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SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY

PART II

EDITED WITH NOTES AND EXERCISES

BY

J. A. YATES, I.E.S.

INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS, COORG AND BANGALORE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOR INDIAN SCHOOLS

EDITED BY J. A. YATES, M.A., I.E.S.

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SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY

THE HARES AND THE ELEPHANTS

The whole year through little rain had fallen, so that in the summer the land was parched, the rivers had dried up, and even in the mountains the springs had ceased to flow, and in the dark forests most of the pools, at which the wild animals drank, were mere hollows of cracked clay; only here and there, in the deepest lakes, was there water.

It was very hard upon the elephants, who love to wallow in shallow waters and to pour water with their trunks over their bodies; they are not satisfied with a little; they must have much water, since they are large animals and thirsty.

A certain herd was very much distressed by the scarcity. Every day the sun rose in a clear sky, and blazed across the heavens without a cloud to screen it. The trees lost all their greenery and the shrubs shrivelled in the hot wind, which was like a furnace blast. Each morning and evening the elephants lifted their trunks, sniffing the breeze for the smell of rain. They went at last in a body to their chief and said:

"Lord, tell us what we are to do, and where we are to go. We are perishing for want of water. Though the smaller animals have water to drink, for they need not much, yet we have no pool in which to bathe. If

no deep pool is found for us, we must of a certainty perish. It is for you, our leader and king, to save us; for by ourselves we can do nothing."

The elephant king, spurred by the words of his followers, once more went out to search for a pool in which they could bathe. Far in the forest he found such a pond, deep and cool, to which he led his herd, and in which they bathed and drank, joyously swimming and spurting water over themselves with loud trumpetings of delight.

But alas! on the fringe of this pond were the homes of the little hares, and the elephants, when they came to bathe, trampled on them, so that hundreds of the little animals were killed. One hare, named Silimukha, was very unhappy at this, and, in an assembly of his fellows, said:

"What sin have we committed that we are punished thus? Though the elephants have saved their own lives, they are crushing the life out of us. If this goes on, there will soon be not one hare left."

Then a wise old hare, by name Vijaya, rose and spoke: "Cheer up, my friends! I'll soon find a remedy."

So he went to the top of the hill, where stood the elephant king watching his herd, as they splashed in the pool. When the elephant saw him coming, he said:

"Friend, who are you? and what do you want?"

"My lord," replied the hare, "I am an ambassador from His Majesty Chandra, the Moon."

"What is your errand?" asked the king.

"As an ambassador, O lord, my person is sacred; I claim therefore that I shall not be injured for what I speak. For I speak only what my king has commanded."

"Speak on," replied the elephant. "You are safe from injury."

"This message, then, I must deliver to you. Thus

says my king, His Majesty Chandra, the Moon: 'Though I am the protector of the hares and have made them guardians of my pool, yet the elephants have dared to slay my subjects in hundreds. They have committed a great crime, and deserve heavy punishment.'"

When the elephant heard this he trembled with fear. "Sir," he said, "I have sinned through ignorance; I will do so no more. Tell me how I may appease your lord."

The ambassador answered, "Well then, if you come to-night and worship Chandra, who is in the pool quivering with rage, he will pardon you and let you go in peace."

The elephant gladly consented, and Vijaya led him to the pool by night, where he saw the Moon's image quivering on the ripples of the water. He bowed low before the image and said, "Mighty God! though I have committed a grievous fault, yet did I sin through ignorance. Forgive me, and I will sin no more."

Thereupon Vijaya dismissed the elephant, telling him that His Majesty Chandra was appeased, and that he might go, and come back no more. Thereupon the elephant king called his herd and led them away to search for another pool in which to bathe and drink.

HITOPADESA.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

ambassador: a messenger of a state, king, etc.
appease: pacify, soothe, satisfy.
blast: strong current of air (out of furnace).
blaze: burn fiercely, with flame.
distress (vb.): afflict, vex, make unhappy.
fringe: edge, border.
furnace: hot fire for heating, melting metals.
greenery: green leaves, greenness.
grievous: very great, flagrant, heinous.
parched: made hot and dry.
remedy: cure, redress.
scarcity: shortage, want, dearth.
spur (vb.): prick, incite, urge.

spurt (vb., n.) : shoot, pour streams (of water, etc.).
wallow : roll about (in mud, water, etc.).

PHRASES :—

To be distressed by . . . , parched with thirst, to perish with (thirst, hunger, cold, etc.), to commit a sin (crime), to deserve punishment, to find a remedy for . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Combine the following pairs of sentences, using the conjunction given :—
   (1) The springs ceased to flow. The rivers were dried up. [*So . . . that.*]
   (2) There was no rain and no cloud ; the Sun scorched the earth. The plants withered and the trees lost their leaves. [*So . . . that.*]
   (3) Other forest animals were dying of thirst. The hares by their pool had grass and water. [*Though.*]
   (4) The elephants are content. We are suffering. [*Though.*]
   (5) You worship the Moon's image. Your sin will be forgiven. [*If.*]
   (6) I have sinned. It was through ignorance. [*If.*]
2. Find out the metaphors in this story. Turn each into a simile.
3. Retell the story shortly in as many paragraphs as you have scenes. Use as many of the words and expressions italicised as you can.
4. Imagine the deep pool of the little hares in the forest, and write a paragraph describing it.
5. Go on with the story of the elephants after they left the pool.
6. Describe a water famine in India : how it affects men.

THE FOREST

Aranyani, Aranyani, dost thou not lose thy way in thy forest paths ? Art thou never afraid ? Does fear never bring thee to our village home ?

When the grasshopper calls, the cicada makes answer. The beating of its wings is as the tinkling of bells. Their fellowship delights thee, O lonely goddess.

Lo ! it is twilight, and the cattle at pasture are dim ;

and afar the woodman's dwelling is scarce seen. Dost thou now begin to roam in thy dark car?

In the dusk the call of the cowherd to his kine echoes loud; the stroke of the woodcutter rings out; and the forest dweller imagines thy shrill cry in the stillness.

Gracious art thou, Aranyani; for thou givest abundance of sweet fruit to man, and in thy borders is no need of tillage. Thou art the mother of wild beasts, but to thy worshippers they do no harm. Freely may we pass thy boundaries and eat of thy gifts, and thereafter rest at nightfall; and about us thou sheddest rich odours of balm.

THE RIG-VEDA.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

abundance : great supply.
balm : fragrance, perfume.
border : boundary, edge of country.
cicada : a tree cricket.
dim : hard to see.
kine (arch.) *:* cows.
odour : (sweet) smell, scent.
tillage : cultivation of land, of soil.

PHRASES :—

To till the soil, to be abundant, to utter a cry, to imagine (anything), to do harm to . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. (1) "O lonely goddess!" Why this adjective?
   (2) "The beating of its wings is as the tinkling of bells." Explain this in two or three sentences.
3. How does the poet picture the forest goddess?
4. Give your impressions of a forest.
5. Narrate an adventure in the jungle.

THE STORY OF THE BARBER'S SIXTH BROTHER

There now remains for me to relate to you the story of my sixth brother, whose name was Schacabac.

One day he was passing a fine house with a crowd of servants lounging in the courtyard. He thought from the appearance of the house that it might yield him a rich harvest, so he entered and inquired to whom it belonged.

"My good man, where do you come from?" replied the servant. "Can't you see for yourself that it can belong to nobody but a Barmecide?" For the Barmecides were famed for their kindness to the poor.

My brother, hearing this, asked the porters, of whom there were several, if they would give him alms. They did not refuse, but told him politely to go in and speak to the master himself.

My brother thanked them and entered the building, which was so large that it took him some time to reach the apartments of the Barmecide. At last, in a room richly decorated with paintings, he saw an old man with a long white beard, sitting on a sofa, who received him with such kindness that my brother felt he might safely ask a favour of him.

"My lord," he said, "you behold in me a poor man who only lives by the help of persons as rich and as kind as you."

The Barmecide seemed astonished. "Is it possible," he cried, "that, while I am in Baghdad, a man like you should be starving? That state of things must at once be put an end to!"

"My lord," answered my brother, "I swear that I have not broken my fast this whole day."

"What, you are dying of hunger?" exclaimed the Barmecide. "Here, slave; bring water, that we may wash our hands before meat!" No slave came, but my brother saw that the Barmecide rubbed his hands as if the water had been poured over them.

Then he said to my brother, "Why don't you wash your hands too?" and Schacabac, supposing that it was a joke on the part of the Barmecide, drew near, and also rubbed his hands as if washing them.

When the Barmecide had done rubbing his hands, he raised his voice, and cried, "Set food before us at once: we are very hungry." No food was brought, but the Barmecide pretended to help himself from a dish and carry a morsel to his mouth, saying as he did so, "Eat, my friend, eat, I entreat. Help yourself freely! For a starving man, you seem to have a very small appetite."

"Excuse me, my lord," replied Schacabac, "I really am not losing time, and I do full justice to the repast."

"How do you like this bread?" asked the Barmecide. "I think it very good myself."

"Oh, my lord," said my brother, who beheld neither meat nor bread, "never have I tasted anything so delicious."

"Eat as much as you want," said the Barmecide. "I bought the woman who makes it for five hundred pieces of gold, so that I might never be without it."

After ordering a variety of dishes (which never came) to be placed on the table, the Barmecide declared that having dined so well, they would now proceed to take their wine. To this my brother at first objected, declaring that it was forbidden; but when the Barmecide said that he could not possibly drink by himself, he consented to take a little.

The Barmecide, however, pretended to fill their glasses so often, that my brother pretended that the wine had

gone to his head, and struck the Barmecide such a blow on the head, that he fell to the ground. Indeed, he raised his hand to strike him a second time; but the Barmecide cried out that he was mad. My brother said



(*From Lang's "Arabian Nights Entertainments."*)

he was sorry, but that it was all the fault of the wine he had drunk.

At this the Barmecide, instead of being angry, began to laugh, and embraced him heartily. "I have long been seeking," he exclaimed, "a man of your description, and henceforth my house shall be yours. You have had the good grace to fall in with my humour,

and to pretend to eat and to drink when nothing was there. Now you shall be rewarded by a really good supper."

Then he clapped his hands, and all the dishes were brought that they had tasted only in imagination before.

From THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

apartments (pl.) : a set of rooms.
delicious : very good (to taste, smell, etc.).
description : kind, nature, character.
do : finish (had done rubbing).
famed for : famous for . . .
go to one's head (*to*) : intoxicate, make drunk.
heartily : with good will.
morsel : mouthful, small piece.
relate : tell, narrate.
richly : splendidly, elaborately . . .
safely : certainly, without fear of refusal, punishment, anger . . .
variety (a) : a number of, different.
yield : give, produce.

PHRASES :—

To deserve richly . . ., to end a state of things, to pretend to . . ., to have a (good, bad, large, small) appetite, to object to . . ., to be heartily tired (sick, fond, etc.) of . . ., of this (that, your, my, etc.) description, to see (taste, etc.) in imagination.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. The feast given Schacabac by the Barmecide was in imagination, it was not real, it was an illusion, illusory. A Barmecide feast in English, following this story, is a proverbial expression. What do you think it means ?
3. Expand the phrase " to yield a (rich) harvest." Use it in a sentence of your own.
4. Tell this tale from the Barmecide's point of view. (He was a joker as well as a philanthropist.)
5. Describe a wedding feast in your family (town, village).

KING TRISANKU

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882) was an American poet, who was very popular in England. After his death a bust was placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.]

Viswamitra the magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms Elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the Gods offended
Hurled him downward, and descending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contending.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

Elysian : heavenly, adj. of "Elysium," the Greek heaven or swarga.
incantations : spells, charms.
magician : wizard, one skilled in magic.
realms (chiefly poetical and rhetorical) *:* dominions, sphere.

EXERCISES :—

1. "Spells and incantations," "hung suspended": in each case the idea is expressed doubly: the first word is English, the second of Latin origin: the first is short, the second long. There is a slight difference between the English and the Latin word; thus "incantation" suggests to one who knows Latin the idea of singing or chanting, while "spell" is merely spoken magic: again "suspended" adds something to "hung"; it suggests other meanings of "suspend, suspense," *e.g.* doubt, uncertainty, inactivity; look up the words.
2. "The realms of fancy, poetry, thought . . ." What does "realms" mean here?
3. Tell the story of Trisanku in three or four paragraphs, or in a couple of pages.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS

In the northern hilly country of the land of Palestine west of the Sea of Galilee was a little town called Nazareth. Over nineteen hundred years ago, in this town there lived a man, Joseph by name and a carpenter by trade. He was a poor humble man, but by birth he was descended from the old Jewish kings. He had been honoured by God, who had sent his angel Gabriel to tell him that Mary his wife should have a son, Jesus, who should save his people from their sins.

At that time the Emperor of Rome was the master of Palestine: and under him was a lesser king, called Herod. Now the Emperor of Rome had ordered that the Jews, like other people, should be taxed. So Joseph left Nazareth, where he was living, and made a journey south to the little town of Bethlehem, beyond the capital Jerusalem; for the order was that everyone should be taxed in his own city. Since Bethlehem was the town of his family, Joseph travelled there to pay his tax, and with him went his wife Mary.

When they got to Bethlehem they stayed in a public caravanserai, a place like a choultry where travellers could put up. Here were stalls for travellers' oxen and asses and camels, as well as rooms for the travellers themselves. The rooms for travellers were all full, so Joseph and Mary occupied a stall: they were poor folk and lived very simply. They cooked their food themselves, no doubt making a little fireplace of mud or stones, just as travellers in India do to this day; and for their rest their bedding was as light and scanty as that of an Indian pilgrim footing it to Rameswaram: a little pillow, a durree to spread on the ground, and a blanket for a cold night was all they needed.

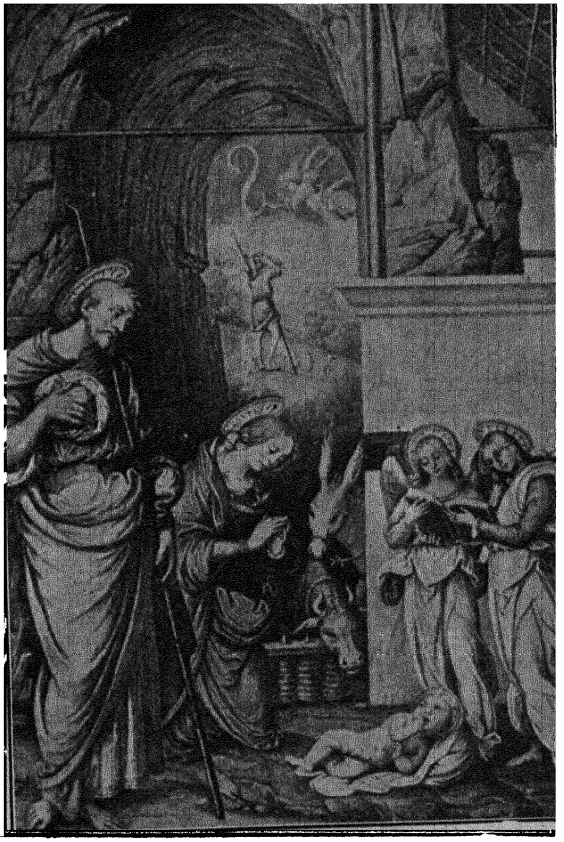
While they were in this poor lodging the wonderful child, the son Jesus that had been promised Mary by the angel Gabriel, was born. She had no cradle for him or soft bed on which to lay him; so poor were she and her husband. She wrapped him therefore in the swaddling clothes that she had ready, and laid him in the manger of the stall on soft dried grass, such as cattle eat.

That night in the country near Bethlehem some shepherds, who were watching their flocks, saw a wonderful light round about them and were terribly afraid. It was a blaze of heavenly light, from out of which an angel spoke to them, encouraging them. He said, "Fear not; for I bring you good tidings of great happiness, which all people on earth shall share. This day has been born in Bethlehem, the city of David, one who shall save mankind." And no sooner had he spoken than the place was filled with angels from heaven praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace!"

When the angels had departed into heaven again, the shepherds said to each other, "Come, let us go into Bethlehem and see this wonderful child of whom the Lord has told us!" So they went as fast as they could, and came to the caravanserai and found the three there, Joseph and Mary, and the babe in the manger. As soon as they had seen the child, they went out and told everyone they met in the town about the angels' message and song and about the child they had seen. Then they went back to their flocks praising God.

A still more wonderful thing happened. There came to Jerusalem some sages from the East, the country about the Tigris and the Euphrates; and they said to Herod the king, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him." Now the Jews were looking

for a king of their own race to free them from Herod and the Roman Emperor and to rule over them. So

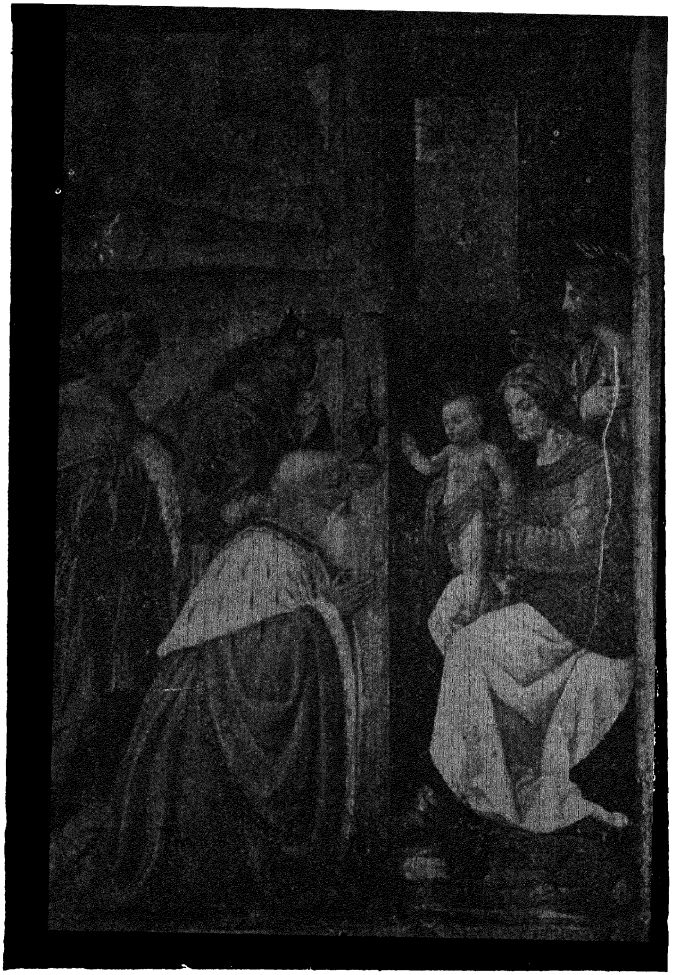


JOSEPH AND MARY WITH THE BABY JESUS IN THE STALL.

Herod was frightened when he heard the question, and sent for the chief priests and lawyers among the Jews and asked them where they expected this king, this

Messiah, to be born; and they said, "In Bethlehem; for a prophet has said that out of Bethlehem shall come a ruler." Then Herod called the wise men again and told them to go to Bethlehem. "Look carefully for the child," said he, "and when you have found him, come and fetch me to join in your worship of him." So they went, and that same star that they had seen in the East was now in front of them, travelling north to south, and guiding them to Bethlehem and to the place where the infant Jesus was. When they reached Bethlehem, the star moved no more, but stood still right above the caravanserai. Then they were more glad than ever in their lives before, and they came into the stall where Joseph and Mary were; and when they saw the child in Mary's arms, they fell before him and worshipped him, and gave him rich presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh. Having done all this they returned, but not by Jerusalem, for God had warned them in a dream to go another way.

Herod, meanwhile, was waiting for the return of the sages; and when he saw that they were not coming he was very angry. He was determined to kill this infant king; but he did not know which child he was. So he had every child in Bethlehem and the neighbourhood that was two years old or under killed. But Joseph had been told by God to escape to Egypt with his wife and the child and to stay there till he brought him word. He went therefore and stayed in Egypt safely till Herod was dead, when God came again to Joseph in a dream, and said, "Go, take the child and his mother back to the land of Israel; for those who sought his life are dead." Joseph obeyed and came back again to Nazareth.



THE THREE WISE MEN FALL ON THEIR KNEES BEFORE THE CHILD JESUS.

(*From the Reformed Series of English Books for Indian Schools, Reader IV.*)

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

angel : heavenly being.
caravanserai : an inn built on four sides of a quadrangle for caravans.
descended from (to be) : to be a descendant of, to come of certain ancestors.
manger : a rack and trough for hay or straw in a stable.
occupy : stay, live in.
scanty : hardly enough, deficient.
swaddling clothes : clothes to wrap an infant in.

PHRASES :—

To descend from . . ., to be descended from, to occupy one's time, to occupy a room, to be occupied in work, etc., to bring word that . . ., about.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. The Jews looked for a Messiah, a deliverer. Find out why they wanted a deliverer. Have the Jews a country now ? Find out about them and write a little essay on them.
3. From a map of Palestine find out the places mentioned : the Sea of Galilee, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem.
4. Describe a journey by road of an Indian pilgrim.

THE FIRST NOWÈLL

[A carol is a religious song, originally accompanied by dancing, and chiefly connected with Christmas. Nowèll is from the Old French *noel* : it was an expression, a shout of joy in Christmas songs.]

The first Nowèll the angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowèll, Nowèll, Nowèll, Nowèll,
Born is the king of Israël.

PHRASES :—

With good (bad) intent . . ., to be intent (adj.) upon.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. "On a cold winter's night . . ." Explain.
3. How many syllables are there here in Israel? How many ordinarily?
4. What archaisms do you notice in the poem?
5. "Stop and stay": is there any difference in meaning between the two words?
6. Write in your own words an account of the three wise men's journey.

