarded by the powerful sleepless dragon.

King Aeson of Thessaly was related to King Athamas. Therefore, when Pelias was on the throne, he told Jason that the Golden Fleece was the property of their family, and tempted him to go in search of it.

The story of the Golden Fleece is an ancient legend, and is probably only the tale of one of the earliest sea expeditions

Hercules the son of Jupiter. He was famous for his great strength and wonderful feats, especially his "twelve labours."

Orpheus famous for his music Apollo gave him a lyre on which he played so sweetly that all nature listened to him, even the rocks and trees.

Theseus the brave young man who Killed the Minotour, a cruel monster. The story is told you in Lesson 39

Nestor the oldest of the Greek warriors who took part in the siege of Troy. He was the grandson of Neptune, the sea-god, and became King of Pylos.

the Eurme another name for the Black Sea.

Cadmus founder of the Greek city, Thebes His sister had been carried off by Jupiter, and Cadmus journeyed to many lands in search of her.

Hecate . the goddess of magic. She was a daughter of Jupiter and was often represented with three heads.

Mars the god of war.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES .—

on condition that ; go in quest of ; at the head of , drop anchor , dumb with amazement , recover from.

FOR ORAL WORK —

How did Medea help Jason ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

What happened when Jason began to sow the dragon's teeth ? What did Jason do ?

20. "Angel Spirits of Sleep"

ANGEL spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair,
In your meadows fair
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scattered dream :

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no^rmore
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light ?

ROBERT BRIDGES.

This is a poem of mystery. It takes us into Fairyland. We see the fairies dancing by the stream, in the moonlight, and the Poet speaks to them. What does he ask them ?

Why does the Poet repeat the expression "white-robed."

The reflection of the moonlight on the stream is well compared to "a scattered dream" Why "scattered" ?

weir : a dam across a stream for supplying water to a mill or for

21. King Robert of Sicily

Long, long ago there ruled, in the island of Sicily, a King named Robert. He had come from Normandy, and, like the great Norman Conqueror whom you read of in history, he was as proud as he was brave. In fact, his pride led him so far as to think himself equal to God.

As he sat in the cathedral, one day, during service, he listened to a hymn that was being sung. The words of the hymn displeased him. They were: "God has deprived the proud of their power, and has raised the humble to greatness."

"Who dare say that?" shouted King Robert; "Know ye that there is no power greater than mine, and that none can deprive me of my power." After this he listened no more to the hymn, and while the service continued, the proud King fell asleep. None of his attendants would attempt to wake him up at the end of the service; they soon grew tired of waiting for him, and went back to the palace.

It was night when the King awoke. The cathedral was in darkness, nobody else was there. He shouted for his attendants. There was no reply. The echo of his own voice was all the answer he got, and as it grew louder the more he shouted, it seemed to be mocking him. He groped his way towards the door. After some time he reached it, only to find it locked, and barred outside. He shouted again, and hammered at the door with his fists till his hands were (bruised) and

swollen, but all to no avail. He was caught like a rat in a trap.

By day King Robert feared nothing. But now, alone, in darkness, shut inside a great building where many men lay buried and whose spirits seemed to be laughing at him? He was mad with terror. The noise he made at last woke up the sexton, who came, lantern in hand, to the door.

"Who is there?" shouted the sexton, thinking a gang of thieves had entered the building. "It is I, the King," answered King Robert; "Open the door at once." Naturally the sexton did not believe what he heard. "This is some drunken fool," thought he, "or a clever thief." But the knocking at the door grew louder and louder as the King got more and more angry at the delay. So the sexton opened the door. He saw, to his surprise, not an angry King, but a half-naked, dirty and mad-looking beggar who rushed past him and seemed to be making straight for the palace. Straight to the palace the King ran, across the courtyard, through the rooms, and into the great hall where the nobles and officers of high rank sat at dinner. Everyone stared at the strange, wild-looking figure. The King was angry, but his astonishment at what he saw held him speechless. For there, in front of his eyes, at the head of the table, in his own state chair, sat a King resembling him in every detail of features and of dress. Which rogue could have taken his place so quickly?

•

Indeed, this was no rogue, but an Angel sent by God to teach the King a lesson that he badly needed, the lesson, namely, that no man can be more powerful than God. The Angel spoke now, in a clear, sweet voice.

"Who is this poor man, and why has he come here?" he asked. "I am King Robert," answered the King, "Get up from my chair and give me my rightful place." "This unfortunate fellow is mad," replied the Angel. Again did King Robert shout, "I tell you I am the King. I shall punish you and all here very severely, if I am not obeyed immediately. You, Nobles, take that pretender away, and bow before me, your King." This was too much for the nobles. They rushed at King Robert and would have cut him down with their swords, had not the Angel come to his rescue. "Leave the man alone," said he, "he means he is the King's jester. From now, therefore, he shall be my fool and shall be dressed accordingly." The poor King was pushed out of the hall with much laughter and merriment, and was forced to put on a clown's suit. He had to live in a stable, with a monkey to keep him company.

Years passed. The Angel ruled so well that all praised him, and there was peace and plenty in the island. Soon the Pope of Rome, who was King Robert's brother heard of the wise rule in Sicily, and wished to see the King. He sent another brother of his, Valmond, Emperor of the Germans, to the court of Sicily to ask the King to come to Rome. The Angel went, therefore, with his brilliant train of nobles and soldiers, and with his jester..

The Pope received them kindly, and was about to congratulate the Angel on his good rule, when the jester rushed to the Papal throne and shouted, "I am King Robert. Do you not know your own brother, Robert of Sicily? This man is a common rogue." The Pope was troubled in mind. The man did look like his brother, Robert, even more so than the Angel who

looked nobler and better than Robert. But Valmond had no doubts. "This is a good joke," said he, "to have a jester that resembles you!" The Angel smiled but said nothing.

Easter came with all its ceremonies and festivities. Rome was at its best. The people thronged the great churches, and, after service, went home to enjoy the customary feast. Only one man was unhappy. This was King Robert, who lay in the stable, among the horses, on a bed of straw. But a great change was taking place in him. His helplessness had forced him to realise that he was not all powerful. He slowly acknowledged to himself that, if God could do so much, He must be all powerful. Humility gradually took the place of pride in King Robert's soul. He asked God to forgive him.

The Angel and Valmond bade the Pope good-bye after a few days, and soon King Robert found himself in Sicily. As he sat alone in the stable, one evening, the Angel walked up to him and said, "Do you still say you are the King?" "Truly," said King Robert, "I do not know. You know best. Let me go away and live like a poor man. I shall try to serve God better, though I am poor."

The Angel smiled, and a bright light seemed to flood the place. King Robert jumped to his feet in wonder, and heard, as from a distance, the voice of the Angel saying, "I am an Angel. You are the King." King Robert now found that he was alone! Nor was he dressed like a fool, but in his royal robes. And when the nobles, who had been searching for their King all over the palace, came to the stable, they found

him kneeling on the ground, praying to God and thanking Him for His mercy.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

Norman Conqueror William, Duke of Normandy, who invaded England, defeated Herald at the battle of Hastings in 1066, and became King of England.

cathedral . the principal church in a diocese or district.

groped . made his way by feeling in the dark.

avail . use, profit, advantage.

sexton an under officer in a church.

courtyard . an enclosed space in front of a building.

jester . clown.

Pope the head, or chief bishop, of the Roman Catholic Church.

train a group of attendants.

congratulate to express one's joy to somebody on hearing of his having done something worthy of praise.

thronged crowded.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES.—

to lead one to think, to raise to power, to deprive one of, to mock ;
to grope one's way, to no avail, to make for ; to be held speechless,
to be too much for ; to keep company with ; to congratulate a person
on, to throng a place ; to flood a place.

FOR ORAL WORK :—

Why was King Robert punished ? Why was he allowed to be King again ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK :—

State what happened to King Robert when he ran back to his palace after he awoke from his sleep.

22. The Minstrel Boy

THE Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
“ Land of Song ! ” said the warrior bard,
“ Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee ! ”

The Minstrel fell. But the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under ;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder ;
And said : “ No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery !
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery ! ”

THOMAS MOORE.

No better song of patriotism and love of freedom has ever been written than this. The Poet is thinking of the time when Ireland was free, and ruled by her own Kings.

the ranks of death : among the soldiers on the battle-field where so many are meeting death.

the warrior bard. the minstrel who not only played on his harp to cheer his companions, but fought by their side.

Why did the minstrel destroy his harp ?

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

wise (here means) way, manner.

stumped walked (using his wooden stump which now served him as a leg)

clothes horse a wooden stand on which clothes are hung

trestle a frame to support anything.

displayed showed, exhibited

ballads songs.

contrived made.

furled closed, shut

unwholesomely unhealthily.

forced ripened.

lettuce a vegetable, the leaves of which are large and much valued as food.

crispness (here means) tenderness.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES

pick up a living, offer for sale, at one's post, in a double sense.

Notice how many details Dickens gives us about the man he describes.

A man selling his wares on the road-side, with his tray in front of him, is a common sight in India. Write a paragraph about one you have seen doing so, stating what articles he had, and how he arranged them.

24. Lochinvar

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

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

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brides-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread ye a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,

And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and
plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by
far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like Lochinvar ?

SIR W. SCOTT.

This is a poem of action. You can hear the beat of the horse's hoofs
as you read the lines.

Border · between England and Scotland

Eske a river that rises in the Cheviot Hills on the Border

galliard , a Spanish dance.

craven . cowardly.

Solway · the Solway Firth.

scaur a scar or cliff.

Write about ten lines relating how Lochinvar won his bride.

25. An Exploit of Wallace

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace, when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends. His object was to try what his presence might do (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded, first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was

the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body and successful piracies

It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations like one of the ancient Norse sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag, which he had now hoisted.

“I will clear the narrow seas of this rover,” said Wallace.

Then, calling some ten or twelve of his own followers, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, upon pain of death, so to steer, that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst.

Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran alongside that of the *Champion*, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout as if victory had already been secured.

But the armed Scots started up at once, and the rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure, even when they were opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them. Such was their fury that the others suspended thier own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs.

The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this also he was foiled.

They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, the Frenchman, however, fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from the pirate's eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was able to ask for quarter only by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely hand-

led The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel, and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbour, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the rover's colours, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward; horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honour of knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a fierce battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was regarded as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

expelled . driven out.

auxiliary : [literally means "helping"]. Its meaning here may be given as "additional", "supporting" or "supplementary."

apprehension . fear.

dismay . great distress.

earing (down) . sailing quickly towards.

boarding forcing their way on board another vessel.

rover pirate.

dominion . rule, power.

intimate make known.

grappling irons an instrument with four or more iron claws to hold fast to the side of a boat.

suspended stopped, ceased for the time.

grapple struggle.

fouled prevented, defeated.

gorget a piece of armour to protect the neck.

compressed squeezed.

quarter mercy.

prows strength.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

induce someone to , with alarm in his countenance , clear a place of ; give instructions to ; upon pain of death , engaged with, close with (an opponent) ; ask for quarter.

Sir William Wallace the memory of this famous warrior is still revered in his native country, Scotland, and his exploits form the subject of many songs of the minstrels and popular traditions. While a young man, he slew the son of the English Governor of Dundee, in a duel, and fled to the mountains where he became the chief of a band of adventurers. As his force increased he determined to free Scotland from English rule. His victory at Stirling, his struggle with Edward I, and his execution are well known facts of history.

Norse sea-Kings the pirates of Norway and Denmark who frequently attacked the English coast.

