

Standard English Readings

For

Senior Middle Schools

BOOK II

高中英文選

第二冊

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序

近世文字以英語行用最廣吾國文化退步科學幼稚而自海通以來與世界接觸頻繁尤須藉此媒介以窺學術思想之門以通交涉往還之津故國內高級中學英文一科幾與國文並重考其目的關於技能者有三一能閱讀書報而翻譯之二能作普通書函及論文而使人瞭解之三能作通常會話及簡短演說關於精神者有三一能增進學生世界常識二能涵育青年德性三能誘掖修學興趣編定課程標準者所望未奢而欲達此目的則胥視師資之訓練與教材之編纂如何以爲衡焉有優良之教師而後教材之驅處條理乃能合節而得宜吾國選用英文教材類多借用外國原本其於青年修學心理或與初中英文程度銜接與否不顧也其書著者之生活背景以及書中引用之故實如何不問也至若選文教授其深淺適度前後相貫而體裁間變不致意義單調並能誘發學生興趣者殊亦不可多觀蘇州中學英文教師十餘人積十餘年之教學經驗組織英文教學研究會課餘研討皆病高中英文無相當善本發願合編英文讀本三冊定名爲高中英文選每提出一篇討論良久而後決定公推沈問梅沈同洽胡達人呂叔湘汪毓周五先生爲校訂委員而以問梅主其事問梅歷任專門及中學英文教員暨中華書局西文部編輯主

任二十餘年於教學於編輯皆富有經驗復經諸先生之協助閱一載而全書成搜選既廣研討亦精而諸君子猶未敢自信余喜其內容於精神技能兩端兼顧並進而又深淺合度附以句解問答作者小傳以便自修較桑戴克爲美國中學所編之本尤爲適用亟勸付印以餉學子惟此書纂集之動機在引起各校教師之研究以期將來有更善之本出現甚望學者批評指教此本會同人所當虛心容納而朝夕自勵者也汪懋祖

十八年八月一日

PREFACE

When I was first shown the manuscripts of these readers, I at once felt that their joint authorship was worthy of the highest praise. Few schools in the land to-day can boast of such an organization as the Teachers' English Literary Club of the Soochow Academy, and fewer schools can dream of such productions by their teachers as the Standard English Readings for Senior Middle Schools. Yet, there can be no better way of solving our teaching problems than to pool the efforts of all who understand the actual conditions of the class-room. The authors, therefore, as well as the school with such authors on its teaching staff, should receive the laural for the fine co-operative spirit shown in the publication of this series.

As to the contents of these books, it seems to me that the authors have greatly enhanced their usefulness by emphasizing the interest value of the selections and allowing space for the Helps to Study. In the hands of teachers who know their business as well as the authors know theirs, these books will, no doubt, produce results far superior to what can be accomplished with those indifferent readers compiled by indifferent textbook-mongers, which unfortunately have preyed on the time and energy of our English teachers and students for these many years.

SZE-YI CHANG

Soochow,
August 13, 1929.

高 中 英 文 選

編 輯 大 意

- 一. 本書依照高級中學現行英語學科標準編輯
- 一. 本書蒐采歐美名作一以富於興趣足資欣賞為主
- 一. 本書三集供高中三年之用第三集文字較深大學亦可適用
- 一. 每集文字按其深淺長短以次排列其深淺相間之處用意
在使讀者興味得以調劑
- 一. 初集載文六十篇詩歌劇本占十之一書翰演說占十之一
論說文占十之三記事文占十之五
- 一. 二集載文四十篇詩歌劇本占十之二書翰演說占十之一
論說文占十之三記事文占十之四
- 一. 三集載文四十篇詩歌劇本占十之二書翰演說占十之一
論說文占十之四記事文占十之三
- 一. 本書每篇之首均冠以作者小傳惟已見者概不重出篇後
附有下列各項
 - (甲) 全文說明 Notes
 - (乙) 詞句詮釋 Words and Phrases
 - (丙) 問題研究 Questions
 - (丁) 名句記誦 Memory Work
- 一. 全文說明 Notes 顯示本文之背景及大意
- 一. 詞句註釋 Words and Phrases 就本文中之難句僻
字或引用史地之處依次詳釋遇有專門名字發音較難者
注以萬國語音符號
- 一. 問題研究 Questions 就本文中重要各點設題發問使
讀者對於全文得有深切的認識並以啓發其思想
- 一. 名句記誦 Memory Work 就本文或其他文字中精選
有關本題之警句列爲一欄供讀者記誦俾屬文時便於運
用
- 一. 本書所選英美著名詩歌遇有名人漢譯列入附錄 Ap-
pendix 以資參考

編 者 識

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Companionship of Books— <i>Samuel Smiles</i>	1
Robinson Crusoe and His Man Friday— <i>Daniel Defoe</i>	6
The Bennets— <i>Jane Austen</i>	16
Letter to Mrs. Bixby— <i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	27
The Story of Gautama— <i>H. G. Wells</i>	30
<i>Three Short Poems</i> — <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	39
Australian Kangaroo Hunt— <i>Sir George Grey</i>	42
The Break-up of a Great Drought— <i>Mark Rutherford</i>	47
The Power Of Government In Imposing Taxes— <i>John Fiske</i>	51
The Merchant of Venice— <i>Mary Lamb</i>	56
An August Day in Marseilles— <i>Charles Dickens</i>	85
<i>A Psalm of Life</i> — <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>	90
A Handful of Clay— <i>Henry van Dyke</i>	93
Learning the Use of Liberty— <i>Thomas B. Macaulay</i>	99
A Curtain Lecture— <i>Douglas Jerrold</i>	102
America's Responsibilities— <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	109
Death of Little Nell— <i>Charles Dickens</i>	115
<i>Annabel Lee</i> — <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	125
The Definition of a Gentleman— <i>John Henry Newman</i>	129
Rip Van Winkle— <i>Washington Irving</i>	133
Dreamthorp— <i>Alexander Smith</i>	160
Silence— <i>Sidney Lanier</i>	167
The Archery Match at Ashby— <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	171