HOW THE GANGES WAS BROUGHT FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH

The ancient Hindus had a marvellous story about the Ganges. "That holy stream," they said, "sanctifies all beings: those who even a hundred leagues away call 'Ganga! Ganga!' atone for the sin of three lives." Here is the tale.

Long, long ago lived a king, Sagara by name, who had two wives. He had, however, no heir to his throne, and to get one sought the aid of a sage. The latter promised that one wife should bear him a son, the heir of his race and throne, and that the other should give birth to sixty thousand sons. And it came to pass that the one wife bore him an heir named Asamanjas, and that the other had sixty thousand sons.

Now Asamanjas and his step-brothers grew up very wicked young men: and the gods thought that goodness was dying out by their example. So they went to the wise and blameless Rishi Kapila and begged him to save the world from the wicked sons of Sagara. He replied, "Fear not, soon shall the sons of Sagara be all destroyed."

About this time King Sagara performed a horse sacrifice. The sons of Sagara guarded the horse, which was stolen by a giant and carried off into a chasm of the earth. The young men tracked it by its hoof-prints; they entered the chasm and each dug a league into the earth. They saw the elephants which uphold the earth, and at last came to the place where Kapila was seated: his head was bent in meditation and shone as bright as the sun in an autumn sky. Close by they saw the horse browsing. "This is the thief," they cried, "who has stolen the horse and stopped the sacrifice. Kill him! kill him!" and rushed with their uplifted spades to slay him. But the Muni lifted his eyes, and for an instant flashed his gaze upon them; and straightway they were reduced to ashes by the flame that went forth from him.

When Sagara saw that his sons had not returned, he called his grandson Ansuman, the son of Asamanjas, and said, "Thou art brave as thy uncles were. Go thou and find out what has become of them. Take with thee thy bow and scimitar. As thou goest, give honour to those to whom honour is due: slay them that come against thee. But fail not to bring back the horse of sacrifice."

Ansuman went forth and wandered up and down the face of the earth. At last Suparna, the Lord of Birds, told him that the wrath of Kapila had burnt his uncles. Then the youth went down into the bowels of the earth by the path which his uncles had dug, and he came to where Kapila was sitting and where the horse was browsing and the ashes of his uncles were strewn. He approached the Rishi and prayed to him; and the saint was pleased and said, "Go, my son, take thou the horse and deliver him to thy grandfather; and do thou ask of me a boon."

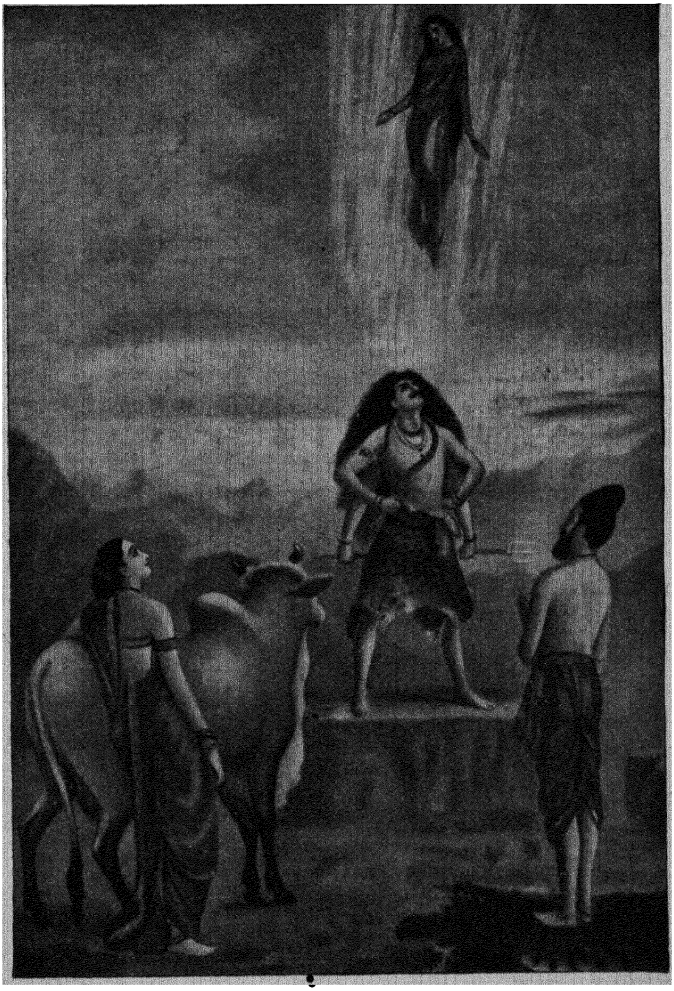
Ansuman asked the Rishi as his boon to raise to heaven those unworthy uncles, who had perished by his displeasure. "Thy grandson," answered the saint, "shall bring down to earth the Ganges of the gods; and when her waters shall wash the bones and ashes of thine uncles, they shall be raised to Swarga." Ansuman bowed in reverence to the Rishi and thanked him, and brought back the horse to his grandfather. And Sagara performed duly the sacrifice that he had purposed. When Sagara died, Ansuman became king in his stead: and his son Dilipa followed him. But neither Ansuman nor Dilipa could lave the ashes of Sagara's sons in the waters of the holy river Ganga.

After Dilipa came Bhagiratha his son. He knew that he was destined to bring down Ganga to the earth, and he longed to do so. So he left his kingdom in charge of his ministers and went away to the forest, where he led a solitary and austere life. There Brahma appeared to him and said, "Bhagiratha, I am pleased with thee for thy austerity: ask of me and I will grant thee thy request." Bhagiratha clasped his hands and bowed before Brahma in adoration and answered:

"Lord! Let the waters of Ganga, I pray, flow from the Himalayas and wash to the sea the ashes of Sagara's sons."

Brahma replied: "Great is the might of Ganga, eldest daughter of Himavan. The earth cannot withstand the fall of her waters: Hara alone can break her fall. Go thou, therefore, to Hara and seek his help."

One whole year did Bhagiratha spend in adoration of Siva: and at the end Siva showed himself to the king and promised to help him and to lessen the weight of the falling waters by receiving Ganga on his head, when she broke from on high. Then Ganga threw herself down and fell on Siva's head; but she was caught



GANGAVATARA.

(From coloured plate in the Reformed Series of English Books for Indian Schools, Reader III.)

in the tangled locks of the god's hair and not a drop of her waters reached the earth. Then gracious Siva loosed her from his hair and cast her off.

Bhagiratha, the king, went in front in his splendid car, and the river followed with her waters washing away all sins. As she went the earth grew beautiful; her streams were bright with fish; tortoises floated lazily on her surface and shoals of porpoises leapt forth from her bosom. Sometimes she flowed apace, sometimes she slackened her speed; here she went straight forward; there she curved her course through dales among uplands. At one spot she flooded the sacrificial ground of holy and wise Jahnu, whereat he was angry and drank her all up. But Bhagiratha prayed to the saint to set her free; and he was appeased and let her flow out through his ear. At last Bhagiratha led her where his great-great-uncles' ashes lay; and they were cleansed of their sins by her and at last were raised to Swarga.

Thus were the sons of Sagara punished, and after many years purified of their sins; thus was the earth made rich with the blessed waters of Ganga.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

adoration: devout worship (bhakti).
appease: pacify, soothe, satisfy.
atone for: expiate, give satisfaction for a sin, crime.
austere (adj.): severe, hard, ascetic;
whence
austerities: ascetic practices.
blameless: innocent, pure.
blessed: holy.
boon: favour, gift.
browse: graze.
chasm: a deep fissure, cleft, opening.
duly: properly, fitly.
lave (arch.): wash.
league: about three miles.

marvellous (adj. of *marvel*) : wonderful.
purpose (n.) : intention.
purpose (vb.) : to intend, propose to do.
sacrificial : adj. of *sacrifice*.
sanctify : make holy, purify, free from sin.
scimitar : an oriental curved sword.
straightway (arch.) : immediately, at once.
whereat (arch.) : at which.

PHRASES :—

To atone for, to set a (good, bad) example to . . ., to meditate upon, to give honour to, to long to . . ., to slacken speed.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Collect the words in the lesson for removing, getting rid of sin. Why should not one word be used throughout ?
3. What is an ascetic ? What is a saint ?
4. What is the lesson conveyed by this story ?
5. Write another and modern story on making amends for wrong-doing.
6. Explain—" the horse sacrifice," " an autumn sky," " the bowels of the earth."
7. " The elephants which uphold the earth." Write a little essay on the ancient ideas of the earth and its place in the universe.

THE PALM-TREE

[J. G. Whittier (1807–1892) was an American poet and journalist : he was a great advocate of the abolition of slavery in the southern States of U.S.A.]

Is it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm ?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm ?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palms are its spars and rails,
Fibres of palms are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoanut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the line?

Who smokes his narghile cool and calm?
The master whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm-mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm-thatch shields from the sun aloft!

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one!

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth at peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian Sea, by the isles of balm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

beaker : a large drinking-cup.
bounteous (adj. of *bounty*) *:* freely giving, liberal.
braid : thread, made of strips of the leaf interwoven.
cabbage : *i.e.* cabbage-tree, a palm the top bud of which is edible.
idly : lazily.
line : *i.e.* equator.
narghile : hookah.
quaff : drink.
release : freedom, being freed from . . .
scroll : a roll, a book in roll form.
shroud : cloth for wrapping the dead, winding-sheet.
spar : mast, yard (of ship).
spun : *i.e.* woven.
strands : strings (of fibre) from which the rope is plaited.
trace : mark, write on . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Make an analysis of the poem. In prose how many paragraphs would there be? How are the separate sections shown?
2. Expand (1) "The isles of balm";
   (2) "The milky sap of its inner cell";
   (3) "The hour of his great release";
   (4) "The foreheads of Islam are bowed as one."
3. (1) Is it right to speak of "branches of palms"? Can you take this literally?
   (2) How (with what) are palm-leaf books "traced"?
   (3) What is a narghile? Describe it.
4. Write a short essay on "The cocoa palm, the most useful of trees."

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK

[Daniel Defoe (1661–1731) was the son of a London butcher. He wrote many pamphlets, for one of which, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, he was convicted of seditious libel, fined, pilloried, and imprisoned by Queen Anne's Tory government. He also wrote other books of high literary quality, including *Captain Singleton* and *Journal of the Plague Year*. His most famous book is *Robinson Crusoe*.]

I

When we were near Cape Horn, the weather grew stormy. We became anxious, for our water and provisions were short. At last, when the only salt meat on board was cooking and the last cask of water was on tap, we heard the thrilling sound of "Land O!" What a welcome sight was that group of islands, after such a long voyage!

We entered a sound between the two largest of them, and found good anchorage close to a fine beach of hard sand. I was in a great hurry to set foot on the land, and, fortunately for me, the captain ordered me into the boat that took him ashore.

The beach was bordered with little hillocks, formed by the decay of the coarse grass that grew upon them. I was stepping from one of these hillocks to another, when my bare foot slipped and rested on something cold, wet, and slippery. A sound between a squeak and a grunt followed, and then a most hideous roar.

I lost my balance as a creature moved under my feet, and fell down upon him. I expected to be torn in pieces every instant, but at last I managed to rise and run to my companions. Turning round to face the enemy,

I saw seven great, shaggy animals making toward us. "Kill all you can; they are very good eating," exclaimed the captain. The animals were trying to reach the water, but, having only tails and fins, they advanced but slowly. We fired at them, but they proceeded toward the sea, upsetting every one who came in their way. At last we found out that their noses were their most tender part. A few blows there stopped their progress, and we made five of them prisoners.

Captain Gordon called them shaggy seals, and said that their skins were very valuable. We hauled them into the boat, and then went on our way to explore the island.

We spent two days at anchor in the sound, and all the ship's company were allowed to go on shore and refresh themselves. We took in a good supply of water, and on the third day we proceeded on our voyage.

We had a great deal of stormy weather in doubling Cape Horn. The currents were very strong and the sea rough. We continued to have heavy gales of wind after we were several hundred miles from the cape, and our voyage became more unpleasant every day.

As we were sailing along, we were alarmed by the cry of "Land dead ahead!" We were expecting orders to alter our course, when a gust came that nearly capsized us, and carried away several sails. Anchors were let go; but the breakers were all around us, and nothing could save the vessel. She was driven upon the rocks, and the sea broke over her.

There was but one boat left, and all on deck got into her, though not without great danger. In a few minutes a wave overturned the frail craft, and covered us all in its mighty waters.

As I was a good swimmer, I did not lose my presence of mind when I found myself under water. I tried to

rise to the surface, that I might take breath. This, however, I could not do. I must have been drowned if I had not been carried on the beach. The wave went back and left me upon the sand. I had just strength enough left to walk up the beach, beyond the reach of the breakers, when my knees bent under me, and I sank on the dry sand.

It was some time before I could recollect what had happened to me. By degrees the wreck, the wind, and the dashing waves helped me to recall the disaster. The fear that I alone, of all that were on board, had reached the shore alive, burst upon me, and made me miserable.

My courage came back when I remembered that my heavenly Father was as near me there as in my own happy home. I resolved to trust in Him entirely, and do the best I could to continue the life that had been so remarkably preserved.

II

Being very hungry, I began to search for something to eat. I had not walked far when I found some oysters, on which I soon made a good meal.

When I had finished it was about sunset. The wind had gone down, but it was raining fast. I had no means of making any defence: so I thought my best plan would be to follow the example of the birds and sleep in a tree. I found one whose thick foliage would screen me from the rain. I fixed myself in it as securely as I could, and, being very tired, I soon fell asleep.

I awoke refreshed, and with a keen appetite for my breakfast. Leaving my airy bed, I walked to the shore to look for shell-fish. To my great disappointment, the tide was high, and there were no oysters to be found.

It occurred to me that there might be wild fruits inland, that would satisfy my appetite. I walked for some distance till I came to rocks and bushes; but I looked in vain for any berries. When I reflected that I must be at least thirty degrees south of the equator, I was certain that it must be spring-time in this region. In due season these beautiful blossoms would give place



(From Longmans' British Empire Reader IV.)

to berries and fruits, that might prove to be wholesome food.

As I walked along, I observed some very curious-looking trees with tall, naked stems, and a great tuft of leaves on the top. Among the long, drooping leaves, I saw some large three-sided things. Thinking they might be good to eat, I threw stones at them, till I knocked one down. It was nearly as large as my head, covered with a husk that was tough and full of fibres, which

came off with difficulty. What was my delight when I found by the inside shell that it was a cocoanut!

I broke the shell on a stone, drank off the delicious milk it contained, and then ate the fruit. One did not satisfy me, half starved as I was: so I knocked down a second, and ate that as quickly as the first. My eyes filled with tears of joy for this new relief in my distress. Though I thought it likely there were more cocoanut palms on the island, I marked the spot where this cluster of them stood.

I now began to look for a cave in the rocks, where I might sleep in safety, instead of perching like a bird in a tree. I soon discovered a small, hollow place in the steep side of the hill. This, enlarged a little, would be exactly what I wanted; but how to make it big enough to sleep in without any tools was the grand difficulty.

While wandering over the beach, I found a very large, strong shell, which I thought would serve me instead of a spade. By patiently removing a little earth and a few stones at a time, I made some progress, but it was much slower than I expected. I soon came to hard points of rock that I could not possibly remove with my hands or shell.

I had seen some hard green stones on the beach. On examining them I found one in the form of a wedge with a very sharp edge to it. I found another that was equally well fitted for my purpose. It was thick and heavy at one end, while the other was small and easily grasped. I could use the latter as a mallet or hammer.

I set to work with my new tools, and cleared the cave of all the sharp rocks inside of it, and made it large enough for me to lie at some distance from the mouth. I had before gathered a quantity of grass and dried it in the sun. With this hay I made a most comfortable bed at the back part of my new lodging-room.

III

I had been so busy in making a safe retreat to sleep in that I had explored only a small part of the island; but I now determined to travel over it. After wandering about all the forenoon, I felt the need of food and rest.

On the banks of a pretty stream I sat down under the shade of a branching tree to eat the cocoanut I had brought with me. I had just begun my repast, when I heard a noise like the trampling of many animals.

I started to my feet, and prepared to defend myself against the attack of any wild beasts. I soon saw a troop of four-legged creatures coming towards me. My alarm was turned into joy when I found them to be the llama, or Peruvian camel. I fixed my eye upon a mother with two young ones following her. As she moved gently by my place of hiding, I had no difficulty in throwing a rope over her head.

The bound she gave well-nigh pulled the end of it out of my hand. Fearing that her struggles would soon free her, I made the end of the rope fast to the trunk of a small tree. Thus secured, she jumped and pulled till she tired herself out. When she was so tired as to be manageable, I began to lead her to her future home, her kids following close after us.

At first she stepped along very quietly, and I began to think I should have no more trouble with her. She soon undeceived me, and began such capers that I could but just hold her.

I was so worn out with the exertions I had made that when I reached my cave I could only tie her to a tree. I went at once to my soft bed of hay, and, falling asleep directly, my whole night's rest seemed like one short nap.

The Peruvians use the llama as a beast of burden, and

I determined to make mine useful in that way. I made a pair of large panniers and slung them over her back with a stout cord; and, that this might not hurt her, I put it over a saddle of bark stuffed with grass. I accustomed her first to a small load, and then to a heavier one, until by degrees she did all the work I needed of her.



(*From Longmans' British Empire Reader IV.*)

With her help, I brought to my cave a good stock of berries, fruits, and various kinds of nuts that I found to be good for food. I even made her bear one of her own species on her back, when I had killed it for eating.

At last the clear sky became overcast. The wind whistled through the trees; the ocean became dark and rough; and the rainy season began with a gale of wind. It rained with little interruption for two months, and

the return of fine weather was preceded by another violent storm of thunder, lightning, and wind.

This storm came on about sunset, and lasted all the first part of the night. In the morning the sky was clear, and there was every appearance of settled weather. I was impatient to go out and view the island after the storm.

Having hastily eaten my breakfast, I took a general survey of the scene from the top of Fort Hill. Instantly my eyes were fixed upon a wrecked vessel aground on a shoal not far from the reef on which the Santa Maria was lost. I ran towards the shore with the idea that some one or more of the crew might have reached land in safety. I made the air resound with my shouts, but no human voice responded to mine, and my heart sank within me.

It was not till I had given up all hope of finding any living being that I thought of visiting the wreck in search of things that would be useful to me. I stripped off my leathern suit and waded off towards the ship. With some swimming I reached the shoal on which the vessel lay.

IV

As I approached her I heard a sound which seemed nothing less than a human voice. I pressed forward to find the sufferer and relieve him. Breathless with hope, I reached the side of the wreck.

As the vessel lay aground, she was so high out of water that I saw no means of climbing up her slippery sides. Twice I waded around her, to see if I could discover any way of getting into her. The second time I saw a small piece of rope hanging down. I reached this with some difficulty, and, finding it fast at one end, I climbed to the deck, and hurried to the cabin.

I spoke, but no one answered. I felt in the berths, but found nobody.

A repetition of the sound I had before heard now hurried me forward. I approached the spot whence it proceeded, and heard it more distinctly. I pushed open a sliding door, and out leaped a large, black dog. My disappointment was great: I felt provoked with myself for mistaking the whining of a dog for a human voice.

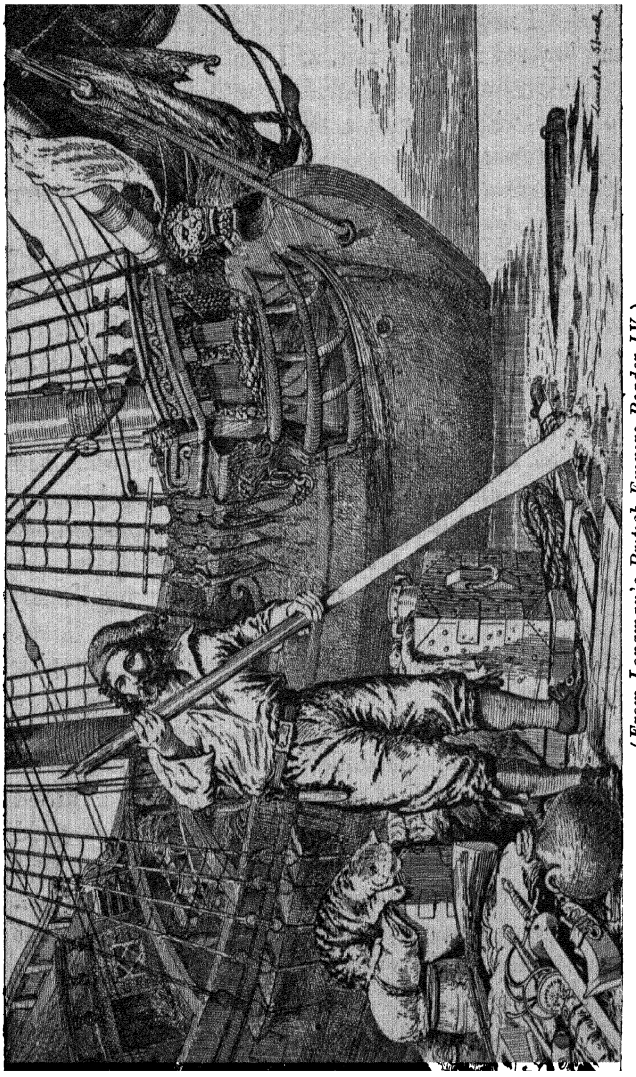
I was exhausted by my exertions, and went in search of bread, which I found in the steward's pantry. I refreshed myself with it, and began to see that I might derive great advantage from the vessel's being driven on this shore. I resolved to make the best use I could of it.