Scottish Lion . the Royal Standard (flag) of Scotland.

26. The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With many sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

We naturally pity a blind boy. All the beautiful sights of this world are lost to him. the sky at sunrise or sunset, the river with its shady banks, the brightly coloured flowers and birds, the grand cities and palaces built by man, and so many other sights that we feast our eyes on. But the blind boy, in the poem, tells us that he is quite happy. What reasons does he give us ?

I feel him warm, but how can he

Or make it day or night ?

What figure of speech do you notice in the above lines ? Note the use of " Or.....or ", in poetry, to mean " Either... ..or."

"Wondrous" (wonderful) and "hapless" (unfortunate) are adjectival forms common in poetry.

27. Some Adventures of Robert Bruce

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the King with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation, Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English Earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving

round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the King divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two. Then John of Lorn knew that the King must be in that party; so he made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The King saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves in different ways, thinking thus the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little time, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast, that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The King asked his companion

what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. They were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the 'cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that, that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length, they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, 'Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers.' Accordingly the King and his attendant walked a great way down the stream taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore [on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meantime, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the King went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that running water cannot retain the scent of a man's feet like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase, and returned to join Aymer de Valence.

King Robert's foster-brother and he had now rested themselves in the wood, but they had had no food, and

were extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which seemed to have been just stolen.

They saluted the King civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered they were in search of Robert Bruce, intending to join him. The king told them that if they would go with him, he would lead them where the Scottish King was staying.

Then the man who had spoken, changed countenance; and Bruce who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffians guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, 'My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us and we will follow close behind you.'

'You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us,' answered the man.

'Neither do I suspect any,' said Bruce; 'but this is the way in which I choose to travel.'

The man did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying.

The King was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself

and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the King and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But, first he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and he did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also; for he had undergone as much fatigue as the King.

When the three villains saw the King and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose of killing them both. But the King slept but lightly, and, for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by 'it, and starting up, drew his sword and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the King, killed him with a stroke of his sword.

The King was now alone, one man against three and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armour which he wore, freed

him once more from his peril, and he killed the three men one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and went anxiously towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion.

It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old, true hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The King answered he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country

“All travellers,” answered the good woman, “are welcome here, for the sake of one.”

“And who is that one,” said the King, “for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?”

“It is our rightful King, Robert the Bruce,” answered the mistress, “who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him King over all Scotland.”

“Since you love him so well, dame,” said the King, “know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce.”

“You!” said the good woman, in great surprise; “and wherefore are you thus alone? where are all your men?”

“I have none with me at this moment,” answered Bruce, “and therefore I must travel alone.”

“But that shall not be,” said the brave old dame; “for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death.”

So she brought her two sons, and although she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the King; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

(From "*Tales of a Grandfather*")

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

oppressed . overcame, defeated

pursuit . chase.

disperse scatter.

foster-brother . adopted, brought up as a child of the family.

snuffed (also sniffed) smelt the ground to get the scent of Bruce's footsteps.

desperate . frantic, very excited and determined, because of their greater danger.

fatigued tired, exhausted [when used as a noun it means "exertion"].

unhappy unlucky (because it was about to bring bad luck to them).

wade walk (in the water).

habitation . house, dwelling.

saluted . greeted.

proposed said that they intended

insisted said with firmness and determination.

quarter leg.

stout : brave, strong.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES .—

follow the trail of, must needs, turned on (attacked), at fault; in fault; change countenance, propose to; insist on; partake of, for all (in spite of), exposed to

FOR ORAL WORK .—

How did Bruce escape from his pursuers?

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Give, in your own words, a brief account of Bruce's adventure in the "waste and ruinous cottage."

The Bruce Bruce is also spoken of as "the Bruce" because his name was "de Bruce." The first Robert de Bruce was a Norman noble and follower of William the Conqueror. Bruce claimed royal descent through the fourth Robert de Bruce who married a daughter of William the Lion, King of Scotland, and the fifth de Bruce who married a niece of David, Earl of Huntingdon, who became King later.

28. Queen Mab

THIS is Mab, the mistress Fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can help or hurt the churning,
As she please without discerning.

She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth old wives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

She can start our franklin's daughters,
In their sleep, with shrieks and laughters;
And on sweet St. Anna's night
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers

BEN JONSON.

It was an old belief that fairies had a great deal to do with our affairs. Many of the stories you have read, have told you either of the good fairy helping someone in trouble, or of the bad fairy doing harm to somebody.

In this poem, we are told of the tricks played by Mab, the Mistress of the Fairies, on human beings. You will notice that she is a great tease. Her fondness for mischief, however, is not without its use, because lazy people suffer most by her tricks and they are more careful to do their work better.

without discerning without our being able to find out who is helping or spoiling the churning.

wenches girls.

remembers does not forget to punish them.

rake gather or collect (with a rake, an instrument for removing the ashes from the burning pieces of coal.)

tester : a sixpence

trains leads

franklin farmer.

St. Anna's night the night before St. Anne's feast (Feb. 3) was supposed to be the time when maidens would dream of their lovers. If a maiden saw her lover in her dream that night, it was taken to be a sign that she would marry him.

feed them please them by promising that they would see their lovers the next day.

discovers . turns out to be.

Titania is another name by which the Fairy Queen is known, and the Fairy King's name is Oberon. Their messenger, Puck, is also very mischievous. Read the story of the play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", by Shakespeare, and write an account of Puck and his doings.

29. The Amusements of a Scottish King

KING James V of Scotland, like his father James IV, had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV, his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

When James V travelled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the attendant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer was killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen, that being the name of the district in which

the castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying that the Laird of Arnpryor was at dinner and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the King, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gipsies or other vagrants and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cramond: so the King got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the scuffle, and seeing one man defending himself against

numbers, gallantly took the King's part with his flail' to such good purpose that the gipsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the King into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the King asked his companion what and who he was. The labourer answered that his name was John Howieson, and that he was a bondsman on the farm of Braehead, near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified: and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a labourer. He then asked the King, in turn, who he was; and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he added, that if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavour to repay his manful assistance, and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and appearing at a postern gate of the palace, enquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The King had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The King, still preserving the character of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At

length, James asked his visitor if he should like to see the King ; to which John replied, nothing would delight him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the King would not be angry. ' But, ' said John, ' how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him ? ' ' Easily, ' replied his companion ; ' all the others will be uncovered—the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet. '

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened, and drew close to his attendant ; but was still unable to distinguish the King. ' I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat, ' said the conductor ' Then, ' said John, after he had again looked around the room, ' it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bare-headed. '

The King laughed at John's fancy ; and that the good yeoman might have occasions for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson, or his successors, should be ready to present an ewer and basin for the King to wash his hands, when His Majesty should come to Holyrood Palace, or should pass the bridge of Cramond. Accordingly, in the year 1822, when George IV came to Scotland, the descendant of John Howieson of Braehead, who still possesses the estate which was given to his ancestor, appeared at a solemn festival, and offered His Majesty water from a silver ewer, that he might perform the service by which he held his lands.

(From "*Tales of a Grandfather*")

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

avowed openly shown, declared.

befell , happened to.

victuals food.

expostulations complaints, objections

insolently impertinently, disrespectfully.

sentinel guard.

grim fierce and determined.

intercepted took while it was on its way to another place.

scuffle fight.

flail a wooden instrument for threshing corn.

bondsman one who had to serve without wages.

manful , manly, brave.

ewer . a pitcher or vessel for holding water.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

partake of , short of , expostulate with , intercept a message , gratify a wish.

ORAL WORK .—

Why was Buchanan called the King of Kippen ?

WRITTEN WORK —

Say how John Howieson was rewarded by James V.

30. 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 over-powered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

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.

Methought from the battle-field'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.

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.

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 times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness 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

sang truce sounded a truce—a pause or lull in the fighting.

lowered descended, had come down.

sentinel stars a Metaphor—the stars are spoken of as sentinels guarding their posts, and therefore on the watch.

overpowered . overcome by fatigue.

pallet : bed.

wolf-scaring faggot . lighted brands to frighten away wolves from the bodies of the slain.

array battle-line.

life's morning march : another Metaphor—the remaining words of the line explain its meaning. Youth is the morning of life.

fulness : joy, gladness.

fain : very willing, very inclined (to stay).

the voice in my dreaming ear . the voice I heard in my dream.

The poet gives us two pictures : 1) the battlefield at night. 2) the soldier's home. Note the details he gives us in each picture.

31. Regulus—A Typical Roman

The first wars that the Romans engaged in beyond the bounds of Italy were with the Carthaginians. This race came from Tyre and Zidon. They were excellent sailors and great merchants, trading with every known country, and living in great riches and splendour at their grand city, Carthage, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean.

The first dispute between Rome and Carthage was about their possessions in the island of Sicily; and the war thus begun had lasted eight years, when it was resolved by the Romans to send an army to fight the Carthaginians on their own shores. The army and fleet were placed under the command of the two consuls Lucius Manlius and Marcus Atilius Regulus. On the way there was a great sea-fight with the Carthaginian fleet, and this was the first naval battle that the Romans ever gained. It made the way to Africa free; but the soldiers who had never been so far from home before, murmured; for they expected to meet not only human enemies, but monstrous serpents, lions, elephants, asses with horns, and dog-headed monsters, to have a scorching sun overhead, and a noisome marsh under their feet. However, Regulus sternly put a stop to all murmurs, by making it known that disaffection would be punished by death, and the army safely landed, and set up a fortification at Clypea and plundered the whole country round. Orders here came from Rome that Manlius should return thither, but that

Regulus should remain to carry on the war. This was a great grief to him. He was a very poor man, with nothing of his own but a little farm of seven acres and the person whom he had employed to cultivate it had died in his absence ; a hired labourer had undertaken the care of it, but had been unfaithful, and had run away with his tools and his cattle ; so that he was afraid that, unless he could return quickly, his wife and children would starve. However, the Senate engaged to provide for his family, and he remained, making expeditions into the country round, in the course of which the Romans really did fall in with a serpent, as monstrous as their imagination had depicted. It was said to be 120 feet long, and dwelt upon the banks of the river Bagrada, where it used to devour the Roman soldiers as they went to fetch water. It had such tough scales that they were obliged to attack it with their engines meant for battering city walls, and only succeeded with much difficulty in destroying it.

The country was very lovely, covered with fertile cornfields, and full of rich fruit-trees ; and all the rich Carthaginians had country-houses and gardens, which were made delicious with fountains, trees, and flowers. The Roman soldiers, plain, hardy, fierce and pitiless, did, it must be feared, cruel damage among these peaceful scenes ; they boasted of having sacked 300 villages, and mercy was not yet known to them. The Carthaginian army, though strong in horsemen and in elephants, kept on the hills and did nothing to save the country, and the wild desert tribes of Numidians came rushing in to plunder what the Romans had left. The Carthaginians sent to offer terms of peace ; but Regulus, who had become conceited by his conquests, made such

demands, that the messengers remonstrated. He answered, "Men who are good for anything should either conquer or submit to their betters"; and he sent them rudely away, like the stern old Roman that he was. His merit was that he had no more mercy on himself than on others.

The Carthaginians had sent, in their distress, to hire soldiers in Greece, and with these came a Spartan, named Xanthippus, who at once took the command, and led the army out to battle, with a long line of elephants ranged in front of them and with clouds of horsemen hovering on the wings. The Romans had not yet learnt the best mode of fighting with elephants, namely, to leave lanes in their columns where the huge beasts might advance harmlessly; instead of which the ranks were thrust and trampled down by the creatures' bulk and they suffered a terrible defeat; Regulus himself was seized by the horsemen, and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night, and testified their thanks to Moloch by offering in his fires the bravest of their captives.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of those victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness, while in the meantime the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoy, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of

prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself, for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city, and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave, and the Senate may not give audience to a stranger within the walls."