	PAGE
<i>The Charge of Light Brigade—Alfred Tennyson</i>	181
Julius Cæsar— <i>William Shakespeare</i>	185
Delight— <i>John Galsworthy</i>	195
Preparation for War— <i>Capt. Alfred T. Mahan</i>	200
The Necklace— <i>Guy de Maupassant</i>	209
A Letter of Counsel— <i>George Washington</i>	230
<i>Love of Country—Sir Walter Scott</i>	236
The War for Democracy— <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	258
My Watch— <i>Mark Twain</i>	245
The Gift of the Magi— <i>O. Henry</i>	254
Life in the Wilderness— <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>	268
The Relief of Leydon— <i>John L. Motley</i>	276
<i>The Song of the Shirt—Thomas Hood</i>	287
Self-Control— <i>Samuel Smiles</i>	293
Life of Ma Parker— <i>Katherine Mansfield</i>	303
Await the Issue— <i>Thomas Carlyle</i>	319
El Dorado— <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>	323
Appendix	332

Standard English Readings

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BOOK II

COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS

SAMUEL SMILES (1812-1904)

Samuel Smiles, born at Haddington, Scotland, December 23, 1812, was in early life a medical practitioner, and subsequently editor of the *Leeds Times*. At twenty he took his Edinburgh M.D. In 1838 appeared his "*Physical Education*." While at Leeds he met George Stephenson, the famous English engineer, and wrote a life of him. His "*Self-help*," a book that has been translated into a score of languages, won him wide popularity. The series of works that brought him an LL.D. from Edinburgh included "*Character*," " *thrift*", "*Duty*", and "*Life and Labour*." Among his other works must be mentioned "*Lives of the Engineers*", which formed his most solid contribution to the world of literature. He died on April 16, 1904.

A man may usually be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps; for there is a companionship of books as well as of men; and one should always live in the best company, whether it be of books or of men.

A good book may be among the best of friends. It is the same to-day that it always was, and it will never change. It is the most patient

and cheerful of companions. It does not turn its back upon us in times of adversity or distress. It always receives us with the same kindness; amusing and instructing us in youth, and comforting and consoling us in age.

Men often discover their affinity to each other by the love they have each for a book—just as two persons sometimes discover a friend by the admiration which both have for a third. There is an old proverb, “Love me, love my dog.” But there is more wisdom in this: “Love me, love my book.” The book is a truer and higher bond of union. Men can think, feel, and sympathize with each other through their favorite author. They live in him together, and he in them.

“Books,” said Hazlitt, “wind into the heart; the poet’s verse slides in the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old. We read there of what has happened to others, we feel that it has happened to ourselves. They are to be had everywhere cheap and good. We breathe but the air of books.”

A good book is often the best urn of a life enshrining the best that life could think out; for

the world of a man's life is, for the most part, but the world of his thoughts. Thus the best books are treasuries of good words, the golden thoughts, which, remembered and cherished, become our constant companions and comforters. "They are never alone," said Sir Philip Sidney, "that are accompanied by noble thoughts." The good and true thought may in times of temptation be as an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul. It also enshrines the germs of action, for good words almost always inspire to good works.

Books possess an essence of immortality. They are by far the most lasting products of human effort. Temples and statues decay, but books survive. Time is of no account with great thoughts, which are as fresh to-day as when they first passed through their authors' minds, ages ago. What was then said and thought still speaks to us as vividly as ever from the printed page. The only effect of time has been to sift out the bad products; for nothing in literature can long survive but what is really good.

Books introduce us into the best society; they bring us into the presence of the greatest minds

that have ever lived. We hear what they said and did; we see them as if they were really alive; we sympathize with them, enjoy with them, grieve with them; their experience becomes ours, and we feel as if we were in a measure actors with them in the scenes which they describe.

The great and good do not die even in this world. Embalmed in books, their spirits walk abroad. The book is a living voice. It is an intellect to which one still listens. Hence we ever remain under the influence of the great men of old. The imperial intellects of the world are as much alive now as they were ages ago.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The above selection is from one of the essays that mark Samuel Smiles not only as a writer but also as a moralist—a great preacher of ethical ideals. “Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings?” is the question John Ruskin put to us when he discussed the good and the bad books; and here we find the right answer—“One should always live in the best company, whether it be of books or of men.” In point of well-balanced phrasing and concisely powerful expression, the works of Smiles may be reckoned among the best of the kind. The style of his writing is always clear and forcible, and this is one of the reasons why no other writing of an ethical character has left a deeper impression on its reader's mind.

Words and Phrases

The company he keeps: the persons with whom he associates himself.

Best company: best society

Turn its back upon: desert; leave

In age: in old age

Affinity: similarity of character suggesting relationship

"Love me, love my dog": an old English proverb meaning that if you love any one, you will like all that belongs to him. It is equivalent to our proverb "愛屋及烏".

Live in him: think, feel, and sympathize with him

He in them: he lives in them.

Hazlitt, William (1778-1830): English literary critic. It is said that he was the critics' critic as Spenser was the poets' poet.

Wind: make their way

Slides: glides; moves smoothly

Urn: vessel

Enshrining: holding

Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586): one of Queen Elizabeth's favourites, and a man of singular ability and bravery. He held an important place in English literature as a poet, as a romancer and as a critic.

Of no account: of no importance

In a measure: to some degree

Embalmed: perpetuated; preserved

Of old: in ancient times

Imperial: great

Questions

1. Who was Samuel Smiles? 2. By what is a man usually known? Why?
3. How can we discover a true friend? 4. Explain "Love me, love my book".
5. What do you think is immortal in the world? Why?
6. How is it that we ever remain under the influence of the great men of old?

Memory Work

1. A man is known by the company he keeps.— *Confucius*.

2. He that loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, an effectual comforter.— *Isaac Barrow*.

3. Books wind into the heart; the poet's verse slides in the current of our blood. We read them when young, we remember them when old. We read there of what has happened to others, we feel that it has happened to ourselves.— *William Hazlitt*.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731)

Daniel Defoe was a popular English author born in London in 1661. The particle "De" was prefixed to the name by Daniel himself. The number of his works amounts to about two hundred, of which the "*Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*" is the most popular. "Perhaps there exists no work in the English language," says Sir Walter Scott, "which has been more generally read and more universally admired than the *Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*."

