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PREFACE

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

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

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

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

G. C. D

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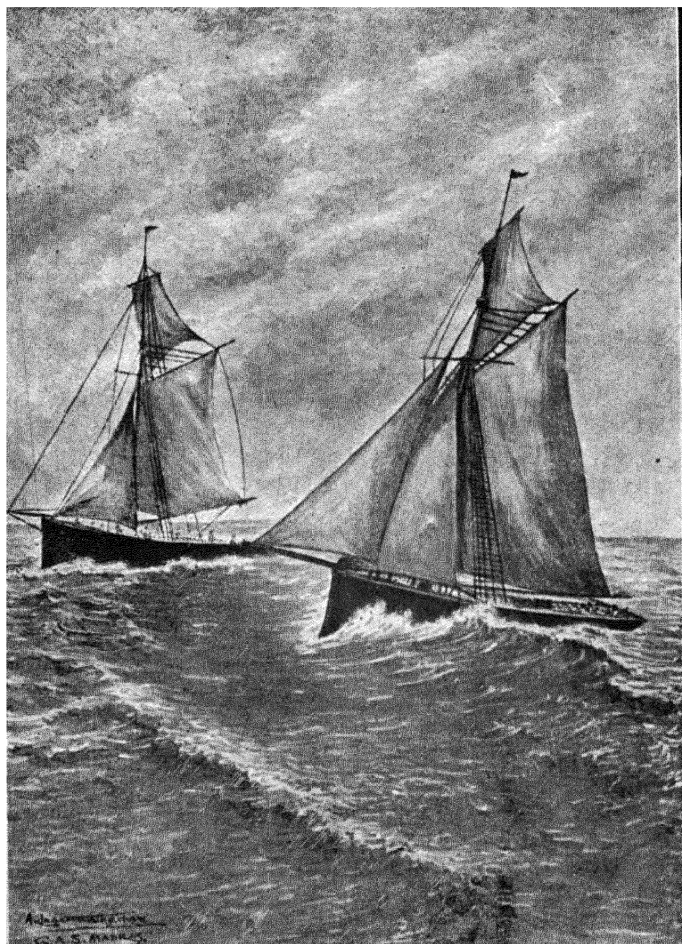
Grateful thanks are due to Sir Henry Newbolt for permission to include the following poems in these selections

- 1 *Vital Lampada.*
2. *Admirals All*

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A Voyage Round the World.

ENGLISH

PROSE AND VERSE

(*Senior*)

I. A Canadian Indian Encampment

Wishing to visit the Canadian Indians in their winter camp, I persuaded a friend of mine to be my guide. Chippewa, my friend, had been honoured by the Indians in a very special manner. They had given him the name of their tribe. He was delighted at the opportunity of doing the honours of the Indian wigwam; and he, with some of his brothers and sisters-in-law, accompanied me to the camp in the woods.

We set out one evening. The snow sparkled as with a thousand diamonds. The trees were bending beneath their white burden. As you looked up to the tree-tops, the snowy branches seen against the deep blue sky formed a silvery veil, through which the bright stars gleamed.

From the broad road we struck into a by-path, deep tracked by Indians, and soon perceived the wigwam by

the dark smoke that issued from the open basket-work top of the little hut. To build their huts, the Indians first plant a number of thin poles in a circle, ten or twelve feet in diameter. Large sheets of birch bark are placed between the poles, both within and without, leaving an opening of the bare poles at the top, to form an outlet for the smoke. The outer walls are completely covered with snow to shut out the cold winds. A blanket serves the purpose of a door.

We entered the wigwam, and found a motley group of "dark skins" and "pale faces" reposing on the blankets and skins that were spread round the walls of the wigwam. The swarthy complexions, shaggy black hair, and singular costume of the Indians, formed a striking contrast to the fair-faced Europeans who were mingled with them. A fire burned in the centre of the hut. The deer-hounds lay lazily stretched before the fire, and near them were three or four dark-skinned little urchins playing quite happily.

A merry laugh rang round as we entered, even the squaws joining with their peculiar chuckle. Chippewa was directed to a post of honour beside the hunter, Peter, and Squaw Peter with an air of great good-humour, made room for me on a corner of her own blanket, which meant that two "papouses" and a hound had to find some other place.

The most attractive persons in the wigwam were two Indian girls, Jane, the hunter's eldest daughter, about eighteen years of age, and Margaret, her cousin. I was greatly struck with the beauty of Jane. Her features were positively fine, and though of gipsy darkness, the tint of vermillion on her cheek and lip render-



ed them, if not beautiful, very attractive. She was evidently aware of her superior charms, and seemed to bestow much care on her dress. Margaret was younger, of lower stature, lively and rather pretty, but she lacked the attractiveness of her cousin. The two girls occupied a blanket by themselves, and were busy with their beads, porcupine quills and the dried sinews of the deer which they use instead of thread.

I could not discover where the Indians kept their stores, clothes, and other movables, the wigwam being so small that there seemed no room for anything besides themselves and their hounds. On my asking what served them as a store-room, they pointed to the inner wall of bark. They arrange the inner lining of birch bark between the poles so as to form pouches all round. In these pouches they stow their goods and provisions.

Before we went away, the hunter insisted on showing us some of their games. We were asked to join in some of them, and quite enjoyed doing so, though their skill left us on the losers' side every time.

ADAPTED—(*Back woods of Canada*)

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

<i>wigwam</i>	a Red Indian's tent
<i>persuaded</i>	induced, influenced, prevailed upon
<i>sparkled</i>	shone, glittered, glistened
<i>gleamed</i>	shone
<i>traced</i>	marked with the footprints of
<i>issued</i>	came out
<i>outlet</i>	a way out
<i>motley</i>	mixed, mingled, variegated
<i>swarthy</i>	dark
<i>shaggy</i>	long
<i>chuckle</i>	laughter, giggle, titter

"*papouses*" the Indian name for young children

positively really

bestow pay, devote

Use the following idiomatic phrases in sentences of your own —to do the honours of, to strike into, shut out, serve the purpose of, a post of honour, struck with, bestow care on

Say what you know of the occupations of the Canadian Indian

2. The Gifts of God

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by—
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span

So strength first made a way,
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature
So both should losers be

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast

GEORGE HERBER

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

dispersed scattered*contract* reduce, diminish, shrink up*stay* halt, pause*rest (in Nature)* be content with, wish for nothing more than.*repining* discontented, fretting, yearning*restlessness* uneasiness, dissatisfaction*weariness* exhaustion, despair (after trying to find perfect happiness in Nature)

Why was the gift of contentment (rest) not given to man ?

To what are God's gifts compared in the poem ?

“ Weariness may toss him to My breast ”—What figure of speech is this an example of ?

3. A Story of Gratitude

In the days when the Venetians and the Turks were constantly at war, prisoners were either killed or sold as slaves. Turkish corsairs and Venetian vessels often fought at sea, and, as surrender meant death or slavery, we can well imagine how stubbornly each side fought.

It happened that, after one such fight, a Venetian vessel took many Turks prisoners, who were promptly sold as slaves to the rich merchants of Venice. By accident, one of the slaves lived opposite the house of a merchant who had an only son of about twelve years of age. The slave, Hamet, grew to be very fond of the lad, as he found him good and kind, while the boy, on his part, was never so pleased as when he was in Hamet's company. He watched Hamet very carefully because he often saw the slave's face covered with tears, and wondered what bitter grief his poor friend was nursing.

After some days the boy determined to tell his father of the slave's sorrow. Accordingly, he spoke of the matter to his father, while they were seated in the hall after dinner, one night, and he begged him to make poor Hamet happy if he could. The father promised to do so.

The merchant observed Hamet very carefully for some days, and then asked him why he always wore a sad look. "Would you not grieve," answered the Turk, "if you had been deprived of man's most cherished treasure, liberty?" "But yours is a common fate," argued the Venetian, "how many thousands of my countrymen have been made slaves by your nation!" "I am not responsible for the cruelty of my people", said the slave, "any more than you are for the misery I suffer here, in your city of Venice. But I must tell you, sir, that I have never practised the barbarous custom of making my fellow-creatures slaves. I have never even robbed a Venetian to increase my riches." The extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty on the slave's face, convinced the merchant that he was speaking the truth. But he wished to test the slave. "What would you do to win your freedom?" he asked. "Do", replied the slave, "no pain, no danger would I shun to be free once more!" "Listen," said the merchant, "I have an enemy, he has injured me past forgiveness. Take this dagger, slay him, and regain your liberty." The Turk's eye flashed with scorn. "Would you tempt me to such a base deed?" he said, "what would my freedom be worth, if it were won by a cowardly murder? No! I would not stain my hands with such a deed were it to purchase the liberty of my whole race." The merchant looked long at the noble slave. "My friend,"



A STORY OF GRATITUDE

he said, at length, "I did not mean to offend you I must see you again to-morrow" The Turk remained silent

The Venetian returned the next day, in company with his son, and going up to the slave, he embraced him and said, "My friend, I trust you have forgiven me for testing your virtue yesterday It was only for this purpose that I made the proposal that you very rightly scorned My son cannot have a nobler friend than you From this moment you are a free man, I have already paid your ransom All I ask in return is, that you will be both friend and protector to my little son whose joy at your freedom is as great as your own"

Not long after this, Hamet wished to see his country once more The merchant arranged a passage for him, his little friend forced him to accept a purse of gold, and he departed after regretfully bidding them good-bye

Six months had passed when, one night, while Venice slept, the dreaded cry of "Fire!" was heard The merchant's house was enveloped in flames The street in front was one wild scene of confusion The frightened servants had just time to rouse their master and hurry him out of the house The unfortunate man naturally thought that his son had been taken out before him, but, on coming outside, found, to his horror, that the boy had been forgotten in the general tumult The staircase fell with a crash The boy was upstairs Soon, he appeared at one of the windows, stretching out his hands and imploring those below to save him The father's despair was heart-rending He attempted to rush through the flames His servants forced him back Who could pierce that dense mass of fire? At this

dreadful moment a man was seen carrying a very big ladder right up to the walls of the house. He climbed steadily up, with a calmness that showed he had made up his mind to save the lad or die in the attempt. He reached the window, wrapped the child in his cloak, took him in his arms, and brought him down to safety with hardly a burn, though he himself was black with smoke and badly scorched from head to foot.

The distracted father rushed to embrace the brave man who had risked his life to save his beloved son. He offered him all he had in gratitude for his noble deed. The man bent down to embrace the boy, and then, looking up at the father, he said, "My friend, do you not know Hamet, the slave whom you delivered from a worse fate than now threatened this boy and me? To you I owe my freedom. I thank God for having given me an opportunity of doing something in return for your great kindness. Even if you had not set me free, do you think I could ever forget the love this little boy gave me, the love of a child, the love of an innocent heart, the love that is so pure, so trustful, and so unselfish?"

ADAPTED—(*The Grateful Turk*)

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

corsair a Turkish ship, fitted out for war

promptly quickly.

nursing quietly enduring

cherished highly valued, considered precious

scorned treated with contempt

ransom money paid to free a slave

tumult confusion

heart-rending enough to break one's heart, very pitiful.

distracted mad with grief

Use the following phrases in sentences of your own —

to nurse a grief, be deprived of, be responsible for, to convince another, to test a person, to shun a danger, to injure past forgiveness, to scorn a proposal, in gratitude for, to be unselfish

FOR ORAL WORK.—

How did Hamet show his gratitude?

4. The Spacious Firmament

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 ' The Hand that made us is divine

JOSEPH ADDISON

WORDS AND MEANINGS

spacious wide, extensive, vast

firmament another word for *sky*, common in poetry

ethereal airy, heavenly, celestial

spangled : studded with stars

original Author, Creator

prevail take the place of (the sunlight)

confirm proclaim the truth of, affirm

terrestrial earthly

radiant shining, brilliant

The wonders of Nature set us thinking One thought, especially, forces itself upon our minds Can you tell what that is ? The poet gives you the answer in the last line

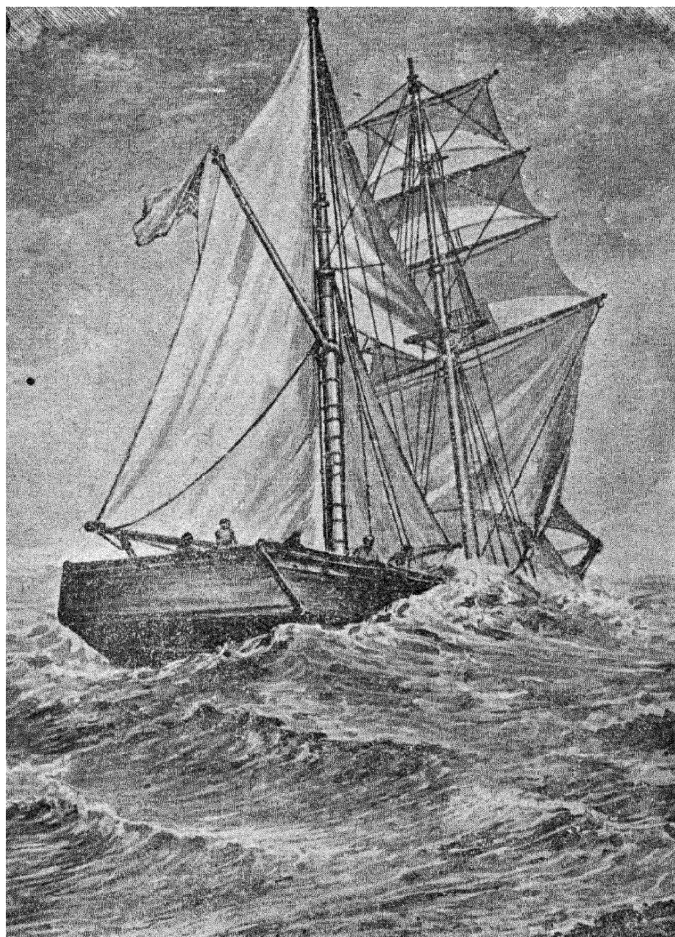
Which other lines in the poem tell you the same ? What, therefore, is the theme or subject of the poem ?

The poem refers to an ancient belief that the movements of the planets produced heavenly music Which lines refer to this ?

Pick out two examples of Personification from the poem

5. A Voyage Round the World

I was very young when I saw the sea for the first time What a grand sight it was ! I spent the day in watching the waves and the tiny vessels far out on the horizon From that day my strongest desire was to make a sea-voyage In my dreams at night, I sailed over the wide ocean to distant lands ; and by day I read all the books of voyages and travels I could get hold of



At length, an unexpected event gave me a chance of going to sea. My father obtained the command of a vessel which was to sail round the world on a voyage of discovery. As this happened just when I had left school, he determined to take me with him, and I soon joined him at Brest, whence our ship, the "Arrow", was to sail. A few days later, the anchor was heaved up, a cannon was fired as the signal for our departure, and our brig had begun her long trip.

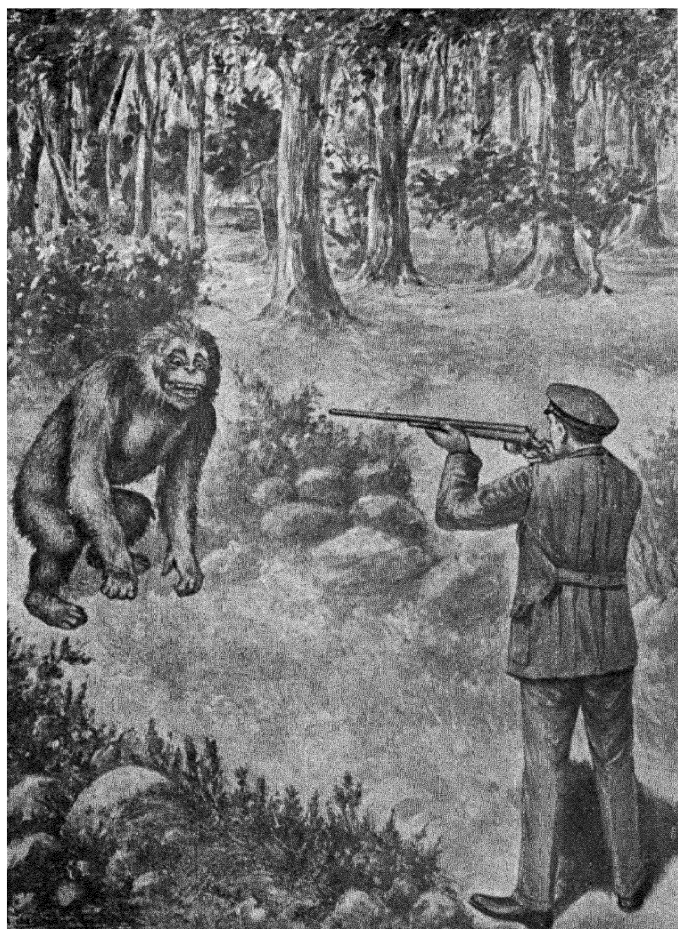
We had been ordered to explore certain islands in the Pacific, whose situation was then only guessed at. Another vessel, the "Swallow" was to accompany us. As she was on the north coast of Scotland, we had to sail along the pleasant shores of England to join her. Hill and dale, town and village appeared rapidly in review before us, while, at sea, many a man-of-war sailed majestically past us, and, dotting the blue waters, fleets of tiny fishing-boats were quite a common sight.

When we had come up with our companion, the "Swallow", we sailed southwards, round the western coast of Ireland, and, after ten days, we were ploughing the waters of the Bay of Biscay. On we sped till we reached the Azores, our first halt. Fresh water and food were very welcome, and we loaded our vessels with as much as they could carry. We sailed on to the Bermudas, beautiful islands that looked like little gardens dropped into the wide Atlantic, and then headed northwards for Halifax, which was considerably out of our direct route, but which we had been ordered to visit. The climate here was very disagreeable, and we were glad to leave the cold shores of Nova Scotia.

We turned south again, coasting along the shores of the United States till we entered the Gulf of Mexico.

Soon we were once more in the Atlantic, and after several days' sailing reached St Helena. From here we sailed to the south of Africa, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, touched at Madagascar and Mauritius, and dropped anchor at Borneo. As the interior of this large island is little known, we were tempted to explore it. Taking our rifles, we plunged into the depths of the forest which extends almost up to the shores. A stream led us far into the jungle. The heat was intense. After walking for some hours, we were glad to sit on the bank of the stream, and regale ourselves with its clear water and the biscuits we had brought with us. As we rested, we watched the birds that flew down to the stream to drink. Their plumage was wonderful. Gold and scarlet, blue and orange, white and emerald, and every colour one could think of, decorated their feathers, it was delightful to watch their every move. We were so intent on watching them, that a loud roar behind us startled us all the more. I wheeled round as quick as lightning, just in time to avoid a huge animal that sprang straight for my throat. Its spring carried it into the water, and before it could turn on us our rifles spoke almost together. The beast lurched forward and, with a fearful roar, fell dead. It proved to be an orang-outang, larger than any we had seen, with powerful arms and a broad chest. We were told later that this species is peculiar to the place, and is much more ferocious than those found elsewhere. Afraid of being attacked by another of these huge brutes, we hurried back to our brig, hot and tired, but none the worse for our adventure.