His wife Marcia ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come into them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task, "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you, concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." Then he turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friend pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator who had been twice consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, he remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her ad-

vantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and strength; whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again. And indeed he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to the Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself, and their chief priest came forward, and declared that as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonour me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman; I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him; they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain, but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year B. C. 249.

"Let the gods take care of the rest." said the Roman, the gods whom alone he knew, and through

whom he worshipped the true God. The Senate, after the next victory, gave two Carthaginian generals to his wife and sons to hold as pledges for his good treatment : but when tidings arrived that Regulus was dead, Marcia began to treat them both with savage cruelty, though one of them assured her that he had been careful to have her husband well used. Horrible stories were told that Regulus had been put out in the sun with his eyelids cut off, rolled down a hill in a barrel with spikes, killed by being constantly kept awake or else crucified. Marcia seems to have set about, and perhaps believed in these horrors, and avenged them on her unhappy captives till one died, and the Senate sent for her sons and severely reprimanded them. They declared it was their mother's doing, not theirs, and thenceforth were careful of the comfort of the remaining prisoner.

It may thus be hoped that the frightful tale of Regulus's suffering was but formed by report acting on the fancy of a vindictive woman, and that Regulus was permitted to die in peace of the disease brought on far more probably by the climate and imprisonment, than by the poison to which he ascribed it. It is not the tortures he may have endured that make him one of the noblest characters of history, but the resolution that he would neither save himself at the risk of his country's prosperity, nor forfeit the word that he had pledged.

(From "A Book of Golden Deeds")

C. M. YONGE

WORDS AND MEANINGS.—

consuls : the name given to the two chief magistrates in the Roman Republic.

murmured complained.

noisome stinking.

disaffection . grumbling and disloyalty.

expeditions . marches (with the object of attacking).

depicted described, represented, portrayed.

engines , instruments, machines (battering rams, used by the Romans to knock down fort walls, are here meant. A battering ram was a huge beam with an iron head resembling that of a ram. It was hung from a wooden framework and was swung with great force against the wall.)

conceited proud.

remonstrated . complained, objected.

hovering . moving close by, lingering near.

Moloch a god of the ancient Semitic peoples, like the Phœnicians Ammonites etc. His worship consisted of burnt-offerings of human victims.

grieving . sorrowing.

envoy . messenger sent to arrange a treaty.

barbarian a savage, an uncivilized man [The Romans called all foreigners barbarians.]

Senate the Council or Assembly of Rome that passed laws for the state

Campagna . the name given to a large plain south of Rome.

deliberations discussions.

degrade lower, disgrace.

dignity high office.

preparing being prepared.

infamous ; base, dishonourable, ignoble.

set about . started doing (something in revenge)

reprimanded . found fault with, blamed, reprove

vindictive revengeful.

ascribed it ; said it was due ; imputed it , assign

resolution determination.

forfeit . break.

word : promise.

pledged . solemnly given

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

Resolve that , murmur at , put a stop to , make an expedition ; fall in with ; care for , in spite of all entreaty , degrade oneself , plead for ; set about , at the risk of , pledge one's word.

FOR ORAL WORK :—

Say how Regulus came to be a prisoner at Carthage.

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Write the story of any other brave man, of whom you have read, who, like Regulus, sacrificed his life for the welfare of his country.

32. 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.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet, fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained 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.

..... ..CAMPBELL

The poem tells us of a battle fought, in 1800, between the Austrians and the French under General Moreau. The Austrians were severely defeated, but the slaughter on both sides was very great.

Note the series of pictures that the poet brings before our eyes (1) a dark winter evening, the snow looking all the whiter on account of

the surrounding darkness, while the waters of the river, Iser, have a dull, gloomy appearance. (2) the gathering of the troops at night, the terrible cannonade, the glare of which pierces the darkness, and the furious cavalry charges—a dreadful scene of darkness and bloodshed. (3) the battle continues the next morning, the clouds of smoke hide the combatants. (4) after the battle, the silence of death and the snow-covered bodies of the slain.

The Iser also spelt Isar, a tributary of the Danube, flows near the village of Hohenlinden.

Note the figures of speech in the following.

(1) fires of death (2) their sulphurous canopy (3) Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!

33. The Fifth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor

When I returned from the fourth voyage, and gave myself up to sport and merriment and joy, I quite forgot all the miseries I had suffered and the perils in which I had been placed. I remembered only the gain and profit I had obtained and once more resolved to travel abroad. So I bought valuable goods, packed them up in bales, and departed from Bagdad to Basra.

Walking along the bank of the Euphrates, which flowed by the city, I saw a fine, lofty ship, and, much pleased with it, lost no time in purchasing it, and placed my goods in it. Then there came to me a company of merchants, who paid me to carry their goods also.

We set sail in the utmost joy and happiness, expecting a safe and profitable voyage, and went from island to island, and from sea to sea, selling and buying wher-

ever we landed. This we continued to do until we arrived one day at a large island. There was no human being upon it; but we saw a white dome, of great bulk. Some of the merchants landed there to amuse themselves with a sight of it; and lo, it was the huge egg of a roc!

The merchants wantonly struck the dome with stones. Then it broke and a great quantity of liquid poured out, and finally the young roc appeared within it. So they took it forth from the shell, and killed it and got much meat from it.

While they were doing this, the sun became suddenly hidden, the day grew dark, and there came over us a cloud by which the sky was obscured. We looked up and saw that it was the wings of the parent bird that veiled from us the sun's light and darkened the sky. The roc descended and found, to its great grief, its egg broken and its young one cut open. It began to shriek. In an instant, its mate, the female bird, also came, and they flew in circles over the ship, crying out together at us with a noise louder than thunder. So I called out to the master and the sailors and bade them push off the vessel quickly to escape destruction. The master lost no time in weighing anchor, and we departed from the island. The rocs disappeared for a while, and then came back and overtook us; each carried a huge mass of rock in its claws. The male bird threw the rock upon us; but the dexterous master so cleverly steered the vessel that the rock fell into the sea and we narrowly escaped. But the other roc succeeded in dropping the stone right upon the stern of the ship and crushed it, so that all of us were thrown into the sea.

I luckily caught hold of a plank, and having got upon it, began to row with my feet, and the wind and the waves helped me forward. The vessel had sunk near an island and destiny took me to it. I landed on it, but I was almost dying from fatigue and distress and hunger and thirst. I then threw myself down upon the shore, and lay there a while until I felt at ease and my heart was calm. Then I walked about the island and saw that it looked like one of the gardens of Paradise. Its trees bore ripe delicious fruits, its rivers were full of clear crystal water, and its birds were warbling the praises of God. I ate a sufficient number of fruits, drank some water, and, like the birds, thanked God. I then sat down and took my rest till night approached. During the whole day I saw no human being and heard no human voice.

I slept without any interruption until morning. I then arose and walked among the trees; and I saw a little stream by which was seated an old man who was clad from the waist downwards with a covering made from the leaves of trees. I thought he was one of the ship-wrecked passengers, approached him, and saluted him. He returned the salutation by a sign, without speaking. I asked him why he was sitting there alone. He shook his head and sighed, and made a sign to me with his hand, as though he would say, 'Carry me upon your neck, and take me to the other side of the stream.' I felt pity for him and, advancing, put him upon my shoulder and carried him across. When I asked him to descend, he would not, but twisted his legs round my neck and urged me to move on. When I tried to throw him down from my shoulders, he pressed upon my neck with his feet and squeezed my throat, so that I fell upon

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR 91

the ground in a fit, like one dead. He then raised his legs, and kicked me upon my back and my shoulders. I had no choice but to rise with him. Keeping his feet tightly upon my shoulders, he made a sign to me that I should go in among the trees. When I disobeyed him, he kicked me till I did what he wanted. He directed me with his hand to every place to which he desired to go, and I could not but obey him. He never got down from my shoulders, night or day. When he wished to sleep, he would wind his legs around my neck and sleep a little. Then he would rise and kick me, forcing me to rise with him quickly.

I continued in this slavish condition long, and suffered so much that I earnestly prayed to God that I might die.

One day, I carried the old man to a place full of pumpkins, many of which were dry. I took a large pumpkin, opened its upper end, and having filled it with the juice of grapes, I blocked the hole and put it in the sun and left it for some days until the juice became pure wine. I then drank some quantity every day and helped myself to endure my fatigue.

Seeing me one day drinking, the old devil made a sign to me as if to ask what it was. I made him understand that it had the effect of invigorating the body. And presently, cheered by the drink, I ran with him and danced among the trees. I sang, clapped my hands, and was very merry. When the man thus found by experience that what I said was true, he asked me to hand him the pumpkin and I gave it to him. He drank all that remained and threw it away on the ground. He soon became intoxicated; all his limbs and the muscles

of his sides became relaxed, and he began to lean from side to side upon my shoulders. So I put my hands to his feet, and loosened them from my neck. Then I stooped with him, and sat down, and threw him upon the ground. I feared that he might arise from his intoxication more cruel than before. I therefore took a huge stone and struck him upon his head with all my strength while he was asleep, and succeeded in killing him.

After this, I walked about the island with a happy mind and came back to the place where I was before, on the shore of the sea. I lived in the island for some time, eating the fruits of which there were plenty, and drinking the water of its rivers, which was fresh and healthy. I was watching to see some vessel passing by and prayed to God to take me again to my country. And lo! a vessel approached and anchored at that island, and the passengers also landed there. When I went up to them, they enquired about me, and asked how I had come there. I told them all that had befallen me, and they listened to me with great wonder. They had heard of the Old Man of the Sea who rode upon my shoulders and wondered how I escaped from him. Then they gave me some food and clothing, and, after I had eaten, they took me with them to the ship.

We sailed several days and nights, and nothing worth mentioning happened during the time. We at last reached a city of lofty buildings, all the houses of which overlooked the sea. This city was called the City of the Apes; its inhabitants left their houses at sunset, embarked in boats and ships, and passed the nights upon the sea for fear of the apes which might come down upon them in the night from the mountains.

THE FIFTH VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR 93.

Curious about everything, I landed in this city and rambled about. In the meantime, the captain set sail and left me behind. I felt very sorry for having landed there, and kept weeping and moaning for some time. Just then, a kind man from the city advanced to me and said, 'You seem to be a stranger to this city.'

"Yes, Sir," I replied. "I am a stranger and a poor man. I was a passenger in a ship which anchored at this city and I landed to visit the city and add to my knowledge. When at last I returned to the sea-shore, I found the vessel had gone without me. I am thus left wretched."

"Arise and come with us," said he, "and get into the boat. If you stay here during the night, the apes will kill you."

So I went with him and his friends and embarked in the boat, and the sailors pushed off from the land to the distance of a mile. We stayed in the boat for the night and returned in the morning to the city.

Weeks passed in this way. One day, a certain charitable man approached me and asked me if I knew any art with which I might occupy myself. "No," said I, "I was a wealthy merchant and had a ship of my own laden with abundant goods; but it was wrecked in the sea and all that was in it sank. I escaped drowning by the grace of God."

The man pitied me and taught me an occupation. He gave me a cotton bag and said, "Fill this bag with pebbles from the city and go forth with a large party of men who usually go out from the city, and act exactly as they do. In a very short time, you will be able to gain plenty of money and return to your country."