There was one cause for anxiety that kept me constantly on the watch. From time to time I had seen savages land their canoes on my island, but thus far my habitation had not been discovered. I was surprised one morning early to see no less than five canoes, all on shore together on my side of the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed, and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my plans; for seeing so many, and

knowing that they always came four, or six, or sometimes more, in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle. However, I made all the arrangements for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was ready for action. Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, at length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my telescope, that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my glass two miserable wretches dragged from the boats. One of them immediately fell, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way, and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him

open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, started away from them, and ran swiftly along the sands directly towards me, I mean towards the part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened (that I must acknowledge) when I saw him run my way, and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not more than three men that followed him. And still more was I encouraged when I found that he outstripped them in running, and gained ground on them, so that if he could but hold it for half an hour, I saw easily he would get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned in the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made

nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with great strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that, standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went quietly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him.

I observed that the two who swam were more than twice as long swimming over the creek as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately, with all possible haste, fetched my two guns, and getting up again to the very top of the hill, put myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and, in the meantime, I slowly advanced toward the two that followed;

then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my gun. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued with him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then forced to shoot him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise that he stood stock-still. I hallooed again to him, and made signs for him to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been taken to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, as if thanking me for saving his life. I smiled at him,

and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was to show that he would be my slave forever. I lifted him up, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him.

Upon this my savage spoke some words to me; and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of man's voice that I had heard except my own, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such thoughts now. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up on the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I raised my other gun at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this my savage made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did. He no

sooner had it than he ran to his enemy, and, at one blow, cut off his head. This I thought very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords. However, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow too. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with many gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But that which astonished him most was to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off. Pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turned him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast. Then he took up his bow and arrows, and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to

him to follow me, making signs to him that more might come after them.

Upon this he signed to me that he should bury them with sand that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed; and I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him, and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him to my cave.

Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draft of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

After he had slept about half an hour, he waked again, and came out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came

running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of thankfulness. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before, to let me know how he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him and teach him to speak to me; and, first, I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life. I likewise taught him to say "master," and then let him know that was to be my name. I likewise taught him to say "yes" and "no," and to know the meaning of them.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

A Scottish sailor who had quarrelled with his captain was once put ashore at the island of Juan Fernandes in the South Pacific, off the coast of South America. His name was Alexander Selkirk. He lived on the island for more than four years before he was rescued by a passing ship. Accounts of his adventures were read by Daniel Defoe and gave him the idea of writing a story about a sailor cast ashore on a desert island. The result was "*Robinson Crusoe*," a book that has delighted young and old ever since it was written.

Words and Phrases

- On the watch: watchful
 Thus far: up to the time of speaking
 Ready for action: ready to fight
 By any means: in any way
 Looking on: watching
 Glass: telescope
 At liberty: not under watch
 Run my way: run towards me
 Body: group
 Kept my station: remained where I was
 Gained ground on: got farther from
 Hold it: keep on
 Made nothing of: disregarded
 It came upon my thoughts: I thought of it suddenly
 Warmly: keenly
 Providence: God
 Stock-still: motionless
 Come to himself: recover himself; recover his senses
 Made a motion: made a sign
 In sign of: to show
 Fell to work: began working
 In great distress for: in urgent need of
 Go lie: go and lie
 Did by: treated

Questions

1. What is the origin of "Robinson Crusoe"?
2. How does Crusoe feel when he sees the savage running towards him?
3. Why does he save a savage?
4. How long has it been since he heard a human voice?
5. In what different ways does Friday show his unusual strength?
6. How do you know that he is intelligent? that he is grateful?
7. What else do you know about Robinson Crusoe?
8. Why is Friday so named?

THE BENNETS

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817)

Jane Austen, born Dec. 16, 1775, at Steventon Rectory, Hampshire, is regarded as the ablest female fiction-writer that England has produced. She was the youngest child of Rev. George Austen, rector of Steventon. Her eldest brother James, well read in English literature and having a correct taste, is thought to have directed her reading and helped to form her taste. She had a good acquaintance with English literature, her favorite authors being Richardson, Johnson, Crabbe, Cowper, and, later, Scott. She began to write at an early age, but it was after her final removal to Chawton in 1809 that she first gave anything to the world. In person she was remarkably graceful, with bright hazel eyes and beautiful brown curly hair. Her disposition was calm and even; there was in her nothing eccentric or angular. From her mother Cassandra Leigh, she probably inherited her lively imagination and her refreshing humor. Early in 1816 her health became impaired. In May, 1817, she came for medical advice to Winchester, and here she died July 8. She was buried in the cathedral, where a large slab of black marble in the pavement marks the place. Four stories were published anonymously in her lifetime—*"Sense and Sensibility"* (1811), *"Pride and Prejudice"* (1813), *"Mansfield Park"* (1814), and *"Emma"* (1816).

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” said his lady to him one day, “have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?”

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

“But it is,” returned she; “for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.”

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

“Do not you want to know who has taken it?” cried his wife impatiently.

“*You* want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.”

This was invitation enough.

“Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.”

“What is his name?”

“Bingley.”

“Is he married or single?”

“Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a-year. What a fine thing for our girls!”

“How so? how can it affect them?”

“My dear Mr. Bennet,” replied his wife, “how can you be so tiresome! You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.”

“Is that his design in settling here?”

“Design! nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.”

“I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.”

“My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.”

“In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of.”

“But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.”

“It is more than I engage for, I assure you.”

“But consider your daughters. - Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account, for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him if you do not.”

“You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chuses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy.”

“I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference.”

