

## EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike," replied Mr Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come!" roared Mr Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr Pickwick was the very personation of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr Winkle and Mr Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise

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behind him, and Mr Tupman and Mr Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze on the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury, beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Pickwick Papers*

## EXERCISES

## (A) THE USE OF WORDS

Rewrite this passage, avoiding any awkward repetition by the use of pronouns:

Mr Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of Mr Pickwick's faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities highly interesting to a bystander but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind the animal. Besides constantly jerking the animal's head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr Pickwick to hold the reins, the animal had a singular propensity for darting suddenly to the side, then stopping short and then rushing forward at a great speed.

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### (B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Make sentences using the following phrases:

- (i) considerable misgivings; (ii) approaching expedition;
- (iii) inexpressibly gratified; (iv) inward presentiment;
- (v) various peculiarities; (vi) executed this manoeuvre.

### (C) PUNCTUATION

Change into indirect speech:

- (i) "I don't know," said Mr Tupman.
- (ii) "I have dropped my whip," said that gentleman.
- (iii) "What am I to do?" shouted Mr Winkle.
- (iv) "We want to put this horse up here," said Mr Pickwick.
- (v) "It got us into trouble last time," said the woman.
- (vi) "Do you think we stole this horse?" said the angry Mr Pickwick.

### (D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

Dickens frequently added to the humour of his writing by giving simple things long names; a 'horse,' for instance, is a 'quadraped.' Notice these examples, and rewrite them as briefly and simply as you can.

- (i) Mr Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill.
- (ii) Mr Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements.
- (iii) It was a curious little green box, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone.
- (iv) The tall quadraped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.
- (v) He exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde motion.
- (vi) Mr Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet upon a floor-clothed shelf.

## AN EQUESTRIAN ADVENTURE

### (E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

- (i) Read carefully Dickens's description of the four-wheeled chaise, and draw a sketch of it.
- (ii) You look upon this as a funny incident, but what do you suppose Mr Winkle thought of it? Write "My Ride to Dingley Dell," as told by Nathaniel Winkle."
- (iii) Write in a few lines (a) the thoughts of one tall horse as he trotted home to Rochester, (b) the thoughts of the other tall horse as he was led to Dingley Dell.
- (iv) After reading Mr Winkle's painful experiences, compile a set of rules for those about to get on horseback for the first time.
- (v) It is said that Mr Winkle "climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war." Compile a list of four other feats which you consider Mr Winkle would have found equally difficult.
- (vi) Write a brief summary of the whole extract under these headings: (i) The Departure; (ii) The Journey; (iii) The Catastrophe.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd  
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;  
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,  
 Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their Lord,  
 King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,  
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,  
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,  
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,  
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,  
 That stood on a dank strait of barren land.  
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one  
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all  
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep  
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we  
 Shall never more, at any future time,  
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,  
 Walking about the gardens and the halls  
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.  
 I perish by this people which I made,—  
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again  
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,  
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm  
 That without help I cannot last till morn.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,  
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how  
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm  
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across  
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:  
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told  
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:  
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,  
 And fling him far into the middle mere:  
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."  
 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,  
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.  
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.  
 Yet I thy best will all perform at full,  
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."  
 So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept  
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,  
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,  
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang  
 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down  
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,  
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,  
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,  
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:  
 For all the halt twinkled with diamond sparks,  
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth work  
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long  
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,

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This way and that dividing the swift mind,  
 In act to throw: But at the last it seem'd  
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd  
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,  
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.  
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.  
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:  
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?  
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"  
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,  
 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:  
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."  
 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:  
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,  
 Not rendering true answer, as besem'd  
 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:  
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,  
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.  
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.  
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again  
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing  
 I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."  
 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time  
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,  
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;  
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,  
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote  
 His palms together, and he cried aloud.  
 "And if indeed I cast the brand away,  
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,  
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,  
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.  
 What good should follow this, if this were done?"