Experience had taught me that I needed tools more than anything. While I was still eating, I looked about for the carpenter's chest. How pleased I was to see and handle an axe, a saw, chisels, gimlets, hammers, and planes! I had accomplished so many things that I did not despair of getting all these tools safe on shore in some way or other.

Seeing some spare spars between-decks, it occurred to me that I could make a raft, and carry the chest of tools ashore, dry and safe. I went to work with great spirit, and carried four small spars upon deck. Having fastened a rope to one end of each, I threw them overboard, and tied them to the side of the ship to keep them from floating away.

I lowered myself down into the water, and lashed the ends of these spars together in the form of a square, and on this frame I placed some short pieces of plank. By the help of ropes I lowered the precious chest down to the raft.

As I had now done working in the water, I dressed myself in a suit of sailor's clothes, of which I found a



(*From Longman's British Empire Reader IV.*)

ROBINSON CRUSOE BRINGS GOODS FROM THE WRECK.

good many in the officers' cabin. Having collected the articles I needed most, I packed one chest full of them and lowered it to the raft, as I had the other.

One oar was all I could find; but that would be useful to steer with. The tide was rising and the current setting towards the west end of the island. What little wind there was blew directly on shore, and the water was remarkably smooth.

With every prospect of a safe passage, I pushed off from the side of the ship, and, while I could feel bottom, shoved the raft along with my oar. When I was beyond the sand-bank the wind and tide carried me along in the direction I wished to go.

It was not till I had secured my treasures that I thought anything about the dog. I now wondered what had become of him, and hoped to find him on the island.

In the cabin I found a cat. She was more sociable than the dog, and I took her on shore with me. I laboured hard all the afternoon, assisted by my llamas. When I went to bed that night, I had my two chests, one of tools, the other of clothing, secure in my sleeping apartment.

It was on Wednesday that I first boarded the wreck, and a week from the following Friday I brought off my last cargo, having made twelve trips, and carried away almost everything that one pair of hands could move. If the fine weather had continued, I suppose I should have brought away the vessel itself piecemeal. As it was, I sawed out a part of her side, and took out some things in that way that I could not otherwise have obtained.

DANIEL DEFOE.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

bound (n.): leap, jump.
breakers: waves breaking on a coast.

caper (n. and vb.) : leap.
capsize : upset, overturn a ship or boat.
current : water moving.
distinctly : clearly.
fire at : shoot gun at.
grand : great.
manageable : able to be managed, controlled.
overcast : cloudy.
panniers : baskets, especially for fastening on animals, one each side.
progress : advance, going on.
refresh (*oneself*) : make oneself strong, fresh with rest, food, etc.
relief : help in, lessening of pain, distress, etc.
screen (vb.) : hide, protect.
shaggy : hairy, long-haired.
sociable : friendly, like a companion.
sound : strait.
spar : pole.
thrilling (pres. p. of *thrill*) : exciting, making to throb with joy, fear, etc.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To make a trip, to set (go) to work, to take (make) a survey of . . ., to feel the need of . . ., to serve as . . . (instead of . . .), it occurs to . . ., to make a meal on . . ., to lose (keep) one's presence of mind, to run short of . . ., to be in a hurry to . . ., to be good eating . . ., to make prisoner, to refresh one's memory.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Examine the language of this passage, and notice its simplicity. The vocabulary is straightforward and common; striking similes and metaphors are absent. The sentences are easy in structure and are generally short. There are not many " periodic " sentences. The style is almost that of a man *telling* a tale, not writing it.
3. Combine the following sentences :—
   (*a*) I tried to rise to the surface, that I might take breath. This, however, I could not do. [Start with " when."]
   (*b*) I walked for some distance till I came to rocks and bushes; but I looked in vain for any berries. [Begin with " though."]
   (*c*) I found another that was equally well fitted for my purpose. It was thick and heavy at one end, while the other was small and easily grasped. I could use the latter as a mallet or hammer. [Make the second sentence a *causal* clause, beginning with " since," and the third a *consequence* clause, (" so . . . that ").]

4. Tell, in the third person, the story of Crusoe's escape from the wrecked ship.
5. Tell, in the third person, the story of his rescue of tools, etc., from the ship.

What qualities does Crusoe show in these extracts?

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

[Robert Southey (1774–1843) was included among the "Lake Poets" and was appointed Poet Laureate. He is remembered best by his clever ballads and his *Life of Nelson*.

The Inchcape Bell. The scene of this ballad is the Bell Rock off the Forfarshire coast of Scotland. A lighthouse was built there by Robert Stevenson in 1807.]

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as still can be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in a storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles arose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound; the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"O horror! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

buoy: float or raft fastened to, anchored to the rock.
fiends: devils.
joyance (poetical): joy.
knell: sound of funeral bell.

methinks (arch.): I think.
perilous: dangerous.
plague: worry, torment, annoy.
scour: rove, travel over in search (of plunder).
shock: *i.e.* washing against, impact on the rock.
store (n.): provision, abundance of (riches stolen).
swell: heaving, rising and falling of sea-waves.
tide: sea, water.
to excess: exceeding'y, very greatly.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT:—

To excess, in excess of, to store, to store up, in despair.

EXERCISES:—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. If you do not know them, find out from a dictionary other meanings, perhaps as other parts of speech, of plague, scour, buoy (up), shock.
3. Expand simply, or put into your own words, the following:—
   (*a*) "Her sails from heaven received no motion."
   (*b*) "He felt the cheering power of spring."
   (*c*) "There is the dawn of the rising moon."
4. Collect, if you do not know them, the phrases and words concerning a ship, the sea, the weather, *e.g.* a steady keel, a buoy, sea-birds' scream, to blow a gale, etc.
5. Someone must have survived to tell this tale. Imagine yourself to be the survivor, and tell the story.
6. This seems to be a case of "the punishment fitting the crime." Can you narrate any other story with the same moral?
7. What means are there of warning ships of dangerous rocks or a dangerous coast? Write a short essay on the subject.

THE SECOND VOYAGE OF SINDBAD THE SAILOR

I had resolved, as you know, on my return from my first voyage, to spend the rest of my days quietly in Baghdad, but very soon I grew tired of such an idle life and longed once more to find myself upon the sea.

I procured, therefore, suitable goods, and embarked

for the second time in a good ship with other merchants whom I knew to be honourable men. We went from island to island, often making excellent bargains, until one day we landed at a spot which was covered with fruit trees and had many springs of excellent water, but appeared to possess neither houses nor people. While my companions wandered here and there gathering flowers and fruit I sat down in a shady place, and, having heartily enjoyed the food and the wine I had brought with me, I fell asleep, lulled by the murmur of a clear brook which flowed close by.

How long I slept I do not know, but when I opened my eyes and started to my feet I perceived with horror that I was alone and that the ship had gone. I rushed to and fro like a madman, uttering cries of despair, and when from the shore I saw the vessel under full sail just disappearing upon the horizon, I wished that I had been content to stay at home in safety. But since wishes could do me no good, I took courage and looked about me for a means of escape. When I had climbed a tall tree I first of all looked anxiously towards the sea; but, finding nothing hopeful there, I turned landward, and saw a huge dazzling white object, so far off that I could not make out what it might be.

Descending from the tree I hastily collected what remained of my provisions and set off as fast as I could go towards it. As I drew near it seemed to me to be a white ball of immense size and height, and when I could touch it, I found it marvellously smooth and soft. As it was impossible to climb it, I walked round about it seeking some opening, but there was none. I counted, however, that it was at least fifty paces round. By this time the sun was near setting, but quite suddenly it fell dark, something like a huge black cloud came swiftly over me, and I saw with amazement that a



(*From Lang's "Arabian Nights Entertainments."*)

bird of extraordinary size was hovering near. Then I remembered that I had often heard the sailors speak

of a wonderful bird called a roc, and I thought that the white object must be its egg.

Sure enough the bird settled slowly down upon it, covering it with its wings to keep it warm, and I cowered close beside the egg in such a position that one of the bird's feet, which was as large as the trunk of a tree, was just in front of me. Taking off my turban I bound myself securely to it with the linen, and hoped that the roc next morning would bear me away with it from the desolate island. And this was precisely what did happen. At dawn the bird rose into the air, carrying me up and up out of sight of the earth, and then suddenly it descended so swiftly that I almost swooned.

When the roc had settled upon solid ground, I hastily unbound my turban from its foot and freed myself, and that not a moment too soon; for the bird pounced upon a huge snake, killed it with a few blows from its powerful beak, seized it and rose into the air once more, and soon was out of sight.

I was no better off than before. I found myself in a deep and narrow valley, and among mountains which towered into the clouds, and were too steep and rocky to climb up.

As I wandered about, seeking anxiously for some means of escaping from this trap, I observed that the ground was strewed with diamonds, some of them of great size. I was delighted, but not for long; for I saw also numbers of horrible snakes so long and so large that the smallest of them could have swallowed an elephant with ease. Fortunately for me they seemed to hide in caverns of the rocks by day, and only came out by night; probably they feared their enemy the roc.

All day long I wandered up and down the valley, and when it grew dusk I crept into a little cave; I

blocked up the entrance to it with a stone, and ate part of my little store of food. I lay down to sleep, but all through the night the serpents crawled to and fro, hissing horribly, so that I could scarcely close my eyes for terror.

I was thankful when the morning light appeared, and the serpents had retreated to their dens. I came tremblingly out of my cave and wandered up and down the valley once more, kicking the diamonds out of my path, for I felt that they were indeed vain things to a man in my situation. At last, overcome with weariness, I sat down upon a rock; but I had hardly closed my eyes when I was startled by something which fell to the ground with a thud close beside me.

It was a huge piece of fresh meat, and as I stared at it several more pieces rolled over the cliffs in different places. I had often heard the sailors tell of the famous valley of diamonds, and of the tricks by which some merchants got the precious stones; but thought them mere travellers' tales not to be believed, but now I perceived that they were surely true.

These merchants came to the valley at the time when the eagles, which keep their eyries in the rocks, had hatched their young. The merchants then threw great lumps of meat into the valley. These fell with so much force upon the diamonds that some of the precious stones stuck to them; the eagles pounced upon the meat and carried it off to their nests to feed their hungry broods. Then the merchants, scaring away the parent birds with shouts, would get the diamonds.

Until this moment I had looked upon the valley as my grave, for I had seen no chance of getting out of it alive, but now I took courage and began to devise a means of escape. I first picked up all the largest diamonds I could find and stored them carefully in my leathern wallet; this I tied securely to my belt. I then

chose a large piece of meat, and with the aid of my turban bound it firmly to my back; this done I lay down upon my face and awaited the coming of the eagles.

I soon heard the flapping of their mighty wings above me; and one of them seized upon my piece of meat, and me with it, and rose slowly towards his nest, into which he dropped me. Luckily for me the merchants were on the watch, and with loud shouts rushed to the nest, scaring away the eagle. They were amazed to discover me; and disappointed also: with one accord they fell to abusing me for having robbed them of their usual profit. Addressing myself to the one who seemed most angry, I said—

"I am sure, if you knew all that I have suffered, you would show more kindness towards me, and as for diamonds, I have enough here of the very best for you and me and all your company." So saying I showed them to him. The others all crowded round me, wondering at my adventures and admiring the device by which I had escaped from the valley; and when they had led me to their camp and examined my diamonds, they assured me that they had never seen stones so big and beautiful.

From THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

accord: consent, agreement.
assure: tell confidently, without doubt.
content: satisfied.
cower: shrink, try to hide oneself.
desolate: uninhabited.
device: trick, means.
eyry: eagle's nest.
heartily: thoroughly, abundantly.
hover: hang in the air (as a hawk does).
luckily: by good fortune.
precisely: exactly, just.
procure: obtain, get.

provisions (pl.): food.
surely: certainly, undoubtedly.
swoon: faint, become unconscious.
tower: rise like a tower (over, above).
travellers' tales: lies.
vain: idle, useless.

PHRASES:—

To (go) be out of sight, to make a good bargain, to enjoy a hearty meal, with one accord, in a towering rage, a clever device.

EXERCISES:—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. With the aid of a dictionary find the meaning and use of the following:—swoon (n.), in good company, content oneself with, content (n.), contented, devise a means, to count upon (a person).
3. Retell the tale of the valley of diamonds as if told by someone reporting Sindbad's narrative.
4. Imagine and narrate a discussion among Sindbad's fellow-merchants when they lost him and sailed away.

SINDBAD'S THIRD VOYAGE

When Harun-al-Rashid, Commander of the Faithful, was Caliph, there lived in Baghdad a poor fellow named Sindbad, who made a living by carrying loads for hire. One very hot day he was sent to carry a heavy load from one end of the city to the other. Before he had gone half the distance, he was so tired that he wanted to rest; he found himself in a quiet street, opposite the gate of a merchant's house. The ground below was swept and sprinkled with rose-water, and the breeze was cool. So he put his load on a broad bench and sat down on the edge of the bench to take rest. He soon decided that he could not have chosen a better spot; for from the house there came upon his ears the melodious sounds of lutes and other musical instruments, together with the songs of birds. Then he went

up to the gate and saw within a great flower-garden wherein were many pages and black slaves; at the same time he perceived the smell of rich food and concluded that a feast was going on within. So he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "Mysterious are the ways of Allah! Here am I, who have hard work to get enough bread to keep myself and my family alive, and suffer a thousand hardships every day; this man, here, spends money right and left and lives on the fat of the land. We are both men; yet the difference between us two is as the difference of flavour betwixt vinegar and wine."

Sindbad the Porter said this, took up his burden and was about to go, when there came forth to him from the gate a little page, fair, shapely, and daintily dressed; he took the porter by the arm and said, "Come in; my master, Sindbad the Sailor, wishes to speak to you." The porter was surprised and afraid that his rich namesake had heard his words. He tried to excuse himself, saying that he could not leave his load in the street. But the boy pressed him so, that he was obliged to go in.

He was taken into a great hall, where there was a great company seated round a table covered with all sorts of delicacies. At the head of the table sat a tall man with a long, white beard which gave him a venerable air. So Sindbad the Porter said to himself, "By Allah, this must be either a piece of paradise or some king's palace." Then he saluted the company with much respect, prayed for their prosperity, kissed the ground before them and stood with his head bowed. But the master of the house signed to him to come near, put him at his right hand, and set before him choice viands.

The porter, after saying his Bismillah, fell to and ate his fill; and washing his hands, returned thanks to

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The porter, after saying his Bismillah, fell to and ate his fill; and washing his hands, returned thanks to

the company. The host then asked him his name. "My lord," replied he, "my name is Sindbad, and I carry goods on my head for hire." The master of the house smiled and said, "Know, O porter, that your



SINDBAD CURSES HIS FATE

(*From Lang's "Arabian Nights Entertainments."*)

name is even as mine, for I am Sindbad the Seaman; and I would have you repeat what you said just now at the gate!" The porter was afraid and ashamed, and hanging down his head replied, "My lord, I confess that, being weary and out of temper, I uttered foolish words, which I pray you to pardon me." Sindbad

the Sailor said, "Do not imagine that I am so unjust as to blame you. Rather I pity you, but I think you are mistaken about me, and I wish to set you right. You think I have gained all this wealth and comfort without difficulty or danger; but that is not the case. I have only reached this happy state after having for years suffered every kind of toil and peril." Then turning to his other guests, he said, "My friends, I have made seven voyages, the tale of each of which is wonderful, and all this came to pass by dint of fortune and of fate; for from what destiny writes there is neither refuge nor flight. Since you have probably had only vague accounts of them, I will tell you now my story truly and in full."

Before he began his tale, however, he sent his own servants with the load left in the street to the place for which the porter had set out. That day he told the story of his first voyage, and when he had told it gave his namesake a hundred gold sequins and bade him come again the next day. He came, heard the story of the second voyage, and again got a little present. The third day came: the same guests were invited to a feast, and after the feast Sindbad the Sailor told the story of his third voyage.

"After my return I lived such a pleasant life, that I soon forgot the perils of my two former voyages. Moreover, as I was still in the prime of life, I felt I must be up and doing. So once more I got together the best and rarest merchandise of Baghdad, which I took to Bassorah, and set sail from that port with other merchants from far-off lands.

"We had touched at many ports, and made much profit. One day, however, upon the open sea we were caught by a terrible wind, which blew us right out of our reckoning. We hadn't a notion where we were, but

still the wind blew and after several days drove us into a harbour on a strange island.

"The captain then beat his face and plucked out his beard and rent his raiment. So we said to him, 'O captain, what is the matter?' 'Know, O my brethren (Allah preserve you!),' said he, 'fate has brought us to the land of a hairy folk like apes, among whom no man fell and came forth alive. They are certain to attack us; and if they do, we dare not resist. They swarm like locusts, and if one is killed, the rest will fall upon us and speedily make an end of us.'

"We were all, merchants and sailors, in a state of terror at these words; and soon we were to find that the captain spoke the truth. For there appeared a countless multitude of frightful creatures, covered with black hair like felt, hideous in looks and only four spans high, yellow-eyed and black-faced. They threw themselves into the water and were soon swimming all round our vessel. They chattered like monkeys a gibberish we could not understand: they swarmed up the ship's side and gnawed asunder the cables and ropes, so that we could not sail and were stranded upon their mountainous coast.

"We were all in a rage: but what could we do? For we were in terror, from the captain downwards, of hindering them; and not a word that we spoke could they understand. They landed us on the island, made off with the ship and its cargo, and went away, leaving us helpless, without ship, without food, and without drink.

"We left the shore and wandered miserably inland; as we went, we plucked various fruits and herbs, which we ate. Presently we saw in the far distance what seemed to be an inhabited house. So we made for it as fast as our weary feet could carry us, and behold

it was a castle, lofty and strong. Pushing back the heavy doors, we entered the courtyard; we passed on to the door of a great hall beyond, but there we stopped, frozen with horror at the sight that met us. On a long bench of stone were set braziers with cooking vessels, and about it lay a huge pile of bones—human bones! Overcome with despair and weariness, we sank to the ground, and lay there speechless and motionless as logs.

"There we lay till the sun was setting, when all on a sudden the earth trembled under our feet and the air rumbled. Then there came down on us from the top of the castle a huge creature in the shape of a man, black of colour, tall as a date-tree, with an eye like a coal of fire, and eye-teeth like a boar's tusks, and a mouth gaping like a well. His lower lip, like a camel's, hung down upon his breast; his ears, big as an elephant's, covered his shoulders, and the nails of his hands were like the claws of a lion.

"At the sight of this terrible monster we swooned and lay like dead men. When we came to ourselves, there was the giant, seated on the bench and gazing at us with a fearful grin. He then arose, stretched out a hand, and, having taken me up by the back of the neck, turned me this way and that, feeling me as a butcher feels a sheep. Seeing that I was only skin and bone, he put me down and tried the next in the same way. At last he came to the captain, who was a good fat fellow, the fattest of us all; whereupon he threw him down, set his foot upon his neck and broke it. He then stuck him on a spit and began to roast and eat him. After he had had his supper, he lay down and went to sleep. He snored like the loudest thunder, while we lay shivering with terror all the night through. Not one of us slept a wink. In the morning at day-break he got up and went out, leaving us in the castle.



"THERE CAME A HUGE CREATURE, BLACK OF COLOUR; WITH AN EYE LIKE A COAL OF FIRE."

(*From Lang's "Arabian Nights Entertainments."*)

"As soon as we saw we were really alone, we rose up and cried aloud till the hall echoed with our despair. Though we were many and our enemy was only one, it did not occur to us to kill him; and we could think of no plan to save ourselves. So at last we ceased lamenting; to grieve was of no use; there seemed nothing for us but to submit. We spent the day in wandering up and down the island, eating such fruits as we could find; and when night came on we returned to the castle, having found no other place of shelter. At sunset the giant came back, made his supper of one of our unhappy companions; slept and snored till dawn, and then went out as before. How frightful was our condition! To several of us it seemed better to leap from the cliffs and be drowned than to wait for so cruel a death. But I had a plan of escape, which I now unfolded to them and which they at once agreed to adopt. This was to blind the giant while he slept by piercing his eye with a red-hot iron spit.

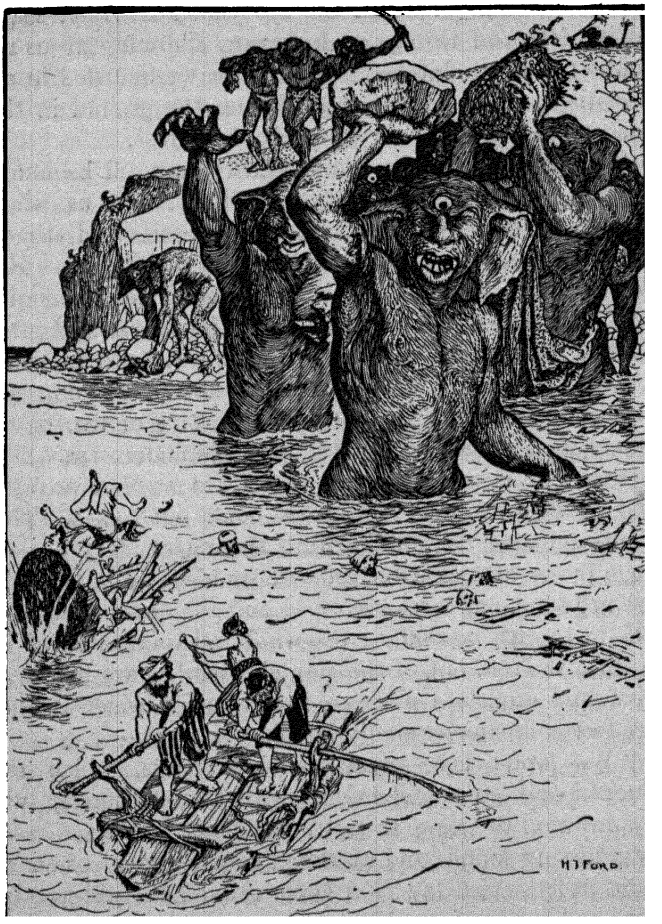
"'Listen, my brethren,' I added. 'There is plenty of drift-wood along the shore. Let us make several rafts and keep them in a suitable place. If we succeed in blinding the giant, we can wait for a passing ship to come and rescue us. If we fail, we must take to the rafts. Frail as they are, we shall have more chance of saving our lives by them than by staying here.' 'By Allah,' said they all, 'your plan is good.'