“They have none of them much to recommend them,” replied he; “they are all silly and ignorant,

like other girls; but Lizzie has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a-year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little

information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

Mr. Bennet was among the earliest of those who waited on Mr. Bingley. He had always intended to visit him, though to the last always assuring his wife that he should not go; and till the evening after the visit was paid she had no knowledge of it. It was then disclosed in the following manner:—

Observing his second daughter employed in trimming a hat, he suddenly addressed her with,

“I hope Mr. Bingley will like it, Lizzy.”

“We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes,” said her mother resentfully, “since we are not to visit.”

“But you forget, mamma,” said Elizabeth, “that we shall meet him at the assemblies, and that Mrs. Long has promised to introduce him.”

“I do not believe Mrs. Long will do any such thing. She has two nieces of her own. She is a selfish, hypocritical woman, and I have no opinion of her.”

"No more have I," said Mr. Bennet; "and I am glad to find that you do not depend on her serving you."

Mrs. Bennet deigned not to make any reply, but, unable to contain herself, began scolding one of her daughters.

"Don't keep coughing so, Kitty, for Heaven's sake! Have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces."

"Kitty has no discretion in her coughs," said her father; "she times them ill."

"I do not cough for my own amusement," replied Kitty fretfully. "When is your next ball to be, Lizzy?"

"To-morrow fortnight."

"Aye, so it is," cried her mother, "and Mrs. Long does not come back till the day before; so it will be impossible for her to introduce him, for she will not know him herself."

"Then, my dear, you may have the advantage of your friend, and introduce Mr. Bingley to *her*."

"Impossible, Mr. Bennet, impossible, when I am not acquainted with him myself; how can you be so teasing?"

“I honour your circumspection. A fortnight’s acquaintance is certainly very little. One cannot know what a man really is by the end of a fortnight. But if *we* do not venture, somebody else will; and after all, Mrs. Long and her nieces must stand their chance; and, therefore, as she will think it an act of kindness, if you decline the office, I will take it on myself.”

The girls stared at their father. Mrs. Bennet said only, “Nonsense, nonsense!”

“What can be the meaning of that emphatic exclamation?” cried he. “Do you consider the forms of introduction, and the stress that is laid on them, as nonsense? I cannot quite agree with you *there*. What say you, Mary? for you are a young lady of deep reflection, I know, and read great books and make extracts.”

Mary wished to say something very sensible, but knew not how.

“While Mary is adjusting her ideas,” he continued, “let us return to Mr. Bingley.”

“I am sick of Mr. Bingley,” cried his wife.

“I am sorry to hear *that*; but why did not you tell me so before? If I had known as much

this morning I certainly would not have called upon him. It is very unlucky; but as I have actually paid the visit, we cannot escape the acquaintance now."

The astonishment of the ladies was just what he wished; that of Mrs. Bennet perhaps surpassing the rest; though, when the first tumult of joy was over, she began to declare that it was what she had expected all the while.

"How good it was in you, my dear Mr. Bennet! But I knew I should persuade you at last. I was sure you loved your girls too well to neglect such an acquaintance. Well, how pleased I am! and it is such a good joke, too, that you should have gone this morning and never said a word about it till now."

"Now, Kitty, you may cough as much as you chuse," said Mr. Bennet; and, as he spoke, he left the room, fatigued with the raptures of his wife.

"What an excellent father you have, girls!" said she, when the door was shut. "I do not know how you will ever make him amends for his kindness; or me either, for that matter. At our time of life it is not so pleasant, I can tell you, to be making new acquaintance every day; but for your

sakes, we would do anything. Lydia, my love, though you *are* the youngest, I dare say Mr. Bingley will dance with you at the next ball."

"Oh!" said Lydia stoutly, "I am not afraid; for though I *am* the youngest, I'm the tallest."

The rest of the evening was spent in conjecturing how soon he would return Mr. Bennet's visit, and determining when they should ask him to dinner.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

"*Pride and Prejudice*," from which "The Bennets" is taken, is the greatest of Jane Austen's works. It was finished in 1797, but its manuscript went begging for sixteen years before it found a publisher. In this work Miss Austen presents the life of English country society as it was in her own time. The loving pair of sisters found in this novel was probably suggested by sisterly love. Her brothers being in the navy, naval officers furnish the only exciting elements in this and other stories of hers.

Miss Austen's literary field was narrow. In such a field the chief duties were of the household, the chief pleasures in country gatherings, and the chief interests in matrimony. But within her own field she is unequalled, as her works have an exquisite perfection that is lacking in most of English novelists. Gifted with creative power, she was able to delineate what she saw with exact fidelity. All her works reflect the keenness and accuracy of her observation. Unlike ordinary writers, she had no desire for fame or money. She considered writing as a good form of recreation. This accounts for the fact that her four novels were published anonymously. Her novels are now referred to as models of domestic fiction. The most widely read of them is "*Pride and Prejudice*," though others have also won their way to the front rank of fiction.

Words and Phrases

Chaise and four: a close carriage built high, drawn by four horses, with the coachman seated on one of the horses as postilion.

Michaelmas (/mɪkəlˈmɑːs): the feast of St. Michael, occurring September 29. In England, Michaelmas is one of the quarterly rent days.

To be sure: of course

How so?: How is that? What is the reason of that?

Occasion: reason

Give over: cease

Engage for: am answerable for

Chuses (*Obs.*): chooses

Throw in: interpose; put in

Good word: praise

Lizzy, Lizzie: pet forms for Elizabeth

Get over: recover from

Depend upon it: I assure you

Quick parts: intellectual gifts; talents

Mean understanding: inferior, ignoble in tuition, having little power of connected thought

In a way: in a position; able

Have no opinion of: have no good opinion of

Deigned: condescended

Contain herself: restrain herself

Kitty: pet form for Catherine

For Heaven's sake: a phrase used to introduce a strong appeal

She times them ill: She does not cough at the right time.

Have the advantage of: have a better position than

Teazing (*Obs.*): teasing

Circumspection: attention to all the facts and circumstances of a case

Stand their chance: have their chance or prospect

What say you?: What do you think of it?