We left Borneo and made straight for the innumerable groups of islands which are collectively named



Polynesia, and among which our intended discoveries were to be made. We succeeded in ascertaining the exact position of a group, hitherto very little known and found the inhabitants quite friendly. Palm trees grew everywhere and fresh water seemed abundant. We visited a few more groups and then steered homewards by way of Cape Horn. The sea here is notorious for storms. We narrowly escaped shipwreck and heaved a sigh of relief when we reached Madeira. We stayed here for some days to repair the damage caused by the storm, and then sailed on to the blue Mediterranean, and so to Marseilles where we landed and took the first train home.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

heaved lifted, hoisted, raised
ploughing cutting through (the waters)
headed turned
doubled sailed round
regale refresh, revive
plumage feathers
lurched leaned, bent
ascertaining finding out
notorious , noted, famed

USE THESE PHRASES IN SENTENCES .—

get hold of , in review , plunge into , peculiar to , notorious for , heave a sigh

EXPLAIN THE FIGURES OF SPEECH IN THE FOLLOWING .—

- 1 The islands looked like little gardens dropped into the wide Atlantic
- 2 We plunged into the depths of the forest
- 3 Our rifles spoke

ORAL WORK —

Relate, very briefly, the adventure the travellers met with in the forests of Borneo

6. Summer

Winter is cold-hearted,
 Spring is yea and nay,
Autumn is a weather-cock
 Blown every way
Summer days for me
When every leaf is on its tree ;

When Robin's not a beggar,
 And Jenny Wren's a bride,
And larks hang singing, singing, singing,
 Over the wheat fields wide,
 And anchored lilies ride,
And the pendulum spider
 Swings from side to side,

And blue-black beetles transact business
 And gnats fly in a host,
And furry caterpillars hasten
 That no time be lost,
And moths grow fat and thrive,
And ladybirds arrive

Before green apples blush,
 Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country
 Is worth a month in town ;
 Is worth a day and a year
Of the dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere

Why does the poet prefer Summer to the other seasons ?

EXPRESS THESE LINES IN YOUR OWN WORDS —

- 1 Autumn is a weather-cock
Blown every way
- 2 And the pendulum spider
Swings from side to side
- 3 The dusty, musty, lag-last fashion
That days drone elsewhere

What do you notice in these expressions —anchored lilies , pendulum spider , apples blush

7. Hunted by a Bear

Gerard, a young Dutch artist, and Denys, a Burgundian soldier were travelling through Germany in the Fifteenth Century

As they drew near the Rhine, they passed through forest after forest, and now for the first time, ugly words sounded in travellers' mouths seated around stoves "Thieves!" "Black Gangs!" "Cut-throats"

The very rustics were said to have a custom hereabouts of murdering the unwary traveller in these gloomy woods, whose dark and devious windings enabled those who were familiar with them to do deeds of rapine and blood undetected, or if detected, easily to baffle pursuit

Certain it was, that every clown they met, carried, whether for offence or defence, a most formidable weapon; a light axe, with a short pike at the head, and a long slender handle of ash or yew, well seasoned These the natives could throw with singular precision,

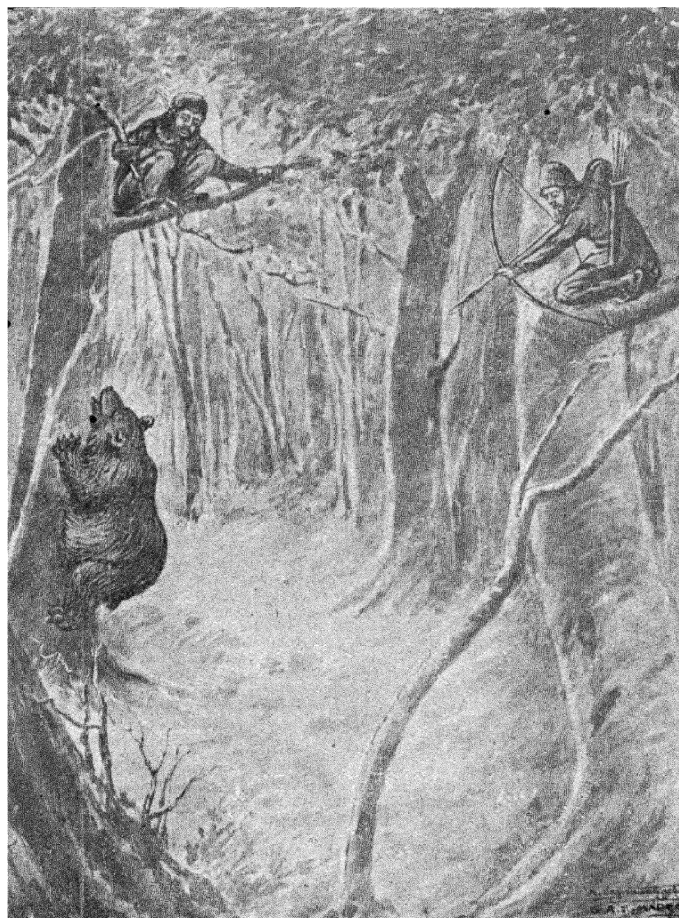
so as to make the point strike an object at the several yards' distance, or could slay a bullock at hand with a stroke of the blade Gerard bought one and practised with it Denys quietly filed and ground his bolt sharp whistling the while; and when they entered a gloomy wood, he would unsling his crossbow and carry it ready for action

One day, being in a forest a few leagues from Dusseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream and scarce seeing the road he trod, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder, and strung his crossbow, with glittering eye "Hush," said he, in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder Gerard grasped his axe tightly and shook a little He heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment, Denys sprang into the wood and his crossbow went to his shoulder, even as he jumped Twang! went the metal string, and after an instant's suspense he roared "Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran, a young bear burst out of the wood, right upon him; finding itself intercepted, it went upon its hind legs with a snarl, and though not half grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose, with his axe, and the creature staggered, another, and it lay grovelling, with Gerard hacking it

"Hallo! stop! you are mad to spoil the meat"

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting "I mean, I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand"



"Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins; they have not got a real live robber in their whole nation Nay, I'll carry the beast, bear thou my crossbow "

"We will carry it by turns then," said Gerard, "for 'tis a heavy load, poor thing, how its blood drips! Why did we slay it?"

"For supper and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us "

"And for that it must die, when it had but just begun to live, and perchance it hath a mother that will miss it sore this night, and loves it, as ours love us, more than mine does me "

"What! know you not that his mother was caught in a pitfall last month, and her skin is now at the tanner's, and his father was struck full of clothyard shafts t' other day and died like Julius Caesar with his hands folded on his bosom, and a dead dog in each of them?"

But Gerard would not view it jestingly "Why then," said he, "we have killed one of God's creatures that was all alone in the world—as I am this day, in this strange land "

"You young milksop," roared Denys, "these things must not be looked at so, or not another bow would be drawn, nor arrow fly in forest nor battlefield Why, one of your kidney, consorting with a troop of pikemen would turn them to a row of milk-pails "

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind him It was a peculiar sound, too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the

dead leaves He turned round with some little curiosity A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces distance

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale

"Denys!" he cried "Oh, Denys!"

Denys whirled round

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent

The very moment he saw it, Denys said in a sickening whisper—

"The cub!"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely, with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the trail of blood, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, and DEATH!

All this in a moment of time The next she saw them Huge as she was she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage); she raised her head, big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came

"Shoot", screamed Denys, but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless

"Shoot, man, shoot! Too late! Tree, tree"; and he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it Gerard did the

same, and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death

With all their speed one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree, but the bear stopped a moment at the cub

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round, and found, how her Creator only knows, that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach

Instantly, she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey

Denys' evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none, and if he jumped down he knew the bear would be upon him, ere he could recover from the fall, and make short work of him. Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay

'My hour is come,' thought he, "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grappled a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to jab the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not," and in a moment he had another bolt ready and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take that, take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right. The bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his feet were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing and struck with her fore paw and out-flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed and climbed, and presently he heard as it were in the air a voice say, "Go out on the bough." He looked, and there was a long, massive branch before him, shooting upwards at a slight angle. He threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong, she paused—presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this, it crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue tied.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man, he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang, he glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling, it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood, it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with

his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump.

CHARLES READE.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

rustics peasants, villagers
unwary unsuspecting, heedless, incautious
devious confusing, mazy
rapine . plunder, robbery
baffle , evade, elude
precision . accuracy
agitation emotion, confusion.
consorting associating, keeping company
colossal huge, very large
stupor . insensibility, torpor, helpless wonder
concentrated intense, very great
dilating . open, staring
grazed almost struck, narrowly missed
vulnerable capable of being wounded
irresolutely undecidedly
convulsive jerky, quick, very energetic
fascinated stupefied, overpowered, as if under a spell
palsied . motionless through terror, paralyzed by fright
fetid . stinking

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

to baffle pursuit, with precision, to view a matter jestingly, of the same kidney, to consort with, to be fascinated by,

ORAL COMPOSITION

How did Gerard and Denys help each other in their encounter with the bear?

8. The Daffodils.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

fluttering moving, shaking (on account of the breeze blowing and causing the petals to rise and fall)

dancing (the flowers) moving from side to side

sprightly lively

jocund merry, happy, jolly

wealth a large store of happiness

vacant empty, unoccupied (by thoughts)

pensive thoughtful

The poet wants us to love Nature, and shows us that we derive much of our happiness from the beauties of Nature all around us. The lovely sight of a field of daffodils is remembered by the poet in his lonely hours, and he forgets his loneliness and is happy.

To what does the poet compare himself in the first line?

What are the daffodils compared to?

The poet often makes the sound of a line fit the sense. A number of short syllables in a line suggests quickness of movement. Pick out one such line in the poem.

9. Ulysses And the Cyclops

[Ulysses King of Ithaca, has for ten long years taken part in the siege of Troy. He is returning with his fleet to his native land.]

Coasting all that night, by unknown and out-of-the-way shores, they came by day-break to the land where the Cyclops dwell, a sort of giant shepherds that neither sow nor plough. The earth, untilled, produces for them rich wheat, barley and grapes. Yet they have neither bread nor wine nor know the arts of cultivation, nor care to know them. Here Ulysses, with a

chosen party of twelve followers, landed to explore what sort of man dwelt there

The first sign of habitation which they came to was a giant's cave rudely fashioned, but of a size which betokened the vast proportions of its owner, the pillars which supported it being the bodies of huge oaks or pines, in the natural state of the tree, and all about showed more marks of strength than skill in whoever built it Ulysses, entering it, admired the savage contrivances and artless structure of the place, and longed to see the tenant of so outlandish a mansion, but well conjecturing that gifts would more avail in obtaining courtesy, than strength could succeed in forcing it from such inhabitants as he expected to find, he resolved to better his hospitality with a present of Greek wine, of which he had a store in twelve great vessels

Taking with them a goat skin flagon full of their precious liquor, they ventured into the recesses of the cave Here they pleased themselves a whole day with beholding the giant's kitchen, where the flesh of sheep and goats lay strewn, his dairy, where goat milk stood ranged in troughs and pails, his pens where he kept his live animals, none of which were in the cave now, as he had driven them forth to pasture, when he went out in the morning While they were feasting their eyes on this collection of curiosities, their ears were suddenly deafened with a noise, like the falling of a house It had been made by the owner of the cave who had been abroad all day feeding his flock, as his custom was, in the mountains and had now driven them home in the evening from pasture He threw down a pile of firewood, which he had been gathering against supper-time before the mouth of the cave

The Grecians hid themselves in the remotest part of the cave at sight of the uncouth monster. It was Polyphemus, the largest and the savagest of the Cyclops, who boasted himself to be the son of Neptune. He looked more like a mountain crag than a man, and his brutal body suited his brutish mind. He drove his flock, all that gave milk, to the interior of the cave, but left the rams and the he-goats without. Then taking up a stone so massy that twenty oxen could not have drawn it, he placed it at the mouth of the cave to defend the entrance and sat him down to milk his ewes and his goats; which done, he lastly kindled his fire and throwing his great eye round the cave (for the Cyclops have no more than one eye, and that placed in the midst of their forehead) by the glimmering light he discerned some of Ulysses' men.

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

Only Ulysses summoned resolution to answer, that they came neither for plunder nor traffic but were Grecians who had lost their way, returning from Troy. He replied nothing, but gripping two of the nearest of them, as if they had been no more than children, he dashed their brains out against the earth and devoured them; for the Cyclops are man-eaters, and esteem human flesh to be a delicacy far above goats or kids. At a sight so horrid, Ulysses and his men were like distracted people. He, when he had made an end of his wicked supper, drained a draught of goat's milk down his prodigious throat, and lay down and slept among his goats.

When day came the Cyclops awoke, and kindling a

fire, made his breakfast of two other of his unfortunate prisoners, then he milked his goats as he was accustomed, and pushing aside the vast stone and shutting it again, when he had done, upon the prisoners, with as much ease as a man opens and shuts a quiver's lid, he let out his flock and drove them before him with whistlings, as sharp as winds in storms, to the mountains

Then Ulysses, of whose strength or cunning, the Cyclops seems to have had as little heed as of an infant's, being left alone with the remnant of his men which the Cyclops had not devoured, gave manifest proof how far manly wisdom excels brutish force

He chose a stake from among the wood which the Cyclops had piled up for firing, in length and thickness like a mast, which he sharpened and hardened in the fire, and selected four men and instructed them what they should do with this stake, and made them perfect in their parts

When the evening was come, the Cyclops drove home his sheep Then shutting the stone of the cave, he fell to his horrible supper When he had dispatched two more of the Grecians, Ulysses took a bowl of Greek wine, and merrily dared the Cyclops to drink

"Cyclops" he said, "take a bowl of wine from the hand of your guest All I ask in recompense, if you find it good, is to be dismissed in whole skin Truly, you must look to have few visitors, if you observe this new custom of eating your guests"

The brute took and drank, and vehemently enjoyed the taste of wine, which was new to him and swilled again from the flagon, and entreated for more and prayed Ulysses to tell his name, that he might bes-

tow a gift upon the man who had given him such brave liquor "My name is Noman," said Ulysses, "My kindred and friends in my own country call me Noman " "Then," said the Cyclops, "this is the kindness I will show thee, Noman, I will eat thee last of all thy friends " He had scarce expressed his savage kindness, when the fumes of the strong wine overcame him, and he reeled down upon the floor and sark into a dead sleep

Ulysses watched his time, while the monster lay insensible, and heartening up his men, they placed the sharp end of the stake in the fire, till it was heated red-hot, and some god gave them a courage beyond that which they were used to have, and the four men with difficulty bored the sharp end of the huge stake, which they had heated red-hot, right into the eye of the drunken cannibal

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

They replied "If no man has hurt thee, and no man is with thee, then thou art alone, and the evil that afflicts thee is from the hand of heaven, which none can resist or help " So they left him and went their way, thinking that some disease had troubled him He,

blind and ready to split with the anguish of the pain, went groaning up and down in the dark to find the doorway, from which, when he found it, he removed the stone, and sat on the threshold, feeling if he could lay hold on any man going out with the sheep, which (the day now breaking) were beginning to issue forth to their accustomed pastures

But Ulysses made knots of the Osier twigs upon which the Cyclops commonly slept, with which he tied the fattest and fleeciest of the rams together, three in a rank, and under the middle ram he tied a man, and himself last, wrapping himself fast with both his hands in the rich wool of one, the fairest of the flock. As the males passed, Polyphemus felt the backs of those fleecy fools, never dreaming that they carried his enemies beneath them: so they passed on, till the last ram came loaded with his wool and Ulysses together. He stopped the ram and felt him, and had his hand once in the hair of Ulysses, yet knew it not.

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

The Cyclops heard, and came forth enraged, and in his anger he plucked a fragment of a rock and threw it

with blind fury at the ships it narrowly escaped lighting upon the bark in which Ulysses sat, but with the fall it raised so fierce an ebb, as bore back the ship till it almost touched the shore "Cyclops," said Ulysses, "if any ask thee who imposed on thee that unsightly blemish in thine eye, say it was Ulysses, son of Laertes, the King of Ithaca "

Then they crowded sail and beat the old sea, and forth they went with a forward gale ; sad for past losses yet glad to have escaped at any rate

From "Adventures of Ulysses"—CHARLES LAMB

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

<i>habitation</i>	dwelling, abode
<i>betokened</i>	showed, indicated
<i>proportions</i>	form, size, build
<i>contrivances</i>	devices, make-shifts
<i>artless</i>	natural
<i>conjecturing</i>	guessing
<i>uncouth</i>	ugly, frightful
<i>Neptune</i>	the god of the sea
<i>astounding</i>	terrifying
<i>summoned</i>	aroused, called up, plucked up
<i>resolution</i>	. determination, courage
<i>traffic</i>	trade
<i>distracted</i>	mad with fear
<i>prodigious</i>	. large, mighty
<i>manifest</i>	clear, convincing
<i>vehemently</i>	greatly, passionately
<i>swilled</i>	drank
<i>heartening</i>	. encouraging
<i>dispersed</i>	scattered
<i>requital</i>	. reward



PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

to betoken , to long to see , to be of more avail , to summon resolution ,
to esteem highly , to fall to , to befriend

ORAL WORK.

Say how Ulysses saved his companions from the Cyclops

10. A Forest by the Sea

We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam,
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home
The whispering waves were half asleep, 5
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay,
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies, 10
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of Paradise

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude 15
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath,
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ; 20

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
 Like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep
 The ocean woods may be
 How calm it was !—the silence there 25
 By such a chain was bound
 That even the busy woodpecker
 Made stiller by her sound
 The inviolable quietness ,
 The breath of peace we drew, 30,
 With its soft motion made not less
 The calm that round us grew
 There seemed from the remotest sea
 Of the white mountain waste,
 To the soft flower beneath our feet, 35
 A magic circle traced

* * * * *

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough,
 Each seemed as 't were a little sky
 Gulphed in a world below , 40
 A firmament of purple light,
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew 45
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there
 There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
 And through the dark green wood 50
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn

Out of a speckled cloud
 Sweet views, which in our world above
 Can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love 55
 Of that fair forest green
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an elysian glow,
 An atmosphere with a breath,
 A softer day below 60

P B SHELLEY

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WORDS AND MEANINGS —

skirts borders
scattered shed all around
waste wild, uncultivated land
interlaced entwined, twisted together
azure clear, fresh, bright
invulnerable unbreakable
interfused pervaded, mingled, blended
elysian heavenly

The poem describes a forest of pine trees bordered by the wild ocean.
 Try to picture the scene that the poet paints in words. Note what he
 says about the wind, the storm, the waves, the clouds, the pines, the
 mountains, the pools.

To what does the poet compare the tree-tops? What figure of speech
 is this?

Pick out an example of metaphor

II. The Nightingale

In China, as you well know, the Emperor is Chinese, and all round him are Chinese also. Now, what I am about to relate, happened many years ago; but even on that very account, it is the more important that you should hear the story now, before it is forgotten.

The Emperor's palace was the most magnificent palace in the world; it was made entirely of fine porcelain, exceedingly costly, but at the same time, so brittle, that it was dangerous even to touch it.

The choicest flowers were to be seen in the garden; and to the most splendid of all these, little silver bells were fastened, in order that their tinkling might prevent any one from passing by without noticing them. Yes! everything in the Emperor's garden was excellently well arranged, and the garden extended so far that even the gardener did not know the end of it. Whoever walked beyond it, however, came to a beautiful wood, with very high trees, and beyond that, to the sea. The wood went down quite to the sea, which was very deep and blue, large ships could sail close under the branches, and among the branches dwelt a nightingale, who sang so sweetly, that even the poor fisherman who had so much else to do, when he came out at night to cast his nets, would stand still and listen to her song. "O! how pretty that is!" he would say—but then he was obliged to mind his

work, and forget the bird, yet the following night, if again the nightingale sang, and the fisherman came out again, he would say, "Oh how pretty that is!"

Travellers came from all parts of the world to the Emperor's city, and they admired the city, the palace, and the garden, but if they heard the nightingale, they all said, "This is the best." And they talked about her after they went home, and learned men wrote books about the city, the palace and the garden, nor did they forget the nightingale, she was extolled above everything else, and poets wrote the most beautiful verses about the nightingale of the wood near the sea.