I accordingly filled the bags with pebbles and joined a party to whom I was introduced by the kind man. We walked on and arrived at a wide valley full of lofty cocoanut trees which no one could climb. In that valley were many apes which, when they saw us, fled from us and climbed the trees. Then we began to pelt the apes with the stones and they in return plucked off the fruits of the trees and threw them at us. For my own part, I collected a great quantity of cocoanuts and returned with the party to the city. I then sold the cocoanuts at the market and lodged the money I thus obtained with my friend. The good man gave me a room in his house and permitted me to store up in it the cocoanuts I might every day collect. I did as he told me, and after some time sold all the cocoanuts for a large sum of money. I then bought a number of things for which I had a fancy, and still had much money and many cocoanuts left.

Time passed by and, one day, a vessel arrived at that city and cast anchor by the shore. The merchants on board sold their goods for cocoanuts.

So I went to my friend, informed him of the ship that had arrived, and told him of my desire to return home. He advised me to go. I thanked him for all his kindness to me and bade him farewell. Then I went to the ship, arranged with the master for my passage, and took on board the cocoanuts and other things that I had with me. The same day the vessel sat sail, and we continued our course from island to island. Wherever we landed, I sold or bartered some of my cocoanuts, and I now possessed much more than I ever had before. Once we came to an island full of cinnamon and pepper, and there I obtained a large quantity of these spices in ex-

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change for cocoanuts. Then, we came to the pearl-fisheries, where I got the divers, in return for some cocoanuts, to dive for me. And I was very lucky, for the divers brought me a great number of large and valuable pearls. We continued our voyage, until we arrived at Basra, where I landed and remained a short time.

From there, I went to the city of Bagdad, entered my quarters, and greeted my family and friends.

In a very short time, I sold all my goods and obtained a large amount of money. Feeling very thankful to God, I clothed orphans and widows liberally, and made generous presents to my kinsmen, near and distant, and to every one of my friends and acquaintances.

(From the Arabian Nights Entertainments),

ADAPTED.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

bales large bundles.

lofty large, with tall masts, high.

obscured hidden.

wantonly without reason, in pure mischief, just to amuse themselves

veiled hid, covered.

shriek cry out loudly and shrilly.

dexterous skilful.

stern the hind part of a ship.

destiny fate

fatigue exhaustion, weariness.

distress : misery, sorrow.

Paradise [a Persian word used by the translators of the old Testament of the Bible to mean the Garden of Eden.] The garden in which, according to the old Testament, Adam and Eve were placed.

delicious very tasty.

warbling : singing.

saluted : greeted.

endure bear, put up with.

invigorating : giving energy to ; refreshing.

intoxicated drunk.

relaxed . slack.

rambled wandered.

abundant a large amount or quantity of.

pelt hit.

bartered . exchanged

liberally freely, amply, generously.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

give oneself up to , in peril , weigh anchor , without interruption
could not but obey , introduced to , cast anchor , bid farewell to;
give liberally.

FOR ORAL WORK —

Say what you know of the Old Man of the Sea.

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

Write ten lines about what Sinbad did in the City of the Apes.

34. Lord Ullin's Daughter

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry ;
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry !"

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ? "

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"
And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy highland wight,
“ I'll go, my chief. I'm ready ;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And by my word the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
So, though the waves are ragin' white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste,” the lady cries,
“ Though tempest round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies
But not an angry father.”

The boat had left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her ;
When oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her !

And still they row'd amidst the roar,
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover,
One lovely hand she stretched for aid
And one was round her lover.

"Come back, come back," he cried in grief,
Across the stormy water,
"And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
My daughter, Oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore
Return or aid preventing,
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

chieftain the head of a Highland clan.

bound starting for, about to go to. [In modern English the idiom is bound for.]

tarry: wait.

silver pound a pound's weight in silver. [The sovereign is of later date than the silver pound.]

heather. a low shrub growing on waste lands. The Scottish moors are covered with heather.

bonny: a Scotch word used with various meanings. It here means "pretty".

wight a term applied to men of the lower classes, like peasants.

winsome attractive, pleasing, charming.

bird used here as a term of affection, instead of " lady " or " maiden ".

apace rapidly, quickly.

wraith spirit—[It was commonly believed that the water wraith or spirit shrieked before somebody's death To hear it was, therefore, a bad omen.]

scowl literally, an angry frown , here the dark, threatening sky is meant by " the scowl of heaven "

prevailing getting the better of them, rapidly sinking their boat.

dismayed terrified

shade : darkness.

Ulva a small island off the coast of Mull.

This is an old Scotch ballad, or love-story told in verse. Compare it with *Lochinvar*.

Note how love, haste, fear, and grief are all mingled in the poem.

What figure of speech are the following expressions examples of ?

(i) the scowl of heaven.

(ii) the loud waves lashed the shore.

35. The Story of Macbeth

There was once a King of Scotland called Duncan, a very good old man. He had two sons ; one was called Malcolm, and the other Donaldbane. But King Duncan was too old to lead out his army to battle, and his sons were too young to help him.

At this time Scotland, and indeed France and England, and all the other countries of Europe, were much harassed by the Danes. These were a very fierce, warlike people, who sailed from one place to another, and landed their armies on the coast, burning and destroying everything wherever they came.

When they came to countries where the inhabitants were cowardly, they took possession of the land, as the Saxons took possession of Britain. At other times they landed with their soldiers, took what spoil they could find, burned the houses, and then got on board, hoisted sail and away again. They did so much mischief that people prayed to God in the churches to deliver them from the rage of the Danes.

Now, it happened in King Duncan's time that a great fleet of these Danes came to Scotland and landed their men in Fife, and threatened to take possession of that province. So a numerous Scottish army was levied to go to fight against them. The King, as I told you was too old to command his army, and his sons were too young. He therefore sent out one of his near relations, who was called Macbeth. He was the son of Finel, who was Thane, as it was called, of Glamis. The governors of provinces were at that time, in Scotland, called thanes; they were afterwards termed earls.

This Macbeth, who was a brave soldier, put himself at the head of the Scottish army and marched against the Danes. And he carried with him a relation of his own, called Banquo, who was Thane of Lochaber, and was also a very brave man. So there was a great battle fought between the Danes and the Scots; and Macbeth and Banquo, the Scottish generals, defeated the Danes and drove them back to their ships, leaving a great many of their soldiers both killed and wounded. Then Macbeth and his army marched back to a town in the north of Scotland called Forres, rejoicing on account of their victory.

Now, there lived at this time three old women in the town of Forres, whom people looked upon as witches

who could tell what was to come to pass. Nobody would believe such folly nowadays, except ignorant creatures, such as those who consult gypsies in order to have their fortunes told ; but in those early times the people were much more ignorant, and even great men, like Macbeth, believed that persons like these witches of Forres, could foretell things, and listened to the nonsense they told them, as if the old women had really been prophetesses. The old women saw that they were respected and feared, so that they were tempted to impose upon people by pretending to tell what was to happen to them, and they got presents for doing so.

So the three old women went and stood by the way-side in a great moor or heath near Forres, and waited till Macbeth came up. And then, stepping before him as he was marching at the head of his soldiers, the first woman said, "All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, Thane of Glamis !" The second said, "All hail, Macbeth ; hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor !" Then the third wishing to pay him a higher compliment than the other two said, "All hail, Macbeth ! thou shalt be King of Scotland !" Macbeth was very surprised to hear them give him those titles ; and while he was wondering what they could mean, Banquo stepped forward and asked them whether they had nothing to tell about him as well. And they said that he would not be as great as Macbeth, but that, though he would never be a king, yet his children would succeed to the throne of Scotland and be kings for a great number of years. ,

Before Macbeth recovered from his surprise, there came a messenger to tell him that his father was dead, so that he had become Thane of Glamis by inheritance. And there came a second messenger, from the King to

thank Macbeth for the great victory over the Danes and tell him that the Thane of Cawdor had rebelled against the King, and that the King had taken his office from him, and had appointed Macbeth Thane of Cawdor as well as of Glamis. Thus, the two first old women seemed to be right in giving him those two titles. I daresay they knew something of the death of Macbeth's father, and that the government of Cawdor was intended for Macbeth, though he had not heard of it.

However, Macbeth seeing a part of their words had come true, began to think how he was to bring the rest to pass and make himself king, as well as Thane of Glamis and Cawdor. Now, Macbeth had a wife who was a very ambitious, wicked woman, and when she found out that her husband thought of raising himself up to be King of Scotland, she encouraged him in his wicked purpose by all the means in her power, and persuaded him that the only way to get possession of the crown was to kill the good old King Duncan.

Macbeth was very unwilling to commit so great a crime, for he knew what a good sovereign Duncan had been; and he recollected that he was his relation, and had been always very kind to him, and had entrusted him with the command of his army, and had bestowed on him the government or thanedom of Cawdor. But his wife continued telling him what a foolish, cowardly thing it was in him not to take the opportunity of making himself king, when it was in his power to gain what the witches promised him. So the wicked advice of his wife and the prophecy of the wretched old women at last brought Macbeth to think of murdering his king and his friend. The way in which he accomplished his crime made it still more abominable.

Macbeth invited Duncan to come to visit him at a great castle near Inverness, and the good King, who had no suspicions about his kinsman, accepted the invitation very willingly. Macbeth and his lady received the King and all his retinue with much appearance of joy, and made a great feast as a subject would do to make his king welcome. About the middle of the night the King desired to go to his apartment, and Macbeth conducted him to a fine room which had been prepared for him. Now, it was the custom in those barbarous times that, wherever the King slept, two armed men slept in the chamber in order to defend his person in case he should be attacked by anyone during the night. But the wicked Lady Macbeth had made these two watchmen drink a great deal of wine and, besides, put some drugs into the liquor, so that when they went to the King's apartment they both fell asleep, and slept so soundly that nothing could awaken them.

Then the cruel Macbeth came into King Duncan's bedroom about two in the morning. It was a terrible stormy night, but the noise of the wind and of the thunder did not awaken the King, for he was old and weary with his journey; neither could it awaken the two sentinels, who were stupefied with the liquor and the drugs they had swallowed. They all slept soundly. So Macbeth, having come into the room, stepped gently over the floor, and slew poor old King Duncan.

When Malcolm and Donaldbane, the two sons of the good King, saw their father slain within Macbeth's castle, they became afraid that they might be put to death likewise, and they fled from Scotland. Donald-

bane fled into some distant islands; but Malcolm, the eldest son of Duncan, went to the court of England, where he begged assistance from the English King to place him on the throne of Scotland as his father's successor.

In the meantime Macbeth took possession of the kingdom of Scotland, and thus all his wicked wishes seemed to have been fulfilled. But he was not happy. He began to reflect how wicked he had been in killing his friend and benefactor, and how some other person, as ambitious as he was himself, might do the same thing to him. He remembered, too, that the old women had said that the children of Banquo should succeed to the throne after his death, and therefore he concluded that Banquo might be tempted to conspire against him, as he had himself done against King Duncan. The wicked always think other people are as bad as themselves.

In order to prevent this supposed danger, Macbeth hired ruffians to watch in a wood where Banquo and his son, Fleance, sometimes used to walk in the evening, with instructions to attack them and kill both father and son. The villains did as they were ordered by Macbeth; but while they were killing Banquo, the boy Fleance escaped from their wicked hands, and fled from Scotland into Wales. And it is said that, long afterwards, his children came to possess the Scottish crown.