Sick of: disgusted with; having a strong dislike of

Make amends: compensate; recompense

Questions

1. What is the universally acknowledged truth as given by Jane Austen? 2. Why did Mrs. Bennet ask her husband about Netherfield Park? 3. What suggestion did Mrs. Bennet make about visiting Mr. Bingley? 4. Why did Mrs. Bennet think it necessary for her husband to pay the visit in person? 5. What was Mr. Bennet's opinion of his daughters? 6. What kind of a man was Mr. Bennet? 7. What kind of a woman was Mrs. Bennet? 8. Did Mr. Bennet call on Mr. Bingley? 9. How was the visit at last disclosed? 10. What did Mrs. Bennet do when she was unable to contain herself? 11. Why did she say, "I am sick of Mr. Bingley"? 12. In what way was the rest of the evening spent

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809-1865)

Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth president of the United States, was born in Kentucky in 1809, and died in Washington in 1865, the day after he had been shot by a Southern sympathizer named John Wilkes Booth. He is classed with Washington in greatness of deeds, but is nearer the hearts of all Americans because he sprang from the ranks of the common people, and rose from the log hut of his birth to the White House. Because his family were pioneers in the newly settled West, he had practically no regular education, but he held firmly to his purpose to secure knowledge in every possible way. Stories are told of how he walked miles to secure a book, and studied by the light of the hearth fire at night after a hard day at farm work or "railsplitting." After a hard struggle as clerk, village postmaster, and surveyor, he succeeded in passing the bar examinations, and became a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. In 1846, he was elected to Congress. In 1858, he might have gained his place in the United States Senate had he not taken his stand against slavery in the famous debates which he entered with Stephen A. Douglas. These debates spread his fame throughout the country and led the way for his election to the presidency in 1860. Very shortly after his election the secession of certain Southern states led to the Civil War, which in turn induced Lincoln to free the slaves on January 1, 1863, by the Emancipation Proclamation. His Second Inaugural

Speech gives his plan for the building up of the peace of the nation, but he did not live to accomplish his desire. Many comparisons have been made of Washington and Lincoln. Each was in the highest sense a providential man raised up for his era, and filled with those eminent qualities that enabled him to do the great work of the hour.

Executive Mansion,

Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby,

Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

President Lincoln never refused to listen to those who appealed to him for help, he was never so taken up with the mighty affairs of the nation as to forget the humble needs of the common people; he was never so overwhelmed with his own burdens and griefs that he could not speak words of sympathy and cheer to others who were sorrowful and broken-hearted. There are many examples that show how truly noble his soul was. The above letter, written to a stricken mother whom he did not know, is one.

Perhaps the most classically beautiful of all the letters written by Lincoln is this letter of condolence, worthy, by reason of qualities as rare and indefinable as is the beauty of the Gettysburg Address, to take a place of honor with that incomparable speech. This letter cannot be too often quoted. It is as perfect in its way as a flawless lyric poem. It enshrines those qualities by which Lincoln endeared himself to the heart of a people, and at the same time it gives him rank with the masters of the English tongue.

Words and Phrases

Files: papers arranged for reference

Adjutant-General (*'ædʒutənt-'dʒenərəl*): an officer in the army who assists superior officers by communicating orders, conducting correspondence, etc.

Beguide: divert attention from

Overwhelming: great

Cannot refrain from: cannot help

Heavenly Father: God

Assuage: calm and soothe

Anguish: severe mental pain

Bereavement: deprivation, loss

Questions

1. For what purpose did Lincoln write this letter? 2. What other stories have you read that tell about the tender heart of Abraham Lincoln? 3. Why was Mrs. Bixby a stricken mother? 4. Do you think that this letter was weak and fruitless in the attempt to beguile the sorrowful and broken-hearted mother? 5. When and where did Lincoln write this letter?

Memory Work

Memorize this letter.

THE STORY OF GAUTAMA

H. G. WELLS (1866—)

Herbert George Wells, a living romancer, novelist, and essayist, was born at Bromley, Kent, England, on September 21, 1866. In early years he was well trained in many branches of science, thus enabling him to deal properly with scientific results in his romances. All the subjects he treats relate to the betterment of humanity with a broad outlook. His works may be divided into three classes. (1) scientific romances; (2) sociological works; and (3) novels. Among the best romances he has written are "*The Time Machine*", "*Ann Veronica*", "*Tono Bungay*", and "*Mr. Britling Sees It Through*." His "*Outline of History*", from which the "Story of Gautama" is taken, is a valuable work, giving him also a prominent place among the historians of the day.

It was somewhen between 500 and 600 B.C., when Cræsus was flourishing in Lydia and Cyrus was preparing to snatch Babylon from Nabonidus, that the founder of Buddhism was born in India. He was born in a little republican tribal community

in the north of Bengal under the Himalayas, in what is now overgrown jungle country on the borders of Nepal. The little state was ruled by a family, the Sakya clan, of which this man, Siddhartha Gautama, was a member. Siddhartha was his personal name, like Caius or John; Gautama, or Gôtama, his family name, like Cæsar or Smith; Sakya his clan name, like Julius. The institution of caste was not yet fully established in India, and the Brahmans, though they were privileged and influential, had not yet struggled to the head of the system; but there were already strongly marked class distinctions and a practically impermeable partition between the noble Aryans and the darker common people. Gautama belonged to the former race. His teaching, we may note, was called the Aryan Path, the Aryan Truth.

It is only within the last half-century that the increasing study of the Pali language, in which most of the original sources were written, has given the world a real knowledge of the life and actual thought of Gautama. Previously his story was overlaid by monstrous accumulations of legend, and his teaching violently misconceived. But now

we have a very human and understandable account of him.

He was a good-looking, capable young man of fortune, and until he was twenty-nine he lived the ordinary aristocratic life of his time. It was not a very satisfying life intellectually. There was no literature except the oral tradition of the Vedas, and that was chiefly monopolized by the Brahmans; there was even less knowledge. The world was bound by the snowy Himalayas to the north and spread indefinitely to the south. The city of Benares, which had a king, was about a hundred miles away. The chief amusements were hunting and love-making. All the good that life seemed to offer, Gautama enjoyed. He was married at nineteen to a beautiful cousin. For some years they remained childless. He hunted and played and went about in his sunny world of gardens and groves and irrigated rice-fields. And it was amidst this life that a great discontent fell upon him. It was the unhappiness of a fine brain that seeks employment. He lived amidst plenty and beauty, he passed from gratification to gratification, and his soul was not satisfied. It is as if

he heard the destinies of the race calling to him. He felt that the existence he was leading was not the reality of life, but a holiday—a holiday that had gone on too long.

