

EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

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

Children dear, were we long alone?

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

Down, down, down.

Down to the depths of the sea.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

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

Come away, away, children.

Come, children, come down.

The hoarse wind blows colder;

Lights shine in the town.

She will start from her slumber

When gusts shake the door;

She will hear the winds howling,

Will hear the waves roar.

We shall see, while above us

The waves roar and whirl,

A ceiling of amber,

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A pavement of pearl.
Singing, "Here came a mortal.
But faithless was she.
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow;
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low:
When sweet airs come sea-ward
From heaths starr'd with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie;
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing, "There dwells a lov'd one,
But cruel is she.
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

EXERCISES

(4) THE USE OF WORDS

Say whether the verbs in the following sentences are active or passive; then rewrite, changing active to passive, and *vice versa*:

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN 99

- (i) The far-off sound of a silver bell was heard by us yesterday.
(ii) My poor soul is lost, merman, here with thee.
(iii) In the world they say long prayers.
(iv) That loved one who dwells in the white town left the kings of the sea.
(v) The children were told by the merman to come away down and call no more.
(vi) They took one last fond look at the white-walled town.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following pairs of sentences by using one or other of these connectives: *but, yet, and, for*.

- (i) The children called long and loud. Their mother did not hear.
(ii) The strong winds howled. The wild waves roared.
(iii) It was growing cold and dark. They were reluctant to go back to the sea cavern.
(iv) She would not come. She was afraid that she might lose her soul.
(v) The mother was faithless. The children loved her.
(vi) When it is fine we will gaze at the little town. Then we will return.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Arrange in poetical form and punctuate:

Come dear children come away down call no more one last look at the white walled town and the little grey church on the windy shore then come down she will not come though you call all day come away come away children dear was it yesterday we heard the sweet bells over the bay in the caverns where we lay through the surf and through the swell the far-off sound of a silver bell.

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(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

Let us away
This way, this way.

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

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

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

(ii) This poem is full of pathos: the author makes us feel very sorry for the lonely merman and the children who were bereft of a mother's care. Think of all the other pathetic stories you have read, whether in poetry or prose, and write a short account of the saddest of them.

(iii) Write a piece of descriptive prose entitled, "The Merman's Abode."

(iv) Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sat with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea.

Read these lines to yourself, and mark the accent by beating time. Then write them out, marking off the feet, and placing a dash (/) over each accented syllable.

(v) In the following lines it will be noticed how well the sound suggests the sense:

Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and *chate* and *toss* in the spray.

Find a similar example.

(vi) Study carefully the weather descriptions in the poem, and show how wind and wave provide a suitable setting for the story.

XI

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking

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

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

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

“O, father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.”

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

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

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

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

proving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices

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

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

CHARLES LAMB

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

- (i) The swine-herd, Ho-ti, () left the cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo.
 (ii) While he was thinking what he should say, an odour () assailed his nostrils.
 (iii) Bo-bo paid no heed to the blows () but continued eating.
 (iv) The father and son were summoned to take their trial at Pekin ().

- (v) The gentlemen of the jury () brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.
 (vi) The judge () bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

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

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

(C) PUNCTUATION

Change into direct speech:

- (i) Bo-bo asked his father to come and taste the burnt pig.
 (ii) Ho-ti asked his son what he had got there devouring.
 (iii) The foreman of the jury said he should like to have some of the burnt pig.
 (iv) Ho-ti told his son not to let the secret escape.
 (v) The angry father told the boy that he had already burnt down three houses.
 (vi) The reporter said that it was the oddest verdict he had ever known.

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

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

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

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

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT
TO AIX

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts un-
drew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Re-buckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from MecheIn church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

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

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

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

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

ROBERT BROWNING

LOCHINVAR

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

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

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

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

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

The bride kissed the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood
near;

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scour;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby
clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they
ran:

There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG ¹

I RODE through the Bush in the burning noon
Over the hills to my bride,—
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my Beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the West;—
Lightly liting a gay love-song
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

"Red, red rose of the Western streams"
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need;
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—
I had my own good grey.

¹ By permission of Miss Alice Werner.

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame;—
And I felt my heart go cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,—
But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed.
On the roaring eastern wind;—
Neck and neck was the reckless race,—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—"Let's change, I say!"
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground,—"Look sharp!" he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head—
"I ride lighter than you!"

Down and up—it was quickly done—
No words to waste that day!—
Swift as a swallow she sped along,
The good bay mare from Dandenong,—
And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
From the very mouth of Hell:—
The blue gums caught and blazed on high
Like flaming pillars into the sky; . . .
The grey horse staggered and fell.

"Ride, ride, lad—ride for her sake!" he cried;
Into the gulf of flame
Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
And the lips that named *Her* name.

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She bore me bravely, the good bay mare;—
 Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
 I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
 'Twas the river's rush that I heard before,
 And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
 O love! thine arms were about me then,
 Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
 But—O God! that I came alone!—
 I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,
 By the Murray streams in the West,—
 But oft through the mist of my dreams along
 Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

ALICE WERNER

EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

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

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

SOME GALLOPING POEMS

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Use the following phrases in complete sentences:

- (i) broke silence; (ii) horrible heave of the flank; (iii) cast loose; (iv) dauntless in war; (v) lightly lifting; (vi) a breathing-space.

(C) PUNCTUATION

Punctuate the following sentences, and supply capital letters where necessary:

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

(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

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

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

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

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

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff.
 The *b's* convey just the crisp, snapping effect which the poet desired. Search for other examples.

H