"We spent the day in making rafts, each big enough for three persons. At nightfall we returned to the castle, and very soon in came the giant, who ate one more of our number. As usual, he lay down and slept and snored. Now was the time for our vengeance; as soon as he began to snore, we arose and took one of the iron spits standing there, heated it red-hot, thrust it into his eye and pressed upon it, so that his eyeball burst

and he became stone-blind. He yelled horribly, leapt to his feet and threw out his arms, clutching at us all round: but he clutched only air, for we had fled in all directions, and laid ourselves flat on the ground in the corners of the cave, out of reach of his feet.

"Howling frightfully, he fumbled about till he found the door, and went out roaring loudly. As for us, when he had gone, we hastened out of the castle and stayed by our rafts, waiting to see what would happen. His howls got fainter and fainter; we hoped he would die, and that we should not need our rafts, but might stay on the island till a ship came. But we hoped in vain, for as dawn came we saw the giant approaching us, and not alone; for he leant on the arms of two other giants fouler and more frightful than he was. We waited not a moment, but clambered upon our rafts and paddled away as hard as we could out to sea. The giants pursued us; wading into the water, they hurled huge pieces of rock after us, with such good aim that all the rafts but one were swamped and the crews drowned. The lucky raft was mine; the wind and waves carried it far into the sea, out of the giants' reach. Next morning we found ourselves near an island, upon which I and my two companions gladly landed.

"We found here many delicious fruits, which we plucked and ate: and having satisfied our hunger, we lay down on the shore to rest. Suddenly we were roused by a hissing sound, and awaking, saw a serpent of enormous belly which lay in a circle around us. Presently it reared its head, and seizing one of my companions, swallowed him up to his shoulders; then it gulped down the rest of him, and we heard his ribs crack in its belly. My other companion and I did not wait but ran for our lives to some place of safety; and seeing a tall tree we made for it. We first gathered a supply



"WE PADDLED AWAY AS HARD AS WE COULD."
(*From Lang's "Arabian Nights Entertainments."*)

of fruit from the neighbouring bushes and then climbed up into our tree. When night came I fell asleep, but

was awakened once more by the terrible snake; having hissed horribly round the tree, it reared itself against the trunk. My unhappy comrade was perched just below me, and was seized and swallowed by the snake, which crawled away.

"I was half dead with terror. At sunrise, however, I crept down with hardly a hope that I should escape the dreadful fate of my companions; but life is sweet, and I determined to do all I could to save myself. So I took five pieces of wood, broad and long, and bound one crosswise to the soles of my feet, and others in like fashion on my right and left sides and over my breast; and the broadest and largest I bound across my head and made them fast with ropes. Then I lay down on the ground on my back, so that I was completely fenced in by the pieces of wood, which enclosed me like a bier. The snake came and glided round and round the wood that fenced me in, but could not get at me. It glided round and round till dawn, but when the sun rose it made off, balked of its prey.

"Shaking with fear and half choked with the poisonous breath of the snake, I unbound myself and crawled down to the shore of the island. I was ready to drown myself in the waters. But to my joy I saw a ship sailing by. I tore off a great branch of a tree, made signs with it to the crew, and shouted madly till those on the ship saw me. A boat was sent to fetch me off, and soon I was on board among a crowd of merchants and sailors eager to know my story. I told them all that had happened to me, and how I was the only survivor of a whole ship's crew. They gave me clothes to wear, and fed me with the best food on board; I ate my fill, and Allah Almighty gave me strength again.

"Nor was this the end of my good fortune. For the captain asked me to trade with some merchandise

belonging to a passenger who was dead; he wished to pay the money got by my trading to the man's heirs, and I was to have a part for my trouble. I agreed gladly: he then ordered the bales to be handed over to me. The ship's scribe asked him whose name was to be written on the bales; he answered, 'Sindbad the Sailor.' When I heard this, I said to myself, 'Praised be Allah,' and looked closely at the captain and saw that he was the captain of the ship in which I made my second voyage. 'So, captain,' said I, 'the merchant that owned these bales was called Sindbad?'

"'Yes,' he replied, 'he was so named. He belonged to Baghdad, and joined my ship at Bassorah, but by ill-luck was left upon an island where we had landed to fill our water-casks, and it was not until four hours later that he was missed. By that time the wind had freshened, and it was impossible to put back for him.'

"'You think he died, then?' said I.

"'Alas! yes,' he answered.

"'Why, captain,' I cried, 'look at me. I am that Sindbad who fell asleep upon the island and awoke to find himself abandoned.'

"The captain stared at me in wonder; soon he saw that I was Sindbad, and cried, 'By Allah, O my lord, your case is indeed wondrous and your tale marvellous; but praised be Allah, who has brought us together again and who has restored your goods to you.' I took the goods and for the rest of the voyage had nothing but success, so that I returned to Baghdad with more money than I could count. I gave much to the poor and bought much land to add to what I already owned, and thus ended my third voyage."

NOTE:—Harun-al-Rashid [A.D. 763–809], fifth Abbasside caliph of Baghdad, was famous for the magnificence of his court, and his support of letters and learning, and for his justice.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

asunder : apart, in two.
balk (*baulk*) *of :* prevent, thwart, hinder from.
by dint of : by means, by force of.
choice : delicious, unusual, picked.
clamber upon : climb, with hands and feet.
conclude : decide, infer, argue (that).
daintily : delicately, tastefully, prettily, cleanly.
frail : weak.
freshen (of wind) *:* rise, get stronger.
frozen (p.p. of *freeze*) *: i.e.* rigid, stiff, unable to move.
gibberish : unintelligible sounds.
imagine : think, suppose.
lute : stringed instrument like vina, sitar.
namesake : one with the same name.
perceive : notice, observe (by one of the senses).
prime : best state or period.
reckoning : here, calculation of position in journey.
refuge : escape.
rescue : pick up or save.
sequin : a (Venetian) coin.
shapely : well-formed, of good shape.
stone-blind : quite blind.
submit : give way, yield.
survivor : one who still lives, lives after others, escapes from accident.
unfold : explain, make clear.
vague : not clear, confused.
vengeance : punishment for wrong done to one.
viand : dish of food.

PHRASES :—

For hire, to suffer hardship, to live on the fat of the land, to excuse oneself, to be out of temper, by dint of . . ., to be in the prime of life, out in one's reckoning, not to sleep a wink, to rescue from.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Turn the passage "Mysterious are the ways of Allah . . . vinegar and wine" into the indirect.
3. "He tried to excuse himself, saying that he could not leave his load in the street. But the boy pressed him so, that he was obliged to go in." Combine these two sentences into one. What is the force of "so"?

4. "How frightful was our condition! To several of us it seemed better to leap from the cliffs and be drowned than to wait for so cruel a death." Make an imaginary discussion between three or four of the survivors.

5. The story of the one-eyed giant is older than the *Arabian Nights*. It dates from Homer, and the tale of Odysseus (Ulysses). Find out the story as told by Homer and retell it shortly in your own words.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

[Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) was a Scottish poet and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott. His best works are patriotic lyrics, of which *Ye Mariners of England* and *The Battle of the Baltic* are among the finest in the language.]

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?"

Outspoke 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 raging 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 armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O *haste thee*, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed 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 this 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.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

adown: down.
bird: maiden.
bonny: comely, pretty.
bound to: bound for, going to.
drear: dreary, dismal, gloomy.
fatal: destructive, bringing death.
glen: narrow valley.
tempest: violent storm.
water-wraith: spirit of the waters.
wight: person, being.
winsome: charming, winning, bright.

PHRASES:—

Hard by (upon), (a storm) gathers, to be dismayed.

EXERCISES:—

1. Study the language of the poem. It is in imitation of an old ballad. Hence the archaic words. Some are printed in italics, and some are in the word list above. Find others in the poem, *e.g.* "outspoke": for "spoke out" (but "outspoken" as an adjective is common). What poetical order occurs?
2. Retell this story in prose, by paragraphs and with some dialogue. Avoid the historic present and old words.

3. Expand:
   (1) "The waves are raging white."
   (2) "The waters fast prevailing."
   (3) "The loud waves lashed the shore."
   (4) "In the scowl of heaven each face grew dark."
   (5) "Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle."
4. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.

BORROWED WORDS IN ENGLISH

If an Indian went to England, a country which is colder than India, he would be obliged to wear clothes suitable to the climate; he would adopt warm woollen clothes to keep out the cold; in fact, in the matter of clothes, he would borrow the customs of the country. At the same time, if he had no names for these clothes, he would "borrow" the English names and would not trouble to invent terms.

That is very much what the Britisher does when he goes abroad. All over the globe British folk are to be found; they travel to and settle in countries that are very different from their own islands. They see new things, and learn new customs, and must find new names for their new experiences. Now there are some people who think that a name for a new object should be invented from the mother-tongue; but that is not the way of the English-speaking peoples. Travellers have no time to invent words, nor have settlers the education; they are common, not learned folk. Common sense tells them that it is best to borrow its names from the people who use or possess the new thing. At the same time they do not worry about the correct pronunciation; they pronounce the borrowed name with the sounds of their own language. Thus the English

in India borrowed long ago from Tamil the word *mila-gutanni*, and pronounced it *mulligatawny*.

However, in order to borrow names for new things it is not necessary to travel. The new things may come to them in ships, may be imported into the country by merchants, or be brought in by foreign settlers and visitors. Though the learned would like, if they could, to invent big names for common things, the average man borrows the foreign names, giving them the sounds of his mother-tongue. It is easy to recall, for instance, many English words adopted into the Indian languages, and adapted to their speech-sounds. Such are, to mention a few, constable, collector, rail, rubber, train, lantern, motor. An Indian motor-driver, or chauffeur, would, if asked to explain the working of his car, answer in his mother-tongue with a number of borrowed English terms. During a game of cricket, hockey or football, both spectators and players will be heard almost certainly to use such words as "bat," "ball," "in," "out," "goal," "centre," and so on.

The English language is an inveterate borrower; it has taken words from almost every language under the sun. For instance, from Chinese it has *tea*; from Arabic through Turkish, *coffee*; *tomato* from Mexican, through Spanish; from a South American language, through Spanish again, *potato*; from Hindustani (at last from Persian) *toddy*; from French *soup*; from the Hottentot language *gnu*; from Australian *kangaroo*; *mango*, through Portuguese, from Tamil; from Malay *mango-steen* and *godown*.

The largest number of borrowings is from French and Latin. These were made at different times during the past eight hundred years, and are still being made. Most words which end in *-age* are of French origin; those in which *-age* is pronounced id3 were borrowed

hundreds of years ago ; those in which *-age* is pronounced a : 3 are modern borrowings. *Courage* and *voyage* are instances of the former ; *garage* illustrates the latter. Other French words are *pity, pardon, custom, mutton, war, age.* Latin has been to English very much what Sanskrit is and has been to Telugu, Canarese and other Indian languages. It supplies numerous abstract names, e.g. *origin, nation, estimate, terrestrial.* It should be added that, French being itself derived mainly from Latin, most French words borrowed into English go back to Latin. Often both the French form and the original Latin form are found. Thus *voyage,* which means " to make a journey by sea " or " a journey by sea," is the same as *viaticum.*

. In modern times Greek has been very largely used for learned and scientific words. *Oxygen* and *hydrogen* are made up from Greek roots ; so are *geography* and *telegraphy* (*telegraph, telegram*).

The history of the word *voyage* throws a light on the change of meanings in the course of centuries. *Viaticum,* as a Latin word, meant the travelling allowance of an official. Just as English sounds are changed by Indian speakers, its pronunciation altered in the mouths of the inhabitants of France, and became *voiage.* The idea of *money* was dropped, while that of a *journey* remained. The English borrowed the word in the form *voyage,* of which, in common usage, they have limited the meaning to " a journey by sea."

If people travel, words can do so too, not only through time, but also through space. Long, long ago, rice was carried overland or by sea from Malabar to the country of the Greeks, and with it went the name *arishi,* but the Greeks changed the pronunciation to *oruza.* From Greek the name passed into Latin, and thence into French, where it became *ris.* From France it was

carried across the Channel to England and became *rice* (rais).

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

average : common, ordinary.
experiences : facts observed, knowledge gained.
folk : people.
inveterate : regular, obstinate, habitual.
limit : keep, confine, restrict.
terms : words, expressions.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To trouble to . ., to settle in . . ., to worry about, every . . . under the sun, to throw (a) light on .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Write a short essay on borrowings in your mother tongue : (*a*) languages from which borrowed (Hindustani, Persian, English, French, Portuguese) ; (*b*) the parts of speech the borrowings are ; (*c*) reasons for borrowing.
3. Write a short essay on Sanskrit borrowings in your mother tongue.
4. With the aid of a dictionary study the words : globe, custom, idea, shampoo, cocoa, scientific, balcony, algebra, chauffeur, motor, yacht, alphabet, journey, sound, change, electric, catamaran, tope. From what language does each come ?

THE SWORD EXCALIBUR

[Arthur was a British King of the sixth century who afterwards became the hero of Celtic legend. The legend spread all over Europe. Later on his story was told in English by Sir Thomas Malory (fifteenth century) in his *Morte d'Arthur* (The Death of Arthur). King Arthur, according to the story, gathered round him a band of Knights who were all brave and noble. They were all equal, and to show this they sat at a round

table, and were known as the Knights of the Round Table.

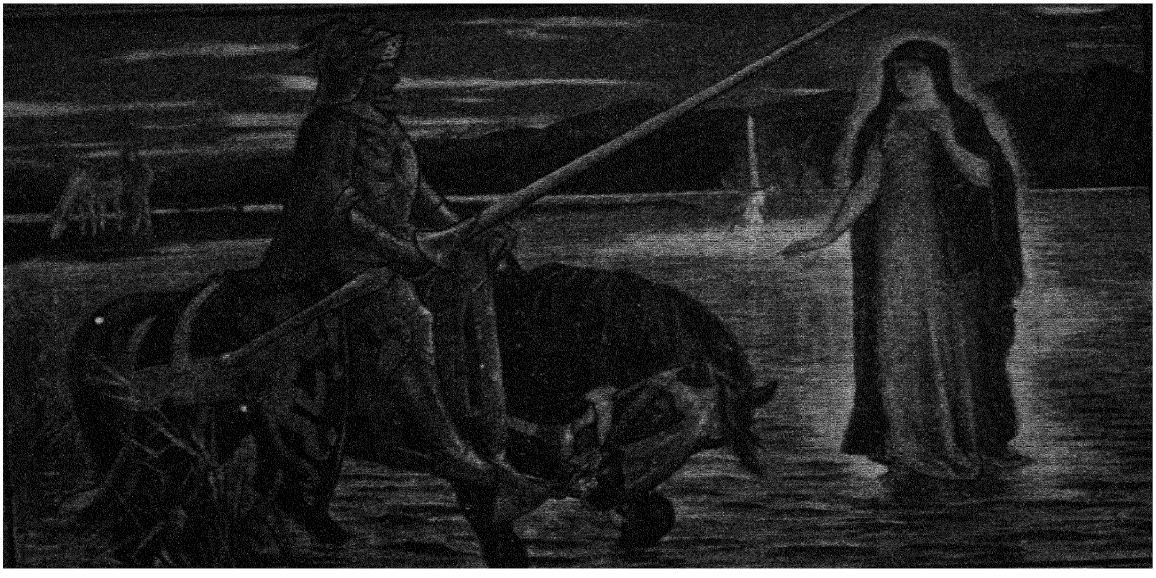
Arthur fought many battles with the English, but quarrelled with one of his Knights, Sir Lancelot, and was persuaded by Sir Gawaine to make war against him. This led to the treachery of Mordred and the death of Arthur. The poet Tennyson, in the nineteenth century, retold these tales in his *Idylls of the King.*]

King Arthur had fought a hard battle with the tallest Knight in all the land, and though he struck hard and well, was only saved by Merlin, who enchanted the Knight and cast him into a deep sleep. He brought the King to a hermit who had studied the art of healing, and cured all his wounds in three days. Then Arthur and Merlin waited no longer, but gave the hermit thanks and departed.

As they rode together Arthur said, "I have no sword," but Merlin bade him be patient and he would soon give him one. In a little while they came to a large lake, and in the midst of the lake Arthur beheld an arm rising out of the water, holding up a sword. "Look!" said Merlin, "that is the sword I spoke of." And the King looked again, and a maiden stood upon the water. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin, "and she is coming to you, and if you ask her courteously she will give you the sword." So when the maiden drew near Arthur saluted her and said, "Maiden, I pray you tell me whose sword is that which an arm is holding out of the water. I wish it were mine, for I have lost my sword."

"That sword is mine, King Arthur," answered she, "and I will give it to you, if you in return will give me a gift when I ask you."

"By my faith," said the King, "I will give you whatever gift you ask." "Well," said the maiden, "get



(From Lang's "*The Book of Romance.*")

into the barge yonder, and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you." For this was the sword Excalibur. "As for *my* gift, I will ask it in my own time."

Then King Arthur and Merlin dismounted from their horses and tied them up safely, and went into the barge, and when they came to the place where the arm was holding the sword Arthur took it by the handle, and the arm disappeared. And they brought the sword back to land.

As they rode the King looked lovingly on his sword, which Merlin saw, and, smiling, said, "Which do you like the best, the sword or the scabbard?" "I like the sword," answered Arthur. "You are not wise to say that," replied Merlin, "for the scabbard is worth ten of the sword, and as long as it is buckled on you, you will lose no blood, however sorely you may be wounded."

So they rode into the town of Caerleon, and Arthur's Knights gave them a glad welcome, and said it was a joy to serve under a King who risked his life as much as any common man.

From THE BOOK OF ROMANCE.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

barge : a highly decorated craft used by kings and nobles.
buckled : fastened by a buckle.
courteously : politely, kindly.
dismount from : get down from.
enchant : bewitch, cast a spell upon, use magic upon.
scabbard : sheath to hold a sword.
sorely (arch.) *:* badly, severely.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To give . . . a welcome, to risk one's life, to return, to lose blood.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.

2. Use the following in other senses; find them out from a dictionary: enchant (*figurative sense*), barge (*ordinary use*), sore (*modern use*).
3. Merlin was an enchanter: explain this. Tell the story of an enchanter in Indian story.
4. Arthur's magic sword was "Excalibur." What magic weapons and whose do you know of in Indian legend?
5. Tell the story of the breaking of the bow of Janaka by Rama.
6. Retell the story of the gift of Excalibur in two paragraphs.

NOTE :—Caerleon is a town in Monmouthshire: here King Arthur was said to have held his court. It was a Roman fortress.

THE LAST BATTLE AND THE DEATH OF KING ARTHUR

The King desired that peace should be lasting, to enable the country to recover its prosperity; but Sir Gawaine would give him no rest until he had consented to raise a host and make war upon Sir Lancelot.

Before he marched away he ordered his nephew Sir Mordred to govern the kingdom in his absence.

No sooner was his uncle at a safe distance, than Sir Mordred gave it out that King Arthur had been slain in battle, and he caused himself to be crowned King at Canterbury.

Then he summoned Queen Guenevere, and ordered her to be ready to marry him on a certain day. The Queen hurried at once to London, and rode to the Tower, in which she stored food, and, with her men-at-arms around her, she determined to defend it against Sir Mordred until King Arthur should return.

Sir Mordred laid close siege to the Tower for many months, until at last word was brought to him that King Arthur was hurrying home across the seas to

punish the nephew who had betrayed him. Sir Mordred then retired with a great host to Dover, there to await the King's arrival.

King Arthur and his men landed on the seashore, and though Sir Mordred's host fell upon them while they were in the surf, they won their way through, and Sir Mordred's men fled into the country.

When the fight was over, a man came to the King with the news that he had found Sir Gawaine lying sorely wounded in a boat. The King ordered the man to lead him there, and he found that Sir Gawaine's chance of recovery was very small, for an old wound had broken out afresh, and was bleeding profusely.

"King Arthur, my uncle," said Sir Gawaine, "my death day has come, and through my own fault; for had Sir Lancelot been here this unhappy war would not have been begun, and it is I who am the cause of his absence."

Then Sir Gawaine asked for paper, pen and ink. Resting in King Arthur's arms, he wrote to Sir Lancelot, and begged him to come to the help of King Arthur, who was hard pressed by Sir Mordred. "Pray for my soul, I beseech you," he wrote, "and visit my tomb." Then Sir Gawaine died, and was buried by King Arthur in the chapel of Dover Castle.

The next day, news was brought to King Arthur that Sir Mordred had pitched his camp on Barham Down, and the King rode thither with his host, and a great battle ensued, many on both sides being slain.

In the end Sir Mordred again withdrew, and King Arthur moved westwards towards Salisbury.

In order to end the war, the King offered to give him Cornwall and Kent, and promised that he should become King of all England on his death.

This Sir Mordred agreed to, if King Arthur and

fourteen Knights would meet him, similarly attended, between the two armies.

King Arthur, suspecting treachery, warned his army to rush forward if they saw a sword drawn, and with his fourteen Knights rode out to meet Sir Mordred. The meeting took place, and they agreed on the truce, but while they were drinking wine together an adder stung one of the Knights, and he drew his sword to kill it.