While he was in this mood he saw four things that served to point his thoughts. He was driving on some excursion of pleasure, when he came upon a man dreadfully broken down by age. The poor bent, enfeebled creature struck his imagination. "Such is the way of life," said Channa, his charioteer, "and to that we must all come." While this was yet in his mind he chanced upon a man suffering horribly from some loathsome disease. "Such is the way of life," said Channa. The third vision was of an unburied body, swollen, eyeless, mauled by passing birds and beasts and altogether terrible. "That is the way of life," said Channa.

The sense of disease and mortality, the insecurity and the unsatisfactoriness of all happiness, descended upon the mind of Gautama. And then he and Channa saw one of those wandering ascetics who already existed in great numbers in India. These men lived under severe rules, spending much time in meditation and in religious discussion.

For many men before Gautama in that land of uneventful sunshine had found life distressing and mysterious. These ascetics were all supposed to be seeking some deeper reality in life, and a passionate desire to do likewise took possession of Gautama.

He was meditating upon this project, says the story, when the news was brought to him that his wife had been delivered of his first-born son. "This is another tie to break," said Gautama.

He returned to the village amidst the rejoicings of his fellow clansmen. There was a great feast and a Nautch dance to celebrate the birth of this new tie, and in the night Gautama awoke in a great agony of spirit, "like a man who is told that his house is on fire." In the anteroom the dancing girls were lying in strips of darkness and moonlight. He called Channa, and told him to prepare his horse. Then he went softly to the threshold of his wife's chamber, and saw her by the light of a little oil lamp, sleeping sweetly, surrounded by flowers, with his infant son in her arm. He felt a great craving to take up the child in one first and last embrace before he departed, but the fear of

waking his wife prevented him, and at last he turned away and went out into the bright Indian moonshine to Channa waiting with the horses, and mounted and stole away.

As he rode through the night with Channa, it seemed to him that Mara, the Tempter of Mankind, filled the sky and disputed with him. "Return," said Mara, "and be a king, and I will make you the greatest of kings. Go on, and you will fail. Never will I cease to dog your footsteps. Lust or malice or anger will betray you at last in some unwary moment; sooner or later you will be mine."

Very far they rode that night, and in the morning he stopped outside the lands of his clan, and dismounted beside a sandy river. There he cut off his flowing locks with his sword, removed all his ornaments, and sent them and his horse and sword back to his house by Channa. Then going on he presently met a ragged man and exchanged clothes with him, and so having divested himself of all worldly entanglements, he was free to pursue his search after wisdom.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Siddhartha Gautama (悉達羅曼), born in the later part of the sixth century B. C., was the son of Suddhodana (淨飯王), the rajah of the Sakya (釋迦) tribe ruling at Kapilavastu (迦比羅竭率都), 100 miles north of Benares (婆羅奈). He is generally known as Buddha (佛陀) or Sakya Muni (釋迦牟尼). When about thirty years old, he gave up the privileges of his caste and all earthly ambitions to practise the ascetic life in the hills of a neighboring kingdom called Magadha (摩揭陀). Six years later, however, he, finding asceticism profitless, returned to a more ordinary way of life. But light was at last to shine in upon his darkness. One day, as he was sitting beneath the Boodhi Tree (菩提樹), the conflict with the powers of evil came to an end. He had won the victory and attained perfect illumination. Then he returned to Benares to preach his gospel to all who would hear. There gradually gathered round him an Order of Monks who were ready to give up all in order to learn, practise, and teach the "way of life." Later he founded an Order of Nuns, among whom was his wife Yasodhara (耶輸陀羅). In such efforts he spent forty-five years, and then in the eightieth year of his age (probably 484 B. C.), he passed away at Kusingara (拘尸那伽) in Oudh (烏德).

Buddhism, the doctrine of Buddha, is rather a revolutionary reformation of Brahmanism than a new faith. Clearly, it is a philosophical system in which self-conquest and universal charity are leading elements. Its key-note is that existence is necessarily miserable, and that "nirvana" (涅槃) or non-existence, the chief good, is to be obtained by diligent devotion to Buddhistic rules. The death of the body does not bring nirvana: the unholy are condemned to transmigration through many existences. Buddhism spread steadily over India, and in the third century B. C. was dominant from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin. In the seventh and eighth centuries of Christian era it was persecuted by triumphant Brahmanism and driven out of India by invading Nohammedanism. But it had spread to Tibet, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, and Nepal, where it is still the dominant faith; and in China and Japan it is perhaps the chief of the religions that dominate the minds of the people.

Words and Phrases

Cræsus ('kri:səs): last king of Lydia, so famous for his vast riches that his name has been proverbial for wealth

Lydia ('li:diə): ancient country, occupying the western coast of Asia Minor.

Cyrus ('saiərəs): founder of the Persian monarchy, called "The Great." He crushed Cræsus in 546 B. C., and eight years later took Babylon from its king Nabonidus without striking a blow. Before his death he had conquered all that part of Asia which comes between the Mediterranean and the Indus valley

Babylon ('bræbilən): celebrated city, now in ruins, on the river Euphrates, about 55 miles south of Bagdad. It was conquered by Cyrus in 538 B. C.

Nabonidus (nə'bonidəs): last king of Babylonia, 556-538 B. C.