Macbeth was not the more happy that he had slain his brave friend and cousin, Banquo. He knew that men began to suspect the wicked deeds which he had done, and he was constantly afraid that some one would put him to death as he had done his old sovereign, or that Malcolm would obtain assistance from the King of

England and come to make war against him, and regain the Scottish throne. So, in this great perplexity of mind, he thought he would go to the old women, whose words had first put into his mind the desire to become a king.

We may suppose that he offered them presents, but that they were cunning enough to give him an answer which made him continue in the belief that they could prophecy what was to happen in the future. They told him that he should not be conquered, or lose the crown of Scotland, until a great forest, called Birnam Wood, should come to attack a strong castle, called Dunsinane which was situated on a hill and in which Macbeth commonly resided. Now, the hill of Dunsinane is upon one side of a great valley, and the forest of Birnam is upon the other. There is twelve miles' distance between them; and Macbeth thought it was impossible that the trees could ever come to the assault of the castle. He therefore resolved to fortify his castle very strongly, so that he would always be sure of a safe refuge. For this purpose he caused all his great nobility and thanes to send in stones and wood, and other things wanted in building, and to drag them with oxen up to the top of the steep hill.

Now, among other nobles who were obliged to send oxen and horses, and materials for this laborious work, was one called Macduff the Thane of Fife. Macbeth was afraid of this thane, for he was very powerful, and was accounted both brave and wise, and Macbeth thought he would most probably join Prince Malcolm if ever he should come from England with an army. The King, therefore, had a private hatred against the Thane of Fife, which he kept concealed from

all men, until he should have some opportunity of putting him to death, as he had done Duncan and Banquo. Macduff, on his part, kept upon his guard, and went to the King's court as seldom as he could, thinking himself never safe unless he was in his own castle of Kennoway, which is on the coast of Fife, near the mouth of the Firth of Forth

It happened, however, that the King had summoned several of his nobles, and Macduff, the Thane of Fife, amongst others, to attend him at his new castle of Dunsinane, and they were all obliged to come; none dared stay behind. Now the King was to give the nobles a great entertainment, and preparations were made for it. In the meantime, Macbeth rode out with a few attendants to see the oxen drag the wood and stones up the hill for enlarging and strengthening the castle. So they saw most of the oxen trudging up the hill with great difficulty (for the ascent is very steep), and the burdens were heavy, and the weather was extremely hot.

At length Macbeth saw a pair of oxen so tired that they could go no farther up the hill, but fell down under their load. Then the King was very angry, and demanded to know who it was among his thanes that had sent oxen so weak and so unfit for labour when he had so much work for them to do. Some one replied that the oxen belonged to Macduff, the Thane of Fife. "Then," said the King in great anger, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself."

There was a friend of Macduff who heard these angry expressions of the King, and hastened to communicate them to the Thane of Fife, who was walking in the hall of the King's castle while dinner was preparing. The instant that Macduff heard what the King had said, he knew he had no time to lose in making his escape, for whenever Macbeth threatened to do mischief to anyone he was sure to keep his word.

So Macduff snatched up from the table a loaf of bread, called for his horses and his servants and was galloping back to his own province of Fife before Macbeth and the rest of the nobility had returned to the castle. The first question which the King asked was, what had become of Macduff, and being informed that he had fled from Dunsinane, he ordered a body of his guards to attend him, and mounted on horseback himself to pursue the thane, with the purpose of putting him to death.

Macduff in the meantime fled as fast as his horse's feet could carry him; but he was so ill provided with money for his expenses that when he came to the great ferry over the River Tay, he had nothing to give to the boatmen who took him across, excepting the loaf of bread which he had taken from the King's table. The place was called for a long time afterwards the Ferry of the Loaf.

When Macduff got into his province of Fife, which is on the other side of the Tay, he rode on faster than before towards his own castle of Kennoway, which, as I told you, stands close to the seaside, and when he reached it the King and his guards were not far behind.

him. Macduff ordered his wife to shut the gates of the castle, draw up the drawbridge, and on no account to permit the King or any of his soldiers to enter. In the meantime he went to the small harbour belonging to the castle, and caused a ship which was lying there to be fitted out for sea in all haste, and got on board himself in order to escape from Macbeth.

In the meantime Macbeth summoned the lady to surrender the castle and to deliver up her husband. But Lady Macduff, who was a wise and brave woman, made many excuses, and delayed until she knew that her husband was safely on board the ship, and had sailed from the harbour. Then she spoke boldly from the wall of the castle to the King, who was standing before the gate still demanding entrance with many threats of what he would do if Macduff was not given up to him.

"Do you see," she said, "yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened, on the Thane of Fife's neck."

Some say that Macbeth was so much incensed at this bold answer that he and his guards attacked the castle and took it, killing the brave lady and all whom they found there. But others say, and I believe more truly, that the King, seeing that the fortress of Kennoway was very strong, and that Macduff had escaped from him and had embarked for England, returned to Dunsinane without attempting to take the

castle. The ruins are still to be seen, and are called the Thane's Castle.

There reigned at that time in England a very good king called Edward the Confessor. I told you that the Prince Malcolm, the son of Duncan, was at his Court, soliciting assistance to recover the Scottish throne. The arrival of Macduff greatly aided the success of his petition, for the English King knew that Macduff was a brave and wise man. As he assured Edward that the Scots were tired of the cruel Macbeth, and would join Prince Malcolm if he were to return to his country at the head of an army, the King ordered a great warrior called Siward, Earl of Northumberland, to enter Scotland with a large force and assist Prince Malcolm in the recovery of his father's crown.

Then it happened just as Macduff had said; for the Scottish thanes and nobles would not fight for Macbeth, but joined Prince Malcolm and Macduff against him; so that at length he shut himself up in his castle of Dunsinane, where he thought himself safe, according to the old women's prophecy, until Birnam Wood should come against him. He boasted of this to his followers, and encouraged them to make a valiant defence, assuring them of certain victory. At this time Malcolm and Macduff were come as far as Birnam Wood, and lay encamped there with their army. The next morning, when they were to march across the broad valley to attack the castle of Dunsinane, Macduff advised that every soldier should cut down a bough or a tree and carry it in his hand, that the enemy might not be able to see how many men were coming against them.

Now the sentinel who stood on Macbeth's castle

wall, when he saw all these branches which the soldiers of Prince Malcolm carried, ran to the King and informed him that the wood of Birnam was moving towards the castle of Dunsinane. The King at first called him a liar, and threatened to put him to death; but when he looked from the walls himself, and saw the appearance of a forest approaching from Birnam he knew the hour of his destruction was come. His followers, too, began to be disheartened and to fly from the castle, seeing that their master had lost all hopes.

Macbeth, however, recollected his own bravery, and sallied desperately out at the head of the few followers who remained faithful to him. He was killed, after a furious resistance, fighting hand to hand with Macduff in the thick of the battle. Prince Malcolm mounted the throne of Scotland, and reigned long and prosperously. He rewarded Macduff by declaring that his descendants should lead the vanguard of the Scottish army in battle and place the crown on the king's head at the ceremony of coronation. King Malcolm also created the Thanes of Scotland earls, after the title of dignity adopted in the Court of England.

(From "*Tales of a Grandfather*")

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

harassed worried, tormented (by being continually attacked)

Thane . a title of nobility used in Anglo-Saxon times, corresponding to the modern "Lord."

impose (upon) deceive, take advantage of (in order to appear important.)

ambitious . anxious to gain more power and wealth.

abominable : hateful, detestable, loathsome.

retinue a body or group of attendants.

barbarous wild, uncivilized.

stupefied unconscious, dazed.

benefactor . one who has done some good to another.

conspire plot.

perplexity doubt, confusion.

obliged bound.

summoned called upon and ordered.

incensed angered.

soliciting asked for, requesting

recollected . remembered.

sallied rushed, charged.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES .—

continually harassed by , hoist sail , come to pass ; pay a compliment to ; bring to pass , persuade a friend , accept an invitation assured of.

FOR ORAL WORK .

What did the witches tell Macbeth ?

What effect had the witches' words on Lady Macbeth ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK :

Relate how Malcolm recovered the throne of Scotland.

36. Lucy Gray

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And when I cross'd the wild
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
“ The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door ! ”

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

“ To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow ”.

“ That, Father ! will I gladly do :
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon ! ”

“ At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot-band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe ·
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time
She wander'd up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood
A furlong from their door

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
“ In heaven we all shall meet ! ”
“ When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall :

And then an open field they cross'd :
The marks were still the same ;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost :
And to the bridge they came :

They follow'd from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank;
 And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

W WORDSWORTH

The first three stanzas are introductory. They tell us about the child, Lucy, her lonely life, her sweetness, and her death. Note the last two lines of the 2nd stanza, they give us one of the most beautiful metaphors in the English language.

The story of the poem commences with the 4th verse.

minster church.

pled did, continued to do.

blither gayer, livelier.

disperse scatter.

maintain, say, are of opinion. Note the simile in "the powdery snow that rises up like smoke."

How did Lucy meet her death?

How did her parents find out what had happened to Lucy?

What do some people still say about Lucy?

37. The Miraculous Pitcher

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife, Baucis, sat at their cottage door enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bed-time. So they talked about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grape-vine which clambered over the cottage wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand grew louder and louder, until at last it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbours yonder, and instead of giving him food and lodging they have set their dogs at him, as is their custom."

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbours felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said, Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to happen to all the people in the village, unless they mend their manners. But as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread,

let us be ready to give half to any poor homeless stranger that may come along and need it "

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis "So we will!"

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making butter and cheese with their cow's milk, or doing one thing or another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their bee-hive, and now and then a bunch of grapes, that had ripened against the cottage wall. But they were two of the kindest people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners any day rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey to the weary traveller who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought, therefore, to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground at some short distance from a village, which lay in a hollow that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and peaceful mirror. But as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook

which meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures

But we are sorry to say the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so kindly. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy for the homeless. They would only have laughed had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands by way of encouragement when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs and whenever a traveller ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg, or by his clothes, just as it happened; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travellers, as you may suppose, especially when they

chanced to be sick, or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people and their unkind children and curs were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way rather than try to pass through the village again.

So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted a good while, and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude," answered the good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood, they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children or the pack of curs whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am

afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread-and-milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits."

Accordingly she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward, and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying, what nevertheless he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable

"Welcome, strangers, welcome!"

"Thank you!" replied the younger of the two in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighbourhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon with a quiet benign smile, "Providence put me here, I hope, among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbours."

"Well said, old father!" cried the traveller, laughing; "and if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. These children have bespattered us finely with their mudball; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff,

and I think you may have heard him yelp even thus far off ”

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits ; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveller's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey, besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it . He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head the brim of which stuck out over both ears . Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him, perhaps because his under-garments were shabby . Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes ; but as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted . One thing, certainly, seemed queer—the traveller was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort

“ I used to be light-footed in my youth , ” said Philemon to the traveller , “ but I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall . ”

“ There is nothing like a good staff to help one along , ” answered the stranger ; “ and I happen to have an excellent one, as you can see . ”

. This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld . It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top . Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as twining themselves about the staff, and were so very skilfully executed that old Philemon almost thought

them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough!" said he. "A staff with wings! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of!"

By this time Philemon and his two guests had reached the cottage door

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife, Baucis, has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks, but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The young stranger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvellous, though trifling enough. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half-hopped, half-flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle.