These books went round the world, and one of them at last reached the Emperor. He was sitting in his golden armchair; he read and read, and nodded his head every moment; for these splendid descriptions of the city, the palace and the garden, pleased him greatly. "But the nightingale is the best of all," was written in the book.

"What in the world is this?" said the Emperor, "The Nightingale! I do not know it at all! Can there be such a bird in my Empire, in my garden, without my having even heard of it? Truly one may learn something from books."

So he called his Cavalier. Now this was so grand a personage, that no one of inferior rank might speak to him, and if one did venture to ask him a question, his only answer was "Pish," which has no particular meaning.

"There is said to be a very remarkable bird here, called the nightingale," said the Emperor; "her song, they say, is worth more than anything else in all my

dominions, why has no one ever told me of her?" "I have never before heard her mentioned," said the Cavalier, "she has never been presented at court"

"I wish her to come and sing before me this evening," said the Emperor "The whole world knows what I have, and I do not know it myself" "I have never before heard her mentioned," said the Cavalier, but I will seek her"

But where was she to be found? The Cavalier ran up one flight of steps, down another, through halls and through passages, not one, of all whom he met, had ever heard of the nightingale, and the Cavalier returned to the Emperor and said, "It must certainly be an invention of the man who wrote the book Your Imperial Majesty must not believe all that is written in books, much in them is pure invention, and there is what is called The Black Art"

"But the book in which I have read it," said the Emperor, "was sent me by the high and mighty Emperor of Japan, and therefore it cannot be untrue. I wish to hear the nightingale, she must be here this evening, and if she does not come after supper the whole court shall be flogged"

"Ifing-pe!" said the Cavalier, and again he ran upstairs and downstairs, through halls, and through passages, and half the court ran with him, for not one would have relished the flogging Many were the questions asked respecting the wonderful nightingale, whom the whole world talked of, and about whom no one at court knew anything

At last, they met a poor little girl in the kitchen who said, "O yes, the nightingale! I know her very well

Oh ! how she can sing ! Every evening I carry the fragments left at table to my poor sick mother She lives by the sea-shore , and when I am coming back, and stay to rest a little in the wood, I hear the nightingale sing , it makes the tears come into my eyes ! It is just as if my mother kissed me ”

“ Little kitchen maiden, ” said the Cavalier, “ I will procure for you a sure appointment in the kitchen, together with permission to see his Majesty, the Emperor, dine, if you will conduct us to the Nightingale for she is expected at court this evening ”

So they went together to the wood, where the Nightingale was accustomed to sing and half the court went with them Whilst on their way a cow began to low

“ Oh, ” said the court pages, “ now we have her ! It is certainly an extraordinary voice, for so small an animal, surely I have heard it somewhere before ”

“ No, these are cows you hear lowing, ” said the little kitchen maid “ We are still far from the place ”

The frogs were now croaking in the pond

“ That is famous, ” said the chief court preacher , “ now I hear her , it sounds like little church bells ”

“ No, those are frogs, ” said the little kitchen maid, “ but now I think we shall soon hear her ”

Then began the nightingale to sing

“ There she is ! ” said the little girl, “ Listen, listen, there she sits ! ” And she pointed to a little grey bird up in the branches

“ Is it possible ? ” said the Cavalier, “ I should not have thought it How simple she looks ! She must

have certainly changed colour at the sight of so many distinguished personages "

"Little Nightingale!" called out the kitchen maid, "Our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing something to him "

"With the greatest pleasure," said the Nightingale, and she sang in such a manner that it was delightful to hear

"It sounds like glass bells," said the Cavalier. "And look at her little throat, how it moves! It is singular that we should never have heard her before; she will have great success at court "

"Shall I sing again to the Emperor?" asked the nightingale, for she thought the Emperor was among them

"Most excellent Nightingale!" said the Cavalier, "I have the honour to invite you to a court festival which is to take place this evening, when his Imperial Majesty will be enchanted with your delightful song "

"My song would sound far better among the green trees," said the Nightingale however, she followed willingly when she heard that the Emperor wished it

There was a regular trimming and polishing at the palace; the walls and the floors, which were all of porcelain glittered with a thousand gold lamps, the loveliest flowers, with the merriest tinkling bells were placed in the passages; there was a running to and fro, which made all the bells ring, so that one could not hear his own words

In the midst of the grand hall where the Emperor sat, a golden perch was erected on which the nightingale was to sit The whole court was present, and the little

kitchen maid received permission to stand behind the door, for she had now actually the rank and title of "Maid of the Kitchen " All were dressed in their finest clothes , and all eyes were fixed upon the little grey bird to whom the Emperor nodded as a signal for her to begin

And the nightingale sang so sweetly, that tears came into the Emperor's eyes, tears rolled down his cheeks, and the nightingale sang more sweetly still, and touched the hearts of all who heard her; and the Emperor was so merry, that he said, " The nightingale should have his golden slippers and wear them round her neck " But the nightingale thanked him and said she was already sufficiently rewarded

" I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes, that is the greatest reward I can have The tears of an Emperor have a particular value , Heaven knows I am sufficiently rewarded " And then she sang again with her sweet, lovely voice

" It is the most amiable coquetry ever known," said the ladies present, and they put water into their mouths, and tried to move their throats as she did when they spoke , they thought to become nightingales also Indeed, the footmen and the chambermaids declared that they were quite contented ; which was a great thing to say, for of all people they are the most difficult to satisfy Yes, indeed, the nightingale's success was complete She was now to remain in court, to have her own cage, with permission to fly out twice in the day, and once in the night Twelve attendants were allotted her who were to hold a silken band fastened round her foot, and they kept good hold. There was no pleasure in excursions made in this manner

All the city was talking of the wonderful bird ; and when two persons met, one would say only " Night " and the other " gale," and then they sighed and understood each other perfectly, indeed, eleven of the children of the citizens were named after the nightingale, but none of them had her tones in their throats

One day a large parcel arrived for the Emperor, on which was written, " Nightingale "

" Here we have another new book about our far-famed bird," said the Emperor But it was not a book , it was a little piece of mechanism, lying in a box , an artificial nightingale, which was intended to look like the living one, but was covered all over with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires When this artificial bird had been wound up, it could sing one of the tunes that the real Nightingale sang , and its tail, all glittering with silver and gold, went up and down all the time A little band was fastened round its neck on which was written, " The Nightingale of the Emperor of China is poor compared with the Nightingale of the Emperor of Japan "

" That is famous," said everyone , and he who had brought the bird, obtained the title of " Chief Imperial Nightingale Bringer " " Now they shall sing together, we will have a duet "

And so they must sing together, but it did not succeed, for the real nightingale sang in her own way, and the artificial bird produced its tones by wheels " It is not his fault," said the artist, " he keeps exact time and quite according to method "

So the artificial bird must sing alone ; he was quite as successful as the real Nightingale , and then he was

so much prettier to look at, his plumage sparkled like jewels

Three and thirty times he sang one and the same tune, and yet he was not weary, every one would willingly have heard him again, however, the Emperor now wished the real nightingale should sing something—but where was she? No one had remarked that she had flown out of the open window, flown away to her greenwood

“What is the meaning of this?” said the Emperor, and all the courtiers abused the nightingale, and called her an ungrateful creature “We have the best bird, at all events,” said they, and for the four and thirtieth time they heard the same tune, but still they did not quite know it, because it was so difficult The artist praised the bird inordinately, indeed, he declared it was superior to the real Nightingale, not only in its exterior all sparkling with diamonds, but also intrinsically

“For see, my noble lords,” the artist said, “with the real Nightingale, one could never reckon on what was coming, but everything is settled with the artificial bird, he will sing in this one way, and no other this can be proved, he can be taken to pieces, and the works can be shown—where the wheels lie, how they move and how one follows the other”

“That is just what I think,” said everybody; and the artist received permission to show the bird to the people on the following Sunday “They too should hear him sing,” the Emperor said So they heard him, and were as well pleased as if they had all been drinking tea; for it is tea, that makes Chinese merry, and they

all said, Oh ! and raised their fore-fingers and nodded their heads But the fisherman who had heard the real nightingale said, "It sounds very pretty, almost like the real bird, but yet there is something wanting, I do not know what."

The real Nightingale was however banished from the empire

The artificial bird had his place on a silken cushion, close to the Emperor's bed, all the presents he received, gold and silver and precious stones, lay around him, he had obtained the rank and title of "High Imperial Desert Singer" and therefore his place was number one on the left side, for the Emperor thought that the side where the heart was situated must be most honourable, and the heart is situated on the left side of an Emperor, as with other folks

And the artist wrote five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird, with the longest and the most difficult words that are to be found in the Chinese language So, of course, all said they had read and understood them, otherwise they would have been stupid, and perhaps would have been flogged

Thus it went on for a whole year The Emperor, the court, and all the Chinese knew every note of the artificial bird's song by heart, but that was the very reason they enjoyed it so much, they could now sing with him The little boys in the street sang "Zizzi Cluck, Cluck, Cluck," and the Emperor himself sang too—yes, indeed, that was charming !

But one evening, when the bird was in full voice and the Emperor lay in bed and listened, there was suddenly a "bang" inside the bird, then something

sprang "Sur-r-r-r," all the wheels were running about, and the music stopped

The Emperor jumped quickly out of bed, and called his chief physician, but of what use could he be? Then a clockmaker was fetched, and at last after a great deal of discussion and consultation, the bird was in some measure put to rights again. But the clockmaker said he must be spared much singing, for the pegs were almost worn out, and it was impossible to renew them, at least, so that the music should be correct

There was a great lamentation, for now the artificial bird was allowed to sing only once a year, and even then there were difficulties, however, the artist made a short speech full of his favourite long words and said the bird was as good as ever so then, of course, it was as good as ever

When five years were passed away, a great affliction visited the whole empire, for in their hearts the people thought highly of their Emperor, and now he was ill, and it was reported that he could not live. A new Emperor had already been chosen, and the people stood in the street outside the palace, and asked the Cavalier how the Emperor was?

"Pish," said he, and shook his head

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his magnificent bed, all the court believed him to be already dead, and everyone had hastened away to greet the new Emperor; the men ran out for a little gossip on the subject, and the maids were having a grand coffee-party

The floors of all the rooms and passages were covered with cloth, in order that not a step should be

heard—it was everywhere so still 'so still' But the Emperor was not yet dead, stiff and pale, he lay in his splendid bed, with the long velvet curtains, and heavy gold tassels. A window was opened above, and the moon shone down on the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe, it appeared to him as though something was sitting on his chest, he opened his eyes, and saw that it was Death who had put on the Emperor's Crown, and with one hand held the golden Scimitar, with the other, the splendid imperial banner, whilst from under the folds of the thick velvet hangings, the strangest looking heads were seen peering forth, some with an expression absolutely hideous, and others with an extremely gentle and lovely aspect they were the bad and good deeds of the Emperor, which were now all fixing their eyes upon him, whilst Death sat on his heart

"Dost thou know this?" they whispered one after another "Dost thou remember that?" and they began reproaching him in such a manner that the sweat broke out upon his forehead

"I have never known anything like it," said the Emperor "Music, music! the great Chinese drum," cried he, "let me not hear what they are saying"

They went on, however, and Death, quite in Chinese fashion, nodded his head to every word

"Music, music!" cried the Emperor "Thou dear little artificial bird, sing again I pray thee, sing!—I have given thee gold and precious stones, I have even hung my golden slippers round thy neck—sing, I pray thee sing!"

But the bird was silent, there was no one there to

wind him up and he could not sing without this Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great hollow eyes ! And everywhere it was still, fearfully still !

All at once, the sweetest song was heard from the window , it was the little living nightingale who was sitting on a branch outside She had heard of her Emperor's severe illness, and was come to sing to him of comfort and hope As she sang, the spectral forms became paler and paler , the blood flowed more and more quickly through the Emperor's feeble members, and even Death listened and said, " Go on, little nightingale, go on "

" Wilt thou give me the splendid Scimitar ? Wilt thou give me the gay banner, and the Emperor's crown ? "

And Death gave up all these treasures for a song , and the nightingale sang on she sang of the quiet churchyard, where white roses blossom, where the lilac sends forth its fragrance, and the fresh grass is bedewed with the tears of the sorrowing friends of the departed Then Death was seized with a longing for his garden, and like a cold white shadow flew out at the window

" Thanks, thanks, " said the Emperor, " thou heavenly bird, I know thee well I have banished thee from my realm, and thou hast sung away those evil faces from my bed, and death from my heart , how shall I reward thee ? "

" Thou hast already rewarded me, " said the nightingale , " I have seen tears in thine eyes, as when I sang to thee for the first time those I shall never forget, they are jewels which do so much good to a minstrel's

heart ! But sleep now, and wake fresh and healthy ; I will sing thee to sleep ”

And she sang—and the Emperor fell into a sweet sleep Oh, how soft and kindly was that sleep !

The sun shone in at the window when he awoke, strong and healthy Not one of his servants had returned, for they all believed him dead, but the nightingale still sat and sang

“ Thou shalt always stay with me,” said the Emperor, “ thou shalt only sing when it pleases thee, and the artificial bird I will break into a thousand pieces ”

“ Do not so,” said the nightingale, “ truly he has done what he could, take care of him I cannot stay in the palace, but let me come when I like I will sit on the branches close to the window, in the evening, and sing to thee, that thou mayest become happy and thoughtful I will sing to thee of the joyful and the sorrowing, I will sing to thee of all that is good or bad, which is concealed from thee The little minstrel flies afar to the fisherman’s hut, to the peasant’s cottage, to all who are far distant from thee and thy court I love thy heart more than thy crown, and yet the crown has an odour of something holy about it I will come, I will sing But thou must promise me one thing ”

“ Everything,” said the Emperor And now he stood in his imperial splendour, which he had put on himself and held the Scimitar so heavy with gold to his heart “ One thing I beg of thee let no one know that thou has a little bird who tells thee everything, then all will go on well ” And the nightingale flew away.

The attendants came to look at their dead Emperor—Lo ! There they stood—and the Emperor said, “ Good Morning ”

HANS ANDERSON —‘*Fairy Tales*’

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

porcelain fine, polished clay.
extolled praised
invention fancy, imagination
distinguished important.
singular strange
enchanted delighted, pleased
coquetry show of love, flirtation
allotted given, set apart for
inordinately excessively, over much
intrinsically truly, really, naturally
lamentation weeping
affliction . disaster, misfortune
gossip . chat, talk

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

to extol , an invention of , to reckon on , after discussion to be visited by an affliction.

FOR ORAL WORK .

How did the nightingale save the Emperor from Death ?

12. To the Cuckoo

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear ,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing
A voice, a mystery

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to , that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ,
Still long'd for, never seen !

And I can listen to thee yet ,
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again

O blessed bird ' the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for thee '

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

blithe gay, happy

voice a spirit

[Can you say why the Cuckoo seems, to the poet, to be more a spirit of joy than a mere bird ?]

visionary . full of dreams, fancies

The poet says that the earth is a better place to live in, on account of the Cuckoo Why does he think so ?

13. The Winter's Tale

Leontes, King of Sicily, and his Queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived in the greatest harmony together So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady, that he had no wish ungratified, except that he sometimes desired to see again, and to present to his Queen, his old companion and school-

fellow, Polixenes, King of Bohemia. Leontes and Polixenes were brought up together from their infancy, but being, by the death of their fathers, called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to pay his friend, Leontes, a visit.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the Queen's particular attention, and seemed in the presence of his dear friend and old companion to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times; their school-days and their youthful pranks were remembered, and recounted to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good Queen's sorrow, for Polixenes, refusing to stay at the request of Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honourable principles of his friend, Polixenes, as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous Queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy. Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire, and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate King's jealousy, and

from being a loving and a true friend and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and inhuman monster. Sending for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and telling him of the suspicion he entertained, he commanded him to poison Polixenes

Camillo was a good man, and he, well knowing that the jealousy of Leontes had not the slightest foundation in truth, instead of poisoning Polixenes, acquainted him with the King, his master's orders, and agreed to escape with him out of the Sicilian dominions, and Polixenes, with the assistance of Camillo, arrived safe in his own kingdom of Bohemia, where Camillo lived from that time in the King's court, and became the chief friend and favourite of Polixenes

The flight of Polixenes enraged the jealous Leontes still more, he went to the Queen's apartment, where the good lady was sitting with her little son, Mamillius, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king entered, and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison

Mamillius, though but a very young child, loved his mother tenderly, and when he saw her so dishonoured, and found she was taken from him to be put into prison, he took it deeply to heart, and drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him

The king, when he had sent his Queen to prison commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords to go to Delphos, there to inquire of the Oracle, at the temple of Apollo, if his Queen had been unfaithful to him.

When Hermione had been a short time in prison, she had a little daughter, and the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby, and she said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent as you are"

Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord, and when the lady Paulina heard her royal mistress had a new baby, she went to the prison where Hermione was confined, and she said to Emilia, the lady who attended upon Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good Queen, if her majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the King, its father; we do not know how he may soften at the sight of his innocent child" "Most worthy Madam," replied Emilia, "I will acquaint the Queen with your kind, noble offer She was wishing to-day that she had a friend who would venture to present the child to the King" "And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defence" "May you ever be blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gracious Queen" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father

Paulina took the new-born infant and forcing herself into the King's presence—notwithstanding her husband, fearing the King's anger, endeavoured to prevent her—she laid the babe at its father's feet, and Paulina made a noble speech to the King, in defence of Hermione She reproached him severely for his inhumanity, and implored him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child But Paulina's spirited remonst-

rances only aggravated Leontes' displeasure, and he ordered her husband Antigonus to take her from his presence

When Paulina went away, she left the little babe at its father's feet, thinking, when he was alone with it, he would look upon it and have pity on its helpless innocence

The good Paulina was mistaken, for no sooner was she gone, than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child and carry it out to sea, and leave it upon some desert shore to perish

Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes, for he immediately carried the child on board ship and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he could find

So firmly was the King persuaded of the guilt of Hermione, that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos, but before the Queen was recovered from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. And when all the great lords, the judges, and the nobility of the land were assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy Queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly and presented to the King the answer of the oracle, sealed up. Leontes commanded the seal to be broken, and the words of the oracle to be read aloud, and these were the words "Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the King shall live with-

out an heir, if that which is lost, be not found " The King would give no credit to the words of the oracle . he said it was a falsehood invented by the Queen's friends and he desired the judges to proceed in the trial of the Queen ; but while Leontes was speaking, a man entered and told him that the Prince Mamillius, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame had suddenly died

Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted ; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy Queen, and he ordered Paulina and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away and use means for her recovery Paulina soon returned and told the King that Hermione was dead

When Leontes heard that the Queen was dead, he repented of his cruelty to her , and now that he thought his ill usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent He thought of the words of the oracle and knew that " if that which was lost was not found," namely, his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young prince Mamillius being dead Now he was ready to give up his kingdom to recover his lost daughter, gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and repentant grief

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea, was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom of the good King Polixenes Here Antigonus landed, and here he left the little baby

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he left his daughter, for as he was going back to

the ship, a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him for obeying the wicked order of Leontes

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels, for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle with the name of Perdita written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little Perdita home to his wife who nursed it tenderly, but poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found, therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and with part of Perdita's jewels he bought herds of sheep and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child and she knew not that she was any other than a shepherd's daughter

The little Perdita grew up a lovely maiden, and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother, shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behaviour would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court

Polixenes, the King of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was Florizel. As this young Prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling, he saw the old man's supposed daughter, and the beauty, modesty, and queenlike deportment of Perdita, caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of

Doricles, and in the disguise of a private gentleman became a constant visitor to the old shepherd's house

Florizel's frequent absence from court alarmed Polixenes, and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter

Polixenes then called for Camillo, the faithful Camillo, who had preserved his life from the fury of Leontes, and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling, while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing, and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing, every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in and join in the general festivity

Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward Tables were spread and great preparations were in the making for the rustic feast Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribands, gloves and such toys of a pedlar at the door

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them

The King was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes he said to Camillo,

"This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw ; nothing she does or says but looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place "

Camillo replied, " Indeed, she is the very queen of curds and cream "

" Pray, my good friend," said the King to the old shepherd, " what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?" " They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd, " he says he loves my daughter , and to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which loves the other best If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of," meaning the remainder of Perdita's jewels, which after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion

Polixenes then addressed his son " How now, young man ! " said he , " your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting When I was young, I used to load my love with presents, but you have let the pedlar go , and you have bought your lass no toy "

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the King, his father, replied " Old Sir, she prizes not such trifles , the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart " Then turning to Perdita, he said to her, " O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover ; he shall hear what I profess " Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, " I pray you, mark our contract "

“Mark your divorce, young sir,” said the King, discovering himself Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden calling Perdita, “shepherd’s-brat, sheep-hook” and other disrespectful names, and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, he would put her and the old shepherd, her father, to a cruel death

The King then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him with prince Florizel

When the King had departed, Perdita, whose royal nature was roused by Polixenes’ reproaches, said, “Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid and once or twice, I was about to speak and tell him plainly, that the self same sun which shines upon his palace, hides not his face from our cottage, but looks on both alike ” Then sorrowfully she said, “But now, I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no further Leave me, sir, I will go and milk my ewes and sheep ”

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the spirit and propriety of Perdita’s behaviour and perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his royal father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers, and at the same time to execute a cherished scheme of his

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the King of Sicily, was become a true penitent, and though Camillo was now the favoured friend of King Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his late royal master and his native home He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita, that they should accompany him to the

Sicilian court, where he would engage Leontes should protect them, till through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes, and his consent to their marriage

To this proposal they joyfully agreed ; and Camillo, who conducted everything relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them

The shepherd took with him the remainder of Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness and gave a cordial welcome to Prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his princess, seemed to engross all Leontes' attention. Perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead Queen Hermione, his grief broke out afresh, and he said, such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not so cruelly destroyed her. " And then too," said he to Florizel, " I lost the society and friendship of your brave father, whom I now desire more than my life once again to look upon "

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the King had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a daughter who was exposed in infancy, he fell to comparing the time when he found the little Perdita, with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth, from all which it was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the King's lost daughter were the same

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina, were present when the old shepherd related to the King the manner in which he had found the child and also the circumstances of Antigonus' death, he having seen the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child, and he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband, it could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes' own daughter but oh! the noble struggles of Paulina between sorrow for her husband's death, and joy that the oracle was fulfilled in the King's heir, his long lost daughter, being found. When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter the great sorrow he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child, made him so distracted that he could say nothing for a long time but, "O thy mother thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful yet distressful scene with saying to Leontes, that she had a statue newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano which was such a perfect resemblance of the Queen that should His Majesty be pleased to go to her house and look upon it, he would be almost ready to think it was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went the King anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione and Perdita longing to behold what the mother she had never seen looked like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione, that all the King's sorrow was renewed at

the sight for a long time he had no power to speak or move

"I like your silence, my liege", said Paulina; "it the more shows your wonder Is not this statue very like your Queen?"

At length the King said, "O! thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks" Paulina replied, "So much the more the carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked, had she been living now But let me draw the curtain, Sire, lest presently you think it moves"

The King then said, "Do not draw the curtain Would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eye seems to have motion in it" "I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina "You are so transported, you will persuade yourself the statue lives" "O, sweet Paulina," said Leontes, "make me think so twenty years together! Still methinks there is an air comes from her What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her" "Good, my Lord, forbear!" said Paulina "The ruddiness upon her lip is wet you will stain your own with oily painting Shall I draw the curtain?" "No, not these twenty years," said Leontes

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her matchless mother, said now, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother"

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain, or prepare yourself for more amazement I can make the statue

move indeed , ay, and descend from off the pedestal and take you by the hand But then you will think, which I will protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers ”

“ What you can make her do, ” said the astonished King, “ I am content to look upon What you can make her speak, I am content to hear , for it is as easy to make her speak as move ”

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for the purpose to strike up , and to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from off the pedestal and threw its arms around Leontes’ neck The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband, and on her child the newly-found Perdita

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes’ neck and blessed her husband and her child No wonder, for the statue was indeed Hermione herself, the real, the living Queen

Paulina had falsely reported to the King the death of Hermione, thinking that the only means to preserve her royal mistress’ life , and with good Paulina, Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living, till she heard Perdita was found , for though she had long forgiven the injuries which Leontes had done to herself, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter

His dead Queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could scarcely support the excess of his own happiness

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked prince Florizel for loving their lowly-seeming daughter, and now they blessed the good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And as if nothing should be wanting to complete this strange and unlooked-for joy, King Polixenes himself now entered the palace.

When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives here, and following them with all speed, he happened to just arrive at this, the happiest 'moment of Leontes' life.

Polixenes took part in the general joy, he forgave his friend, Leontes, the unjust jealousy he had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheep-hook" now, but the heiress of the crown of Sicily.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent lady lived many years with her Leontes and her Perdita, the happiest of mothers and of Queens.

WORDS AND MEANINGS, —

harmony love and happiness
embassies , messages
felicity happiness
recounted related, told
integrity , uprightness, honesty
spirited forceful, vigorous
remonstrances , complaints
aggravated , increased
remorse , regret, contrition, sorrow, repentance
obscurely not clearly, vaguely
intimating , stating
untoward unfortunate, sad
humane kind, loving.
deportment , behaviour
rustic country, peasant
elegant graceful
propriety , correctness suitableness
mediation , agency, intercession
conducted , arranged.
semblance likeness
transported overjoyed

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

in harmony with , to win over , to entertain a suspicion , to remonstrate with , to be persuaded of , to give oneself up to , to engage in , to fall to a task , to be content to.

Give a brief account of what happened when Paulina took Leontes to see the statue [Written work]

14. Say not the struggle naught availeth

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ,
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly !
But westward, look, the land is bright !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

dupes . cheats, deceivers, frauds

fliers . (here means) the defeated enemy

making . moving forward, advancing

We try hard to improve ourselves , but we find the task so hard that we are inclined to despair We seem to be making no progress, in spite of all our efforts. What does the poet tell us ?

What are the three pictures the poem brings before you ?

15. The Death of Nelson

Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Captain Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that considering the handsome way in which the battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty!" Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure—Nelson's last signal.

"England expects every man to do his duty!"

It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation. "Now", said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day as usual, his admiral's frock coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested, ornaments which

rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy. It was known that there were rifle men on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr Beatty, spoke to the Chaplain, Dr Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars, but they knew that such a request would highly displease him.

"In honour I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them."

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable* supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of the action. He fell upon his face on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment

losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He being himself certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed, and at every hurrah, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

He became impatient to see Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented

him, and repeatedly cried, 'Will no one bring Hardy to me ? He must be killed ! He is surely dead !'

An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublime moment.

"Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us ?" "Very well," replied Hardy. "Ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

"I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered there was no fear of that.

Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself, 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he, "I am going fast ; it will be all over with me soon." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh no," he replied, "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Hardy then once more shook hands with him and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone, and Nelson having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that I wish were dead." Yet, said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too."

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least.

"That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed, "do you anchor." His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise.

'Kiss me, Hardy', said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty.'

Hardy stood over him in silence for a minute or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson, and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned over upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone.'

Death was indeed rapidly approaching. His articulation now became difficult but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words he ever uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

ROBERT SOUTHEY—*Life of Nelson*

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

•
triumphant successful
apparent seeming, outward
acclamation , cheer, applause
conspicuous , prominent, easily seen
drubbing defeat
ineffectually , unsuccessfully, vainly
articulation , speech

USE THESE PHRASES IN SENTENCES

A trial of strength , received with acclamation , communicate to ,
 conceal from , alleviate the sufferings of , to take upon oneself ,
 foresee the necessity

WRITTEN WORK ,—

Write a brief account of the battle of Trafalgar (Make use of what you have read here, as well as what you have learnt about the battle in your study of History)

What is meant by (1) to walk in the air (2) every meadow's brow
(3) clothe in grey (4) follow the useful plough (5) rise with the lark
(6) folding their sheep ?

Lines 1, 2 and 4 have three accented syllables Which other lines in
the poem are like these ? Compare these with the 3rd and 8th line in
each verse What difference do you find ?

17. Sir Isaac Newton

On Christmas Day, in the year 1642, Isaac Newton was born at the small village of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire Little did his mother think, when she beheld her new-born babe, that he was destined to explain many matters which had been a mystery ever since the creation of the world

Isaac's father being dead, Mrs Newton was married again to a clergyman and went to reside at North Witham Her son was left to the care of his good old grandmother, who was very kind to him, and sent him to school In his early years, Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but was chiefly remarkable for his ingenuity in ail mechanical occupations He had a set of little tools and saws of various sizes manufactured by himself With the aid of these Isaac contrived to make many curious articles at which he worked with so much skill, that he seemed to have been born with a saw or chisel in his hand

The neighbours looked with vast admiration at the things which Isaac manufactured, and his old grandmother, I suppose, was never weary of talking about him.

“ He'll make a capital workman one of these days ” she would probably say “ No fear but what Isaac will do well in the world, and be a rich man before he dies ”

Some of her friends, no doubt, advised Isaac's grandmother to apprentice him to a clockmaker for, besides his mechanical skill, the boy seemed to have a taste for mathematics which could be very useful to him in that profession. And then in due time, Isaac would set up for himself and would manufacture curious clocks like those that contain sets of dancing figures, which issue from the dial-plate when the hour struck, or like those where a ship sails across the face of the clock, and is seen tossing up and down on the waves as often as the pendulum vibrates

Indeed there was some ground for supposing that Isaac would devote himself to the manufacture of clocks, since he had already made one of a kind which nobody had ever heard of before. It was set going, not by wheels and weights like other clocks, but by the dropping of water. This was an object of great wonderment to all the people round about, and it must be confessed that there are few boys, or men either, who would contrive to tell what o'clock it is, by means of a bowl of water. Besides the water-clock, Isaac made a sun-dial. Thus his grandmother was never at a loss to know the hour, for the water-clock would tell it in the shade, and the dial in the sunshine

The sundial is said to be still in existence at Woolsthorpe, in the corner of the house where Isaac dwelt. If so, it must have marked the passage of every sunny hour that has elapsed since Isaac Newton was a boy.

It marked all the famous moments of his life ; it marked the hour of his death ; and still the sunshine creeps slowly over it, as regularly as when Isaac first set it up

Isaac possessed a wonderful faculty of acquiring knowledge by the simplest means For instance, what method do you suppose he took to find out the strength of the wind ? You will never guess how the boy could compel that unseen, inconstant, and ungovernable wonder, the wind, to tell him the measure of its strength Yet nothing can be more simple He jumped against the wind, and by the length of his jump he could calculate the force of a gentle breeze, a brisk gale, or a tempest Thus, even in his boyish sports he was continually searching out the secrets of Philosophy

Not far from his grandmother's residence, there was a windmill which operated on a new plan Isaac was in the habit of going thither frequently, and would spend whole hours in examining the various parts While the mill was at rest, he pried into its internal machinery When its broad sails were set in motion by the wind, he watched the process by which the mill-stones were made to revolve and crush the grain that was put into the hopper After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, he was observed to be unusually busy with his tools

It was not long before his grandmother and all the neighbourhood knew what Isaac had been about He had constructed a model of the windmill Every part of the mill and its machinery was complete Its little sails were neatly made of linen, and whirled round very swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air

Even a puff of wind from Isaac's mouth or from a pair of bellows was sufficient to set the sails in motion. And what was most curious, if a handful of grains of wheat were put into the little hopper, they would soon be converted into snow-white flour.

Isaac's playmates were enchanted with his new windmill. They thought that nothing so pretty and wonderful had ever been seen in the whole world.

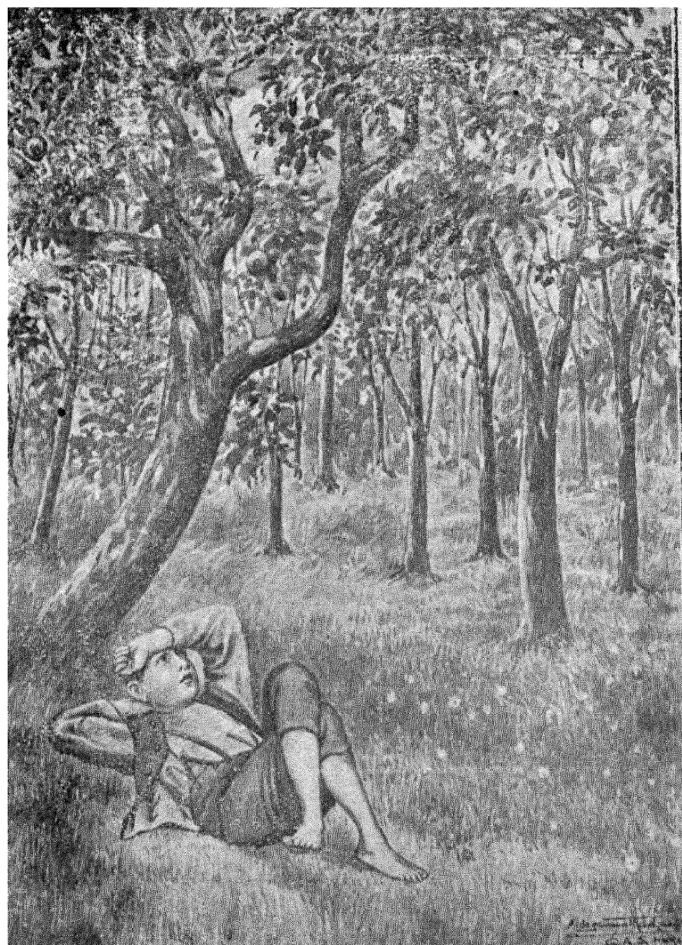
"But, Isaac," said one of them, "you have forgotten one thing that belongs to a mill."

"What is that?" asked Isaac, for he supposed that from the roof of the mill to its foundation he had forgotten nothing.

"Why, where is the miller?" said his friend. "That is true, I must look out for one," said Isaac, and he set himself to consider how the deficiency should be supplied.

He might easily have made the miniature figure of a man; but then it would not have been able to move about and perform the duties of a miller.

As Captain Lemuel Gulliver had not yet discovered the Island of Lilliput, Isaac did not know that there were little men in the world whose size was just suited to his windmill. It so happened, however, that a mouse had just been caught in the trap, and as no other miller could be found, Mr. Mouse was appointed to that important office. The new miller made a very respectable appearance in his dark grey coat. To be sure he had not a very good character for honesty, and was suspected of sometimes stealing a portion of the grain which was given him to grind.



As Isaac grew older, it was found that he had far more important matters in his mind than the manufacture of toys like the windmill. All the day long, if left to himself, he was either absorbed in thought or engaged in some book of mathematics or natural philosophy. At night, I think it probable, he looked up with curiosity to the stars, and wondered whether they were worlds like our own, and how great was their distance from the earth and what was the power that kept them in their courses. Perhaps even so early in life Isaac Newton felt a presentiment that he should be able hereafter to answer all these questions.

When Isaac was fourteen years old, his mother's second husband being now dead, she wished her son to leave school and assist her in managing the farm at Woolsthorpe. For a year or two, therefore, he tried to turn his attention to farming. But his mind was so bent on becoming a scholar, that his mother sent him to school and afterwards to the University of Cambridge.

I have now finished my anecdotes of Isaac Newton's boyhood. My story would be far too long were I to mention all the splendid discoveries which he made after he came to be a man. He was the first that found out the nature of light, for before his day nobody could tell what the sunshine was composed of.

You remember, I suppose, the story of an apple falling on his head and thus leading him to discover the force of gravitation, which keeps the heavenly bodies in their courses. When he had once got hold of this idea, he never permitted his mind to rest until he had searched out all the laws by which the planets are

guided through the sky This he did as thoroughly as if he had gone up among the stars and tracked them in their orbits While making these researches, he was accustomed to spend night after night in a lofty tower, gazing at the heavenly bodies through a telescope His mind was lifted far above the things of this world He may be said, indeed, to have spent the greater part of his life in worlds that lie thousands and millions of miles away, for where the thoughts and the heart are, there is our true existence

Did you ever hear the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond ? One day, when he was fifty years old, and had been hard at work for more than twenty years studying the theory of light, he went out of his chamber, leaving his little dog asleep before the fire On the table lay a heap of manuscript papers, containing all the discoveries which Newton had made during those twenty years When his master was gone, up rose little Diamond, jumped upon the table, and overthrew the lighted candle The papers immediately caught fire

Just as the destruction was completed, Newton opened the chamber door, and perceived that the labours of twenty years were reduced to a heap of ashes There stood little Diamond, the author of all the mischief Almost any other man would have sentenced the dog to immediate death But Newton patted him on the head with his usual kindness, although grief was at his heart

“ Oh Diamond, Diamond ! ” he exclaimed, “ thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done ! ”

This incident affected his health and spirits for sometime afterwards, but from his conduct towards the little dog you may judge what was the sweetness of his temper

Newton lived to be a very old man, and acquired great renown, and was made a member of Parliament, and received the honour of Knighthood from the King. But he cared little for earthly fame and honour, and felt no pride in the vastness of his knowledge. All that he had learned only made him feel how little he knew in comparison to what remained to be known.

"I seem to myself like a child," observed he, "playing on the sea-shore, and picking up here and there a curious shell or a pretty pebble, while the boundless ocean of truth lies undiscovered before me."

At last in 1727, when he was fourscore and five years old, Sir Isaac Newton died—or rather, he ceased to live on earth. We may be permitted to believe that he is still searching out the infinite wisdom and goodness of the Creator as earnestly and with even more success than while his spirit animated a mortal body. He has left a fame behind him which will be as endurable as if his name were written in letters of light formed by the stars upon the midnight sky.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

ingenuity skill, cleverness

contrived managed

elapsed, passed, gone by

faculty, power, ability

measure , extent
operated worked
pried , looked closely
enchanted delighted
deficiency want
miniature tiny, small, diminutive
presentiment foreknowledge
anecdotes tales, stories
animated gave life to

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

ingenuity in , contrived to , have a taste for , ground for believing ,
 feel a presentiment , to be affected by , acquire renown

FOR ORAL WORK

Relate the story of Newton and his little dog, Diamond

FOR WRITTEN WORK

Write a short account of the life of any other great scientist or inventor
 you know of

18. The Poetry of Earth

The poetry of earth is never dead

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury—he has never done
 With his delights, for, when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed

The poetry of earth is ceasing never
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has brought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half-lost,
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills

JOHN KEATS

Poetry is the music of words All that sounds beautiful is music, and therefore poetry

The poet tells us that the music of this earth never stops We hear it in the songs of the birds, the gentle rustling of the leaves in the wind—the murmur of the shell, the "little sharps and trebles" of the brook—in fact, in Nature's every movement Even the grasshopper sings his part, and, when he is tired, the cricket begins There is no stop in Nature's music

What does the poem tell you about the grasshopper and the cricket ?

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

dead , silent.

mead Meadow

luxury pleasures, comforts, delights

shrills , sounds in a high-pitched tone

warmth loudness

19. A Combat in the Desert

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving amongst them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, showed to be a Saracen cavalier.

"In the desert," says an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant steed as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or as foe, perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with his right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by the movements of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand, so that he was enabled to wield the light, round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose

its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head.

As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian Knight well acquainted with the customs of the Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt confident that if his enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger would give him sufficient advantage, without the need for speed.