The men of both armies saw the sword drawn, and they closed upon one another, to begin the fiercest fight that up to that time had ever taken place in a Christian land.

All day long they rode and speared, until in the evening a hundred thousand men lay dead upon the down. Only two of King Arthur's Knights were still alive, Sir Lucan and his brother, Sir Bedivere.

"Alas, that I should see this day!" cried the King aloud; and looking round he saw Sir Mordred leaning on his sword, and a heap of dead men lay around him.

"Give me my spear," cried King Arthur to Sir Lucan.

"Sir, let him be," answered Sir Lucan. "Blessed be God, you have won the field, for we three remain alive, while of the others none are alive except Sir Mordred."

"Tide me life or tide me death," said the King, "he shall not escape me now, for so fair an opportunity may not occur again." He lifted his spear with both hands, and ran towards Sir Mordred, crying, "Traitor! your death day has come," and struck him under the shield so fiercely that the spear ran right through his body.

Sir Mordred knew that he had received his death wound. Raising himself from the ground he struck



(From Lang's "The Book of Romance.")

the King a blow that cut his helmet in two, and then fell back dead.

Sir Lucan and Sir Bedivere carried the King to a little chapel that happened to be standing close by.

The walls of the chapel were green with moss. "Would that I could leave this place," said King Arthur, and the two Knights tried to lift him outside again; but Sir Lucan had been wounded in the fight, and the wound breaking out afresh with the strain, he fell and died at King Arthur's feet.

"Alas!" said the King, "he has died for my sake, and he had more need of help than I. The time is flying fast, and therefore, Sir Bedivere, cease your moaning and weeping. Take my sword Excalibur to yonder water side. When you reach the water's edge, throw my sword into the water, and come and tell me what you see."

"My lord," answered Sir Bedivere, "your command shall be obeyed," and he departed for the water, bearing the sword in his hand.

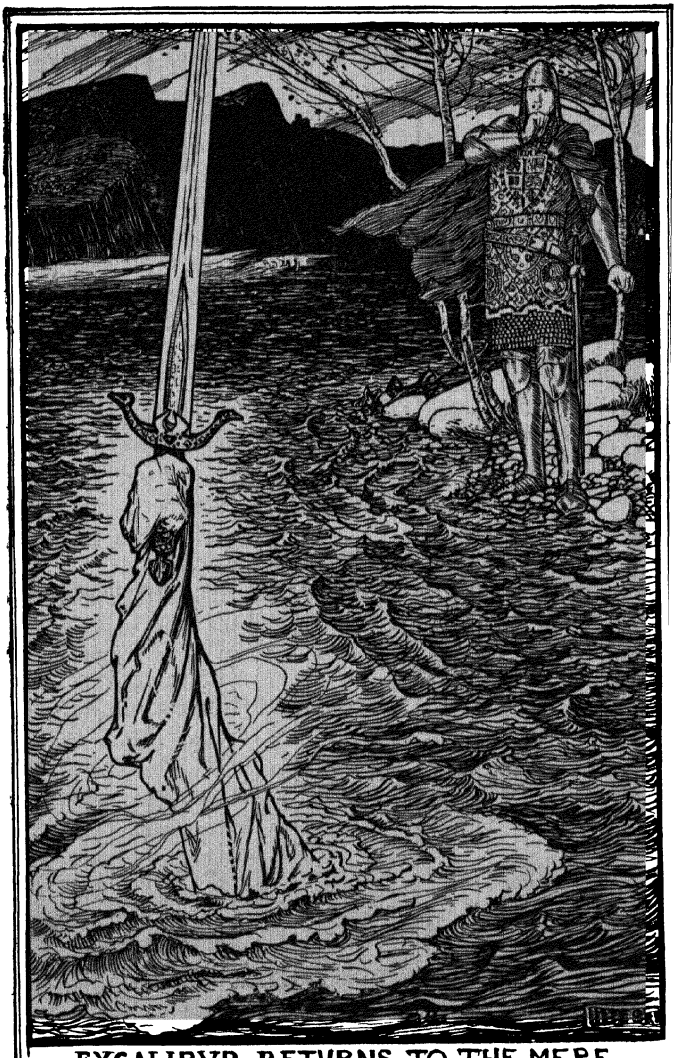
When he examined that noble sword, and saw the jewels in the pommel and hilt, he said to himself, "If I throw this sword into the water, no good can come of it," so he hid Excalibur under a tree, and returned to the King.

"What have you seen?" asked the King.

"Sir," answered Sir Bedivere, "I saw nothing but the waves upon the water."

"You are not dealing truthfully with me," said the King. "Go back and do my command. Throw the sword, and spare not."

But again Sir Bedivere could not bring himself to throw the sword away. Instead, he again hid the sword, and returned to the King to tell him he had seen nothing but the waves and the gloom.



EXCALIBVR RETVRNS TO THE MERE

(*From Lang's "The Book of Romance."*)

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To pitch a camp (tents), to agree on, to bring oneself to.

EXERCISES :—

1. "Tide me life": "tide" is an obsolete word: "betide" is still used, but only in one form: "whate'er betide," "woe betide . . ." It is a third, singular, present subjunctive used in the second instance to express a wish. In modern English we should say "whatever happens . . .," "may sorrow happen to him."

   Can you think of any word or form in your mother tongue, that is in common use, but is archaic, and is confined, perhaps, to one usage nowadays ?
2. With the aid of a dictionary find out uses of the following words and phrases, as indicated :—Strain (vb. ; *e.g.* "to strain one's heart," "to strain friendship"), retire (to bed, rest, etc.) ; in prosperity, in adversity, to gain impetus, pitch upon, to give an impulse to, by fair means.
3. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
4. Tell the story of Excalibur.
5. What sort of man was Mordred ? Do you know of any character in Indian History who acted similarly ?
6. Read Tennyson's *The Passing of Arthur* and compare it with this account.
7. Is not this war between Arthur and Mordred like that between the Pandavas and Kauravas ?

NOTE :—Barham Down is not far from Canterbury and Dover in Kent.

HORATIUS

[Lord Macaulay (Thomas Babington Macaulay), one of our most famous historians, was born in 1800. After gaining distinction at Cambridge, he was called to the Bar in 1826. In the same year his article on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. Some of his most famous essays followed, on *Lord Clive*, *Warren Hastings*, and the two on *William Pitt* and the *Earl of Chatham*. He also wrote the historical poem *Ivry*, and the *Lays*

of Ancient Rome. His *History of England* was never finished. He lived to see four volumes appear; the fifth was published after his death, which occurred in 1859. His works are remarkable for the purity of the language employed. Every sentence is thoroughly English, expressing in the simplest and purest way the thoughts of the writer.]

1. But the Consul's brow was sad,
   And the Consul's speech was low,
   And darkly looked he at the wall,
   And darkly at the foe.
   "Their van will be upon us
   Before the bridge goes down;
   And if they once may win the bridge
   What hope to save the town?"

2. Then out spake brave Horatius,
   The Captain of the Gate:
   "To every man upon this earth
   Death cometh soon or late.
   And how can man die better
   Than facing fearful odds,
   For the ashes of his fathers,
   And the temples of his Gods?

3. "Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
   With all the speed ye may;
   I, with two more to help me,
   Will hold the foe in play.
   In yon strait path a thousand
   May well be stopped by three.
   Now who will stand on either hand,
   And keep the bridge with me?"

4. Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

5. "Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

6. Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

7. Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:
And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

8. Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

9. The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

10. But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes;
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

11. But hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

12. He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

13. Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

14. He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

15. And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

16. But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

17. Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

18. But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

19. And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

20. Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

21. Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

22. "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.



(From Longmans' British Empire Reader VI.)

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

27. And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

28. They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

29. It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

NOTES:—

Horatius Cocles was the hero of a Roman Legend. He was said to have held the Tiber bridge single-handed against the Etruscans

molten : p.p. of *melt*, as an adjective (*e.g.* molten lead).
rapturous : full of rapture, great joy.
straining : looking hard, fixedly at, trying to see.
surges : waves.
tide : *i.e.* water, river (poetical).
van : *i.e.* vanguard ; front of army.
(*I*) *ween :* think (poetical).

PHRASES :—

To ply (an axe), to stand at bay, to keep at bay, to spare (no effort), to divide fairly.

EXERCISES :—

1. Tell the story briefly, without direct quotation, in three paragraphs. Give the gist of each paragraph in the margin.
2. Collect and study the similes in this poem.
3. Put into prose (verse 8): "Meanwhile . . . gold."
4. Verse 15 : Are the last two lines really necessary to the picture ? Who or what is compared to what ? Put the verse into prose.
5. Verse 19. Study the simile and metaphor here. Consider the words "furious," "struggled," "tossed his tawny mane," etc. Do they carry on the simile ? Put in plain prose, without imagery, what is described.
6. What do you gather about the Romans and Rome from these verses ?
7. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.

"MY LORD" THE ELEPHANT GOES OUT TO SEA

"My Lord" the elephant was sick, was tired ; so he said himself. "My Lord" the elephant was cross, was lazy ; so said his mahout.

A mountain battery, drawn by elephants, was at this time (many years ago now) stationed at Akyab, an island on the coast of Arakan. This was separated from the mainland by an estuary opening into the Bay of Bengal, with a mouth about three miles wide.

In the dry season there was no forage for the elephants

to be got on the island, and consequently the officer in command had to send them across the estuary to the mainland, where there was abundance.

Sometimes the elephants were taken across on large, flat-bottomed boats; sometimes they were made to swim across, accompanied by small boats for the safety of the mahouts, as the elephants occasionally amused themselves by sinking below the surface. It was to one of these swimming expeditions that "My Lord" objected. When they urged him down to the river's edge, he shrugged his shoulders, and walked away in a leisurely manner.

"Ho! Ho! Come back, you!" shouted the mahout. But "My Lord" did not obey, till, with sundry bangings on the head and many high words, he was forced to step into the river. By this time his comrades were half-way across.

Once in, however, he enjoyed himself. It was delicious—this cool, strong tide, which rocked him back and forward as he swam. Delicious!

He swam on, gurgling with content; and the mahout, astride on his neck, only punched his head occasionally with his goad to remind him he was there—at which little attention "My Lord" would grunt and flap his ears in acknowledgment.

But half-way across, master and elephant began to perceive that the current was carrying them to sea.

With all his great strength did "My Lord" fight against it, but he was only like a straw in the grip of the mighty tide, which had turned, and was rushing back to the ocean, hurrying the waters of the river along with it. And this had his temper done for him!

The mahout screamed for the boat, and scrambled into it with the aid of outstretched hands.

At first the poor beast struggled hard to follow, then

as the swirl carried him on, and the shore grew distant, and a great heaving plain of never-ending billows rose before him, into which he was being plunged, he trumpeted loud and shrilly. The terror of the elements was upon him—he who had known no fear in his pride of strength as he trod the tiger-haunted jungle.

The mahout heard, but what could he do? Smaller and smaller grew the black speck upon the waves. At last he could see it no longer: "My Lord" was gone, swept away by the terrible ocean, and he—he had no occupation.

He wept, he tore his beard, he invoked all his gods, but none came to his help; no return wave floated back the lost one; the biggest, the best elephant of the mountain battery was gone, and he must report the loss at once to the officer commanding. Very desolate indeed was the mahout as the sun went down that night over the Bay of Bengal, and he thought of "My Lord" dead or dying upon its dark waters.

But two days later, as the people of a certain village a few miles higher up the coast sat in the evening about their huts to catch the cool breezes which began to come in from the sea, they became aware of a monster struggling towards them through surf and foam. An evil spirit, surely; a demon sent to devour them!

Terror seized them, and, catching up the small brown babies who crawled about their feet, the mothers fled first, followed by every man, woman, and child in the village.

Through that night they hid themselves, trembling at every sound. They could hear heavy stamping and snorts and grunts, and the swaying of branches, as the monster moved to and fro, and they dreaded what the morning light would show, what horror had fallen upon the village.

But, oh! the joy of that night to the poor, sea-beaten, tired-out elephant who had battled so gallantly for life, and fought his way back to land with the turn of the tide. The fishes of the bay must have had strange tales to tell of the monster who darkened the waves as he passed. But now the struggle was over, and his feet were on the dry land. The plantain gardens of the village were before him, and all night long he browsed happily among them.

Some of the boldest ventured to peep in the morning: lo! there was nothing but an elephant, robbing them of their crops. Could this indeed be the monster which their own eyes had seen emerging from the sea? Surely it was a wonder and a mystery; and a messenger had better be sent in all haste to the magistrate at Akyab, the nearest station, to beg of him to come, or send, and see what manner of beast this might be!

And so it came to pass that a few hours later the mahout beheld his lost elephant.

He had bewailed him, and wept for his "splendour of the hillsides," his "adornment of all India"; now he rushed up to him, and, banging him well about the head, showered every bad name he could think of on this mountain of wickedness, and rode him off rejoicing.

Adapted from *Little Folks*, by kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co. Ltd.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

abundance : plenty, ample (forage).
acknowledge : admit, express appreciation of.
amuse oneself : have fun, play, divert oneself.
battle (vb.) *:* fight, struggle.
bewail : grieve, etc., lament.
billows : waves.
consequently : in consequence, therefore.
cross : in a bad temper.
demon : devil.

desolate : wretched, forlorn, left alone.
devour : eat up.
emerge : come out of.
forage : grass, hay, straw, leaves as food for horses, cattle, elephants.
gallantly : bravely.
gurgle : to make a sound like water bubbling from a bottle or among stones, a sound of pleasure.
horror : horrible evil.
invoke : call on (in prayer), appeal for help to.
leisurely : slowly, without haste.
occasionally : now and then.
occupation : business, work.
punch : hit, strike with closed fist.
rejoice : feel, express joy.
swirl : eddying, rushing waters.

PHRASES :—

To forage for . . ., all and sundry, on the return journey, to enjoy oneself, to amuse oneself with . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. What is a mountain battery ? What other animals are used in it ?
3. Draw out the picture in each of the following :—
   (1) "like a straw in the grip of the mighty tide."
   (2) "a great heaving plain of never-ending billows." [The reverse image is used in the first section of "We capture an elephant."]
4. Justify the epithets in "the tiger-haunted jungle," "its dark waters." What other compound adjective similar to "tiger-haunted" can you find in the passage ?
5. How does a mahout treat his elephant ?
6. Write a short essay on the intelligence and usefulness of the elephant.
7. Narrate another story of the escape of an elephant from captivity.

SOME TRUTHFUL TALES FROM MÜNCHAUSEN

[*The Adventures of Baron Münchausen* were written in German by Rudolf Erich Raspe, and have been translated into many languages. There actually was a Baron von Münchausen, who actually served with Russia against the Turks (1740–1741). This man suggested to Raspe the character of Münchausen in the *Adventures*. The name now suggests a boaster and liar.]

I. The Tale of the Snow and the Steeple

I set off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, thinking that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which were uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, and Livonia. I went on horseback as the most convenient manner of travelling.

I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the mistake the more I advanced north-east. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw in Poland lying on the road helpless, shivering, and hardly having enough to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens blessing me for this act of charity, saying, "You will be rewarded, my son, for this, in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I did not know the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like the pointed stump of a tree, which appeared above the snow; I placed my pistols under my arm,



BARON MUNCHAUSEN'S ADVENTURE IN THE SNOW.
(From Horace Mann Reader V.)

and lay down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight.

I was astonished to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a churchyard; my horse was not to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me; the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change of weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the churchyard whilst asleep, gradually as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to be the cross or weathercock of the steeple!

I immediately took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse, and proceeded on my journey.

II. The Tale of the Stag and the Cherry Tree

While in Russia, I spent much of my time in hunting. Having, one day, spent all my shot, I saw unexpectedly before me a noble stag, looking at me fearlessly as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged my gun immediately with powder and a good handful of cherry stones. This I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead between his antlers; it stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off.

A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine full-grown cherry tree above ten feet high between his antlers. I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground with one shot. This gave me both the haunch and cherry sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like of which I had never tasted before.

III. The Tale of the Turkey-Bean and the Moon

I was not always successful. Once, while fighting the Turks, I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war, and, what is worse, to be sold for a slave. And as a slave I was given a daily task that was not very hard and laborious, but rather strange and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture grounds, to attend them all the day long, and at night to drive them back to their hives.

One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had no weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. This I threw at the robbers, with the intention of frightening them away, and setting the poor bee at liberty. But by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon.

How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans grow very quickly, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now than to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had much trouble to find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything is as bright as silver. At last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw.

I wanted to return; but alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent. So I fell to work and twisted a rope of that chopped straw, as long and as strong as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with

the left hand; and, with the hatchet in my right, I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, and tied it to the lower end, and so came down a good deal lower.

By thus splicing and tying the rope I spoilt it and did not get down to the Sultan's farms. I was four or five miles, at least, from the earth, when the rope broke; I fell to the ground with such violence that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep, at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height. I recovered, but knew not how to get out again. However, I dug steps with my finger nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years' growth), and easily accomplished it.

IV. The Tale of the Frozen Music

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and, gaining my liberty, I started for St. Petersburg. The winter was then uncommonly severe all over Europe, and the frost was very great.

I travelled post; and one day finding myself in a narrow lane, bade the postilion give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might, but in vain; he could not make the horn sound. This was unlucky; for soon after we met another coach coming the other way. There seemed to be no way of passing it. However, I got out of my carriage, and, being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head. I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage. I then went back for the horses, and, placing one upon my head and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them

to my coach, fastened them, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our day's journey.

I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old. As I jumped the second time over the hedge, he began to kick and snort. However, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a cry of *Tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn. His tunes were frozen up in the horn, and being thawed came out now by thawing, plain enough. So the honest fellow entertained us for some time with a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—"The King of Prussia's March," "Over the Hill and over the Dale," and many other favourite tunes. At length the thawing entertainment ended, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

Some travellers are apt to tell more than is strictly true; if any one of the company doubts my veracity, I shall only say to him: I pity his want of faith, and must request him to take leave before I continue the story of my adventures, which are as strictly true as those I have already told.

MÜNCHAUSEN.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

accomplish: do, perform, complete, finish.
antlers: horns of a stag.
badge: mark of office.
chaff: husks of grain.
charge: load.
faith: belief.
haunch: leg or loin of a deer.

irksome : tedious, tiresome, annoying.
mantle : cloak.
mend : improve.
overnight : the night before.
post : with relays of horses and carriage.
postilion : one who rides on one of a pair of horses in a carriage.
pouch : a leather ammunition bag, a bag for powder and shot.
recollect : remember, recall.
splice : join ropes by intertwining strands.
thaw : warm and melt.
the like of which : such as.
unexpectedly : suddenly, without expecting.
veracity : truthfulness.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To go on horseback, (in) full daylight, to be astonished to . . ., to be astonished at, in the dark, with the intention of . . ., to conclude peace with . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. What do you gather from these tales about the weather in winter ? Collect the words and expressions.
3. Retell one of the stories as by a listener, in the third person, with comments on the Baron's veracity.
4. Try to make up a story, suited to Indian conditions, with the characteristics of these stories.
5. Invent a conversation between listeners to the Baron's tales, after he has left the room.

WE CAPTURE AN ELEPHANT

[Jules Verne, a popular French writer, was born at Nantes in 1828. There he received his education, and afterwards studied for the law in Paris. His fame chiefly rests on his scientific romances, many of which were translated into English, and became exceedingly popular. The best known is *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.*]

The journey was now really delightful ; it was like sailing over a green sea, almost transparent, with soft

undulations made by the wind; sometimes a crowd of birds with splendid colours escaped from the tall herbs with a thousand joyous cries; the anchors plunged into this lake of flowers, and formed a track which closed up behind them like that of a vessel. All at once they felt a shock; the anchor had, doubtless, caught in some rocky fissure, hidden under the gigantic herbs.

"We are caught," said Joe.

"Very well, throw out the ladder," replied the hunter.

These words were hardly finished when a piercing cry was heard, and the three travellers ejaculated the following sentences:—

"Whatever is that?"

"What a queer cry!"

"Why, we are moving!"

"The anchor has slipped!"

"No, it is still caught," said Joe, trying to haul in the cord.

"The rock is moving!"

The grass moved under some long and sinuous form, which all at once revealed itself.

"It's a serpent!" cried Joe.

"A serpent!" echoed Kennedy, taking aim with his rifle.

"No," said the doctor, "it is an elephant's trunk."

"An elephant, Samuel!"

And so saying Kennedy took aim again.

"The animal is towing us."

"And the right way too!"

The elephant advanced rapidly; it soon reached a clearing where they could see all of it; by its gigantic size the doctor saw that it was a male; it had two whitish tusks, admirably curved, that might be eight feet long; the anchor had caught between them. The animal

vainly tried with his trunk to get rid of the cord which fastened him to the car.

"Come up! Gee!" cried Joe. "Another way of travelling! No more horses for me! An elephant, if you please."

"But where is he taking us to?" asked Kennedy, brandishing his rifle.

"He is taking us where we want to go, Dick. Have a little patience."

"Come up! Gee!" said Joe.

The animal began a fast gallop; he threw his trunk right and left, and gave some violent shocks to the car. The doctor, hatchet in hand, prepared to cut the cord when necessary.

"We will only let go our anchor when it is absolutely necessary," said he.

This elephant ride lasted nearly an hour and a half; the animal did not appear in the least fatigued; its enormous feet can go considerable journeys, and from one day to another it is found at immense distances, like whales, which are as big and fleet.

"It is just as if we had harpooned a whale," said Joe.

But a change in the nature of the ground made the doctor anxious. A thick wood appeared to the north of the prairie, at a distance of about three miles; it then became necessary to separate the balloon from its conductor. This duty was left to Kennedy; he took aim with his rifle, but his position was not favourable for lodging a bullet with success; the first, aimed at the head, was flattened like a piece of sheet-iron; the animal did not appear in the least troubled; at the noise of the discharge he hastened his pace, and went on as fast as a horse could gallop.