Founder of Buddhism: Gautama

Bengal (ben'gə:l): eastern presidency of British India

Himalayas (himə'leiz): the mountain system between Tibet and India

Nepal (ni'pə:l): Himalayan kingdom between British India and Tibet

Sakya ('sɑ:kjə): one of the Aryan clans

Caius ('kaiəs), **John**: personal names

Cæsar ('si:zə), **Smith**: family names

Julius ('dʒu:ljəs): one of the clan names

Institution of caste: the system under which the Hindus are divided into different classes in social scale. The four leading classes are: (1) the Brahmans or priests; (2) The Kshatriyas or the military caste; (3) the Veisyas or traders; (4) The Sudras or labourers.

Brahmans ('brɑ:mənz) or **Brahmins** ('brɑ:minz): Hindus of the highest caste

Aryans ('æriənz): Indo-Europeans or Indo-Germanics, whose common ancestors dwelt among the Pamirs at a period of remote antiquity. In India, the Aryans spread in successive incursion first over the Punjab, then along the valley of the Ganges, and at last southwards into the Deccan; their early speech is preserved for us in Sanskrit.

Pali ('pali) language: an ancient dialect of India, current in Northern India when Buddhism arose. Many Buddhist sacred books were written in that language. It is now a dead language except when used as the language of the Buddhist religion in Ceylon, and Farther India

Vedas ('veidəz): the most sacred books of the Hindus, numbering more than one hundred

The world: refers to India

Benares (bi'nd:riz): a famous sacred city and a great pilgrim resort on the Ganges, British India

He was married . . . to a beautiful cousin: Gautama married his cousin Yasodhara, the daughter of Suprabudda, rajah of the neighboring city of Koli, and by her, in the 29th year of his age, he had a son, Rahuda

Fell upon: occurred to

Came upon: met by chance

Broken down: weakened

Chanced upon: happened to meet

Descended upon: exerted an influence upon

Ascetics: men who devote themselves to a solitary and contemplative life, with the rigorous discipline of self as by celibacy, fasting, and self-mortification

Uneventful: peaceful

Took possession of Gautama: occupied Gautama's mind

Nautch (nə:tʃ) dance: exhibition of dancing by Indian dancing girls in bright colored robes and wearing gold and silver bells around their ankles. They dance to the strains of voluptuous music.

Stole away: went away secretly or silently

Mara ('mɑ:rə): the spirit of evil

Dog your steps: follow you closely

Questions

1. When and where was the founder of Buddhism born? 2. What was his personal name? his family name? his clan name? 3. How are the Hindus divided in social scale? 4. From what source can we get a real knowledge of the life and actual thought of Gautama? 5. What were

Gautama's chief amusements in his early life? 6. What caused him to feel unsatisfied with the life he was leading? 7. Describe the four things that pointed his thoughts. 8. In what way did Mara try to lead him astray? 9. Why did he divest himself of all worldly entanglements? 10. What are the chief religions that dominate the minds of the Chinese?

THREE SHORT POEMS

R. L. STEVENSON (1850-1894)

Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, in 1850. His father and grandfather were civil engineers in the Scottish light-house service, hardy men, clear of head and strong of hand, with a strenuous sense of duty. From his mother he is said to have inherited his cheerful optimism as well as his tendency to pulmonary disease. He was educated at Academy and University of Edinburgh; qualified for the Scottish bar, but never practised. Early devoting himself to literature, he achieved distinction as an essayist, novelist, and poet. Best known by his adventure novel "*Treasure Island*," he wrote a great deal besides, all comprised in the comparatively brief term allowed by his health. From early boyhood Stevenson was slight and frail of body. In the fall of 1873 he was sent to the south of France to save his life. Thenceforward, the outward incidents in his life were those brave journeys about the world, over seas and across continents, to find some place where he could live and write. Finally settled, in 1891, in the Samoan Islands, he breathed his last three years later. But he lives so long as "*Treasure Island*," "*Kidnapped*," "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*," "*Virginibus Puerisque*," and "*A Child's Garden of Verses*" are not laid aside.

Rain

The rain is raining all around,

It falls on field and tree,

It rains on the umbrellas here,

And on the ships at sea.

Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light.

In summer, quite the other way,—

I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown up people's feet

Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And I should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?

Requiem

Under the wide and starry sky,

Dig the grave and let me lie.

Glad did I live and gladly die,

And I laid me down with a will.

'This be the verse you grave for me:

Here he lies where he longed to be;

Home is the sailor, home from sea,

And the hunter home from the hill.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The first two of these short poems are selected from "*A Child's Garden of Verses*" ("Rimes for Children" as Stevenson once intended to call it, begun in 1881 and published in 1885). They are chosen not only for their simplicity and freshness, which characterize Stevenson the poet, but also to illustrate, especially in *Bed in Summer*, his philosophy, his way of looking at life. This is explicitly stated in another poem, *Happy Thought*:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Requiem is the epitaph actually inscribed on his tomb at the top of the mountain overlooking his Samoan home. Stevenson was a hero and adventurer, of course in the realm of the spirit. His indefatigable optimism was well summed up in the self-writ dirge. Death came to him as peace to a victorious warrior. He had fought hard the battle of life, and fought well. The year before his death he wrote: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have waked sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my hand swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle, so as it goes." The battle ceased in 1894. Elate, full of enthusiasm, at the close of a long day's work, as he talked with his wife at sundown, he suddenly threw up his hands to his head exclaiming "What's that!"—and never spoke again.

Words and Phrases

Grave: engrave

Requiem: mass for the dead, from the opening of the introit,
Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine (Give eternal rest to them,
O Lord).

Questions

1. To be grammatically correct, the second line of *Rain* should read "It falls on the fields and the trees." Wherefore the deviation? 2. Explain the first stanza of *Bed in Summer*. In what latitude do such things happen? Where is Stevenson's native land? 3. To whom does Stevenson compare himself? 4. What are meant by these words—*home, sea, hill*? 5. What is Stevenson's philosophy of life? 6. Which two lines show most clearly the quickness and range of Stevenson's imaginative power?

Memory Work

Memorize *Rain* and *Requiem*.