The saracen cavalier seemed to realise this, for, when he had approached towards the christian within twice the length of his lance, he wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Moor renewed the charge; and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the christian knight, desirous to hasten matters, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim hurled it against the head of the Emir—for such and not less his enemy appeared.

The Saracen was just aware of the missile in time to place his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head, but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also helped to deaden its violence, he was beaten from his horse. Ere the christian could avail himself of this advantage, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and calling on his horse, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup.

But the knight had in the meanwhile recovered his mace; and the eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which he had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own.

Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung with great address a short bow which he carried, and putting his horse to the gallop once more, described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the christian, with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft, apparently, found a less perfect part of the armour, and the christian dropped heavily from his horse.

What was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this trick to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly

grapple, the saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the moslem to a truce. he approached the christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is a truce betwixt our nations," he said in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders, "Wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered Knight, "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?"

"The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the Cross of my sword," he said laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mahammad, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy appraoch."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard gladly consented and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

[ABRIDGED—from "*The Talisman*"]

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard This was Sir Kenneth of Scotland, the hero of Scott's novel, the *Talisman*. His real name was David, Earl of Huntingdon, Prince Royal of Scotland. Sir Kenneth's shield bore the device of a leopard couchant i.e. in a lying posture.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

cluster group.

disengaged detached, removed

encounter meet, fight with

buckler shield

formidable powerful

career . speed, gallop

dexterity skill

antagonist foe

quitting leaving

frustrated checked, foiled, rendered useless.

fain glad

mace a weapon consisting of a staff with a heavy metal head.

missile the weapon thrown

agility quickness, activity

eluding escaping from

menacing threatening

security pledge, guarantee

gesture action

ORAL WORK

Say how the knight got his foe within his grasp

WRITTEN WORK

Write a note on the Crusaders

20. Coronach

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest

The fount reappearing
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory

The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest

Fleet foot on the correi,
 Sage counsel in cumber,
 Red hand in the foray,
 How sound is thy slumber !

Like the dew on the mountain,
 Like the foam on the river,
 Like the bubble on the fountain
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

A Coronach is a dirge or funeral song. The poem tells us that one who had just reached the full strength of manhood, and who was of much help to all around him, has been suddenly snatched away by Death. His relatives and friends mourn his loss.

WORDS AND MEANINGS .—

sorest , greatest, most

cheering comfort

hoary bearded, full-grown

serest oldest, dried

flushing bloom

blighting , withering, death

correi a circular hollow in a mountain side

cumber , difficulty, trouble

foray , fight, attack

Pick out from the poem one example of (1) Simile (2) Metaphor

Mark the accented syllables in the first two lines. Note the extra syllable at the end of the lines. What is the metre of the poem ?

21. The Heroism of Jem Wilson

"Come Margaret," called Mary Barton, "on with your bonnet, and let us go to see Carson's mill. It is on fire, and they say a burning mill is such a grand sight. I never saw one."

"Well, I think it is a fearful sight. Besides, I have all this work to do," said Margaret pointing to her sewing.

But Mary coaxed in her sweet manner and with her gentle caresses, promising to help with the gowns all night long if necessary.

So in two minutes they were ready. Guided by the ruddy light, they scampered along with bent heads, facing the terrible east wind as best they might.

Carson's mill ran lengthways from east to west. Along it went one of the oldest thoroughfares in Manchester. Indeed, all that part of the town was comparatively old, it was there that the first cotton mills were built, and the crowded alleys and back streets of the neighbourhood made a fire there particularly to be dreaded. The staircase of the mill ascended from the entrance at the western end, which faced a wide dingy-looking street. The other, the east end of the factory led to a very narrow back street, not twenty feet wide, and miserably lighted and paved. Right against this end of the factory were the gabled

ends of the last house in the principal street, a house which had probably been once a gentleman's house, but now was a gin-palace

Mary almost wished herself away,—so fearful, as Margaret had said, was the sight when they joined the crowd assembled to witness the fire

The western end of the mill, whither the raging flames were driven by the wind, was crowned and turreted with triumphant fire. It sent forth its pointed tongues from every window-hole, licking the black walls with great fierceness. It swayed or fell before the mighty gale, only to rise higher and yet higher, to ravage and roar yet more wildly. This part of the roof fell in with an astounding crash, while the crowd struggled more and more to press into Dunham street, for what were magnificent terrible flames, what were falling timbers or tottering walls in comparison with human life?

There, at a doorway on the fourth storey, might occasionally be seen, when the thick gust of the smoke cleared partially away for an instant, the imploring figures of two men

They had remained after the rest of the workmen, for some reason or other. Owing to the wind having driven the fire in the opposite direction, they had perceived no sight or sound of alarm, till long after the fire had consumed the old wooden stair-case at the other end of the building. I am not sure whether it was not the first sound of the rushing crowd below that made them fully aware of their position. The men were perceptibly, though not audibly, praying the great multitude below for help

Now there was a pressure through the crowd, the front rows bearing back on those behind, till the girls were sick with the close confinement

"It is young Wilson and a fireman with a ladder," said Margaret's neighbour, a tall man who could overlook the crowd

"Oh, tell us what you see," begged Mary

"They have got it fixed against the gin-shop wall. One of the men in the factory has fallen back, dazed with the smoke, I will warrant. The floor has not given way there. Ah!" said he, bringing his eyes lower down, "the ladder's too short. It is all over with the poor chaps. The fire's coming slow and sure to that end, and before they have either got water or another ladder they will be dead, out and out. Lord have mercy on them!"

Mary clung to Margaret's arm, and longed to faint and be insensible, to escape from the misery of her sensations. A minute or two passed

"They have taken the ladder into the gin-shop"

A mighty shout arose—a sound to wake the dead. Up on high, quivering in the air, was seen the end of the ladder, protruding out of a garret window in the gable end of the gin-palace nearly opposite to the doorway where the men had been seen. Those in the crowd nearest the factory, and consequently best able to see up to the garret window, said that several men were holding one end, and guiding by their weight its passage to the doorway

At length, for it seemed long, though scarce two minutes had elapsed, the ladder was fixed, an aerial bridge at a dizzy height, across the narrow street

The wind appeared for the moment higher than ever, and drove back the invading flames, to the other end

Mary and Margaret could see now Right above them danced the ladder in the wind The crowd pressed back from under Firemen appeared in the window holding the ladder firm A man with quick, steady tread and unmoving head, passed from one side to the other The multitude did not even whisper while he crossed the perilous bridge, which quivered under him But when he was across, safe, comparatively in the factory, a cheer arose for an instant, checked however, almost immediately by the uncertainty of the result

"There he is again!" sprung from the lip of many, as they saw him at the door-way, standing as if for an instant to breathe a mouthful of the fresher air before he trusted himself to cross On his shoulders he bore an insensible body

"It is Jem Wilson and his father," whispered Margaret, but Mary knew it before

The people were sick with anxious terror He could no longer balance himself with his arms, everything must depend upon nerve and eye They saw the latter was fixed by the position of the head, which never wavered The ladder shook under the double weight, but still he never moved his head—he dared not look below It seemed an age before the crossing was accomplished At last the window was gained, the bearer relieved from his burden, both had disappeared.

Then the multitude might shout, and above the roaring flames arose that tremendous burst of applause at the success of the daring enterprise. Then a shrill voice was heard asking

“ Is the old man alive and likely to do ? ”

“ Ay, ” answered one of the firemen to the hushed crowd, “ he is coming round finely, now he has had a dash of cold water ”

He drew back his head, and the eager enquiries, the shouts, the sea-like murmurs of the moving, rolling mass, began again to be heard, but only an instant

The same bold hero stepped again upon the ladder, with evident purpose to rescue the man yet remaining in the burning Mill

He went across in the same quick, steady, manner as before. He looked below, before returning with the remaining person (a slight little man) slung across his shoulders, but Jem Wilson's step was less steady, his tread more uncertain, he seemed to feel with his foot for the next round of the ladder, to waver, and finally to stop half-way

By this time the crowd was still enough. In the awful instant that intervened no one durst speak, even to encourage. Many turned sick with terror, and shut their eyes to avoid seeing the catastrophe they dreaded. It came. The brave man swayed from side to side, at first as slightly as if only balancing himself, but he was evidently losing nerve, and even sense

All eyes were directed upwards. At this point of time a rope, with a running noose, was dexterously thrown by one of the firemen, after the manner of a

lasso, over the head and round the bodies of the two men True, it was with rude and slight adjustment ; but slight as it was, it served as a steadying guide—it encouraged the sinking heart, the dizzy head

Once more Jem stepped onwards He was not hurried by any jerk or pull Slowly and gradually the rope was hauled in, slowly and gradually did he make the four or five paces between him and safety The window was gained, and all were saved The multitude in the street absolutely danced with triumph, and yelled till you would have fancied their very throats would crack

(From *Mary Barton*)

MRS GASKELL

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

scampered ran, hastened

alley narrow street or back passage

dingy dark, gloomy

gabled triangular, the end wall of a sloping roofed house is called the gable end

gin a spirit distilled from barley or malt, and flavoured with juniper berries

turreted appearing like little towers

triumphant successful, rejoicing [The fire seemed to be rejoicing that it had spread so well]

ravage ruin, destroy

astounding startling, very loud

tottering shaking, threatening to fall.

consumed destroyed

perceptibly visibly, evidently

audibly loud enough to be heard

confinement crowding

sensations feelings
quivering shaking
protruding projecting, sticking out
garret a small upper room, an attic
calamity disaster, misfortune
noose knot
dexterously cleverly, skilfully
lasso a rope with a slip-knot
adjustment arrangement

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES

crowned with , swayed by , closely confined , dazed with , protruding
 from , sick with terror , haul in

FOR ORAL WORK

Say how the second man was rescued from the burning mill

WRITTEN WORK

Write a description of a house on fire

22. The Noble Nature

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May.

Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures life may perfect be

B JONSON

A lily gives man more delight, although it lives only for a day, than an oak in spite of its size and long life What does the poet conclude from this ?

Why is the lily called the flower of Light ?

What figure of speech is this ?

What is meant by " just beauties " ?

23. Keeper and Jowler

In a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies much valued for size and courage As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought that he should make a present to his lord living in a great city, of one of them, Jowler, while he brought up the other, Keeper, to guard his own flocks

From this time, the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps, Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of all the servants These diverted

themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot liquor and broken victuals. By these means, as he was stuffing from morning till night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He was indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly that he would run away from a dog only half as big as himself. He was also much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry. But as he had learned to fawn upon the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg when he was ordered, and, besides this, would fetch and carry, he was much caressed by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the meantime, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor had learned all these pretty tricks to recommend him. Instead, as his master was too poor to maintain anything that was not useful, and was obliged to be always in the open, subject to all sorts of weather, labouring hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active and diligent. He was also exposed to incessant dangers from the wolves, from whom he had received many a severe bite while guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him such courage, that no enemy could make him turn tail. His care and attention so well defended the sheep of his master, that none had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His honesty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it. Though he was left alone in the kitchen, while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. Living always in the air, he had become hardy, and no tempest

could drive him to shelter, when he ought to be employed in watching the flocks, and he would plunge into the most rapid river in the coldest weather of winter at the slightest sign from his master.

About this time it happened, that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. On his arrival there, he could not help viewing with great contempt the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look. His opinion of it however, was altered by means of an accident, which happened to him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood with no other company than the two dogs, a hungry wolf rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself up for lost, especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humbly and unobserved at a distance, flew to his assistance and attacked the wolf with courage and skill. The wolf exerted all his strength in his own defence, but in the end Keeper laid it dead at his feet, though not without receiving severe wounds himself.

The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer. He was so pleased with the noble behaviour of Keeper that he requested the poor man to make him a present of the dog. With this request, though with some reluctance, the farmer complied. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by everybody. The disgraced Jowler was left at the

cottage, with strict injunctions to the man to hang him up as a worthless, unprofitable cur

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission. But considering the noble size and the comely look of the dog, he determined to spare his life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother, Keeper, had been before. He was fed but scantily, and, from this spare diet, he soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in he ran away, as he had been accustomed to do so, and sneaked to the fireside, but the farmer's wife soon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and in a few months regarded cold and rain no more than though he had been brought up in the country.

Changed as he already was in many respects for the better, he still retained an insurmountable dread of wild beasts. One day, as he was wandering through a wood alone he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, seized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but the enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler, being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very luckily seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up and having witnessed his exploit, praised him, and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Animated by the victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time became as brave as he

had before been cowardly, there was very soon no dog in the country who was so great a terror to beasts of prey

In the meantime, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost, if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous animal he was before, and he acquired all the faults which are the consequences of idleness and gluttony

About this time the gentleman went again into the country, and, taking his dog with him, was anxious that he should exercise his powers once more against his ancient enemies, the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise when at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity! At this moment, another dog sprang forward, and seizing the wolf with the greatest fearlessness, after a bloody contest left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog. He soon, however, to his infinite surprise, found it to be the same Jowler that he had discarded the year before. "I now see," said he to the farmer, "that it is vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose, and that constant exercise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones

WORDS AND MEANINGS

<i>agility</i>	quickness, activity
<i>whelps</i>	puppies
<i>diverted</i>	amused
<i>wanton</i>	playful
<i>gambols</i>	tricks
<i>vituals</i>	bits of food
<i>comely</i>	handsome, good looking
<i>unwieldy</i>	slow and clumsy in movement
<i>addicted</i>	given up to, habituated.
<i>pantry</i>	store room, a small room for provisions
<i>diligent</i>	hard working
<i>incessant</i>	never ceasing, constant
<i>ragged</i>	shabby, poor
<i>sneaking</i>	(in fear) hiding, skulking
<i>undaunted</i>	bold, fearless
<i>reluctance</i>	unwillingness
<i>injunctions</i>	instructions, commands
<i>commission</i>	order
<i>scantily</i>	sparingly, insufficiently
<i>rigour</i>	severity
<i>insurmountable</i>	unconquerable, overpowering, too powerful to overcome
<i>animated</i>	encouraged, cheered
<i>approbation</i>	approval, praise
<i>lamenting</i>	regretting, grieving for
<i>indolence</i>	inactivity, laziness
<i>contemptible</i>	base, worthless

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES

Divert oneself with , addicted to , fawn upon , exposed to , turn tail , view with contempt , sneak away , comply with , execute a commission , animated by the hope of , lament the absence of

ORAL WORK

Why did the shepherd spare Jowler ? What made Jowler a different dog ?

WRITTEN WORK

Describe a fight between a dog and a wolf

24. The Tables Turned

Up ' up ' my friend, and quit your books ;
Or surely you'll grow double
Up ' up ' my friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread, o
His first sweet evening yellow

Books ' 'tis a dull and endless strife
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music ' on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it

And hark ' how blithe the swallow sings '
He, too, is no mean preacher
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can

Sweet is the lore which nature brings ;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
 We murder to dissect

Enough of science and of art
 Close up these barren leaves ,
 Come forth and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives

WORDSWORTH

The poet wants us to leave our books aside and go out into the beautiful woods Why ?

Notice the picture that the poet gives us in the poem—the wood with its bright green foliage, the golden light of evening, the linnet on the bough and the swallow in the sky, both delighting us with their song, the long green fields, so many “beauteous forms of things all around, as, the flowers, the sparkling ripples of the brook, the butterflies

The influence of so many beautiful things is far greater than that which any book can exercise over your minds The leaves of your books are “barren” compared to the fresh, green leaves of the wood.

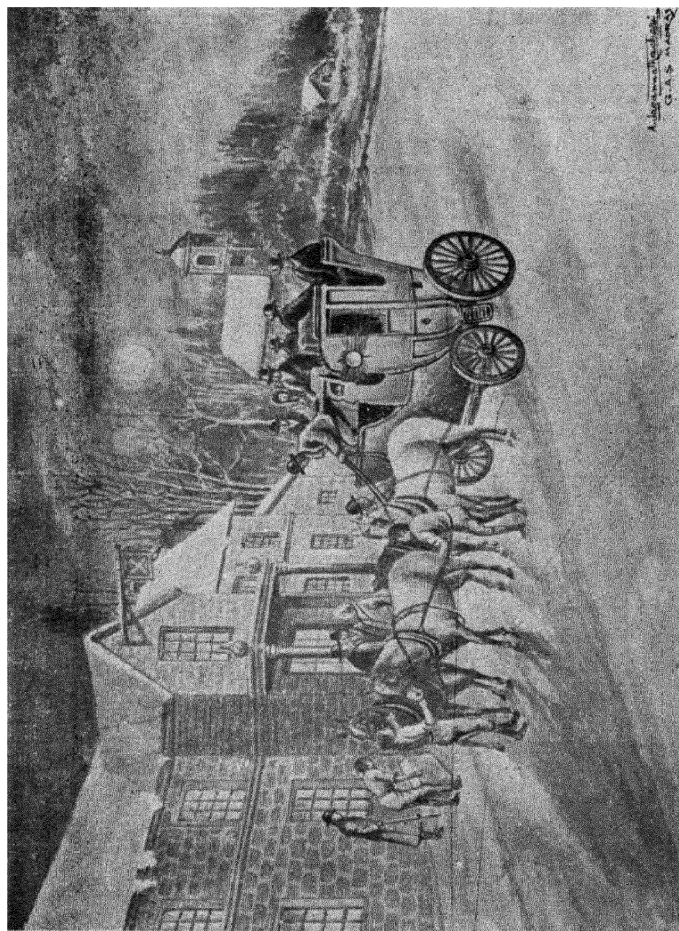
25. The Stage-Coach

1 In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies, and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast

2 I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with greatest pleasure was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot ' how he could run ' and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

3 They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents.

4 Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the



journey A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle Some hasten forth to meet friends, some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them

5 In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant, sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house, and sometimes hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing house-maid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer

6 As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming girls At the corners are assembled jontos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event of fruitful speculation The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by, the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, permits the asthmatic engine to have a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy

7 Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for

it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers' and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order, and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

8 I was roused from a fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognising every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—'There's John' and there's old Carlo and there's Bantam!' cried the happy little rogues clapping their hands.

9 At the end of the lane there was an old sober looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by an aged pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

10 I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

11 Off they set at last, one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others

holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes

12 We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of the neat country seat I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road I leaned out of the coach window, in hope of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight

13 In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green

14 Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling, a smoke-jacket made its ceaseless clanking beside the fire-place, and a clock ticked in one corner A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and

gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire

15 I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; It was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly, good-humoured young fellow, with whom I had once travelled on the Continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveller always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes.

16 Finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays and which lay at a few miles' distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he, "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and the social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed, therefore, at once, with his invitation, the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

hampers baskets, packages, parcels

impending approaching

buxom vigorous, cheerful

anticipations hopes, expectations

Bucephalus the celebrated war-horse of Alexander the Great

presented occurred, offered itself

host number

pronounced declared

bustle activity

commissions tasks

serenity calmness, quiet

animation liveliness

billet doux love-letter

juntos parties, groups

sagest wisest

speculation guessing, supposition

cyclops , powerfully built men

spectre ghost, phantom (looking frightful, because covered with soot)

asthmatic short winded, wheezy

murky dark

luxurious very pleasant

pointer a dog used for hunting

wriggled shook, twisted

anecdotes tales, stories

seat home

rousing cheering (because so bright)

flitches sides (portions of the sides of a pig, cured)

smoke jacket a contrivance for turning a spit, worked by a fly or wheel

scoured rubbed and cleaned

round (of beef) a portion of the thigh

*vian*ds food, eatables

tankards a large mug for drinking

cordial , hearty

cogent clever, convincing

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

in high glee, full of anticipations, address a host of questions to;
an air of importance, execute a commission, thronged with, over-

power with questions, hung round with, catch a glimpse of, pressed for time close with

ORAL WORK

What does the writer tell you about his little travelling companions?