Before Philemon could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the valley. My father, nor his

father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know; and doubtless it will be the same when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten ! ”

“That is more than can be safely foretold,” observed the stranger; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. “Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were far better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again ! ”

The traveller looked so stern that Philemon was really almost frightened—the more so that at his frown the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that when he shook his head there was a roll of thunder in the air.

But in a moment afterwards the stranger’s face became so kindly and mild that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless he could not help feeling that this elder traveller must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly, and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prince in disguise, or any character of that sort; but rather some exceedingly wise man, who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger’s face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a lifetime.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers both began to talk very sociably with Philemon

The younger, indeed, was extremely talkative and made such shrewd and witty remarks that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow whom he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he as they grew familiar together, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon, looking in the traveller's face to see if he were making fun of him "It is a very odd name! And your companion there, has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you!" replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to feel a very great awe for the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much kindness in his visage. But undoubtedly here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have when they meet with anyone wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a tittle of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however, quite freely about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score

of miles from this very spot. His wife, Baucis, and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labour, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he had raised in his garden. He said, too, that, because they loved one another so very much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good man," said he to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife to be your helpmate. It is fit that your wish be granted."

"And it seemed to Philemon just then as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flush from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my Goodman and myself would have gone without a morsel, rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of to-day's milk to make cheese; and our last loaf is already half-eaten. Ah me! I never feel the sorrow of being poor save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with

the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides"

"Why, Mother Baucis, it is a feast!" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part of it! I think I never felt hungrier in my life"

"Mercy on us!" whispered Baucis to her husband "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper!"

They all went into the cottage.

And now, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well, when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door-steps! Tap, tap, went the staff on the kitchen floor; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travellers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it and a dish of honey-comb on the other.

There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately-sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas! it is a very sad business when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible by doing so to provide these hungry folks with a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first sitting down, the travellers drank off all the milk in their two bowls at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said thirsty Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very thirsty."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis in great confusion, I am so sorry and ashamed! But the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband, husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from table, and taking the pitcher by the handle,—"it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his

companion's likewise, from the pitcher that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards and seen the bottom of the pitcher as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk in filling the last bowl. Of course there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl that it was immediately filled to the brim and overflowed upon the table! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured that day on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world. I only wish that each of you,

my beloved little souls, could have a bowl of such nice milk at supper-time.

“And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis,” said Quicksilver, “and a little of that honey!”

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly ; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread was ever before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet what other loaf could it possibly be ?

But oh, the honey ! I may just as well let it alone without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked.

Although good Mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out the common in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by each of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

“Did you ever hear the like ?” asked she.

“No. I never did,” answered Philemon with a smile. And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought—that is all.”

" Ah, husband, " said Baucis, " say what you will, these are very uncommon people ! "

" Well, well, " replied Philemon, still smiling, " perhaps they are. They certainly do look as if they had seen better days ; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper. "

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes in order to see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

" Very admirable grapes these ; " observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. " Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them ? "

" From my own vine, " answered Philemon " You may see one of its branches twisting across the window yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones. "

" I never tasted better, " said the guest. " Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince "

This time old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher ; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true ; but this was so very singular a case that he wanted to see into it

with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was luckily that Philemon in his surprise did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight in finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped, but the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any questions. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside, and enquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my

staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this—sometimes getting me a supper, and quite as often stealing it away. If I had any faith in such nonsense, I should say the stick was bewitched!”

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The magic staff went hopping at his heels as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves save some planks, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow and bake a cake upon the hearth, and perhaps find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to finish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They therefore persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

“Ah me! well-a-day!” exclaimed Philemon when they had walked a little way from their door, “if our neighbours only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone.”

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so, that it is!" cried good old Baucis vehemently. "And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what naughty people they are."

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveller's brow just then assumed such a grave, stern, awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveller, in tones so deep that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood."

"And, by the bye, my dear old people," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, "where is this same village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie? Methinks I do not see it hereabouts."

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where at sunset only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clump of trees, the wide, green-margined street with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment!—there was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had disappeared. In its stead they beheld the broad, blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been

there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter, and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash with a pleasant rippling murmur against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings, and the faces and characters of the inhabitants far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbours?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller in his grand and deep voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance.

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed to fishes. There needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind Mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of broiled trout, you can throw in a line and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbours!"

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not for the world put one of them on the gridiron!"

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them!"

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller "and you, kind Baucis, you with your

scanty means have mingled so much heart-felt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger that the milk became an inexhaustible fount of nectar and the brown loaf and the honey the ambrosia. Thus the divinities have feasted at your board off the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends; wherefore request whatever favour you have most at heart, and it is granted.

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then—I know not which of the two it was who spoke, but that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

“Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die, for we have always loved one another!”

“Be it so!” replied the stranger with majestic kindness. “Now look towards your cottage!”

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood!

“There is your home,” said the stranger, kindly smiling on them both. “Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening.”

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him, but behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time, with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk-pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvellous quality of being never empty when it was desirable to

have it full. Whenever an honest, good-humoured, and free-hearted guest took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But if a cross and disagreeable person happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk !

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite their guests to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they spied in front of the portal two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak and the other a lindentree. Their boughs—it was strange and beautiful to see—were intertwined together, and embraced one another, so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their intermingled boughs astir. And then there was a deep broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

"I am old Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am old Baucis!" murmured the linden-tree.

But as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once: "Philemon! Baucis! Baucis! Philemon!"—as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depths of their mutual heart. It is plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak and Baucis as a lindentree. And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them! Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these:

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome!"

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and old Philemon best, built a circular seat around their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary and the hungry and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

(FROM TANGLEWOOD TALES—HAWTHORNE).

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

frugal: simple, inexpensive.

clambered: climbed.

hospitality: kindness towards others by giving them food and shelter.

affords: gives, provides.

diligently: steadily, perseveringly.

distaff: the staff to which a bunch of flax is tied, and from which the thread is drawn in spinning.

subsided: went down, grew less.

meandered: wandered, flowed with a winding course.

ventured: attempted.

scampered: ran.

eminence : raised portion of ground.

disdaining scorning, thinking it unworthy.

aspect . appearance,

benign gracious, kind, mild.

amends : compensation.

executed . made.

rippling . flowing with tiny wavelets on its surface.

attired dressed.

sociably · friendly

irresistibly so firmly or forcibly that he could not resist (the feeling).

comprehend understand.

titlle : very small portion, jot.

helpmeet : helpmate, wife.

flush redness.

nectar . the fabled drink of the gods.

ambrosia · the imaginary food of the gods.

bountiful · generous, charitable.

narrow (here means) poor.

cascade (waterfall) flow or stream of milk.

palatable tasty.

reverence feeling of respect

vehemently passionately, with great feeling and emphasis.

tranquil peaceful, quiet.

perplexed puzzled.

mingled . mixed, combined.

Olympus · a mountain of Macedonia and Thessaly, supposed by the Greeks to be the abode of the gods.

visage face.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

seek hospitality ; set the dogs at ; sympathy for , venture to ; disdain to notice ; make amends for , add a mite to , disclose a secret ; make apologies for ; apt to be , made a gesture , persist in.

FOR ORAL WORK .—

What have you learnt about Quicksilver's staff ?

FOR WRITTEN WORK :—

- (1) How were Philemon and Baucis rewarded for their kindness ?
- (2) Write an account of the supper that Quicksilver and his companion enjoyed in Philemon's cottage.

38. The Lady of Shalott

PART I

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot ;
And up and down the peoplo go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot.

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear
There she sees the highway near
Winding down to Camelot:

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot :
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;
" I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves, '
He rowed between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot :
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me!" cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot,
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
 And round the prow they read her name,

The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,

All the knights at Camelot:

But Lancelot mused a little space;
 He said, "She has a lovely face;
 God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

LORD TENNYSON.

In Part I we get a description of the scene around the island of Shalott, the fields, the road, the river, the boats sailing down to Camelot. We are also told about the garden surrounding the castle in which the Lady of Shalott lives, and the castle is described in one line. Then, the mystery of the lady's being there is touched on. Nobody has seen her. Why?

Part II tells us why, and what the lady does, and how she knows what is going on outside. That she is not happy is hinted at in the last two lines of this part; what she lacks is love.

Part III gives us a description of the bold Sir Lancelot, his appearance, his shield, his armour, his bridle, his baldric and bugle. What effect his grand appearance had on the lady is next told us, and also what the result of her action was.

Part IV details how the curse was fulfilled, how the lady died.

wold: plain.

blow: bloom.

quiver tremble, shake.

embowers: shelters, provides a dwelling for

willow-veiled: shaded by willow-boughs.

challop · a small, light boat

sasement : the frame of a window, or the portion of a window-sha-
which moves on hinges.

bearded barley · the ears of barley corn are covered with awn or bristles
reminding one of the beard covering a man's chin.

shadow · reflections, in the mirror, of the objects outside.

eddy · current with a circular motion, hence the poet uses the word,
"whirls" with it.

ambling pad · a horse that trots along very slowly. [An amble is a pace
between a trot and a walk.]

bow-shot · as far as the distance that an arrow would travel. [Similar
to the phrase, "a stone's throw."]

greaves · parts of the armour that covered the front of the lower part of
the leg

the golden Galaxy · the long, bright track in the sky, known as the
Milky Way, formed by an immense multitude of stars.

lazon'd · decorated, ornamented.

baldric · a broad sash, stretching from the shoulder diagonally across
the body

bearded meteor · the lines that form the bright trail of light left by a
shooting-star appear attached to the star as the hairs of the beard are
attached to the chin

burnish'd · polished, shining.

flash'd · notice how this word brings out the brightness of Sir Lance-
lot's armour.

Note how Part IV begins. Even Nature seems sad and pained at
the fate of the Lady of Shalott.

The swan was supposed to sing its last song just before it died.
The poet speaks of the Lady of Shalott as doing the same. This adds
to the mystery that surrounds the lady all through the poem. Who is
she? Why was she threatened with so dreadful a curse? Why had
she to weave all day and night, and why was she not allowed to look out
of the window

Read what is said about the Fair Maid of Astolat in "Tales of King
Arthur and the Round Table." Some think that Tennyson has made
her the Lady of Shalott.

39. The Minotaur

In the old city of Troezen, at the foot of a lofty mountain, there lived, a very long time ago, a little boy named Theseus. His grandfather, King Pittheus, was the sovereign of that country, and was reckoned a very wise man; so that Theseus, being brought up in the royal palace, and being naturally a bright lad, could hardly fail to profit by the old king's instructions. His mother's name was Aethra. As for his father, the boy had never seen him. But, from his earliest remembrance, Aethra used to go with little Theseus into a wood, and sit down upon a moss-grown rock, which was deeply sunken into the earth. Here she often talked with her son about his father, and said that he was called Aegeus, and that he was a great king, and ruled over Attica, and dwelt at Athens, which was as famous a city as any in the world. Theseus was very fond of hearing about King Aegeus, and often asked his good mother, Aethra, why he did not come and live with them at Troezen.

"Ah, my dear son," answered Aethra with a sigh, "a monarch has his people to take care of! The men and women over whom he rules are in the place of children to him; and he can seldom spare time to love his own children as other parents do. Your father will never be able to leave his kingdom for the sake of seeing his little boy."

"Well, but, dear mother," asked the boy, "why cannot I go to this famous city of Athens and tell King Aegeus that I am his son?"

"That may happen by and by," said Aethra. "Be patient, and we shall see. You are not big and strong enough to set out on such an errand."

"And how soon shall I be strong enough?" Theseus persisted in enquiring

"You are but a tiny boy as yet," replied his mother; "See if you can lift this rock on which we are sitting."