"What a hard head!" said Joe.

"We'll try a few bullets on the shoulder," said Dick, loading carefully and firing.

The animal gave a terrible cry and went on faster than ever.

"I see I must help you, Mr. Dick," said Joe, loading one of the guns, "or this will never end."

And two bullets went to lodge in the animal's flanks. The elephant stopped, lifted up its trunk, and continued its journey towards the wood at full speed; it shook its vast head, and the blood flowed in streams from its wounds.

"Go on firing," said the doctor: "we are not twenty cables' length from the wood."

Ten more shots were fired. The elephant made a fearful bound; the car and the balloon cracked as if everything was being broken; the shock made the hatchet fall from the doctor's hands on to the ground. The situation then became terrible; the cable of the anchor could neither be untied nor cut by the knives of the travellers; the balloon was rapidly approaching the wood, when the animal received a bullet in the eye. It stopped for a second; its knees trembled · it presented its flank to the hunter.

"A bullet in the heart!" said Kennedy, sending a last shot.

The elephant roared with distress and agony; he drew himself up for an instant, then he fell with all his weight on one of his tusks, which broke short off. He was dead.

From *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, by JULES VERNE.
(By kind permission of Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.)

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

absolutely : wholly, quite.
agony : very great pain (of body or mind).
anchors : *i.e.* of the balloon.

bound (n.) : leap, jump.
cable : 100 fathoms (a fathom = 6 feet) : a nautical term.
clearing : an open space in a forest, jungle, prairie, etc.
conductor : leader, guide.
discharge : shot, firing of gun.
ejaculate : utter, say suddenly.
fatigued (p.p.) : tired.
fissure : cleft, narrow opening.
fleet : swift, quick, speedy.
gigantic : huge (as a giant).
harpoon (n.) : a spear with rope to catch whales.
harpoon (vb.) : to strike with a harpoon.
haul in : draw, pull in.
prairie : wide stretch of grass land, without trees.
queer : strange, odd.
sinuous : winding, with many curves (*e.g.* as a snake moves).
undulations : waves, wavy lines.

PHRASES :—

To plunge into . . ., to feel a shock . . ., to get rid of . . ., at full speed.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. The first paragraph is a long simile : what is compared to what ? Throughout the tale nautical (sea) phrases are used, *e.g.* "The anchor has slipped," "to haul in the cord."
3. "It is just as if we had harpooned a whale." How is the comparison just ? Find out about whale-hunting, harpoons, etc. Write a short account of whale-hunting.
4. "The three travellers ejaculated the following sentences." Put the sentences into the indirect, running them together in one dependent sentence.
5. From the material of the lesson describe the scenery of this part of their voyage.
6. Give an account of an elephant hunt in India, or of a keddah.
7. Describe a balloon.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL

[James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859) was a poet, essayist and journalist, a friend of Keats and Byron and other poets.]

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

accord: *lit.*, consent *or* assent, suggests also harmony, peace, kindly willingness.
cheerily: (to answer) brightly, in good spirits.
exceeding: very great, very deep.
more low: in a lower voice, more humbly.
presence: (the heavenly) being present.
vanish: disappear suddenly.
vision: the angel seen in his room, the supernatural, heavenly apparition.

PHRASES :—

(To be) in a deep sleep, of one's own accord.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. What is meant here by peace? Think of "peace of mind," "at peace with all men," "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."
3. (1) Analyse the sentence :

> "He saw within the moonlight in his room,
> Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
> An angel writing in a book of gold."

Then explain the second line : How "rich"? How "like a lily in bloom"?

(2) Explain "with a great wakening light."

4. Tell the story in your own words. Do not make your version longer than the original.

TYAGARAJAYYA

About a hundred and fifty years ago at Tiruvarur, in the Tanjore District, there was born to a learned Brahman, Ramabrahman by name, a son who was destined to give fresh life to Carnatic music. The father, in time of want, left his native place and settled at Tiruvaiyar, seven miles from Tanjore. Here he passed the rest of his life in literary pursuits. His two elder sons he put out into the world to earn their livelihood in affairs. But the youngest clung to his father, became his pupil, and under him studied Sanskrit and the six Vedas, and later the rules of the poetic and dramatic arts. This son was Tyagarajayya.

Before he was fifteen he lost both his parents, his father first and then his mother, in successive years. He did not, however, cease his studies, but added music to them. It is said that from the first he showed

marvellous talent for the art; he grasped intuitively the rules and the practice of *ragam* and *talam* (melody and time), so that within a year he became a master. But as yet he had composed nothing, at any rate nothing of great merit. Merely a very skilful musician, he doubtless improvised and made preludes (*alapanam*) and sang the traditional songs, as countless other musicians did, without inspiration.

When at last he was inspired, it may be asked, what was the source of his inspiration? Throughout the South, everywhere in the Madras Presidency and outside in the territories of the Nizam, in Mysore and in Travancore, his songs are known and sung. Even if only partly understood, this at least is felt about them: that they are devotional, they are ecstatic hymns of praise or prayer. For it was by religion alone that his music was inspired. Other men have sung of worldly things, but not so Tyagarajayya.

The story goes that his thoughts were turned to religion by the instruction of a certain Bhagavatar of Conjeevaram; that from this man he learned to recite the names of God; and that, in twenty years, at the rate of 125,000 a day, he uttered the holy names of God 960,000,000 times. Whether this is an exaggeration or not cannot be said; but it would seem certain that his first inspired song came to him in an ecstasy of such devotion.

He was seated, we are told, in the presence of Sri Rama reciting His names, when he heard a sound, as of the outer door being unlatched, and in a flash he had a vision of Rama and Lakshmana and Viçwamitra. They appeared for a moment and vanished. With this vision, his tongue was unloosed, and he forthwith sang his first famous hymn (*kirtanam*), which begins "Balakanaka maya."

From this time onward he would appear to have received most of his musical ideas, and, with the music, the poems, in visions or dreams. There is nothing extraordinary in this. In all climates and in all countries, poets—seers as they are sometimes called—are not as other men. Whether they are poets of speech or of music, it matters not. Ideas come to them in a flash, as if their souls were a room lit up by lightning and they saw, written on its walls in letters of fire, a message for them to deliver. Then follows the labour of writing it, of putting it into goodly form, of making it lovely. Music, like poetry, can and must be written by its makers, if not on paper with pen and ink, at least on the memories of men.

Tyagarajayya was no exception. He received the message, beautified it, cast it into a shape that men could understand, and delivered it. If he had known how to write the notes, as well as the words, as they came to him, he would have doubtless done so. But at that time how to represent sounds accurately in writing was not known in India. He taught his songs, therefore, to his disciples, and they in turn to their pupils, so that the hymns have been handed down to the present generation. In order that his countrymen might grasp the message, he moulded each melody in the traditional form of "*Pallavi*," "*Anupallavi*" and "*Charanam.*"

After his first inspiration he believed that he had a visit from Narada, the first rishi-master of music, who, in the early morning, came to him in the guise of a sanyasi. "I have heard," said the disguised rishi, "that in Tiruvaiyar lives one Tyagarajayya who is skilled in pious song. I have a great desire to hear him." Tyagarajayya rose from his devotions, respectfully welcomed the visitor, and for a space sang to him.

At his departure the rishi thanked him and said, "In all this world there is no man who can move the hearts of men as you do. Lo! I give you a book for your study. I will now return to my alms; farewell!" and immediately vanished.

All that day Tyagarajayya was in a sort of trance, without food or drink and without speech. The night came, and, after his evening worship, he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream Narada appeared to him in his proper guise and told him that it was he who had come in the dress of a sanyasi, and that the book he brought was called "The Ocean of Song." "I have given it you," he said, "that you may spread the glory of music throughout the earth; for none is fitter than you to do so."

Tyagarajayya rose at dawn, and, as if he saw the book he had received in his dream, sang hymn after hymn. From that time on he believed that all the marvellous melodies, the new modes, the old forgotten modes that he revived, and the words that he fitted to them were in that book. Each hymn was, as it were, a fresh vision.

It is said that after his first outburst of song, after his first inspiration, pandits and poets and musicians, skilled in their art and learned in the sacred language, Sanskrit, gathered round him, and when he ceased cried out, "A minstrel of heaven has come to earth. Surely Narada himself is among us." Men gathered to listen to him; disciples sought his instructions; famous musicians came to hear him; kings desired his acquaintance. But throughout he was unmoved by fame. He sought no earthly honours; he laid up no riches on earth. Indeed he had no thought of fame and wealth; for all his ambition was spiritual: he desired to be one with God. Though other poets and musicians enjoyed

the patronage of kings, he remained, except when he went on pilgrimages, living his simple ascetic life in his village.

There is a well-known story of a visit paid to him by a famous musician of Travancore, one Govinda Marar, known as Shatkāla Marar, noted for his skill in doubling, trebling, quadrupling the time of a melody and for the range of his voice. This man, it is said, was visited in a dream by the God, and told to go to Tiruvaiyar to see Tyagarajayya, to whom he was to show his skill.

In time he reached the village and came in the company of Tyagarajayya's disciples into the master's presence. After hearing the disciples sing, he begged to hear the master himself. But Tyagarajayya would never sing unless he felt inspired to do so; not even kings could induce him. He said, "Who is the man that can ask me to sing?" Soon a *pallavi* was sung by all the disciples one after the other till Marar's turn came. He sang it to the accompaniment of a seven-stringed *tambura*, and in Shatkāla (*i.e.* at six times the speed of the original melody). Then Tyagarajayya turning to the pupils asked, "Why did you not tell me how fine a musician our guest is?" Immediately he sang in Sri-Ragam a song, the words of which were, "There are many great men on earth, and I honour them all." Though the greatest of all living singers, he did not despise nor was he jealous of another's talent, but paid the honour due.

As the years passed, he went on singing and receiving fresh inspiration, as he believed, from his God. He became more and more ascetic in his habits; more and more he sought intimate friendship with God. He felt that the God was his friend and he the God's. In his hymns, by way of question and answer, he communes with God.

At last, when he was in his seventy-fifth year, he was

conscious that the time was at hand for his soul to be freed from the flesh. It seemed to him that, in a dream, Rama came and said to him, "Yet ten months have you to spend upon this earth." This was another occasion of inspiration. He rose at dawn next morning, and in his hymn, "O Rama, Lord of the Mountain," celebrated what had passed in his dream between him and the God.

The ten months slipped away; and again in a dream he saw Lord Raghunath, who said, "To-morrow betake yourself to an ascetic's retreat, and the day after I will unite you with myself." As the God commanded, so he did. The news of his dream spread far and wide; and philosophers, devotees and ascetics gathered to conduct him to his retreat.

On the morrow, on which day at noon his dissolution had been promised by the God, countless multitudes gathered from Tanjore and all the surrounding places. Not only did men of learning and religion come, but also laymen of all classes; for all desired to be witnesses of the wonder, and to do honour to this man, beloved both for his music and for his simple, pure life.

As the hour of his departure drew near, songs were sung by those who were skilled in song; priests chanted the Vedas with solemnity; holy devotees uttered the sacred names of God in strings like necklaces of pearls. At last Tyagarajayya said, "Now is the God's appointed hour; light the lamps of sacrifice, my friends"; and, as he commanded, so they did. The saint thereupon with a loud clear voice cried, "O dazzling thought of Janaki!" and bade all that were about him shout, "Hail! Hail! Rama." Immediately the multitudes, with upturned palms, did as they were bidden and made obeisance to the God. When thereafter they approached the poet, they perceived that his life had

departed. His great soul had gone. There was now nothing to do but to perform the last sad rites for his body. They raised it and carried it reverently to Tiruvaiyar, where on Bhavaswami's steps they paid it the last ceremonial honour due to the dead.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

acquaintance : knowledge of (him).
ascetic : *i.e.* life of a rustic, hermit, etc.
betake (oneself) : go.
ceremonial : adj. of "ceremony."
destined : fated.
dissolution : death.
ecstasy : rapture, exalted state of feeling.
ecstatic : adj. of "ecstasy."
goodly : excellent.
guise : garb, dress (arch.), appearance.
inspiration : divine influence.
inspire : to give divine influence.
intuitively : by intuition, immediately, without reasoning.
modes : *i.e.* melakartas.
pious : religious, devotional.
proper : (my, his, etc.) own (literary).
obeisance : salutation, gesture of respect, etc.
pursuit : the profession that one follows (here, "of letters, literature").
range : *i.e.* height and depth of . . .
traditional : handed down from age to age, generation to generation.

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To be acquainted with, to hand down, to pass one's life, time . . ., to show talent for, to be no exception to, to pay honour to, an intimate friend.

EXERCISES AND NOTES :—

1. These Indian terms will help you to understand the lesson :— melakarta (*mode*), ragam (*melody*), talam (*time*), alapanam (*prelude*), kirtanam (*hymn*), ekasantagrahi (*intuitive grasp*). "Inspired" : *i.e.* he could not help himself, the song came to him ; it seemed to come from outside, he did not invent it. "Ecstasy" : *i.e.* he forgot all about him, was carried away by, wrapt up in his devotion (*bhakti*).
2. Try to bring out the images in the following :—
   (1) "He moulded each melody."

(2) "Ideas came to him in a flash."
(3) "To spread the glory of music."
(4) "O dazzling thought of Janaki!"

3. Write a paragraph to explain "Inspiration." Try to write a simile, using "as if."
4. Turn into the indirect the following:—
(1) "He said, 'Who is the man that can ask me to sing?'"
(2) "They cried out, 'A minstrel of heaven has come to earth. Surely Narada himself is among us.'"
(3) "He asked, 'Why did you not tell me how fine a musician our guest is?'"
5. Study the paragraph beginning "It is said that after his first outburst of song . . ." What is the central idea? How is it developed? Examine the sentences for length and form (simple or complex).
6. Write a character sketch of Tyagarajayya.
7. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.

SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

[*The Peninsular War* was a war in which Britain assisted Spain and Portugal in driving the French from the Iberian Peninsula. Sir Arthur Wellesley won the Battle of Vimiera (1808), and, by the Convention of Cintra, the French evacuated Portugal.

The people of Spain revolted against their King, Joseph, brother of Napoleon, and forced Dupont to make the capitulation of Baylen. Napoleon occupied Madrid, and his marshals won the Battles of Burgos, Espinosa and Tudela.

Sir John Moore, who had superseded Wellesley, made a sortie from Portugal, and when Napoleon turned from Andalusia to attack, Moore turned from retreat, fighting as he went. Napoleon, recalled to France, left Soult in command. Soult overtook the British at Corunna, and Moore was killed (1809). But the French were driven back, and the British troops were safely embarked.

Wolfe, James (1727–1759): The Plains (or Heights) of Abraham are south-west of Quebec. Here Wolfe defeated Montcalm (1759), and was himself killed at the moment of victory.

Wolfe, Charles (1791–1823): An Irish clergyman and poet. Best known as the author of *The Burial of Sir John Moore.*]

On 11th January, Moore reached Corunna, and faced swiftly round to meet his pursuers. He was twelve hours in advance of Soult, and the French general lingered till the 16th before joining in the shock of battle. He delayed partly to allow his straggling rear-guard to close up; but partly also because he doubted the result of attacking a foe so hardy and stubborn. Moore meanwhile prepared to embark. He blew up on the 18th two outlying powder magazines; in one were piled 4000 barrels of powder, and its explosion was like that of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles, a tidal wave rolled across the harbour, a column of smoke and dust and flames rose slowly into the sky, and then burst, pouring a tempest of stones and earth over a large area, and destroying many lives.

Moore next shot all his foundered horses, to the grief and wrath of his cavalry. The 15th Hussars alone brought 400 horses into Spain, and took 31 back to England! The horses, it seems, were ruined, not for the want of shoes, but "for want of hammers and nails to put them on." Having embarked his dismounted cavalry, his stores, his wounded, his heavy artillery, and armed his men with new muskets, Moore quietly waited Soult's onfall. His force was only 14,000 strong, without cavalry, and with only nine six-pounders; and he could not occupy the great rocky range which is the true defence of Corunna. He abandoned this to the

French, and contented himself with holding a lower ridge nearer to the town.

The onfall of the French was swift and vehement. The eleven great guns from the crags poured a tempest of shot on the British ridge, the skirmishers of Mermet's column ran forward, and drove back the British pickets with a heavy fire, while the solid column, coming on at the double after them, carried the village.

Moore instantly saw that this was the pivot of the battle, and he galloped to the spot. The 50th and the 62nd were stationed here, and Charles Napier, who as senior Major commanded the 50th, has left a most vivid word-picture of Moore's bearing on the field of battle:

"I stood in front of my left wing on a knoll, from whence the greatest part of the field could be seen, and my pickets were fifty yards below disputing the ground with the French skirmishers, but a heavy French column, which had descended the mountain at a run, was coming on behind with great rapidity, and shouting—'Forward! kill! Forward! kill!' Their cannon, at the same time, firing from above, ploughed the ground and tore our ranks.

"Suddenly I heard the gallop of horses, and, turning, saw Moore. He came at speed, and pulled up so sharp and close, he seemed to have alighted from the air.

"The sudden stop of the animal—a cream-coloured one, with black tail and mane—had cast the latter streaming forward, its ears were pushed out like horns, while its eyes flashed fire, and it snorted loudly with expanded nostrils.

"My first thought was, it will be away like the wind; but then I looked at the rider, and the horse was forgotten. The general's head was thrown back, and his look more keen than I ever before saw it.

"He glanced to the right and left, and then fixed his

eyes intently on the enemy's advancing column. For a while he looked and then galloped to the left without uttering a word."

Moore's tactics were both daring and skilful. He swung round the 4th Regiment, so as to smite with a flank fire a section of the French column on his right. He ordered up Paget, and after him Fraser, so as to make a counterstroke at the French left; and meanwhile he launched the 42nd and 50th against the French column which had carried the village in the front. Napier, who commanded the 50th, has painted a most graphic picture of the struggle. "'Clunes,' he said to the captain of the Grenadier company, 'take your Grenadiers and open the ball!' He stalked forward alone, like Goliath before the Philistines, for six feet five he was in height, and of proportionate bulk and strength; and thus the battle began on our side."

Napier sternly forbade any firing. "Many of them," he says, "cried out, 'Major, let us fire!' 'Not yet,' was my answer." The 42nd had checked a short distance from a wall, but Napier led his men right up to the wall, and then said, "'Do you see your enemies plainly enough to hit them?' Many voices shouted, 'We do.' 'Then blaze away,' said I; and such a rolling fire broke out as I hardly ever heard since."

Meanwhile, at every point, the British were victorious. The Guards and the Black Watch carried the village; Baird and Hope drove back with confusion and loss the columns that assailed them; and Moore, eagerly watching the whole line of battle from the right of his position, was about to hurl Paget, supported by Fraser, on the French left.

At that moment Moore was struck on the left breast by a cannon ball, and dashed violently on the ground. It was a dreadful wound. The shoulder was smashed,

the arm hung by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart were stripped of flesh and broken, and the muscles that covered them hung in long rags. But Moore, absorbed in the great struggle before him, sat up in an instant, his eyes still eagerly watching Paget's advance.

His staff gathered round him, and he was placed in a blanket, and some soldiers proceeded to carry him from the field. One of his staff, Hardinge, tried to unbuckle his sword, as the hilt was entangled in the strips of flesh hanging from his wound, but the dying soldier stopped him. "I had rather," he said, "it should go out of the field with me!"

One of his officers, taking courage from Moore's unshaken countenance, expressed a hope of his recovery. Moore looked steadfastly at his own shattered breast for an instant, and calmly answered, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Again and again, as they carried the dying general from the field, he made his bearers halt, and turn round, that he might watch the fight. It was the scene of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham repeated! And the spectacle was such as might well gladden the eyes of Moore. On the left, and at the centre, the British were everywhere advancing. Paget's column was overthrowing everything before it in the valley.

Soult had been roughly driven back; the transports were crowding into the harbour. The long retreat had ended with victory, and an undisturbed embarkation was secured.

Meanwhile Moore had been carried into his quarters at Corunna. A much-attached servant stood with tears running down his face as the dying man was carried into the house. "My friend," said Moore, "it is nothing!" Then turning to a member of his staff, Colonel Anderson, he said, "Anderson, you know I



SIR JOHN CARRIED IN A BLANKET FROM THE FIELD.
(*From Longmans' Ship Literary Reader. Advanced.*)

have always wished to die in this way. I hope my country will do me justice." Only once his lips quivered, and his voice shook, as he said, "Say to my mother—" and then stopped, while he struggled to regain composure. "Stanhope," he said, as his eye fell on his aide-de-camp's face, "remember me to your sister"—the famous Hester Stanhope, Pitt's niece, to whom Moore said, "I feel myself so strong, I fear I shall be long dying."

But he was not: death came swiftly and almost painlessly. Wrapped in a soldier's cloak, he was carried by the light of torches to a grave hastily dug in the citadel at Corunna; and far off to the south, as the sorrowing officers stood round the grave of their dead chief, could be heard from time to time the sound of Soult's guns, yet in sullen retreat. The scene is made immortal in Wolfe's noble lines:—

"Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow."

From *Fights for the Flag*, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. By kind permission of the author and the publisher, Mr. John Murray. [Slightly adapted.]