WRITTEN WORK

Describe a journey by stage-coach

26. Christmas Eve

It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold, our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground, the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses went at a gallop 'He knows where he is going' said my companion, laughing, 'and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality'

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir-trees and almost buried in shrubbery. The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned

An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full

view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house, keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall, they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky.

My companion looked around him with transport — 'How often,' said he, 'have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations; How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. It was his policy to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world, and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow.'

We were interrupted by the clamour of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, 'mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree,' that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell, and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

“ The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart—see, they bark at me ! ”

cried Bracebridge, laughing At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cold moonshine As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants’ hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, ‘accompanied by his two other sons, one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence, the other an Oxonian, just from the University The Squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance, in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence The family meeting was warm and affectionate as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat; this I understood was the Yule log, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve. I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast, and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very gentle acquaintance

The supper had disposed every one to gaiety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening. The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. The party was now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands

I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be waits from some neighbouring village..

They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened—they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I feel asleep.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

chaise post-chaise

bigoted firm, fixed in one's opinions.

devotee follower

resounded sounded loudly

garrisoned protected

primitive old fashioned

antique old, ancient

courtesying bowing

vault arched covering, expanse

transport joy

scrupulous particular, careful

exactng insisting on

bestow give, grant

caresses signs of affection

florid ruddy

physiognomist one who read a man's character from his features

ushered conducted, led

substantial nourishing and plentiful

retinue train (of dishes)

orthodox genuine, of the real kind.

predilection liking, fondness, preference

disposed inclined

waits musicians who go round on Christmas night, and on other occasions, playing and singing

antiquated old, ancient.

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

a devotee of , prided himself upon , primitive habits , filial reverence ;
scrupulous in , conformably to , summoned to , recede from

ORAL WORK

What is meant by the yule log ? Say a few words about the welcome
given to Bracebridge and his friend

WRITTEN WORK

Write ten lines describing a winter night

27. Abou Ben Adhem

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, 4

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, 8

And, with a look full 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, 12

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, 16

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Adhem’s name led all the rest

LEIGH HUNT.

" 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 "

The moonlight streamed into Ben Adhem's room In the moonlight,
 clearly seen, stood an angel Its presence made the moonlight, which
 is usually pale, much brighter, more dazzling, like the dazzling white
 of a lily in full bloom

" Exceeding peace hath made Ben Adhem bold "

A man's mind is at peace when he has done nothing wrong, when he
 has a clear conscience Ben Adhem had always led a good life, his
 peace of mind was, therefore, of long standing, and had become great,
 "exceeding " Such a man is always brave, bold, because he has no
 reason to fear either the anger of God or that of men

sweet accord pleasant kindness

wakening light a light so bright that it roused the sleeping Ben
 Adhem

Why was Ben Adhem's name placed first on the list of those who had
 been blessed by God ?

28. General Gordon (Part I)

1 Charles George Gordon was born at Woolwich
 in 1833 On his father's side he came of a race of sol-
 diers who have distinguished themselves in many parts
 of the world His maternal grandfather, Samuel Ender-
 by, was an eminent shipowner of London It was from
 one of his vessels that the tea was thrown into the sea
 in Boston harbour in 1773, a memorable incident, which
 gave the signal for the American War of Independence
 The whaling-ships of Samuel Enderby pursued their
 hardy occupation in the distant waters of the Antarctic
 and the South Pacific oceans, then almost unknown

2 Thus young Gordon grew up under the stimulus of an excellent ancestry. His father and mother also were remarkable people of the most sterling character, who were careful that their son should be trained into a good and capable man. He was educated at Taunton, and afterwards at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, and entered the army as an officer of the Royal Engineers in 1852.

3 Charles Gordon first saw active service in the Crimea, where he arrived on New-Year's Day in 1855. His work was among the trenches during the long and tedious siege of Sebastopol, and he was exposed to frequent dangers not only from the fire of the Russians, but from an accidental bullet of his own countrymen. Yet even in his subordinate position as a young officer of engineers, he did his duty eminently well. He was ever vigilant and energetic, and was particularly noted for his quickness in discovering the movements of the enemy. On the testimony of a distinguished officer under whom he served, we are told that he was always "sent out to find what new move the Russians were making."

4 After the Crimean war was ended, and after some years of further service of less importance, Gordon was sent to China in 1860. Here he fought in the war carried on against that country by the allied French and English; and it was on the conclusion of peace that the first opportunity occurred for calling forth his marvellous gifts as a leader of men. This was the task of suppressing the great Taeping rebellion in China.

5 The Taepings were a host of savage men, numbering hundreds of thousands, who had rebelled against

the Chinese government, and who had devastated many of the most flourishing provinces of the Empire. Originally the rebels might have had good cause for discontent with their rulers, who were both cruel and negligent, but nothing could excuse the barbarity with which they waged war against their own countrymen. Wherever they marched, their course was marked by disorder, havoc, and brutality of the most revolting character. The people were massacred, driven from their homes, reduced to starvation, and even to cannibalism. This calamity had raged for years; and hitherto the Chinese government had been unable to suppress it.

6 It was under those circumstances that the Chinese government requested the appointment of a British officer, who should take command of a native army against the rebels. Such a force, officered by Europeans, and boasting the title of the "Ever Victorious Army" already existed, but it had not done much to justify its name. Gordon was recommended to the command, and accordingly in 1863 he commenced operations against the Taepings. His force could hardly be called an army, as it never numbered more than five thousand men. The officers were Europeans of almost every nationality, and of very indifferent character; eleven of them died of drunkenness in a single month. The best of his private soldiers were captured rebels.

7 Yet, with men of such an unpromising character, Gordon had the most extraordinary success. By the skill and rapidity of his movements he completely baffled the rebels, capturing town after town, though defended by forces far outnumbering his own. His greatest feat was the taking of Soochow, which was de-

fended by eighty thousand men. He was assisted by the army of imperialists, but the burden of the fighting always fell upon Gordon's troops, who, after carrying the positions of the enemy, left them to be occupied by the imperial forces, and proceeded to further triumphs. Thus place after place was taken, till all that remained to the rebels was their central stronghold of Nankin, where they were surrounded by an imperial army and compelled to surrender.

9 Gordon had not held his command for more than sixteen months. From first to last his conduct was such as to give him an enduring name among the people of China. In leading his men, he usually carried a little cane, which the Chinese soldiers called Gordon's magic wand of victory. What was even more surprising to the people of China, was his merciful treatment of the vanquished rebels, many of whom were misguided men, and who were glad to leave a life of pillage and massacre. The grateful government of China conferred upon Gordon their highest military titles and decorations, but he left China as poor as when he entered it. He declined the large present of money offered him at the conclusion of the war, and he had spent his salary in promoting the efficiency of his little army. Thus he offered to the races of the far East a rare example of unselfishness and contempt of money. His reward was the feeling that he had done his duty, and had restored to the poor people of China the blessings of peace and tranquility.

10 From 1865 to 1871 Gordon was at Gravesend, superintending the construction of the defences which were being raised at the mouth of the Thames. His

life at Gravesend was a beautiful record of philanthropy and sympathy for the poor. "He lived wholly for others" says Mr Hake, one of his biographers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate were ever welcome, and never did a suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his "Kings" and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantel-piece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went day by day.

11 Gordon was a constant visitor at the workhouse and the infirmary, and he always had a long list of the pensioners he supported. "Nearly all his garden, a large one, was cultivated by different poor people, to whom he gave permission to plant what they chose, and to take the proceeds. It often happened that presents of fine fruit and flowers would be sent to the colonel, and he would never so much as taste them, but take them or send them to the hospital or workhouse for the sick." He had a gold medal, a special gift from the Empress of China, which he greatly valued. It suddenly disappeared; and long afterwards it was, by a

curious accident, discovered that Gordon had erased the inscription, and sent it anonymously for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine in Lancashire

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

hardy requiring great exertion and full of danger

stimulus influence

sterling upright

vigilant watchful

devastated laid waste, by burning or plundering

barbarity cruelty, savagery

revolting shocking, disgusting

cannibalism eating human flesh

indifferent poor, weak, unpromising

imperialists men of the Chinese Emperor's Army

carrying taking, capturing

enduring lasting

pillage plunder

tranquility quiet

philanthropy love of one's fellow-beings and kindness to them

suppliant one who comes for help

berths posts, appointments

infirmary a place for the sick or infirm

anonymously without signing his name

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

pursue an occupation, see active service, on the testimony of, cause for discontent, of an unpromising character, bear the burden of, promote the efficiency of, send anonymously.

ORAL WORK

Why is it said that Gordon lived wholly for others ?

WRITTEN WORK

Write a note on the Taiping rebellion

General Gordon (Part II)

1 In 1874 Gordon entered the service of the Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt. Egypt had established a nominal sovereignty over the whole Nile basin, as far as the great lakes out of which the famous river flows, and it was the southern part of this vast region, called the Provinces of the Equator, which Gordon was invited to govern. The task was of no ordinary difficulty. In the extensive countries committed to his care, Egypt had only two stations, with a small garrison of wretchedly inefficient men. The natives were hostile to the Egyptian government, for it had been most hurtful and oppressive to them. The professed object of the Khedive in sending Gordon was to suppress slavery; but it was under the officials of Egypt that the slave-trade was really carried on. Wide regions had been desolated by the cruel slave-hunters.

2 Gordon addressed himself to the new task with his accustomed energy and self-denial. He began by accepting only one-fifth of the salary of £ 10,000 offered him by the Khedive. During three years of incessant activity he greatly reduced the slave-trade in the Provinces of the Equator. He established order and planted garrisons, and dismissed many of the cruel and corrupt officials of Egypt. In putting down oppression of every kind, in securing peace, and in opening up the country to the influences of civilisation, his efforts were unwearied.

3 In 1877 Gordon accepted even greater responsibilities; he was appointed governor-general of the Soudan, as well of the Equatorial Provinces. Slave-hunting was the scourge of all this vast territory. It was carried on chiefly by bands of Arabs, who infested the country, attacking the natives whenever they saw an opportunity, slaying the men, and dragging off to the slave-markets the poor women and children. Bloodshed, murder, and desolation marked the trace of the ruthless slave-hunters, who were here also encouraged in their horrid traffic by the servants of the Egyptian government.

•4 The capital of Gordon's Government was Khartoum, where he was installed with great ceremony in the beginning of 1877. The speech he made from his vice-regal throne was a brief but striking one, which pleased the people much. "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." His labours in the cause of peace and justice were truly marvellous. During the first year of his governorship he rode over about four thousand miles of desert, and his life was repeatedly in danger from wild and hostile tribes.

5 Before the term of office closed, he had for the time at least broken the power of the slave-hunters, and had completely overthrown the worst and strongest of them, Suleiman, the son of Zebegar, who could bring eleven thousand men into the field. In these savage regions he had been the first to establish a just and noble rule, the great object of which was the welfare of the people. As at Gravesend, so in the Soudan, he cared for the humblest of his fellow-creatures. "She had her tobacco up to the last," he writes of a poor old

woman, whom he fed for weeks, but who died at last "What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth "

6 The just and impartial rule of Gordon, however, was displeasing to many of the corrupt officials of Egypt. He was thwarted and distrusted. His health was broken with hard work, with incessant anxiety and the scorching heat, and accordingly, in 1879, he sent in his resignation to the Khedive.

7 Gordon did not enjoy a long rest after his departure from Egypt. In 1880 he was invited to China on an important and highly honourable mission. The state of China, who knew the disinterested character of Gordon, wanted his advice with regard to a war, which was threatening between that country and Russia. Gordon went and gave his voice against war. His counsels were followed, and a conflict was averted.

8 We are now near the final act of Gordon's pure and noble life. A chequered series of events again made his presence necessary in the Soudan. In 1882 the British had occupied Egypt; but they had disclaimed all responsibility for the government of the vast regions of the Soudan, and the long years of Egyptian cruelty and misrule in that country had at last produced their natural consequences. Under a religious leader called the Mahdi, the fierce tribes rose against their oppressors. The Soudan was speedily in a blaze of rebellion, and the Egyptian garrisons were everywhere surrounded.

9 The British government felt that they were, in some measure, responsible for the safety of those garrisons. They had ordered the evacuation of the Soudan;

but how was this to be accomplished ? There seemed to be only one man whose singular genius and acknowledged influence in those countries might be equal to the task of withdrawing so many soldiery, and of establishing order in the general confusion

10 Gordon was accordingly sent to the Soudan, and he entered Khartoum in February 1884. He was welcomed as a deliverer. The poorest of the people were admitted to an audience with the new governor ; on the streets they pressed about him, kissing his hands and feet, and calling him father. He collected the books containing the record of the debts due by the over-taxed people, and the whips and other instruments of tyranny from which they had suffered so cruelly, and throwing them, into one heap, made a bonfire of them in front of the palace. In the prison he found two hundred wretched creatures, young and old, many of whom had been proved innocent, many of them untried, but all pining in one common misery. Scores of these he had set free before the sun went down. Thus did Gordon on the first day of his arrival at Khartoum.

11 It proved, however, that this work of justice and mercy was too late to effect any great change in the Soudan. The influence of the Mahdī was too great; the tribes were everywhere in fierce rebellion. In two months after Gordon's entry into Khartoum, the town was besieged by the army of the Mahdī, and communication with the outer world was cut off.

12, Thus surrounded by savage enemies, Gordon had a terrible task before him. He had only two or three Europeans to assist him ; many of his soldiers were not trustworthy ; help was far distant. Yet for many

long and weary months he kept his enemies at bay, and maintained peace and order in Khartoum. The hot summer passed away ; autumn was succeeded by winter. An army of British soldiers was advancing up the Nile to his relief, but its progress was delayed by the cataracts and the sandy deserts. It had already reached Shendy, a point on the river only three days' sail from Khartoum, and vessels with English soldiers on board approached the city so long defended by the skill and courage of Gordon. But it was too late ! On the morning of the 26th of January 1885, just two days before the arrival of the English soldiers at Khartoum, a traitor had opened the gates of the city to the wild host of the Mahdi. Gordon was slain ; his faithful soldiers were massacred, and the helpless women sold into slavery.

13 During the long seige, Gordon had left no resource untried that skill and endurance and kindness could suggest to enable his followers to hold out against their foes. He felt that he could not desert the poor people whom he had pledged himself to protect, and in the fulfilment of this duty he lost his life. But no man can be said to fail whose life, like that of Gordon, is an unbroken record of well-doing in the cause of justice and mercy ; and the circumstances under which he fell will only serve the better to stamp his name on the memory of mankind.

14 The closing months of his career were watched with intense anxiety by every nation of the civilised world. They saw a man who had no fear of death, who was not moved by the paltry ambitions or the mean motives of the world, but was ready to give up everything for his fellow-creatures, one who regarded all men

as his brethren, and who gave them his help, without distinction of creed, colour, or nationality

15 His faith in God was so complete that he was unmoved by the fear of men To the great men of the world he fearlessly spoke the truth, to the poor he was kind and merciful, to all he was just and sympathetic Wealth and power he valued only as a means of benefiting his fellow-men, his great pleasure was in doing good The memory of such a man is a possession for all time, and to those that know how to prize it aright, it is more precious than all the treasures of silver and gold

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

nominal in name only

committed entrusted

inefficient incapable, untrained

desolated ruined, left without any inhabitants

planted established

infested roamed all over doing evil

traffic trade

installed placed in the chair of office

thwarted opposed, hindered

disinterested unselfish, generous

evacuation withdrawing from, retiring from, leaving

singular extraordinary

pining fretting, sorrowing

resource means

paltry trifling, low

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

establish sovereignty over, desolated by, put down oppression; follow the counsel of, effect a change, pledged to, unmoved by fear.

ORAL WORK —

How did Gordon meet his death?

WRITTEN WORK —

Write a note on Gordon's work in the Soudan

29. The Battle Of The Baltic

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on

9

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ,
While the sign of battle flew
O'er the lofty British line
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time

18

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between
' Hearts of oak ! ' our captain cried ; when each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun

27

Again ' again ' again '
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back,—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom,—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom

36

Outspoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave
"Ye are brothers ' ye are men '
And we conquer but to save;—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King "

45

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose,
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away

54

Now joy, Old England, raise '
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

63

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave ;
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave !

72

This is a song in praise of Nelson, England's greatest admiral, and of the British Navy. In the battle of the Baltic, Admiral Parker was in command, but Nelson was responsible for the victory, because he directed the attack against the Danes.

Note the main ideas of the poem: the strength of the Danish fleet, the attack, in spite of being exposed to the fire of the whole Danish fleet, the surrender of the Danes, and the generous treatment they received at the hands of Nelson, joy for the glorious victory, but sorrow for the death of so many brave men.

30. In Gulliver's Pockets

The emperor desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me ; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered, part in words and part in signs.

He replied that, by the laws of the kingdom, I must be searched by two of his officers ; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance ; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice as to trust their persons in my hands that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them.

I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another secret pocket I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw ; and when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. ~

This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is, word for word, as follows. ' In the first place, in

the right coat pocket of the Great Man Mountain, after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we, the searchers, were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us, stepping into it, found himself up to the mid leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a-sneezing for several times together.

'In his right waistcoat pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost as large as the palm of our hands. In the left, there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man Mountain combats his head, for we did not trouble him with questions because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us.

'In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover, we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket, another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side, were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy that my comrade and I could hardly lift them.

'In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped: we could not, without difficulty, reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that, in his own country, his practice was to shave his beard with one of these and to cut his meat with the other.

'There were two pockets which we could not enter: these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for, on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise, like that of a water-mill. And we conjecture it is either some unknown animal or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life. From the left fob he took out a

net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and serving him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value

‘ Having thus, in obedience to your majesty’s commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal; from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men, and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty’s subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and requiring a strong hand to lift them. The other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands. This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man Mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty’s commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty’s auspicious reign

CLEFRIN FRELOCK
MARSİ FRELOCK ’

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scimitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me, at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to dis-

charge ; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty

He then desired me to draw my scimitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprise ; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scimitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain The next thing he demanded was one of the hollow iron pillars, by which he meant my pocket pistols I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it ; and charging it only with powder which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air

The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scimitar Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead ; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself for some time I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scimitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets ; begging him that the former might be kept from the fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air

I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two

of his tallest yeomen of the guards to bear it on a pole upon his shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours, he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating, although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them.

I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal book. My scimitar, pistols, and pouch were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences, which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

This is an extract from "Gulliver's Travels," written by Dean Swift, in which the adventures of Gulliver in the country of Lilliput are described. The Lilliputians are supposed to be pigmies, and are therefore surprised at Gulliver's size and called him the Man Mountain.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

answered corresponded to, were in proportion to

prodigious huge, enormous

delivered said

fobs small pockets, generally used for watches

inventory list

palisadoes fences made by fixing sharp stakes into the ground close together

conjecture guess, think

oracle wise adviser, counsellor.

[Among the Greeks and Romans, Oracles were places where answers to questions about future events could be received. They were generally caves or groves, behind or in which priests, cleverly hidden, would give the vaguest of answers and pretend that a deity had spoken. Sometimes a noise, like the rustling of the wind through the leaves, would be given a meaning by the priests and would serve for an answer.]

auspicious fortunate, happy

scimitar a short, curved sword

magnanimous noble-minded

downtrodden afraid, timid.

draymen men who drag a dray or cart for moving heavy goods

discern see, make out

acute sharp.

perspective a field-glass

discover reveal, show

apprehended feared

ventured risked

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

take it ill, answered the description, set a rate upon, make an inventory of, conjecture that, contrive to, capable of, an auspicious day for, provided against, of no consequence to

ORAL WORK —

What did the Lilliputians say about Gulliver's pistols and his watch?