The little fellow had a great opinion of his own strength; so, grasping the rough projections of the rock, he tugged and toiled again, and got himself quite out of breath without being able to stir the heavy stone. It seemed to be rooted into the ground. No wonder he could not move it, for it would have taken all the force of a very strong man to lift it out of its earthy bed.

His mother stood looking on with a sad smile on her face, to see the zealous and yet puny efforts of her little boy. She could not help being sorrowful at finding him already so impatient to begin his adventures in the world.

"You see how it is, my dear Theseus," said she "You must possess far more strength than now, before I can trust you to go to Athens and tell King Aegeus that you are his son. But when you can lift this rock, and shew me what is hidden beneath it, I promise you my permission to depart."

Often and often after this did Theseus ask his mother whether it was yet time for him to go to Athens; and still his mother pointed to the rock, and told him that for years to come he could not be strong enough to move it. And again and again the rosy-cheeked and curly-headed boy would tug and strain at the huge mass of stone striving, child as he was, to do what a giant

could hardly have done without using both his great hands. Meanwhile the rock seemed to be sinking further and further into the ground.

But, difficult as the matter looked, Theseus was now growing up to be such a vigorous youth that, in his own opinion, the time would quickly come when he might hope to get the upper hand of this ponderous lump of stone.

"Mother, I do believe it has started!" cried he after one of his attempts. "The earth around it is certainly a little cracked!"

"No, no, child!" his mother hastily answered. "It is not possible you could have moved it, such a boy as you still are!"

Nor would she be convinced, although Theseus showed her the place where he fancied that the stem of a flower had been partly uprooted by the movement of the rock. But Aethra sighed and looked disquieted; for no doubt she began to be conscious that her son was no longer a child, and that in a little while hence she must send him forth among the perils and troubles of the world.

It was not more than a year afterwards they were again sitting on the moss-covered stone. Aethra had once more told him the oft-repeated story of his father, and how gladly he would receive Theseus at his stately palace, and how he would present him to his courtiers and the people, and tell them that here was the heir of his dominions. The eyes of Theseus glowed with enthusiasm, and he would hardly sit still to hear his mother speak.

"Dear Mother Aethra," he exclaimed, "I never felt half so strong as now! I feel myself a man! It is now time to make one earnest trial to remove the stone."

"Ah, my dearest Theseus," replied his mother, "not yet!, not yet!"

"Yes, Mother," said he resolutely, "the time has come."

Then Theseus bent himself in good earnest to the task, and strained every sinew with manly strength and resolution. He put his whole brave heart into the effort. He wrestled with the big and sluggish stone as if it had been a living enemy. He heaved, he lifted; he resolved now to succeed or else to perish there, and let the rock be his monument for ever! Aethra stood gazing at him, and clasped her hands, partly with a mother's pride and partly with a mother's sorrow. The great rock stirred! Yes, it was raised slowly from the bedded moss and earth, uprooting the shrubs and flowers along with it, and was turned upon its side. Theseus had conquered!

While taking breath he looked joyfully at his mother, and she smiled upon him through her tears.

"Yes, Theseus," she said, "the time has come, and you must stay no longer at my side. See what King Aegeus, your royal father, left for you beneath the stone, when he lifted it in his mighty arms and laid it on the spot whence you have now removed it."

Theseus looked, and saw that the rock had been placed over another slab of stone containing a cavity within it, so that it somewhat resembled a roughly-made chest or coffer, of which the upper mass had

served as the lid Within the cavity lay a sword with a golden hilt, and a pair of sandals.

"That was your father's sword," said Aethra, "and those were his sandals When he went to be King of Athens, he bade me treat you as a child until you should prove yourself a man by lifting this heavy stone That task being accomplished, you are to put on his sandals in order to follow in your father's footsteps, and to gird on his sword, so that you may fight giants and dragons as King Acgeus did in his youth."

"I will set out for Athens this very day!" cried Theseus

But his mother persuaded him to stay a day or two longer, while she got ready some necessary articles for his journey When his grandfather, the wise King Pittheus, heard that Theseus intended to present himself at his father's palace, he earnestly advised him to get on board of a vessel, and go by sea; because he might thus arrive within fifteen miles of Athens without either fatigue or danger.

"The roads are very bad by land," quoth the venerable king; "and they are terribly infested with robbers and monsters. A mere lad like Theseus is not fit to be trusted on such a perilous journey all by himself."

I cannot stop to tell you even a few of the adventures that befell Theseus on the road to Athens It is enough to say that he quite cleared that part of the country of the robbers, about whom King Pittheus had been so much alarmed. One of these bad people was named Procrustes, and he was indeed a terrible fellow and had an ugly way of making fun of the poor travellers who happened to fall into his clutches. In his

cavern he had a bed, on which with great pretence of hospitality, he invited his guests to lie down; but if they happened to be shorter than the bed, this wicked villain stretched them out by main force, or if they were too tall, he lopped off their heads or feet, and laughed at what he had done as an excellent joke. Thus, however weary a man might be, he never liked to lie in the bed of Procrustes. Another of these robbers, named Scinis^t must likewise have been a very great scoundrel. He was in the habit of flinging his victims off a high cliff into the sea; and, in order to give him exactly his deserts, Theseus tossed him off the very same place. But if you will believe me, the sea would not pollute itself by receiving such a bad person into its bosom, neither would the earth, having once got rid of him, consent to take him back; so that, between the cliff and the sea, Scinis stuck fast in the air, which was forced to bear the burden of his naughtiness.

After these memorable deeds, Theseus heard of an enormous sow, which ran wild, and was the terror of all the farmers round about; and as he did not consider himself above doing any good thing that came in his way, he killed this monstrous creature, and gave the carcass to the poor people for bacon. The great sow had been an awful beast while ramping about the woods and fields, but was a pleasant object enough when cut up into joints, and smoking on I know not how many dinner-tables.

Thus, by the time he reached his journey's end, Theseus had done many valiant feats with his father's golden-hilted sword, and had gained the renown of being one of the bravest young men of the day. His

fame travelled faster than he did, and reached Athens before him.

He little suspected, innocent youth that he was that here in this very Athens where his father reigned a greater danger awaited him than any which he had encountered on the road. Yet this was the truth. You must understand that the father of Theseus, though not very old in years, was almost worn out with the cares of government, and had thus grown aged before his time. His nephews, not expecting him to live a very great while, intended to get all the power of the kingdom into their own hands. But when they heard that Theseus had arrived in Athens, and learned what a gallant young man he was, they saw that he would not be at all the kind of person to let them steal away his father's crown and sceptre, which ought to be his own by right of inheritance. Thus these bad-hearted nephews of King Aegeus, who were the own cousins of Theseus, at once became his enemies. A still more dangerous enemy was Medea, the wicked enchantress; for she was now the king's wife, and wanted to give the kingdom to her son Medus, instead of letting it be given to the son of Aethra, whom she hated.

It so happened that the king's nephews met Theseus and found out who he was just as he reached the entrance of the royal palace. With all their evil designs against him, they pretended to be their cousin's best friends, and expressed great joy at making his acquaintance. They proposed to him that he should come into the king's presence as a stranger, in order to try whether Aegeus would discover in the young man's features any likeness either to himself or his mother Aethra, and thus recognize him for a son. Theseus consented; for

he fancied that his father would know him in a moment by the love that was in his heart. But while he waited at the door, the nephews ran and told King Aegeus that a young man had arrived in Athens who, to their certain knowledge, intended to put him to death, and get possession of his royal crown.

"And he is now waiting for admission to your Majesty's presence," cried they.

"Aha!" cried the old king on hearing this. "Why, he must be a very wicked young fellow indeed. Pray, what would you advise me to do with him?"

"Leave that to me, please your Majesty," Medea replied. "Only admit this evil-minded young man to your presence, treat him civilly, and invite him to drink a goblet of wine. Your Majesty is well aware that I sometimes amuse myself with distilling very powerful medicines. Here is one of them in this small phial. As to what it is made of, that is one of my secrets. Do but let me put a single drop into the goblet, and let the man taste it, and I will answer for it he shall quite lay aside the bad designs with which he comes hither."

As she said this, Medea smiled; but for all her smiling face, she meant nothing less than to poison the poor innocent Theseus before his father's eyes. And King Aegeus, like most other kings, thought any punishment mild enough for a person who was accused of plotting against his life. He therefore made little or no objection to Medea's scheme, and, as soon as the poisonous wine was ready, gave orders that the young stranger should be admitted into his presence. The goblet was set on a table beside the king's throne, and a fly, meaning just to sip a little from the brim, immediately tumbled

into it dead. Observing this, Medea looked round at the nephews, and smiled again.

Advancing to the foot of the throne, Theseus attempted to make a little speech, which he had been thinking about, as he came up the stairs. But he was almost choked by a great many tender feelings that gushed out of his heart and swelled into his throat all struggling to find utterance together. And therefore, unless he could have laid his full, over-brimming heart into the king's hand, poor Theseus knew not what to do or say. The cunning Medea observed what was passing in the young man's mind

"Does your Majesty see his confusion?" she whispered in the king's ear. "He is so conscious of guilt that he trembles and cannot speak. The wretch lives too long! Quick! offer him the wine!"

Now King Aegeus had been gazing earnestly at the young stranger as he drew near the throne. There was something, he knew not what, either in his white brow, or in the fine expression of his mouth, or in his beautiful and tender eyes, that made him indistinctly feel as if he had seen this youth before; as if, indeed, he had trotted him on his knee when a baby, and had beheld him growing to be a stalwart man, while he himself grew old.

"Young man," said he, "you are welcome. I am proud to show hospitality to so heroic a youth. Do me the favour to drink the contents of this goblet. It is brimming over, as you see, with delicious wine, such as I bestow only on those who are worthy of it. None is more worthy to quaff it than yourself."

So saying, King Aegeus took the golden goblet from the table, and was about to offer it to Theseus. But, partly through his infirmities, and partly because it seemed so sad a thing to take away this young man's life, however wicked he might be, and partly, no doubt, because his heart was wiser than his head, and quaked within him at the thought of what he was going to do for all these reasons the king's hand trembled so much that a great deal of the wine spilt. In order to strengthen his purpose, and fearing lest the whole of the precious poison should be wasted, one of his nephews now whispered to him

"Has your Majesty any doubt of this stranger's guilt? There is the very sword with which he meant to slay you. How sharp and bright, and terrible it is! Quick! let him taste the wine; or perhaps he may do the deed even yet"

At these words Aegeus drove every thought and feeling out of his breast, except the one idea of how justly the young man deserved to be put to death. He sat erect on his throne, and held out the goblet of wine with a steady hand, and bent on Theseus a frown of kindly severity; for, after all, he had too noble a spirit to murder even a treacherous enemy with a deceitful smile upon his face.

"Drink!" said he in the stern tone with which he was wont to condemn a criminal to be beheaded. "You have well deserved of me such wine as this!"

Theseus held out his hand to take the wine. But before he touched it, King Aegeus trembled again. His eyes had fallen on the gold-hilted sword that hung at the young man's side. He drew back the goblet.

"That sword!" he exclaimed; "how came you by it?"

"It was my father's sword," replied Theseus with a tremulous voice. "These were his sandals. My dear mother (her name is Aethra) told me his story while I was yet a little child. But it is only a month since I grew strong enough to lift the heavy stone, and take the sword and sandals from beneath it, and come to Athens to seek my father."