Words and Meanings:—

aide-de-camp: an officer attached to a general to carry messages, etc.
assail: assault, attack, fall on.
at the double: at the run, running.
ball: dance.

bearing : conduct.
bulk : great size, bigness.
column : a body of troops on a narrow front, one company behind the other (the opposite of *line*).
dismounted : without horses, on foot.
dispute (*the ground*) *:* defend the position, try to hold back.
embark (vb. tr. and intr.) *:* to put on, to go on board.
foundered (p.p.) *:* broken down, gone lame, etc.
graphic : lifelike, vivid.
hardy : bold, daring.
hollow (*out*) *:* dig.
intently : earnestly, eagerly.
knoll : small hill, hillock.
linger (vb. intr.) *:* stay about, be slow, delay.
magazine : store of powder, shells, etc.
musket : a hand-gun (obsolete).
onfall (n) *:* attack, assault.
picket : small body of troops sent out to watch for enemy.
pivot : central point, critical point, danger spot, turning point.
proportionate : in proportion to (his height).
rear-guard : body of troops to protect the rear of main army.
sharp (adv.) *:* quickly.
six-pounder : gun firing shot of 6 lb. weight.
skirmishers : troops sent forward to skirmish, to feel for enemy, to screen main body.
staff : officers to carry out commands, to advise, be consulted, etc.
steadfastly : bravely, steadily, without flinching.
straggle : stray from main body, get scattered.
sullen : stubborn, sulky, ill-tempered, morose.
vivid : lifelike, lively.

PHRASES :—

To content oneself with . . ., at . . . o'clock sharp, to be intent upon . . ., a sullen temper (look, etc.), to regain composure, to founder (of a ship), to abandon to . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. If you can, get a map or plan of Moore's retreat and of the Battle of Corunna, and write a brief explanatory note.
3. The explosion caused "a tidal wave": not a true tidal wave. (1) Explain what is meant by a true "tidal wave." (2) Write an account of a volcanic eruption, *e.g.* Vesuvius, or of a great earthquake.

4. "Open the ball": this is a common metaphor from starting a dance, for beginning something, *e.g.* here a battle.
5. It is said that horses get excited at, perhaps enjoy a battle. From the paragraph beginning "The sudden stop of the animal . . ." try to deduce the signs of excitement. Put them in your own words.
6. Collect all the military words and phrases. *N.B.*: "a musket" is now replaced by "a rifle." What is the difference?
7. Read up and write an account of Wolfe's victory and death on the Plains of Abraham.
8. Compare the circumstances of the death of Nelson with those of the death of Moore.
9. Retell in three or four paragraphs the story here told.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN

[W. E. Aytoun, a Scottish poet, was born in 1813. His most popular work is the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.* Among others may be mentioned the *Bon Gaultier Ballads* and *Bothwell.* He also translated the Poems and Ballads of Goethe from the German in conjunction with Theodore Martin. He died in 1865.]

News of battle!—news of battle!—
  Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
  Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle? Who hath brought it?
  News of triumph? Who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
  Greetings from our gallant King?
All last night we watched the beacons
  Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
  Message of the opened war.

All night long the northern streamers
  Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beacon
  Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
  All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
  Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
  Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
  Bursts from out the bonding crowd.
For they see in battered harness
  Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
  And his cheek is pale and wan.
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
  In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can this be Randolph Murray,
  Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
  "Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
  Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers—children?
  Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
  Is it weal, or is it woe?"
Like a corpse the ghisly warrior
  Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer,—
  Only with his armèd heel

Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

. . . . . .

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.
He ruled our city like a Lord
Who brooked no equal here,
And ever for the townsmen's rights
Stood up 'gainst prince and peer.
And he had seen the Scottish host
March from the Borough-muir,
With music-storm and clamorous shout,
And all the din that thunders out
When youth's of victory sure.

. . . . . .

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily:
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face:
Speak, though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:

Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye well may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

"Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honour there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy;
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life blood of your King!"

Woe, woe and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!

. . . . . .

O the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!

O our King—the good, the noble,
  Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us and woe to Scotland!
  O our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
  Surely some will come again!
Till the oak that fell last winter
  Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
  Ye may look in vain for them!

W. E. AYTOUN.

NOTES:—

Flodden is a hill in Northumberland, England. A battle was fought there in 1513 in which the Scots were defeated by the English, and James IV, King of Scots, and many of his nobles were slain. The poem describes the receipt of the news in Edinburgh, the return of Randolph Murray, Captain of the city band, *i.e.* Edinburgh troops.

Dunedin: *i.e.* Edinburgh.

The Southron: *i.e.* the man of the South, the English.

The Northern Streamers: the bands of light shooting up from the northern horizon: the Aurora Borealis, connected with the northern magnetic pole.

WORDS AND MEANINGS:—

beacon (n.): signal fire (on a hill, etc.).
beacon (vb.): to give light, blaze.
bending: stooping, peering, craning their necks forward.
brook: put up with, tolerate.
chivalrous (adj. of *chivalry*): gallant, honourable as a good knight should be, knightly.
clang: loud sound of metal.
degree: rank.
grimly: sternly, unyieldingly.
grisly: causing fear, terror, a shudder.
kindle (vb. intr.): catch fire, burst into flame.
mischance: misfortune, evil happening.
Provost: chief magistrate, head of city (in Scotland).
riven (p.p. of *rive*): rent, torn.
sharp: sad, cruel, bitter (news).
shroud: winding-sheet, garment to wrap the dead.

steed (poet.) : a horse.
stem : *i.e.* trunk.
weal : welfare, good fortune, generally ; with woe (weal and woe, weal or woe).

EXERCISES :—

1. Find out in a History of England about the Battle of Flodden. Write a short account of it from what you read there and from this poem.
2. What did the people expect to hear ? How did they take the evil news ?
3. Expand or explain :—
   (*a*) "Fearful lights, that never beacon
   Save when kings or heroes die."
   (*b*) "The clang of hurrying feet." (What makes the clang ? whose feet ?)
   (*c*) "With music-storm."
   (*d*) "Never yet was royal banner
   Steeped in such a costly dye."

HOW LOCKSLEY SHOT AT THE MARK

[Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832) was born in Edinburgh. His first original work as a poet was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, published in 1805 ; *Marmion* followed in 1808 ; and *The Lady of the Lake* in 1810. These are his best poems, and excel in their description of the natural scenery of the Scottish Highlands. In 1814 he published *Waverley*, the first of the long series of novels upon which his great fame so largely and so deservedly rests. Scott created the historical novel in such tales as *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Quentin Durward*. He was made a baronet by George IV soon after his accession.]

The list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the persons of these chosen yeomen,

several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot, and with the same composed countenance as upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the long-bow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry-men as stand yonder."

"Under favour, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for not shooting, besides the fear of discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John.

"Because," replied the woodman, "I know not if these yeomen and I are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your Grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John coloured as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest off the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stripped of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your Grace's men-at-arms may indeed easily strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair offer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from my presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you give, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to risk my skill against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him closely, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am afraid he may attempt to escape the test.—And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn at the lower end; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having cast lots for their order, were to shoot each three shafts in succession.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others went so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly declared the winner.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Since you give no better terms," said Locksley, "I am ready to try my fortune; but when I have shot two shafts at Hubert's mark, he shall be bound to shoot one at a mark of mine."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and shall

be done.—If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonour his memory."

The first target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size put in its place. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and, raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the centre was almost level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and alighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

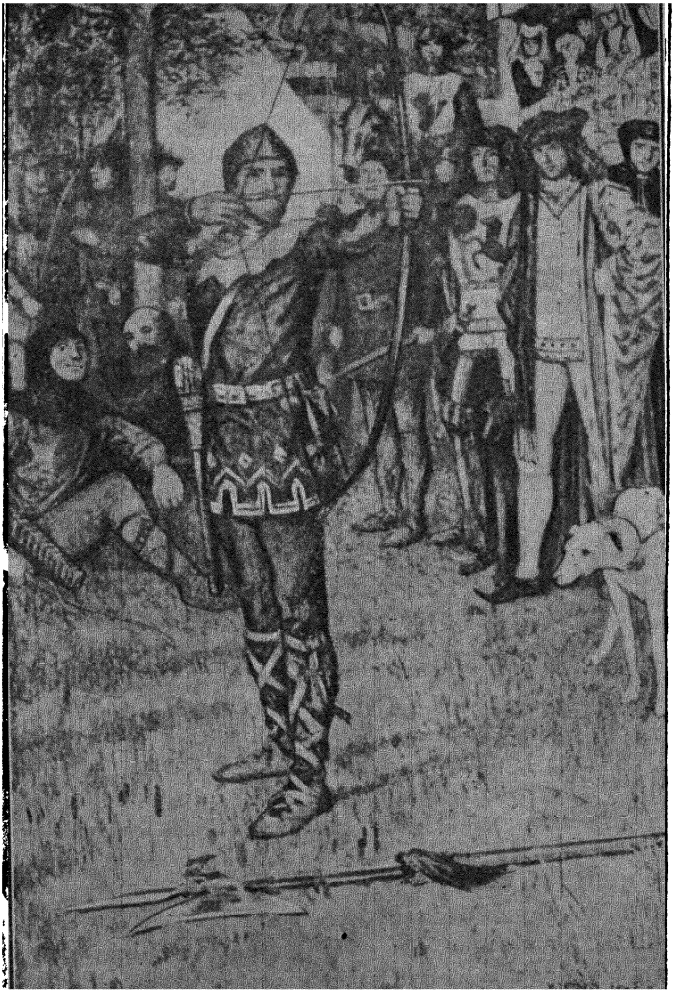
"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that would have been a better shot."

So saying, and without pausing upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow carelessly as it seemed. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "if thou sufferest that vagabond to beat thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one speech for all occasions. "If your Highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The devil take thy grandsire and all his offspring!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!"



HOW LOCKSLEY SHOT AT THE MARK.
(*From Longmans' British Empire Reader V.*)

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and this time made the necessary allowance for a very light breath of wind, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "A hit!—a hit!—a Hubert for ever!"

"Thou canst not do better than that, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And, letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even show their surprise in their usual clamour. "This must be the devil, and no man of flesh and blood," whispered the yeomen to each other; "such archery was never seen since a bow was first bent in Britain."

"And now," said Locksley, "I will beg your Grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who will try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonnie lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow bush."

Prince John made a sign for some attendants to follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the crowd, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time,

that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For my own part," he said, "and in the land where I was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards is an archer, fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, even the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill; a man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's knife, or at a straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John—"Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first that ever did so. Howe'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but this time looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited his shot in breathless silence. The archers vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed.

A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike of the man. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as good a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. If he had not modestly refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further notice, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

From *Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott.
[Adapted.]

Notes:—

1. The story told here is the concluding scene of the tournament described in *Ivanhoe*. It took place at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire. A tournament was a meeting of knights, in the presence of ladies, for the purpose of indulging in combats, either duels, *i.e.* combats between two individua s, or a *mêlée*, a general combat in which two parties of knights fought. All were dressed as for battle, but the fighting was not to the death, and the dangers were not those of mortal combat. A tournament was a sort of mimic battle—a test of strength and skill. Nevertheless accidents frequently happened. The main form of combat was tilting: two knights rode against each other and tried to thrust each the other from his horse's back. He who came through without a fall or the least number of falls was declared the victor. In this case it was the hero of the tale, Ivanhoe.
The tournament being ended, a shooting contest was held for the

yeomen, in which Locksley competed and won. This man was the famous outlaw Robin Hood, who, unknown to the crowd, had been a spectator at the tournament. He lived in the greenwood, in Sherwood Forest, which was close by.
Prince John was brother of Richard I of England, and succeeded him as King.

2. *Archery :* *i.e.* shooting with the bow and arrow, was brought to the greatest perfection in England in the time of Edward III, and the great victories of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were won mainly by English bowmen.
When archery was practised as a sport for competition in tournaments the archers shot at a target, a circular piece of wood with a spot in the centre surrounded by circles of different colours.
3. *Lincoln Green :* A dark green cloth made in Lincolnshire and worn by men at this period.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

adventure (arch.) *:* venture, ride.
avenue : approach, way towards.
baldric : belt from shoulder to hip for bugle, sword, etc.
bended (arch.) *:* bent, but used in " on bended knees."
buckler : a small round shield.
composed : calm, tranquil, quiet, unmoved.
composure : calmness, coolness.
deliberation : careful slowness (so deliberate (adj.), deliberately)
dexterity : skill.
discomfiture : defeat.
dishonour (vb.) *:* bring shame to.
exhort : urge, advise earnestly.
investigation : inquiry, examination.
jerkin : close-fitting man's coat (*ancient*).
jubilee : outburst of joy.
livery : dress, uniform (of a follower, servant).
long-bow : the bow which shoots a feathered arrow.
men-at-arms : armed men (servants), soldiers.
noble : a coin (obsolete, worth one-third of £1).
notch : cut.
reluctance : unwillingness.
resentment : bitter feelings (vb. resent).
resume : take again.
rovers (*shot at*) *:* a technical term in archery for long-distance shooting.
station : spot, place.
sylvan (*silvan*) *:* woodland, rural.
trial : test.
ungenerous : mean, not noble-minded.

unwittingly : unconsciously, without intention, unknowingly.
vindicate : justify, prove correct.
wordy : talkative.
yeoman : freeman holding land (in Middle Ages).

PHRASES TO BE LEARNT :—

To refuse an offer, one's heart sinks, to try conclusions with . . . , to go on bended knees to, to ask (beg) on bended knees, to resume one's place (work, etc.), to split (break) to shivers, to alter one's purpose (plan, etc.), to crow over . . . , with reluctance.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. With the aid of a dictionary find out the meanings and uses of the following: investigate, resent, deliberate upon, compose, golden (diamond) jubilee, give a trial to, adventure (n.).
3. Notice the difference between the style of this passage and that of Robinson Crusoe. This is full of archaisms: why? Find out as many as you can.
4. What impression does Prince John make on you? What qualities does he show? (Was he a sportsman?)
5. Imagine that you are Locksley (Robin Hood), and tell your companions in the greenwood after you return, what happened at the tournament.
6. Try to give brief character sketches of Locksley, and of Hubert.

A SCHOOL CRICKET MATCH

Ah me! those Fernhall playing-fields! With their long level stretches of green velvet, their June sunshine, and wonderful blue skies! What has life like them nowadays? On this day they were looking their very best, and though I have wandered many a thousand miles since then, I have never seen a fairer sight. Forty acres there were, all in a ring-fence, of level greensward, and the ring-fence itself nothing but a tall rampart of green turf, twelve or fourteen feet high, and broad enough at the top for two boys to walk upon it abreast.

Out in the middle of this great meadow the wickets were pitched. The lines of the crease gleamed brightly against the surrounding green, and the strong sun blazed down upon the long white coats of the umpires, the Fernhall eleven (or rather ten, for Snap was still absent), and two of the strongest bats in Loamshire.

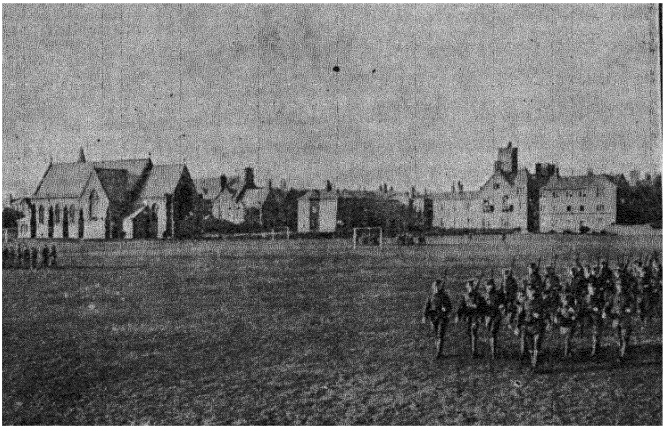


Photo : Sport & General]

FERNHALL SCHOOL PLAYING FIELD.

(*From the Reformed Series of English Books for Indian Schools, V.*)

But, though fourteen figures had the centre of the ground to themselves, there was plenty of vigorous young life round its edges. There, where the sun was the warmest, with their backs up against the bank which enclosed the master's garden, sat or lay some four hundred happy youngsters, anxiously watching every turn of the match.

But the match was not over yet, although yellow-headed Frank Winthrop began to think that it might

almost as well be. He was beginning to despair. It was a one-day match; the school had only made 156, while the county had only two wickets down for 93; of course there was no chance of a second innings; the two best bats in Loamshire seemed set for a century apiece; Poynter had lost his temper and seemed trying rather to hurt his men than to bowl them, and every-one else had been tried and had failed. What on earth was an unfortunate captain to do? Just then a figure in a long gown and college cap, a fine portly figure with a kindly face, turned round, and, using the back of a trembling small boy for a desk, wrote a note and despatched the aforesaid small boy with it to the rooms of the Rev. Erasmus Cube-Root. A minute or two before, Winthrop had found time to exchange half a dozen words with "the Head" whilst in the long-field, and now he turned and raised his cap to him, while an expression of thankfulness overspread his features.

A tall, slight figure came racing on to the ground in very new colours, and with fingers which seemed to show a more intimate acquaintance with the ink-pot than with the cricket-ball. Although it would have been nearer to have passed right under the Headmaster's nose, the new-comer went a long way round. As soon as he came on to the ground he dropped naturally into his place, and anyone could have seen at a glance that Snap Hales was a real keen cricketer. When a ball came his way there was no waiting on his part for it to reach him. He had watched it, as a hawk does a bird, from the moment it left the bowler's hands, and was halfway to meet it already. Like a flash he had it with either hand—both were alike to him—and in the same second it was sent back straight and true, a nice long hop, arriving in the wicket-keeper's hands at just about the level of the bails.

But Winthrop had other work for Snap to do, and at the end of the over sent him to replace Rollers at short-slip.

"By George, Towzer, they are going to put on Snap Hales," said one youngster to another on the rugs under the garden hedge.

"About time, too," replied his companion; "if he can't bowl better than those two fellows he ought to be kicked."

"Well, I dare say both you and he will be, if he doesn't come off to-day. I expect it was your brother who got him off his lines to-day, and he won't be a pleasant companion for either of you if the school gets beaten with half a dozen wickets to spare."

Towzer, the boy addressed, was brother to the captain of the eleven, and his fag. Snap Hales, when at home, lived near the Winthrops, so that in the school, generally, they were looked upon as being of one clan, of which, of course, Frank Winthrop was the chief. Willy Winthrop was Towzer's proper name, or at least the name he was christened by; but anyone looking at the fair-haired jolly-looking little fellow would have doubted whether his godfathers were wiser than his schoolfellows. But we must leave Towzer for the present and stick to Snap. Everyone was watching him now, and none more closely or more kindly than the man whom Snap considered chief of his born enemies, "the Head." "Yes, he is a fine lad," muttered that great man; "I wish I knew how to manage him. He has stuff in him for anything." And indeed he might have, though he was hardly good-looking. Tall and spare, with a lean, game look about the head, the first impression he made upon you was that he was a perfect athlete, one of Nature's chosen children. Every movement was so easy and so quick that you knew instinctively that he was strong,

though he hardly looked it; but his face puzzled you. It was a dark, sad-looking face, certainly not handsome, and yet there was a light sometimes in the big dark eyes which gave all the rest the lie, and made you feel that his masters might be right, after all, when they said, "There is no misdoing at Fernhall of which 'that Hales' is not the leader."

At any rate he appeared to be out of mischief just now.

"Round the wicket, sir?" asked the umpire as Snap took the ball in hand.

"No, Charteris, over," was the short reply, as Hales turned to measure his run behind the sticks.

"What! a new bowler?" asked Hawker of the wicket-keeper as he took a fresh guard; "who is he?"

"An importation from the Twenty-two; got his colours last week," answered Wyndham; and a smile spread over Hawker's face, as he saw in fancy a timid beginner pitching him half-volleys to be lifted over the garden hedge, or leg-balls with which to break the tiles on the pavilion.

But Hawker reserved his energy for a while, for he was too good a cricketer to hit wildly at anything. With a quiet, easy action the new bowler sent down an ordinary good-length ball, too straight to take liberties with, and that was all. Hawker played it back to him confidently, but still carefully, and another, and another, of almost the same pitch and pace, followed the first. "Not so much to be made off this fellow, after all," thought Hawker, "but he will get loose like the rest by and by, no doubt." Still it was not as good fun as he had expected. The fourth ball of Snap's first over was delivered with exactly the same action as the other three, but at about double their pace, and Hawker was only just in time to stop it.

It was so very nearly too much for the great man that for a moment it shook his confidence. That momentary want of confidence ruined him. The last ball of the over was not nearly up to the standard of the other four; it was short-pitched and off the wicket, but it had a lot of "kick" in it, and Hawker had not come far enough out for it. There was a click as the ball just touched the shoulder of his bat, and next moment, as long-slip remarked, he found it revolving in his hands "like a stray planet."

Don't talk to me of the lungs of the British tar! They are nothing, nothing at all to the lungs we had in those days. It was Snap's first wicket for the school, and Snap was the school's favourite, and caps flew up and fellows shouted until even Hawker didn't much regret his discomfiture if it gave the boys such pleasure. He was very fond of Fernhall boys, that sinewy man from the North, and, next to their own heroes, Fernhall liked him better than most men.