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,  
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.  
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand  
 An act unprofitable, against himself?  
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.  
 What record, or what relic of my lord  
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath  
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,  
 Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,  
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,  
 Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.  
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps  
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'  
 So might some old man speak in the aftertime  
 To all the people, winning reverence.  
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."  
 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,  
 And hid Excalibur the second time.  
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.  
 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:  
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"  
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."  
 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:  
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,  
 Unknighly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!  
 Authority forgets a dying king,  
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye  
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,  
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,  
 In whom should meet the offices of all,

Thou would'st betray me for the precious hilt;  
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl  
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.  
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,  
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence  
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,  
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."  
 Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran  
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand  
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,  
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,  
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,  
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock  
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.  
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:  
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,  
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.  
 And lightly went the other to the King.  
 Then spake King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:  
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.  
 Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"  
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems  
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,  
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,  
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,  
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.  
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him:  
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm  
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him  
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."  
 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:  
 "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.  
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,  
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear  
 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."  
 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,  
 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,  
 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes  
 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere  
 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,  
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,  
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,  
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,  
 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.  
 But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,  
 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed  
 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,  
 Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!  
 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."  
 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,  
 Clothed with his breath, and looking as he walk'd,  
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.  
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry  
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.  
 Dry dash'd his harness in the icy caves  
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right  
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based  
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang  
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—  
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,  
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

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But now farewell. I am going a long way  
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—  
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)  
 To the island-valley of Avilion;  
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,  
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies  
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,  
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."  
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail  
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted  
 swan  
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,  
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood  
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere  
 Revolving many memories, till the hull  
 Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

LORD TENNYSON

## EXERCISES

## (A) THE USE OF WORDS

Correct mistakes in the following sentences:

- (i) Arthur had seen his knights go one by one, and Sir Bedivere was the last of any.
- (ii) The goodliest of any fellowship of famous knights that ever existed was unsoldered.
- (iii) It was the subtlest of any jewellery ever seen in a sword handle.
- (iv) Although Arthur was severely wounded and weak in body, Sir Bedivere was the weakest in mind.

## MORTE D'ARTHUR

- (v) Excalibur was more wonderful than all swords.
- (vi) There were three queens in the barge, and the taller and fairer of them called Arthur by name.

## (B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Join the following sentences by using relative pronouns:

- (i) Arthur writhed in pain. He said that he perished by the people he had made.
- (ii) Sir Bedivere was the last of Arthur's knights. He flung Excalibur into the middle mere.
- (iii) But first Bedivere tried to hide it. He thought it was a shame to throw away so fine a sword.
- (iv) Arthur hated all deceit. He reproached Bedivere bitterly.
- (v) There was an arm clothed in white samite. It caught Excalibur by the hilt.
- (vi) The knight was overcome with grief. He bore his precious load to the margin of the lake.

## (C) PUNCTUATION

Make a distinction between possessives and plurals by inserting apostrophes wherever they are required in the following sentences:

- (i) Of all the swords that Sir Bedivere had ever handled there was none so grand as Arthurs.
- (ii) The Round Table was dissolved: the knights places were vacant.
- (iii) Sir Bediveres eyes were dazzled.
- (iv) He made up his mind to disregard the kings whims.
- (v) Excalibur was a lonely maidens work. She wrought it nine years as she sat in the deeps upon the hidden bases of the hills.

### EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

#### (D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS

It will be noticed that some poetry requires to be said quickly, while other poetry loses all its beauty and all its meaning unless said slowly. There are examples of both in this poem. You cannot read this passage slowly:

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran  
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged  
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,  
And strongly wheel'd and threw it.

Neither can you read this quickly:

Long stood Sir Bedivere  
Revolving many memories, till the hull  
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,  
And on the mere the wailing died away.

Find two similar examples, one of 'fast time,' and the other of 'slow time,' and notice in each case how well the time suits the meaning.

#### (E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

(i) What are "greaves and cuisses"? Get a picture showing a knight in armour and make a sketch from it.

(ii) Notice how appropriate the hissing sound is in the lines:

The sea-wind sang  
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

Try to find a similar instance for yourself in any book of poetry you have.