"My son! my son!" cried King Aegeus, flinging away the fatal goblet, and tottering down from the throne to fall into the arms of Theseus. "Yes these are Aethra's eyes. It is my son."

I have quite forgotten what became of the king's nephews. But when the wicked Medea saw this new turn of affairs, she hurried out of the room, and, going to her private chamber, lost no time in setting her enchantments at work. In a few moments she heard a great noise of hissing snakes outside of the chamber window; and behold! there was her fiery chariot, and four huge winged serpents, wriggling and twisting in the air, flourishing their tails higher than the top of the palace, and all ready to set off on an aerial journey. Medea stayed only long enough to take her son with her, and to steal the crown jewels, together with the king's best robes, and whatever other valuable things she could lay hands on; and, getting into the chariot, she whipped up the snakes, and ascended high over the city. •

The king, hearing the hiss of the serpents, scrambled as fast as he could to the window, and bawled out to the abominable enchantress never to come back. The

whole people of Athens, too, who had run out of doors to see this wonderful spectacle, set up a shout of joy at the prospect of getting rid of her. Medea, almost bursting with rage, uttered precisely such a hiss as one of her own snakes, only ten times more venomous and spiteful; and, glaring fiercely out of the blaze of the chariot, she shook her hand over the multitude below, as if she were scattering a million of curses among them. In so doing, however, she unintentionally let fall about five hundred diamonds of the first water, together with a thousand great pearls, and two thousand emeralds, rubies, sapphires, opals, and topazes, to which she had helped herself out of the king's strong-box. All these came pelting down, like a shower of many-coloured hailstones, upon the heads of grown-up people and children, who forthwith gathered them up and carried them back to the palace. But King Aegeus told them that they were welcome to the whole, and to twice as many more, if he had them, for the sake of his delight at finding his son, and losing the wicked Medea. And, indeed, if you had seen how hateful was her last look as the flaming chariot flew upward, you would not have wondered that both king and people should think her departure a good riddance.

And now Prince Theseus was taken into great favour by his royal father. The old king was never weary of having him sit beside him on this throne (which was quite wide enough for two), and of hearing him tell about his dear mother, and his childhood, and his many boyish efforts to lift the ponderous stone. Theseus, however, was much too brave and active a young man to be willing to spend his time in relating things which had already happened. His ambition was

to perform other and more heroic deeds, which should be better worth telling in prose and verse.

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. He put on his clothes as quickly as he could (not forgetting his sandals and gold-hilted sword), and, hastening to the king, enquired what it all meant.

"Alas my son," quoth King Aegeus, heaving a long sigh, "here is a very lamentable matter in hand! This is the wofullest 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 a monster may that be? Is it not possible, at the risk of one's life, to slay him?"

But King Aegeus 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 altogether such a hideous sort of a creature that it is really disagreeable to think of him. If he were suffered to exist at all, it should have been on some desert island, or in the duskiness of some deep cavern where nobody would ever be tormented by his abominable aspect. But 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 young 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; and the old people feared lest their sons or daughters might be taken, and the youths and damsels dreaded lest they themselves might be destined to glut the ravenous maw of that detestable man-brute

But 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 Aegeus, "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, more especially as he had but just begun to know the happiness of possessing a good and valiant son. Theseus, however, 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 Aegeus 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, going on board, the mariners trimmed the vessel's black sails to the wind, which blew faintly off the shore, being pretty much made up of the sighs that everybody kept pouring forth on this melancholy occasion. 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. And though it was a sad business enough, I rather question whether fourteen young people, without any old persons to keep them in order, could continue to spend the whole time of the voyage in being miserable. There had been a few dances upon the undulating deck, I suspect, and some hearty bursts of laughter, and other such unreasonable merriment among the victims, before the high, blue mountains of Crete began to show themselves among the far-off clouds. That sight, to be sure, made them all grave again.

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 enquired of the master of the vessel.

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

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 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, as if woven of some kind of metal.

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 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 skilfullest 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 twenty-four hours, as Talus does without ever sitting down to rest? He is a puzzler, take him how you will!"

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; for there is seldom any mercy in a giant, you know, and quite as little in a piece of brass clock-work. 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?"

And when the ringing voice ceased, there was just such a reverberation as you may have heard within a great church bell for a moment or two after the stroke of its hammer.

"From Athens!" shouted the master in reply

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

And he whirled his club aloft more threateningly than ever, as if he were about to smite them with a thunder-stroke right amidships, because Athens, so little while ago had been at war with Crete.

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

"Pass!" cried the brazen giant.

That one loud word rolled all about the sky, while again there was a booming reverberation within the figure's breast. The vessel glided between the headlands of the port, and the giant resumed his march. In a few moments this wondrous sentinel was far away flashing in the distant sunshine, and revolving with immense strides around the island of Crete, as it was his never-ceasing task to do.

No sooner had they entered the harbour than a party of the guards of King Minos came down to the water-side and took charge of the fourteen young men and damsels. 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. If the figure that guarded Crete was made of brass, then the monarch who ruled over it might be thought to have a still harder metal in his breast, and might have been called a man of iron. 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 this pitiless Minos cared only to examine whether they were plump enough to satisfy the Minotaur's appetite. For my part, I wish he himself had been the only victim, and the monster would have found him a pretty tough one.

One after another King Minos called these pale, frightened youths and sobbing maidens to his footstool, gave each of them a poke in the ribs with his sceptre (to try whether they were in good flesh or no), 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 brave.

"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 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 committed the dreadful crime of 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, I tell thee to thy face, King Minos, 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 (though I had not time to tell you so before) 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. She really wept, indeed, at the idea of how much human happiness would be needlessly thrown away by giving so many young people, in the first bloom of their lives, to be eaten up by a creature, who, no doubt, would have preferred an ox, or even a large pig, to the plumpest of them. And when she beheld the brave, spirited figure of 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 besought 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? It is a matter of state policy and therefore quite beyond thy weak comprehension. Go water thy flowers, and think no more of these Athenian caitiffs, whom the Minotaur shall as certainly eat up for breakfast as I will eat a patridge for my supper."

So saying, the king looked cruel enough to devour Theseus and all the rest of the captives himself, had there been no Minotaur to save him the trouble. 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.

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

"Are you awage, Prince Theseus?" she whispered.

"Yes," answered Theseus. "With so little time to live I do not choose to waste any of it in sleep."

What had become of the jailor 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, where the moonlight wasted itself on the tops of the trees, without shedding hardly so much as a glimmering beam upon their pathway. 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 mysterious, 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 though it looked as solid as any other part of the wall, 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 Daedalus built before he made himself a pair of wings, and flew away from our island like a bird. That Daedalus 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 sword, ready drawn from its scabbard, in the other, and trod boldly into the inscrutable labyrinth." How this labyrinth was built is more than I can tell you. But so cunningly contrived a maze was never seen in the world, before nor since. There can be nothing else so intricate, unless it were the brain of a man like Daedalus, who planned it.

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.

As he passed onward, the clouds gathered over the moon, and the labyrinth grew so dusky that Theseus could no longer make out the puzzling passages 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, and giving him just as much of her sympathy as if she were close by his side. Oh, indeed, I can assure you there was a vast deal of human sympathy running along that slender thread of silk! But still he followed the dreadful roar of the Minotaur, which now grew louder and louder, 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 did discern the hideous creature.

Without a word on either side, there ensued the most awful fight between Theseus and the Minotaur that ever happened beneath the sun or moon. 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-breath, and broken one of his

horns short off against the stone wall. On this mishap he bellowed so intolerably that a part of the labyrinth tumbled down, and all the inhabitants of Crete mistook the noise for an uncommonly heavy thunderstorm. 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 the last the Minotaur made a run at Theseus, grazed his left side with his horn, and flung him down; and, 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 thy vessel before dawn. If morning finds thee here, my father will avenge the Minotaur."

To make my story short, the poor captives were wakened, 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 day-break. 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 ironhearted 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 Aegeus, and my dear mother Aethra 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 to 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 moon-beams on his polished surface, while he was yet a great way off. As the figure moved like clock-work 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 over reaching himself, tumbled at full length into the sea, which splashed high over his gigantic shape as when an iceberg turns a somerset. There he lies yet, and whoever desires to enrich himself by means of brass had better go thither with a diving-bell and fish up Talus.

On the homeward voyage the fourteen youths and damsels were in excellent spirits, as you will easily suppose. They spent most of their time in dancing, unless when the sidelong breeze made the leek slope too much. 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 Aegeus, had enjoined it upon him to hoist sunshine sails instead of black ones, in case he should overcome the Minotaur and return victorious. In the joy of their success, however, and amidst the sports, dancing, and other merriment with which these young folks wore away the time, they never once thought whether their sails were black white or rainbow-coloured, and, indeed, left it entirely to the mariners whether they had any sails at all. Thus the vessel returned like a raven, with the same sable wings that had wafted her away. But poor King Aegeus, day after day, infirm as he was, had clambered to the summit of a cliff that overhung the sea, and there sat watching for Prince Theseus, homeward bound; and no sooner had he beheld 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 Aegeus merely stooped forward, and fell headlong over the cliff, and was drowned, poor soul, in the waves that foamed at its base.

This was melancholy news for Prince Theseus, who, when he stepped ashore, found himself king of all the country, whether he would or no; and such a turn of fortune was enough to make any young man feel very much out of spirits. However, he sent for his dear mother to Athens, and, by taking her advice in matters of state, became a very excellent monarch, and was greatly beloved by his people.

WORDS AND MEANINGS.—

reckoned : considered.

amam with great vigour ; very hard.

zealous . earnest.

puny . weak.

ponderous ; large and heavy.

disquieted troubled, anxious.

glowed : brightened.

resolutely with determination.

sluggish . hard to move.

pollute profane, make impure, defile.

gushed flowed, issued, rushed with great force.

stalwart : tall and strong.

infirmities . weaknesses, ailments.

quaked trembled

riddance deliverance.

melancholy sorrowful.

ravenous : very angry and greedy.

undulating . moving up and down like a wave.

substantial : real.

looming : rising indistinctly.

lustre . brightness.

clangour : ringing sound.

reverberation : loud echoing.

ushered . conducted, introduced.

appaled frightened.

comprehension understanding.

cartriffs . low-born fellows.

clapped thrust, pushed.

labyrinth : maze.

intricate : complicated, puzzling on account of its many turns and openings.

twitch : pull, tug.

discern : see, make out.

intolerably : horribly, so loud as to be unbearable.

infest . crowd into and continually annoy.

straddling . spreading his legs wide.

somerset : somersault.

enjoined : ordered with great insistence.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

In the place of; spare time to, set out on an errand; sorrowful at; get the upper hand of, bend oneself to a task; give a man his deserts, ramping about, worn out with; gushed out of; at the prospect of, tormented by, take upon oneself; rush headlong; cut a caper.

FOR ORAL WORK —

Say what you know of (1) Procrustes (2) Scinis (3) Talus.

FOR WRITTEN WORK —

How did Ariadne help Theseus?

40. On His Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide:
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
 I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait,"

MILTON.

The poet, Milton, lost his sight when he was forty-four years of age. From an active, energetic life, he is now reduced to a state of helplessness. He feels his loss keenly and is tempted to complain, but one thought checks him—it is not what men do, but how they bear their lot, that counts in God's service.

my light is spent my sight is lost.

talent ability, here the reference is to his ability to write.

more bent is better able

present my true account. render a satisfactory account of my life to God.

returning chide find fault with me in return.

fondly foolishly.

state rule, the manner in which he rules the world

post speed, travel quickly

stand-and-wait patiently bear their lot, however humble or miserable it may be.