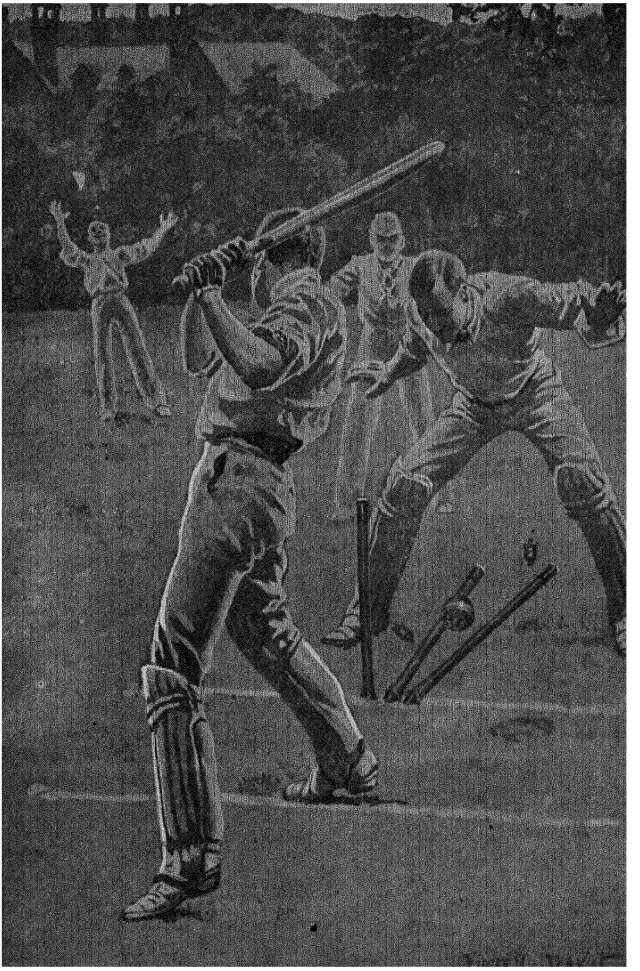
In the next over from his end Hales had to deal with Grey, and he found his match. He tried him with slow ones, he tried him with fast ones, he tempted him with the easy lob, he stormed him with the fast yorker. It was not a bit of good, and a maiden over left Snap convinced that the less he had to do with Grey the better for him, and left Grey convinced that Fernhall had got a bowler at last who bowled with his head. Was it wilfully, I wonder, that Snap gave Grey on their next meeting a ball which that steady player hit for one? It may not have been, and yet there was a grin all over the boy's dark face as he saw Grey trot up to his end. That run cost Loamshire two batsmen in four balls—one bowled leg before wicket, and the other clean bowled with an ordinary good-length ball rather faster than its fellows.

Those old fields rang with Hales's name that afternoon, and at 6.30, thanks chiefly to his superb bowling, the county had still two to score to win, and two wickets to fall. One of the men still in was Grey. At the end of the over the stumps would be drawn, and the game drawn against the school, even if Snap should bowl a maiden. That, however, could hardly be; even Grey would hit out at such a crisis. At the very first ball the whole school trembled with excitement. One Loamshire man played well back and stopped a very ugly one, fast and well pitched, but it would not be altogether denied, and curled in until it lay quiet and inoffensive, absolutely touching the stumps.

Ah, gentlemen of Loamshire! If you want to win this match, why can't you keep quiet? Don't you think the sight of that fatal little ball, nestling close up to his wicket, is enough to disconcert any batsman in the last over of a good match? And yet you cry, "Steady, Thompson, steady!" Poor chap, you can see that he is all abroad, and the boy's eyes at the other end are glittering with excitement. He is fighting his first great battle in public, and knows it is a winning one. There is a sting and "devil" in the fourth ball which would have made even Grace pull himself together. It sent Thompson's bails over the long-stop's head, and mowed down his wicket like ripe corn before a thunder-shower.

And now the chivalry of good cricket was apparent; Loamshire had no desire to "play out the time." Even as Thompson was bowled, another Loamshire man left the pavilion, ready for the fray. As the two men passed each other the new-comer gave his defeated friend a playful dig in the ribs, and remarked, "Here goes for the score of the match, Edward Anson, duck, not out!"

As there was only one more ball to be bowled, and only two runs to be made to secure a win for Loamshire,



"SNAP'S LAST 'YORKER' HAD DONE THE TRICK."
(*From Longmans' Ship Literary Reader VI.*)

I'm afraid Anson hardly meant what he said. Unless it shot underground or was absolutely out of reach, that young giant, who "could hit like anything, though not much of a bat," meant at any rate to hit that one ball for four. By George, how he opened his shoulders! How splendidly he lunged out! you could see the great muscles swell as he made the bat sing through the air—you could almost see the ball going seaward; and yet—and yet——

The school had risen like one man; they had heard that rattle among the timber; they knew that Snap's last "yorker" had done the trick; cool head and quick hand had pulled the match out of the fire, and even his rival Poynter was one of the crowd who caught young Hales, tossed him on to their shoulders, and bore him in triumph to the pavilion, whilst the chapel clock struck the half-hour.

From *Snap*, by C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.
[Adapted.]

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

action : way of moving arms and body in bowling.
aforesaid : just mentioned.
christen : baptize, religious ceremony of naming.
chivalry : courtesy, honourableness, fairness.
clan : family.
crisis : turning-point in game, illness, etc.
discomfiture : defeat.
exchange : interchange, give and take.
expression : look.
game : spirited, like a game cock, fighting cock.
greensward : turf, short grass.
importation : someone, something brought in.
impression : effect on the mind.
inoffensive : doing no damage, harm, loss.
instinctively : by instinct, like intuitively (*eka santagrahi*).
intimate : close.
"*kick*" *:* rising off the ground, bouncing high and sharply.
liberties with (to take) : to treat freely, to hit out at.
loose : i.e. inaccurate in length and aim.

lunge : drive, hit, rush out.
momentary : for the moment.
nestle up : lie close to.
overspread : spread over.
portly : stout, bulky.
rampart : a broad-topped mound of earth.
revolve : spin, turn round.
ring-fence : a fence completely enclosing.
set (to be) : settled, fixed, not to be got out.
sinewy : strong, muscular.
superb : splendid.
tar : sailor.
velvet : soft fabric of silk or cotton or both, with pile like a carpet.
very : absolutely (the very best).
vigorous : active, strong, healthy.

PHRASES :—

To make an impression, a critical moment, to reach the crisis, to exchange words, blows, etc., to look one's best, to the very last, What on earth . . . ?, Why on earth . . . ?, to shake one's confidence in . . .

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Collect all the cricket terms in this lesson.
3. Draw a plan of the field in a cricket match and explain it.
4. (1) Study the first three paragraphs. What does the first describe ? the second ? the third ? All are introductory : they set the scene.
   (2) " Ah, me ! " The writer looks back, with regret for the years past, to his boyhood, and the brightness and vigour of life in those days of long ago.
5. Explain these similes :—
   (1) " He watched it as a hawk does a bird."
   (2) " It mowed down his wicket like ripe corn before a thunder-shower."
   And the metaphors :—
   " to pull the match out of the fire."
   And this :—
   " One of Nature's chosen children."
6. Give a summary of the story.
7. Write an account of an exciting cricket match (or football match) you have seen.

THE PLATE OF GOLD

One day there fell in great Benares' temple-court
A wondrous plate of gold, whereon these words were writ:
"To him who loveth best, a gift from Heaven."

Thereat
The priests made proclamation: "At the midday hour,
Each day, let those assemble who for virtue deem
Their right to heaven's gift the best; and we will hear
The deeds of mercy done, and so adjudge."

The news
Ran swift as light, and soon from every quarter came
Nobles and munshis, hermits, scholars, holy men,
And all renowned for gracious or for splendid deeds.
Meanwhile the priests in solemn council sat and heard
What each had done to merit best the gift of Heaven.
So for a year the claimants came and went.

At last,
After a patient weighing of the worth of all,
The priests bestowed the plate of gold on one who seemed
The largest lover of the race—whose whole estate,
Within the year, had parted been among the poor.
This man, all trembling with his joy, advanced to take
The golden plate—when lo! at his first finger-touch
It changed to basest lead! All stood aghast; but when
The hapless claimant dropt it clanging on the floor,
Heaven's guerdon was again transformed to shining gold.

So for another twelvemonth sat the priests and judged.
Thrice they awarded—thrice did Heaven refuse the gift.
Meanwhile a host of poor, maimed beggars in the street

Lay all about the temple gate, in hope to move
That love whereby each claimant hoped to win the gift.
And well for them it was (if gold be charity),
For every pilgrim to the temple gate praised God
That love might thus approve itself before the test.
And so the coins rained freely in the outstretched hands;
But none of those who gave, so much as turned to look
Into the poor sad eyes of them that begged.

And now
The second year had almost passed, but still the plate
Of gold, by whomsoever touched, was turned to lead.
At length there came a simple peasant—not aware
Of that strange contest for the gift of God—to pay
A vow within the temple. As he passed along
The line of shrivelled beggars, all his soul was moved
Within him to sweet pity, and the tears welled up
And trembled in his eyes.

Now by the temple gate
There lay a poor, sore creature, blind, and shunned by all;
But when the peasant came, and saw the sightless face
And trembling, maimèd hands, he could not pass, but knelt,
And took both palms in his, and softly said: "O thou,
My brother! bear thy trouble bravely. God is good."
Then he arose and walked straightway across the court,
And entered where they wrangled of their deeds of love
Before the priests.

Awhile he listened sadly; then
Had turned away; but something moved the priest who held
The plate of gold to beckon to the peasant. So
He came, not understanding, and obeyed, and stretched
His hand and took the sacred vessel. Lo! it shone

With thrice its former lustre, and amazed them all!
"Son," cried the priest, "rejoice. The gift of God is thine.
Thou lovest best!" And all made answer, "It is well,"

And, one by one, departed. But the peasant knelt
And prayed, bowing his head above the golden plate;
While o'er his soul like morning streamed the love of God.

LEIGH HUNT.

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

adjudge : decide, award (*here*, the plate).
aghast : terrified, amazed.
approve (*oneself*) *:* show, prove oneself to be.
base : valueless.
beckon to : make a sign to . . .
claimant : one who claims (a reward, estate, etc.).
deem : think, believe, consider.
gracious : kindly, benevolent.
guerdon (poet.) *:* reward.
gracious : kindly, benevolent.
hapless : unlucky.
largest : greatest lover of most number of people.
lustre : brightness, brilliance.
maim : cripple, mutilate, cause loss of limb.
part (arch.) *:* divide among, give in shares to . . ., share.
renowned : famous, famed (for) . . .
shrivelled : withered, shrunk . . .
weigh : consider, estimate.
well up : spring forth, up (like a fountain) or spring.
wrangle (*of*) *:* quarrel, dispute (about) . . .
writ (arch.) *:* written.

PHRASES :—

To proclaim, to issue a proclamation that, a proclaimed rogue, etc., to have a right (claim) to, to approve of, to sit in council, to part with, to part friends, to be aware of.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. Put into prose words and order :
   (1) "Those who for virtue deem
   Their right to heaven's gift the best."

(2) "Whose whole estate,
Within the year, had parted been among the poor."

3. What is the force of the simile on
(1) "The news
Ran swift as light."
(2) "O'er his soul like morning streamed the love of God,"

4. Put into your own words:

"And well for them it was (if gold be charity),
For every pilgrim to the temple gate praised God
That love might thus approve itself before the test."

5. Tell the story in your own words. What is the lesson it teaches?

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

[John Bunyan (1628–1688), by trade a tinker, was born in Bedford of humble parentage. He spent a careless boyhood, but gradually became obsessed with the idea that he was very wicked. He fought on the side of the Parliament in the civil war. After his marriage he led a religious life, but could find no inward peace. At length he became happier and preached the gospel. But Nonconformist preaching was not tolerated, and in 1660 he was imprisoned in Bedford jail for twelve years. The first part of *Pilgrim's Progress* was written while he was a prisoner. These passages are from that first part.]

Christian and Hopeful found by Giant Despair and Imprisoned in Doubting Castle.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they dared not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender, because of their travels;

so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called *By-path Meadow*. Then said *Christian* to his companion, "If this meadow lies along by our way, let us go over into it." Then he went to the stile to see, and behold, a path lay along by the way, on the other side of the fence. "It is according to my wish," said *Christian*; "here is the easiest going; come, good *Hopeful*, and let us go over."

Hope. But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

"That is not likely," said the other. "Look, does it not go along by the wayside?" So *Hopeful*, being persuaded by his companion, went after him over the stile. When they had gone over, and had got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and, looking ahead they espied a man walking as they did (and his name was *Vain-confidence*); so they called after him, and asked him where that way led. He said, "To the *Celestial Gate*." "Look," said *Christian*, "did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they following lost sight of him that went ahead.

He, therefore, that went ahead (*Vain-confidence* by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose made there by the Prince of those grounds to catch vain-glorious fools, and was dashed to pieces with his fall.

Now *Christian* and his companion heard him fall. So they called to him, but there was no answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said *Hopeful*, "Where are

we now?" Then his companion was silent, fearing that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner; and the water rose fast.

Then *Hopeful* groaned to himself, saying, "Oh, that I had kept on my way!"

Chr. Who could have thought that this path would have led us out of the way?

Hope. I was afraid of it at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Chr. Good brother, be not offended; I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger; pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hope. Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Chr. I am glad I have with me a merciful brother; but we must not stand thus: let us try to go back again.

Hope. But, good brother, let me go ahead.

Chr. No, if you please, let me go first, that if there is any danger, I may be first in it, because by my means we have both gone out of the way.

"No," said *Hopeful*, "you shall not go first; for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again." Then, for their encouragement, they heard the voice of one saying, "*Set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest; turn again.*" But by this time the waters had risen greatly, for which reason the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way, when we are in it, than going in it when we are out.) Yet they ventured to go back, but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in going back they were in danger of drowning nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Therefore, at last, getting under a little shelter, they sat down there until the daybreak; but, being weary, they fell asleep.

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called *Doubting* Castle, the owner of which was Giant *Despair*: and it was on his grounds they now were sleeping: so he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught *Christian* and *Hopeful* asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake; and asked them whence they came, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on my property, trampling on and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew they were in fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any one to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintances. Now in this place *Christian* had double sorrow, because it was through his ill advice that they were brought to this distress.

This Giant *Despair* had a wife, and her name was *Diffidence*. So when he had gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; namely, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him who they were, whence they came, and for what

place they were bound; and he told her. Then she advised him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So, when he arose, he got a great crab-tree cudgel, and went down into the dungeon to them, and there first rated them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, so that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn upon the floor. All that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and learning that they were yet alive, advised him to urge them to make away with themselves. So when morning came, he went to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the blows that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison, "For why," said he, "should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" This done, he withdrew and left them, there to condole with each other on their misery and to mourn their distress.

Well, towards evening, the Giant went down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his advice; but when he came there he found them just alive, and no more; for now, what for want of bread and water, and because of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a dreadful rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his advice, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that *Christian* fell into a swoon.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. *Diffidence* and her husband, the Giant, had got into bed, they began to renew their talk about their prisoners; and the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his advice bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the Giant; "I will, therefore, search them in the morning."

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

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

Then *Christian* pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try the dungeon door, the bolt of which (as he turned the key) went back, and the door flew open with ease, and *Christian* and *Hopeful* both came out. Then he went to the outer door that led into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. Afterwards, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key opened it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but the gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant *Despair*, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after

them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
[Adapted.]

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

attended with : accompanied by . . .
caution : warning, advice.
condole with : sympathize with, express sympathy.
dungeon : underground prison.
encouragement (n. of *encourage*) : giving boldness, courage to . . .
espy : catch sight of.
going : the condition of the road.
imminent : soon to happen, very near.
lamentable : deplorable, grievous, very bad.
make away with oneself : commit suicide, destroy oneself.
part (vb. intr.) *:* separate, divide.
picklocks : instruments for picking locks (also, persons who use them).
rate (vb. tr.) *:* scold angrily.
renew : begin again.
relieve : give relief to.
surly : sulky, gruff, rude, uncivil.
thrust : push with force.
trespass : to intrude upon, walk over, etc., without right.
vain-glorious : boastful.

PHRASES :—

Good (bad, rough, smooth, etc.) going, to lose sight of, to give a caution, to show caution, to be offended with, in imminent danger, to be in fault, to be at fault, to show no mercy to, to renew a game (one's efforts, etc.), to be at liberty to, to encourage to, to relieve (distress, etc.).

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own. Consult a dictionary (e.g. *The Concise Oxford Dictionary*) if necessary.
2. This story is an allegory in the form of a dream. Bunyan, the dreamer, narrates his dream. Christian and Hopeful are pilgrims ; what is the object of their pilgrimage ? What is compared to a pilgrimage ? Look up the meaning of the word allegory. Is it right to call this an allegory ? If so, how ?
3. Turn the passage beginning "Then Hopeful groaned to himself . . . " and ending " we have both gone out of the way " into reported speech, *i.e.* indirect narration.

4. Could you turn the story of their imprisonment in "Doubting Castle" by Giant Despair out of allegory?
5. Retell the story briefly without quotation.

II

The Delectable Mountains

They went on then till they came to the *Delectable Mountains*, which belong to the Lord of that hill of which we have spoken before. So they went up the mountains, to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards and fountains of water, of which they drank; and they washed themselves, and ate freely in the vineyards. Now there were on the tops of these mountains Shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the highway side. The Pilgrims therefore went to them, and leaning upon their staves (as is common with weary pilgrims when they stand to talk with anyone by the way) they asked, "Whose *Delectable Mountains* are these? And whose are the sheep that feed upon them?"

Shep. These mountains are *Immanuel's Land*, and they are within sight of his city; and the sheep also are his, and he laid down his life for them.

Chr. Is this the way to the *Celestial City?*

Shep. You are on the right way.

Chr. How far is it there?

Shep. Too far for any but those that shall get there indeed.

Chr. Is the way safe or dangerous?

Shep. Safe for those for whom it is to be safe; ***but the transgressors shall fall therein.***

Chr. Is there, in this place, any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint on the way?

Shep. The Lord of these mountains has given us a charge not to be *forgetful to entertain strangers*, therefore the delights of the place are before you.

I saw also in my dream, that when the Shepherds perceived that they were wayfaring men, they also put questions to them, to which they made answer as in other places; as, "Whence have you come?" and, "How did you get into the way?" and, "By what means have you so persevered in it? For but few of those that begin to travel here show their face on these mountains." But when the Shepherds heard their answers, being pleased with them, they looked very kindly upon them, and said, "Welcome to the *Delectable Mountains!*"

The Shepherds, I say, whose names were *Knowledge, Experience, Watchful,* and *Sincere,* took them by the hand, and led them to their tents, and made them partake of all that was ready at present. They said, too, "We wish you would stay here awhile, to be acquainted with us; and yet more to solace yourselves with the delight of these *Delectable Mountains.*" They then told them, that they were glad to stay; so they went to their rest that night, because it was very late.

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called to *Christian* and *Hopeful* to walk with them upon the mountains; so they went out with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side.

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go on, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, "Let us here show to the pilgrims the gates of the *Celestial City,* if they have the skill to look through our perspective glass." The Pilgrims then joyfully accepted the offer; so they took them to the top of a high hill, called *Clear,* and gave them their glass to look through.

Then they tried to look, but they could not look steadily through the glass; yet they thought they saw

something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Then they went away, and sang.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them a note of the way. Another of them bade them beware of the *Flatterer*. The third bade them take heed not to sleep upon the *Enchanted Ground*. And the fourth bade them God-speed. So I awoke from my dream.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
[Adapted.]

WORDS AND MEANINGS :—

acquainted with (*to be*) : to have knowledge of.
behold : get sight of, see.
delectable (arch.) : pleasant, delightful.
orchard : garden of fruit trees (apples, pears, etc.).
partake (*of*) : share.
prospect : view.
staves : pl. (arch.) of *staff*, (pl. *staffs*) : stick, pole.
transgressors : those who violate, infringe, break laws, commandments, sinners.
wayfaring men : wayfarers, travellers. (*esp.* on foot).

PHRASES :—

To put a question (questions) to, to persevere in, to partake of . . . with . . . , to be acquainted with, to have good prospects.

EXERCISES :—

1. Use the phrases given above in sentences of your own.
2. What is the modern name of a perspective glass ? Why could they not see clearly ?
3. Put the speech between the Shepherd and Christian into the reported form.
4. Can you think why the mountains should be so named ? Is the only reason to be found in the gardens and the entertainment of the Shepherds ?
5. Find out about Bunyan's life and his imprisonment. Would he be imprisoned now ? Was his dream, do you think, an allegory of his own experiences ? And a comfort to him in his distress ?

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

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

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

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

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

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

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

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

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

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

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on th' accustomed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blessed be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss:
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.

By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

A PUBLISHER TO HIS CLIENT

Dear Doctor, I have read your play
Which is a good one in its way,—
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels
With tears, that, in a flux of grief,
Afford hysterical relief
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;
Your plot too has such scope for scenery;
Your dialogue is apt and smart;
The play's concoction full of art;
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,
All stab, and everybody dies.
In short, your tragedy would be
The very thing to hear and see;
And, for a piece of publication,
If I decline on this occasion,
It is not that I am not sensible
To merits in themselves ostensible,
But—and I grieve to speak of it—plays
Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.
I had a heavy loss by "Manuel,"—
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—
And Sotheby, with his "Orestes,"
(Which by the by, the author's best is),
Has lain so very long on hand,
That I despair of all demand.
I've advertised—but see my books!
Or only watch my shopman's looks!—
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber,
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,
Has sent me, folded in a letter,
A sort of—it's no more a drama
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama:
So alter'd since last year his pen is,
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,
I dare not venture on another.
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;
The coaches thro' the street so thunder!
My room's so full—we've Gifford here
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles
Of some of our forthcoming Articles.

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you
Had but the genius to review!—
A smart critique upon St. Helena,
Or if you only would tell in a
Short compass what—but, to resume . . .
As I was saying, sir, the room—
The room's so full of wits and bards,
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and Wards,
And others, neither bards nor wits:—
My humble tenement admits
All persons in the dress of gent.,
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

A party dines with me to-day,
All clever men, who make their way:
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chantrey
Are all partakers of my pantry.
They're at this moment in discussion
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.

Her book, they say, was in advance—
Pray Heaven she tell the truth of France!
Thus run our time and tongues away :—
But, to return, sir, to your play :
Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,
Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill.
My hands so full, my head so busy,
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy ;
And so with endless truth and hurry,
Dear Doctor I am yours

John Murray.

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