WRITTEN WORK —

Describe what happened when Gulliver (1) drew out his scimitar, (2) fired his pistol

31. The Last minstrel

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ,
The harp, his sole remaining joy, 5
Was carried by an orphan boy
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry ;
For, welladay ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ; 10
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed, 15
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay
Old times were changed, old manners gone ,
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne ; 20
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor
He begged his bread from door to door
And tuned to please a peasant's ear, 25
The harp, a king had loved to hear

SCOTT

At one time Minstrels were welcomed in the castles of the nobles, and treated with every mark of respect. But Scott tells us in this poem that times had changed. The Puritans had condemned music, the Minstrels were deprived of their means of livelihood, and we see the last of them going about begging his bread from door to door. A sad ending for those who helped to make others happy.

Most of the songs of the Minstrels were in praise of brave deeds done on the Border, between England and Scotland, where there was constant fighting.

Notice how regular the metre is. Every line has four feet, each foot having two syllables, the second of which is accented. It seems to suggest the regularity with which the minstrel sounded his chords on the harp as he accompanied his song.

32. Only A Dog (Part I)

It was a case of love at first sight. I met him one Saturday afternoon, while I was strolling about the fields, and from that moment I vowed I would make him mine, if by any wile or guile that result could be brought about.

He was a beautiful shepherd dog, of no breed that I have ever encountered either before or since. His colour was buff, shading to white underneath, and set off by two long pointed collars of dark gray hair upon his shoulders. His tail was long, and as he waved it over his back, it reminded me of the white plume of King Henry of Navarre.

But the crowning glory of the dog was his face. The colour of his face was the lightest and most aesthetic shade of 'old gold,' and was set off by a black nose-tip, two little black eyebrows, a pair of sensitive

and inquisitive yellow ears, and the most human, intelligent, loving brown eyes that it has ever been my lot to meet

His face, when I first met him, was lighted up with a smile of joy at seeing a party of friendly people approaching him, and when I called him he came bounding across the field, with his plummy tail waving, his brown eyes shining, and such an expression of goodwill to men, that there and then the conquest was made, and I became his abject slave and adorer

That was all I saw of him for about a month, though during that time I was negotiating with his master to see on what terms he would give up all claim to the dog. What those negotiations were, I will not tell here, but at the end of the month, after I had returned to my home in the city, my blandishments prevailed, and the dog was sent down by express

From the moment of his arrival he never expressed a desire for any other home than the one to which he had come. That he was my exclusive property, he fully understood before a week had passed; and, although he accepted the rest of the family as near and dear relations, he never for one moment doubted in his little heart to whom he owed the most devoted love and allegiance. He followed me from room to room about the house, accompanied me in my walks, slept in my room at night, and was never for one moment separated from me by any act of his own will. His whole being was swallowed up in devotion to me. I do not think there was any expression of my face, or a movement of my hand, that he did not notice and comprehend by that subtle sense with which love for a human being endows a dog

A dog with no supreme object for his affections is a contemptible miserable animal. A dog that knows and loves a master is of all animals the most happy and intelligent. His obedience was perhaps the most noticeable of his virtues; for that was remarkable, and rather unusual, in a dog that is simply a pet. He seldom had to be told a thing more than once. The night of his arrival among us, when the doors between the dining-room and sitting-room were thrown open, and the family went into tea, Brant showed a wish to accompany them. He was told that he must not, and from that time, though he would lie in the next room, and look wistfully toward the dining-table, nothing but the warmest invitation from some person whom he considered in authority, would induce him to pass the threshold; and then, as soon as he saw that the business for which he was called in was accomplished he would retire to his original place in the sitting-room. So it was in regard to anything he was told to do. If he understood the order, he did as he was told. If he did not understand the order, he did everything he could think of until he found out what was right.

Another of his virtues was his politeness. He never willingly hurt any one's feelings. He always shook hands when he was introduced to a stranger; not because he was told to, but from a natural sense of the fitness of things. If any caller was obliged to wait for a few moments in the parlour, Brant always felt it his duty to go in and make himself agreeable until some one relieved him. If he had been particularly affectionate or caressing toward any one member of the family, he would often go around and shake hands with

every one else in the room, so as to show that he didn't mean to slight any one.

There was something almost pathetic in Brant's desire to do the very best that he knew, under all circumstances. He not only did what he was told; but he thought out what was the right thing to do, and did it. As an illustration when he first came, Brant was shut up in the lobby at the time of family prayers, but he had proved so good and obedient every way that it was decided to let him stay in the room. So he was told that he might stay if he would be very quiet. He crawled under a chair, and lay there until the service was over; and from that hour we had only to tell him that we were going to have prayers, and in he would go under that chair.

Only A Dog (Part II)

For more than a year Brant was the pet and pride of the household. Every one loved him almost as they would have loved a child. He was so bright and playful with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and yet withal so loving, so obedient and sympathetic, that all, from the aged father whose silver hair was indeed 'a crown of glory,' to the youngest grandchild who visited the parental home, regarded him as a true and faithful friend and a beloved companion.

He was a constant source of pleasure to us all; and I am afraid, if any outsider had known the amount of time that we spent in playing with and talking to and about that dog, he would have considered that we were all labouring under an aberration of the intellect.

It was a picture worthy of a Landseer to see the venerable patriarch of eighty years, whose life had been spent in labours for the good of his country and of the world, talking to the dog; and the dog's quick appreciation of the honour conferred upon him by such notice, and his ready response to all efforts for his entertainment

Every day we congratulated ourselves upon our wonderful luck in obtaining such a treasure, and wondered how the dog's former master could have made up his mind to part with such a friend

And now we come to the part of our tale which illustrates, more than anything else, the little fellow's singular beauty of character. As the autumn drew on, the beloved father, whose strength had been failing for a number of months, grew more and more subject to attacks of a painful and terrible disease; and Brant, as if he appreciated the situation, seemed to grow more and more loving and considerate of his aged master.

When in the early morning one of those terrible attacks would come on, and we stood about the bed of the sufferer and administered whatever restoratives we hoped might bring ease and comfort, Brant would steal quietly in, and wait anxiously and pertinaciously until he knew that all was well again

Nothing would induce him to leave my father's room during one of those attacks; nor, indeed, would he stir until the patient was able to rise and dress himself. If my father was obliged to lie on the sofa during the day, Brant was at once full of sympathy, and would sit beside him, and whine, and want to shake hands; and when my father rose, and again took his usual seat,

Brant would express his joy by every means in his power

So it went on, and we all grew more attached to the little fellow because of his almost human sympathy with suffering. But at last came a time when Brant's character was to be even more tried, that it might show forth its beauty in a clear light. An insidious disease attacked first his beautiful eyes, and dimmed their glory for ever, and then his whole system.

Everything that veterinary science could suggest was done for his relief and comfort, but all efforts were in vain, and after a painful illness of nearly five weeks the end came, and the little, sympathising loving heart ceased to beat. During all those painful weeks, his patience, cheerfulness, and good temper preached a sermon to us all.

Well do I remember one afternoon, when I was sitting beside him and talking to him, and he showed more life and spirit than for some days. My father heard me from the other end of the hall, and came down to shake hands with the little patient, and to speak a word of sympathy to him. Brant looked up at him with love shining from his dimmed eyes, and gave his little feeble paw, and wagged his bushy tail with unusual vigour. It was their last meeting. That night the aged man passed gently and quietly away.

From that time the little dog who had done so much to brighten the last year of my father's life grew rapidly worse; and two days after that day, when amid the grief of the whole city and the tolling bells and weeping heavens, we committed to earth all that was earthy of one of God's saints, Brant died.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

encountered, met
buff, light yellow
aesthetic beautiful
abject humble
negotiating, bargaining
blandishments, tempting offers and flattering speeches
exclusive, sole
allegiance obedience, fidelity
comprehend understand
endows gives to.
wistfully eagerly, yearningly
slight offend
ludicrous funny, humorous.
aberration wandering
appreciation correct valuation
appreciated understood
administered gave
restoratives medicines or food to ease the patient
pertinaciously with determination
insidious treacherous, fatal

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

Set off by, negotiating with, endowed with, to slight, sense of humour, appreciate the honour of, appreciate a situation, sympathise with

ORAL WORK, —

Mention one example of Brant's obedience

WRITTEN WORK —

Write a few lines about Brant's love for the aged man.

33. The Brook

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow 20

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on for ever

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout
And here and there a grayling

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel 30
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers 40

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming-swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river, 50
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

This poem is a good example of how the meaning of a line is made clearer by the very sound of it. All through we have the course of the stream described in every detail, and we seem to hear it flowing along as we read the poem.

coot a small water-bird, found in the reeds of lakes and pools

hern heron—a large water-bird. Fights between the heron and the hawk was the sport of falconers.

bicker make an incessant noise

thorps hamlets, small villages

fret cut into, wear away. The poet speaks as if the banks complain because the brook is constantly turning in its course.

lusty lively, leaping as if with joy

grayling a fish of the salmon variety

brambly covered with thorny bushes

shingly shining on account of the pebbles

cresses water cress, a plant.

Notice the use of a number of short sentences whenever the poet wants to describe the quick movement of the tiny stream.

34. Sancho Panza in his Island

On the arrival of Sancho, with his attendants, near the gates of the town, the municipal officers came out to meet him. The bells were rung amid demonstrations of general joy; and with a great deal of pomp he was conducted to the great church.

Presently after, with certain ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him with the keys of the town, and constituted him perpetual governor of the island. As soon as they had brought him out of the church, he was carried to the tribunal of justice, and placed in the seat of judgment. Here he was with great reverence addressed by the duke's steward.

Steward My Lord Governor, we have presented you the keys of the gates of this town And now, my Lord Governor, it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him, and by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming

While the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring at an inscription on the wall opposite to his chair. Being unable to read, he asked what that painting was on the wall.

Steward Sir, it is an account of the day when your lordship became governor of this island; and it states that on this day the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy

Sancho And who is the Lord Don Sancho Panza, as you call him?

Steward Your Lordship; for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in that chair

Sancho Well, friend, take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me Plain Sancho Panza is my name My father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name Now do I already guess that Dons are as thick as stones in this island But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning, if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of these swarms of Dons, that must

needs be as troublesome as so many flies. Come, now for your question, good Mr Steward, and I will answer it as soon as I can, whether the town be sorry or pleased

Whereupon came into court two men, the one clad like a country-fellow, and the other looking like a tailor, having a pair of shears in his hand

Tailor If it please you, my lord, I and this farmer here have come before your worship. This honest man came to my shop yesterday—for, saving your presence, I am a tailor—and showed me a piece of cloth. ‘Sir,’ quoth he, ‘is there enough of this to make a cap?’ Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, ‘Yes, if it like your worship. Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine—and perhaps imagined right enough—that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors.’ ‘Prithee,’ quoth he, ‘look if there be not enough for two caps.’ Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, if it like your worship, going on the same tune, bid me look again and see whether it would not make three, and at last if it would not make five. I resolved to humour my customer, and said it might, so we struck a bargain. Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my money, he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it?

Sancho (to the farmer) Is this true, honest man?

Farmer Yes, if it please you. But pray let him show the five caps he has made me

Tailor. With all my heart. (*Pulling his hand from under his coat, he holds up five little caps, hanging upon his*

four fingers and thumb). There you see the five caps this honest fellow asks for, and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge

All present burst into a laugh at the sight of the caps and the novelty of the suit. But Sancho sat for a while plunged in deep thought. At last he gave judgment.

Sancho. Methinks this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity, and, therefore, the judgment of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his labour, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business.

This business being thus concluded, to the great laughter of the whole audience, two men next presented themselves before the Governor. One of the men held in his hand a staff, which he used as a cane.

First Old Man. My Lord, some time ago I lent this man ten crowns, to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand. I did not ask him for it again for a good while, lest the inconvenience of paying it should be greater than that which he laboured under when he borrowed it. However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due, nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still, not only did he refuse to pay me again, but, moreover, denied that he owed me anything, and said that, if I lent him so much money, he certainly returned it. Now because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of any pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him

on his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him

Sancho What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff

Second Old Man. Sir, I own he lent me the money; and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money — (*To the first old man*) Please to hold this staff while I place my hands upon the judge's rod — (*Puts his hand on Sancho's rod, his own staff being meanwhile in the hands of his antagonist*) It is true that he lent me the money; but I solemnly affirm that I have really returned the same sum into his own hands; and because, I suppose, he has forgotten it, he is continually asking me for it

Sancho (to first old man) What have you to say to this?

First Old Man. Since he has sworn it, I am satisfied I believe him to be a better Christian than to offer to forswear himself, and perhaps I have forgotten that I have been repaid

Hereupon the debtor took his staff again, and, bowing his head, went out of court. Sancho, seeing him thus depart, and observing also the good faith of the creditor, inclined his head upon his breast, and with the forefinger of his right hand against his nose, continued a few moments in a deep study. At last, lifting his head, he ordered the old man with the staff, who was already gone, to be recalled. He was accordingly brought back.

Sancho. Honest man, let me have that staff a little while ; I have use for it

Second Old Man With all my heart, sir ! here it is
(*Giving the staff to Sancho*)

Sancho. (*giving the staff to first old man*) There, go your ways, and Heaven be with you , for now you are paid

First Old man How so, my lord ? Do you judge this staff to be worth ten crowns ?

Sancho Certainly, or I am the greatest dunce in the world And now it shall appear whether I have a head fit to govern a whole kingdom Break that staff open

The staff was accordingly broken open by the officer of the court, and in the hollow thereof were found divers pieces of gold

Sancho (to the creditor). Count that, and see if you have ten crowns

First Old man. (*counting*) Yes, it is all here

Steward. We are all surprised at your lordship's wisdom How could your lordship conjecture that the ten crowns were in the staff ?

Sancho I saw the defendant give his staff to the other to hold while he took his oath, and he then swore that he had returned the money into the plaintiff's hands, after which he took the staff again from the plaintiff, then it came into my head that the money was lodged within the staff Besides, I have heard the curate of my parish tell of just such another case ; and I have so good a memory that, were it not that I am so unlucky as to forget all I have a mind to remember,

there could not be a better memory in the whole island.
Now we will go to dinner

This is a part of the story of Don Quixote written by Cervantes, a Spanish writer. Don Quixote had promised Sancho Panza the Governorship of an island. He sent him to a little town, where everybody was amazed at their new governor.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

pomp splendour, ceremony
ridiculous comical, funny, laughable
constituted made
tribunal court
intricate puzzling
propounded put
return answer
Don a Spanish nobleman's title The feminine is Donna
cabbage slang word for steal
depending waiting for decision
equity fairness
due press, urge
antagonist opponent
forswear swear falsely, perjure
divers several,
curate priest, minister

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

amid demonstrations of joy, with great pomp, feel the pulse of
 (meaning to estimate or measure), as thick as stones to humour;
 with much ado for divers reasons

ORAL WORK —

How did Sancho Panza decide the cases brought before him?

WRITTEN WORK —

Write a short character sketch of Sancho Panza

35. Break, Break, Break

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play !
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill ;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me

TENNYSON,

The poet mourns the loss of his most intimate friend, Arthur Hallam, who died suddenly at Vienna, soon after leaving College. Tennyson found himself on a lonely hill overlooking the Bristol Channel. This was soon after his friend's death which left him sad and lonely. The wild scene before him makes him think of his friend.

Nothing seems to hinder the waves from doing what they want. They seem to want to rush to the shore and break with a deafening roar. This they do once, twice, thrice, again, and as often as they like. There is nothing to prevent them. They seem happy. So also do the fisherman's children, who can play as much as they want, the sailor lad, who can sing to his heart's content as his boat sails on the

bay, and the ships, which sail where they like Everything seems joyous and beautiful But the poet is sad he will never see his friend again, he cannot even find suitable words to describe the noble qualities of his friend, though he is forever thinking of them, the happy days of companionship will never return

The poet expresses, in lines 11 and 12, the feeling which all of us must some day experience Note how simple, and therefore beautiful, these lines are

36. King Richard, the Nubian, and the Assassin

Richard surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship, waiting life from the touch of a Prometheus The king of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor Henry VIII, loved to look upon a man was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him in the *lingua Franca*, 'Art thou a pagan?'

The slave shook his head, and, raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility

'A Nubian Christian, doubtless,' said Richard, 'and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?'

The mute again slowly shook his head, in token of the negative, pointed with his forefinger to heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN

'I understand thee,' said Richard; 'thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armour and belt, and buckle it in time of need?'

The mute nodded, and stepping towards the coat of mail, which hung, with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address, as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armour-bearer.

'Thou art apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful knave. Thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person,' said the king, 'to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply.'

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth; then stood erect, at some paces distant, as if waiting for his new master's commands.

'Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently,' said Richard, 'for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honour and mine own.'

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of despatches. 'From England, my lord,' he said, as he delivered it.

'From England—our own England!' repeated Richard in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm. 'Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow, faint friends, and forward enemies.' Then opening the despatches he said

hastily, 'Ha' this comes from no peaceful land: they too have their feuds Neville, begone, I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure '

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions—the disunion of his brothers, John and Geoffrey, and the quarrel of both with the High Justiciary, Longchamp, Bishop of Ely; the oppressions practised by the nobles upon the peasantry, and the rebellion of the latter against their masters, which had produced everywhere scenes of discord, and in some instances the effusion of blood Details of incidents mortifying to his pride and derogatory to his authority, were intermingled with the earnest advice of his wisest and most attached counsellors, that he should presently return to England, as his presence offered the only hope of saving the kingdom from all the horrors of civil discord, of which France and Scotland were likely to avail themselves

Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read and again read, the ill-omened letters, compared the intelligence which some of them contained with the same facts as differently stated in others, and soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him, although seated for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, and having the curtains withdrawn, so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the

KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN

king He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavesse or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel-plating which Richard often used in reconnoitring, or actually storming, fortified places, as the more effective protection against missile weapons than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback

The pavesse bore neither the royal lions of England nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls against which it was advanced. The care, therefore, of the armourer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave, and which, as if he felt all by being transferred to a royal owner, was couched close to the side of the mute, with head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene, and mingled among the group of English yeomen, about a score of whom, respecting the unusually pensive posture and close occupation of their sovereign were, contrary to their wont, keeping a silent guard in front of his tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout or

santon of the desert—a sort of enthusiast, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders, though treated always with contumely, and often with violence. Indeed the luxury and profligate indulgence of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley concourse in their tents, of musicians, Jewish merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations; so that the caftan and turban—though to drive both from the Holy Land was the professed object of the expedition—were nevertheless neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders. When, however, the little insignificant figure we have described approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic and writhen features, as well as of his little black eyes, which glittered like jet, was that of a crazed imagination.

‘Dance, marabout,’ cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts—‘dance, or we will scourge thee with our bow-strings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy’s lash.’ Thus shouted the reckless warders, as much delighted at having a subject to tease, as a child when he catches a butterfly or a schoolboy on discovering a bird’s nest.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility, which, when contrasted with his slight and wasted figure and diminutive appearance, made him resemble a withered leaf twirled round and around at the pleasure of the winter’s breeze. A single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald

KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN

and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it: and it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground.

Amid the vagaries of his performance, he flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent; so that, when at length he sunk exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person

For the space of a quarter of an hour, or longer, after the incident, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read and mused in the entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still burnished the ample pavesse; in front of all, at a hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports, but pursuing them in silence; while on the esplanade betwixt them and the front of the tent, lay, scarcely to be distinguished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground, so as to survey all around him, moving with a well adjusted precaution, which seemed entirely inconsistent with the state of ebriety. He couched his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began, with the slightest

possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king, but stopping and remaining fixed at intervals, like the spider, which, moving towards her object, collapses into apparent lifelessness when she thinks she is the subject of observation. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who, on his part, prepared himself as quietly as possible to interfere, the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards' distance from Richard's person, when, starting on his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the cangiar or poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve.

Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch; but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the assassin, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen, and with little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance, than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, caught up the stool on which he had been

KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN

sitting, and exclaiming only, 'Ha, dog?' dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin.

'Ye are careful warders,' said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, roused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent, 'watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent all of you, and cease your senseless clamour!—For thee, my smart and silent friend,' he added, turning to the Ethiopian—'But how's this? thou art wounded, and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me, for by the force of a stab, so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than rase the lion's hide. Suck the poison from his wound, one of you. the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood.'

The yeomen looked on each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who feared no other.

'How now, sirrahs?' continued the king, 'are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death, that you dally thus?'

'Not the death of a man,' said Long Allan, to whom the king looked as he spoke; 'but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like a Martlemas ox.'

'His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison,' muttered another yeoman, 'as if he said, 'Go to, swallow a gooseberry!'

'Nay,' said Richard, 'I never bade man do that which I would not do myself.'

And without further ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around, and respectful opposition of the Nubian himself the king of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation, than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment. Long Allan also interposed, saying 'that if it were necessary to prevent the king engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth were at the service of the negro (as he called the Ethiopian), and that he would eat him up bodily, rather than King Richard's mouth should again approach him.

Neville, who entered with the other officers, added his remonstrances

'Nay, nay, make not a heedless halloo about a hare that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over,' said the king. 'The wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn—an angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch—and, for 'me, I have but to take a dram of orvietan by way of precaution, though it is needless '

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own condescension, though sanctioned both by 'humanity and gratitude. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the king imposed silence on him

'Peace, I prithee · make no more of it I did it but to show these ignorant prejudiced knaves how they

KING RICHARD, THE NUBIAN, AND THE ASSASSIN

might help each other when these cowardly cariffs come against us with poisoned shafts.

[You have read about Sir Kenneth of Scotland (or David Earl of Huntingdon) in the story of The Combat in the Desert. You meet him here again disguised as a Nubian slave]

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

surveyed looked at

Prometheus in ancient mythology we read of Prometheus stealing fire from heaven, with which he put life into human forms made out of clay For this Zeus (Jupiter) punished him by chaining him to a rock on Mount Caucasus, where a vulture fed constantly on his liver.

lingua franca , the language of the Franks, French.

mutulated maimed, deprived

address skill, expertness

melancholy , sad

factions rival parties

effusion shedding

mortifying humiliating

derogatory lowering.

insensible unconscious

hauberk a name first given to a portion of mail armour worn over the neck and shoulders, but later applied to a coat of mail extending below the knees.

brigandine a coat of mail

pariesse a shield

reconnoitring going in advance to find out the position of an enemy.

couched lying

pensive thoughtful

contumely abuse, scorn.

profligate vicious, shameless

crazed mad, insane

agility activity, quickness

genie spirit

vagaries . changes.

mused meditated

burnished polished

pursuing taking part in, indulging in

precaution care

ebriety (here means) madness

collapses sinks, falls

poniard a dagger

fanatical mad with zeal for religion

intermitted paused in

degrading lowering, humiliating

remonstrances objections

orvietan antidote, something which counteracts the effects of

condescension . doing something which, as a superior, you need not do

cantiffs low, mean fellows

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

surveyed the scene, mutilated by, unsullied by, absorbed in, derogatory to, avail oneself of, reconnoitring the position, a pensive attitude, at the pleasure of, pursuing their occupations, take every precaution, apprehension of danger, treat with ridicule, condescend to, impose silence on

ORAL WORK —

Say how the Nubian saved Richard

WRITTEN WORK —

Write an account of what happened after King Richard had killed the assassin

37. From the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington

"Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and
 with priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"
 Mighty seaman, this is he .
 Was great by land as thou by sea 5
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
 The greatest sailor since our world began
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he 10
 Was great by land as thou by sea ;
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ; 15
 For this is England's greatest son,
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye 20
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs 25
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines 30
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrennean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen 35
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close
Again their ravening eagle rose 40
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair ! 45
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray, 50
And down we swept and charged and overthrew
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty Seaman, tender and true, 55
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine, 60

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 169

If love of country move thee there at all,
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine '
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice, 65
 The proof and echo of all human fame,
 A people's voice, when they rejoice
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour to him, 70
 Eternal honour to his name

TENNYSON

Wellington died in 1852, long after his famous victory at Waterloo
 He was buried under the dome of St Paul's Cathedral, beside Lord
 Nelson The whole nation mourned his death, and his funeral was
 attended by representatives of every army in Europe

The first three lines are supposed to be spoken by the spirit of Nelson,
 which wants to know who is disturbing its rest, and why the dead
 person is being given a great public funeral

muffled drums drums draped with black cloth to deaden the sound,
 as a sign of mourning

gorgeous rites grand ceremonies

myriads large numbers

Wellington's victory at Assaye was a crushing blow to the Mahratta
 power.

fiery few a few brave, warlike soldiers against about 60,000 Mahrattas.
another sun another land & e, in Spain, during the Peninsular war,
 where he fought a series of battles and gradually drove the French
 over the Pyrennees

Europe--shadowing wings Napoleon had overthrown most of the Kings
 of Europe All Europe was under the shadow of defeat and subjection.
barking for eager for, loudly clamouring for Notice the difference
 between Napoleon "barking for the thrones of Kings" and
 Wellington who "sought but Duty's iron crown"

that loud sabbath the Sunday (June 15) on which the battle was fought.
 The din of battle continued till the afternoon.

the Prussian Blucher, the Prussian general, whose arrival Wellington patiently awaited The determination and patience of Wellington won for him the title of the Iron Duke

craven guile cowardly cunning

the proof and echo of all fame if the people of a country constantly praise their hero, no better proof is wanted that he won real and lasting fame

civic revel the rejoicings of the people or citizens

38. The Discovery of America

Next morning, being the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion. But in a voyage of such expectation and importance, every circumstance was the object of attention.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks making towards the southwest. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction, without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen;

their fears revived with additional force ; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance

All sense of subordination was lost. The officers who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men ; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe

Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect ; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to check. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his commands for three days longer, and if, during that time land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable ; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them

infallible For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance The flocks of birds increased and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved The sailors aboard; the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh

The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during the night the wind became unequal and variable From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ship to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe Gutierrez perceived it and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place A little after midnight, the joyful sound of 'Land! Land!' was heard from the *Pinta*, which always kept ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now

become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day

As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with war-like music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue.

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

supplications entreaties, prayers.

issue result

indications signs.

subsided diminished, grew less

subordination duty, discipline, obedience

concurred agreed

tumultuously noisily, with great confusion.

expostulated found fault with

tack turn (the ship)

sentiment feeling

impetuous furious, violent, forceful

proposition proposal

hazard risk

presages omens, tokens, signs that point to some future event

infallible not liable to fail, certain.

artificially by hand

fallacious false

dispelled removed, driven away

transports joyful outbursts

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

to steer for, sense of duty, to be impetuous, to comply with, to presage, to be slow of belief, to express wonder.

ORAL WORK —

Why were the men on board about to mutiny?

WRITTEN WORK —

State, briefly, what led Columbus to believe that land was somewhere near

39. The Poet's Song

THE rain had fallen, the Poet arose,
 He pass'd by the the town and out of the street,
 A light wind blew from the gates of the sun,
 And waves of shadow went over the wheat,
 And he sat him down in a lonely place,
 And chanted a melody loud and sweet,
 That made the wild-swan pause in her cloud,
 And the lark drop down at his feet
 The swallow stopt as he hunted the fly,
 The snake slipt under a spray, 10
 The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,
 And stared, with his foot on the prey,
 And the nightingale thought, ' I have sung many songs,
 But never a one so gay,
 For he sings of what the world will be
 When the years have died away '

The beauty and value of poetry is the subject of this little poem. We get the most delightful music in the sound of the lines, each word in a poem is carefully chosen for its sound. Besides this, the lines express the noblest, the most sublime, the most soul-stirring thoughts. The value of a poem is therefore, very real and lasting. The greatest thinkers, the greatest philosophers, the greatest of the world's teachers were poets.

In this poem we are told that the wild-swan, the lark, the swallow, even the snake and the hawk paused in their work to listen, enchanted, to the poet's song. The Nightingale, also, sweetest songster as she is, realises that the poet's song is grander on account of its theme, the World to be

NOTICE THE METAPHOR IN —

1. the gates of the sun.—the East
2. waves of shadow went over the west—the action of the wind as it blows over the corn field.

40. The Burning of Moscow

On the 14th September 1812, while the rearguard of the Russians were in the act of evacuating Moscow, Napoleon reached the hill called the Mount of Salvation, because it is there that the natives kneel and cross themselves at the first sight of the Holy City

Moscow seemed lordly and striking as ever, with the steeples of its thirty churches, and its copper domes glittering in the sun; its palaces of eastern architecture mingled with trees, and surrounded with gardens; and its Kremlin, a huge triangular mass of towers, something between a palace and a castle, which rose like a citadel out of the general mass of groves and buildings. But not a chimney sent up smoke, not a man appeared on the battlements or at the gates

Napoleon gazed every moment, expecting to see a train of bearded boyards arriving to fling themselves at his feet, and place their wealth at his disposal. His first exclamation was 'Behold at last that celebrated city!' His next. 'It was full time!' His army, less regardful of the past or the future, fixed their eyes on the goal of their wishes, and a shout of 'Moscow!—Moscow!' passed from rank to rank.

When he entered the gates of Moscow, Bonaparte, as if unwillingly to encounter the sight of the empty streets, stopped immediately on entering the first suburb. His troops were quartered in the desolate city. During the first few hours after their arrival, an obscure rumour, which could not be traced, but one of

those which are sometimes found to get abroad before the approach of some awful certainty, announced that the city would be in danger by fire in the course of the night. The report seemed to arise from those evident circumstances which rendered the event probable, but no one took any notice of it, until at midnight, when the soldiers were startled from their quarters, by the report that the town was in flames.

The memorable conflagration began amongst the coachmakers' warehouses and workshops in the bazaar, or general market which was the richest district of the city. It was imputed to accident, and the progress of the flames was subdued by the exertions of the French soldiers. Napoleon, who had been roused by the tumult, hurried to the spot, and when the alarm seemed at an end, he retired, not to his former quarters in the suburbs, but to the Kremlin, the hereditary palace of the only sovereign whom he had ever treated as an equal, and over whom his successful arms had now obtained such an apparently immense superiority. Yet he did not suffer himself to be dazzled by the advantage he had obtained, but availed himself of the light of the blazing bazaar to write to the emperor proposals of peace with his own hand. They were despatched by a Russian officer of rank, who had been disabled by indisposition from following the army. But no answer was ever returned.

Next day the flames had disappeared, and the French officers luxuriously employed themselves in selecting, out of the deserted palaces of Moscow, that which best pleased the fancy of each for his residence. At night, the flames again arose in the north and west quarters of the city. As the greater part of the houses

were built of wood, the conflagration spread with the most dreadful rapidity. This was at first imputed to the blazing brands and sparkles which were carried by the wind; but at length it was observed, that as often as the wind changed and it changed three times in that terrible night—new flames always burst forth in that direction where the existing gale was calculated to direct them on the Kremlin. These horrors were increased by the chance of explosion. There was, though as yet unknown to the French, a magazine of powder in the Kremlin; besides that, a park of artillery, with its ammunition, was drawn up under the emperor's window.

Morning came, and with it a dreadful scene. During the whole night the metropolis had glared with an untimely and unnatural light. It was now covered with a thick and suffocating atmosphere of almost palpable smoke. The flames defied the efforts of the French soldiery, and it is said that the fountain of the city had been rendered inaccessible, the water-pipes cut and the fire-engines destroyed or carried off.

Then came the reports of fireballs having been found burning in deserted houses; of men and women, that, like demons, had been openly spreading flames, and who were said to be furnished with combustibles for rendering their dreadful work more secure. Several wretches, against whom such acts had been charged, were seized upon, and, probably without much enquiry were shot on the spot. While it was almost impossible to keep the roof of the Kremlin clear of the burning brands which were showered down by the wind, Napoleon watched from the windows the course of the fire which

devoured his fair conquest, and the exclamation burst from him 'These are indeed Scythians!'

The equinoctial gales rose higher and higher upon the third night and extended the flames, with which there was no longer any human power of contending. At the dead hour of midnight, the Kremlin itself was found to be on fire. A soldier of the Russian police charged with being the incendiary, was turned over to the summary vengeance of the Imperial Guard. Bonaparte was then, at length, persuaded by the entreaties of all around him to relinquish his quarters in the Kremlin, to which, as the visible mark of his conquest, he had seemed to cling with the tenacity of a lion holding a fragment of his prey.

He encountered both difficulty and danger in retiring from the palace, and before he could gain the city gate he had to traverse, with his suite, streets arched with fire, and in which the very air they breathed was suffocating. At length he gained the open country, and took up his abode in a palace of the Czars, called Petrowsky, about a French league from the city. As he looked back on the fire, which, under the influence of the autumnal wind, swelled and surged round the Kremlin, like an infernal ocean around a sable Pandemonium, he could not suppress the ominous expression 'This bodes us great misfortune!'

The fire continued to triumph unopposed, and consumed in a few days what it had cost centuries to raise. 'Palaces and temples,' says a Russian author, 'monuments of art, and miracles of luxury, the remains of ages which had passed away, and those which had been the creation of yesterday; the tombs of ancestors,

and the nursery-cradles of the present generation, were indiscriminately destroyed. Nothing was left of Moscow save the remembrance of the city and the deep resolution to avenge its fall.

The fire raged till the 19th with unabated violence, and then began to slacken for want of fuel. It is said four-fifths of this great city were laid in ruins.

[Napoleon, with his Grand Army, marched to Moscow determined to crush the power of Czar of Russia. When he arrived, he found the city deserted. He quartered his troops in the city, but a fire broke out at night, and Napoleon was obliged to abandon what he had marched hundreds of miles to capture. The severe Russian winter did much greater harm than the Russian bullets, and only a miserable remnant of his Grand Army returned to France.]

WORDS AND MEANINGS —

evacuating leaving, going out from

citadel fortress.

boyards Russian noblemen

encounter meet

obscure vague.

conflagration a great fire

imputed ascribed, put down

inaptitude illness

park group, number of cannon arranged in line, ready for firing

palpable capable of being felt or touched

inaccessible impossible to reach

combustibles explosives

Scythians barbarian Huns

incendiary one who wilfully sets fire to

summary sharp, immediate

relinquish abandon

tenacity stubbornness.

traverse cross

sable dark, black

Pandemonium a mythical region of great noise and confusion

indiscriminately without any distinction

unabated undiminished

PHRASES TO BE USED IN SENTENCES —

Placed at his disposal, quartered in, imputed to, dazzled by success,
prevented by indisposition, calculated to, made inaccessible, con-
tend with, summary justice, surge round, a creation of yesterday,
with unabated fury

ORAL WORK —

- (1) Why did the Russians destroy their city ?
- (2) Why did Napoleon call them Scythians ?

WRITTEN WORK —

Write a short description of a city on fire. Imagine that you are in
the place and giving help to the fire-brigade

41. Vitai Lampada

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night —

Ten to make and the match to win—

A bumping pitch and a blinding light,

An hour to play and the last man in

And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat, 5

Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,

But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—

Red with the wreck of a square that broke,— 10

The Gatling's jammed and the colonel dead

And the regiment blind with dust and smoke

The river of death has brimmed his banks,

And England's far, and Honour a name,

But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks, 15

"Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is the word that year by year,
 While in her place the school is set,
 Every one of her sons must hear,
 And none that hears it dare forget 20
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling, fling to the host behind—
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

This poem tells us of the great moral lessons we learn at school

In verse 1 we read of a boy who has been selected to play for the school cricket eleven. He has not had much experience, and conditions are against him. The ground is bumpy, the glare of the setting sun dazzles his eyes and he is the last man in. If he loses his nerve and fails to score, the match is lost. As he puts his pads on, he feels his captain's hand on his shoulder, and hears him utter these words "Play up! play up! and play the game!"

This is a noble motto for every school boy. It tells us that pluck, endurance and honesty are qualities on which success depends, both in school and afterwards. We read in verse 2 that the boy saves his regiment at a critical moment. He would not have done so, if he had not learnt these three lessons at school.

In the third verse an old race is referred to. Each member of the competing teams had to run a certain distance with a lighted torch and hand it over to the next member. The last member ran with the lighted torch to the winning post. Similarly in school we must carry the motto before us like a burning torch leading us on, and hand it on to guide our successors when we leave school. It will lead us to success: we give it to our successors that it may also lead them to victory.

vitar lampada the Torch of Life

the close the ground where all school matches are played. Note what the lines imply here. The ground is bad, the light of the setting sun strikes right against the batsman's eyes, and the whole school is watching him.

a ribboned coat—the school colours, worn by members of the school team To wear the school colours is the ambition of every boy at school

the gatling a small quick-firing gun it is not in use now, as better weapons have been invented

has brummed his banks Death is compared to a river which is in full flood and is about to burst its banks and cover the country around The small English army was about to be overwhelmed by the wild dervishes in the Soudan War The men are wavering, defeat seems certain England's honour is at stake It is at this moment that the young officer makes use of his school motto, rallies his men, and leads them to victory

42. Admirals All

EFFINGHAM, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free !
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the Kings of the Sea !
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name !
Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame !
And honour, as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name !
Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay
With the galleons fair in sight ;
Howard at last must give him his way,
And the word was passed to fight

Never was schoolboy gayer than he,
Since holidays first began ;
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,
And under the guns he ran
Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,
Their cities he put to the sack ,
He singed His Catholic Majesty's beard,
And harried his ships to wrack
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls
When the great Armada came ;
But he said, " They must wait their turn, good
souls,"

And he stooped and finished the game
Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold ;
Duncan, he had but two
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,
And his colours aloft he flew
" I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,
" And I'll sink with a right good will,
For I know when we're all of us under the tide,
My flag will be fluttering still "
Splinters were flying above, below,
When Nelson sailed the Sound
" Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"
Said he, " for a thousand pound ! "
The admiral's signal bade him fly,
But he wickedly wagged his head ;
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye,
And " I'm dashed if I see it," he said
Admirals all, they said their say,
(The echoes are ringing still) ;
Admirals all, they went their way
To the haven under the hill.

But they left us a Kingdom none can take,
 The realm of the circling sea,
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,
 And the Rodneys yet to be
 Admirals all, for England's sake,
 Honour be yours and fame '
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,
 To Nelson's peerless name '

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

This is a poem in praise of the great sailors who have made England supreme at sea. Their deeds saved England in times of great peril, and she has been made safe against attack as a result of their bravery.

The poet, therefore, wants us to honour their names and always remember what they have done for us.

The names given in the poem are well known. You will find some of them spoken of as the 'Sea Dogs' who, in the reign of Elizabeth, laid the foundation of England's naval supremacy. All of them helped Lord Howard of Effingham in the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Their work was carried on by Blake. He saved England from the Dutch who threatened England's power at sea in the seventeenth century. Finally, in the eighteenth century, we get Nelson and Collingwood who saved us from the French and Napoleon.

peerless without an equal

fretting impatient, longing to get at the enemy

galleons spanish ships

singed His Catholic Majesty's beard Drake set fire to the Spanish ships in Cadiz harbour and called this the singeing of the King of Spain's beard.

rubber game

[Admiral Duncan's victory at Camperdown, and Nelson's at Copenhagen where he refused to retire, in spite of Admiral Parker's signal, are referred to.]

the Rodney's yet to be great sailors who, like admiral Rodney, will protect England's honour in time of need