(iii) Write a description of the "island-valley of Avilion," and say what you imagine happened to Arthur there.

(iv) What were Sir Bedivere's excuses for disobeying the dying king? Were they reasonable? What would you have done in Sir Bedivere's place?

(v)

The winter moon,  
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth  
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt.

### MORTE D'ARTHUR

Describe the scene pictured by the poet as expressively as you can in your own words.

(vi) "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." What do you consider the greatest change that you have seen? Do you consider it a change for the better?

## SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his

## SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very



**(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS**

Avoid the use of *and* in the following sentences by using a participle. Thus, instead of "Sir Roger is a good churchman *and* has beautified the inside of his church," write: "Sir Roger, *being* a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church."

- (i) We know London as it is now and we find it very hard to realize what it was in the days of Addison.
- (ii) It had not long recovered from the ravages of plague and fire and it was filled with new buildings.
- (iii) The church spires and the great new dome of St Paul's gleamed white over the roofs and were a sight to behold.
- (iv) The citizens were mostly traders and they were noted for their sturdy independence.
- (v) The Londoner scarcely ever went on a journey and was quite content with the sights of his own city.

**(C) PUNCTUATION**

Punctuate the following sentences:

- (i) Why said Sir Roger is your husband not at church this morning
- (ii) Is it likely that many country squires were as kindly as old Sir Roger
- (iii) What are you doing said my old friend to John Matthews
- (iv) Do the old knights peculiarities make you smile
- (v) Is not the church beautiful asked Sir Roger with pride

**(D) THE CHOICE OF WORDS**

Read through the essay again very carefully, paying particular attention to the style in which it is written. It will be noticed that the sentences are fairly long, and that the style is smooth and flowing, admirably suiting the subject-matter. Rewrite the following so as to make flowing sentences as nearly as possible in the style of Addison:

Joseph Addison was born near Amesbury in 1672. His father was a clergyman. Joseph had a great fondness for writing Latin poetry. In those days ability to write verses in Latin was the key to success. So Addison rose to be Secretary of State. He also wrote much poetry in English. This has almost been forgotten, except for one or two hymns. These are often sung in churches. It is, however, as an essayist that he has won lasting fame. The essays, especially those of *The Spectator*, had a great circulation. They secured for him great popularity. "Sir Roger at Church" is taken from *The Spectator*. It gives a good idea of Addison's style.

**(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES**

- (i) What part of a church is the chancel? Draw a sketch-plan of any church you know showing the chancel.
- (ii) Set out the reasons which Addison gives in favour of keeping Sunday as a day of rest.
- (iii) Write an essay on "A Sunday in the Country."
- (iv) Suppose that you are John Matthews: write a brief defence of your bad behaviour in church.
- (v) Explain what is meant by the following phrases: "an itinerant singing-master"; "a secret reprimand"; "the present incumbent."
- (vi) Imagine that you are one of Sir Roger's tenants: write a letter to him explaining your absence from church on Sunday last.

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?  
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,  
Where the winds are all asleep;  
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;  
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;  
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round  
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;  
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,  
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;  
Where great whales come sailing by,  
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,  
Round the world for ever and aye?  
When did music come this way?  
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday  
(Call yet once) that she went away?  
Once she sate with you and me,  
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,  
And the youngest sate on her knee.  
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,  
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.  
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green  
sea.

## X

## THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;  
Down and away below.  
Now my brothers call from the bay;  
Now the great winds shorewards blow;  
Now the salt tides seawards flow;  
Now the wild white horses play,  
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.  
Children dear, let us away.  
This way, this way.

Call her once before you go.  
Call once yet.  
In a voice that she will know:  
"Margaret! Margaret!"  
Children's voices should be dear  
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:  
Children's voices, wild with pain.  
Surely she will come again.  
Call her once and come away.  
This way, this way.  
"Mother dear, we cannot stay."  
The wild white horses foam and fret,  
Margaret! Margaret!  
Come, dear children, come away down.  
Call no more.  
One last look at the white-wall'd town,