AUSTRALIAN KANGAROO HUNT

SIR GEORGE GREY (1812-1898)

Sir George Grey was born at Lisbon in 1812 and he travelled in Australia in 1837. In 1838 he explored the Swan River district in Australia. After his return to England, he published his "Travels in Western and North-western Australia" in 1840. He was successively made governor of South Australia, of New Zealand, and of Cape Colony, and he proved an administrator of distinguished ability. He wrote an important work on Polynesian Mythology (1855) and published a collection of Polynesian proverbs (1858). He died in London in 1898.

The moment an Australian savage commences his day's hunting, his whole manner and appearance undergo a wondrous change. His eyes, before heavy and listless, brighten up, and are never for a moment fixed upon one object; his gait and

movements, which were indolent and slow, become quick and restless, yet noiseless; he moves along with a rapid stealthy pace, his glance roving from side to side in a vigilant uneasy manner, arising from his eagerness to detect signs of game, and his fears of hidden foes. The earth, the water, the trees, the skies, each are in turn subjected to a rigid scrutiny, and from the most insignificant circumstances he deduces omens. His head is held erect, and his progress is uncertain. In a moment his pace is checked; he stands in precisely the position of motion as if suddenly transfixed. Nothing about him stirs but his eyes; they glance uneasily from side to side, whilst the head and every muscle seem immovable; but the white eyeballs may be seen in rapid motion, whilst all his faculties are concentrated, and his whole soul is absorbed in the senses of sight and hearing. His wives, who are at some distance behind him, the moment they see him assume this attitude, fall to the ground as if they had been shot; their children cower by them, and their little faces express an earnestness and anxiousness which is far beyond their years. At length a suppressed whistle is

given by one of the women, which denotes that she sees a kangaroo near her husband—all is again silence, and quietude; and an unpractised European would ride within a few yards of the group, and not perceive a living thing.

Looking about a hundred yards to the right of the native, you will see a kangaroo erect upon its hind legs, and supported by its tail. It is reared to its utmost height, so that its head is between five and six feet above the ground. Its short fore paws hang by its side; its ears are pointed; it is listening as carefully as the native, and you see a little head appearing out from its pouch, to enquire what has alarmed its mother. But the native moves not; you cannot tell whether it is a human being or the charred trunk of a burnt tree which is before you, and for several minutes the whole group preserve their relative position. At length the kangaroo becomes reassured, drops upon its fore paws, gives an awkward leap or two, and goes on feeding,—the little inhabitant of its pouch stretching its head farther out, tasting the grass its mother is eating, and evidently debating whether or not it is safe to venture out of its resting place.

Meantime the native moves not until the kangaroo, having two or three times resumed the attitude of listening, and having like a monkey scratched its side with its fore paw, at length once more abandons itself in perfect security to its feed, and playfully smells and rubs its little one. Now the watchful savage, keeping his body unmoved, fixes the spear first in the throwing-stick, and then raises his arms in the attitude of throwing, from which they are never again moved until the kangaroo dies or runs away. His spear being properly secured, he advances slowly and stealthily towards his prey, no part moving but his legs. Whenever the kangaroo looks round, he stands motionless in the position he is in when it first raises its head, until the animal, again assured of its safety, gives a skip or two and goes on feeding. Again the native advances, and this scene is repeated many times, until the whistling spear penetrates the devoted animal. Then the wood rings with shouts; women and children all join pell-mell in the chase. The kangaroo, weak from loss of blood, and embarrassed by the long spear which catches in the brush-wood as it flies, at

length turns on its pursuers, and, to secure its rear, places its back against a tree, preparing at the same time to rend open the breast and entrails of its pursuer, by seizing him in its fore paws, and kicking with its hind legs and claws; but the wily native keeps clear of so murderous an embrace, and from the distance of a few yards throws spears into its breast, until the exhausted animal falls, and is then soon despatched; when, with the assistance of his wives, he takes its fore legs over his left shoulder, and totters with his burden to some convenient resting place, where they can enjoy their meal.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The above description of the Australian method of hunting the kangaroo is from "*Travels in Western and North-western Australia*." It is particularly instructive for its vividness and for the action which it embodies.

Words and Phrases

- Heavy and listless: drowsy and spiritless; dull
 Gait: manner of walking
 Vigilant: watchful
 Game: wild animals, birds, etc., hunted for sport or food
 Scrutiny: critical gaze
 Deduces: draws as conclusion; infers
 Cower: crouch
 Reared: rising on hind feet

Charred: blackened with fire

Abandons itself in perfect security to its feed: yields itself completely to eating when assured of its safety.

Throwing-stick: an instrument used by various savage races for throwing spears.

Pell-mell: in confusion

Turns on: turns against; confronts suddenly in hostility or anger

Keeps clear of: avoids

Questions

1. What is a kangaroo? 2. What wondrous change does an Australian savage undergo when he commences his day's hunting? 3. What does he do when he goes on hunting? 4. What do his wives and children do? 5. What denotes that a kangaroo is found during the hunt? 6. Describe the kangaroo as seen during the hunt. 7. What does the Australian savage do when he is on the point of throwing his spear at the kangaroo? 8. What does the kangaroo do when it is penetrated in the body with a spear?

THE BREAK-UP OF A GREAT DROUGHT

MARK RUTHERFORD (1831-1913)

William Hale White, popularly known as Mark Rutherford, born at Bedford, was the son of a bookseller. In 1848-51 Mr. Hale White qualified at Cheshunt and New College for the Congregational Ministry, but was expelled for his views on inspiration, whereupon he became a journalist and miscellaneous writer. His translation of Spinoza's "*Ethics*" (1883) was published under his own name; but he owes his literary eminence to the powerful studies of domestic, social, moral, and theological problems contained in the remarkable trilogy of novels, "*The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*" (1881) "*Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*" (1885) and "*The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*" (1887). Mark Rutherford's later novels, "*Miriam's Schooling*," "*Catherine Furze*," and "*Clara Hopgood*" (1886) attracted less notice. In "*The Apostasy of Wordsworth*" (1898) he vindicated the poet's consistency. In 1900 he gives us "*Pages from a Journal*," in 1904 a study of Bunyan, in 1910 "*More Pages from a Journal*," and in 1913 his own early life.

For three months there had been hardly a drop of rain. The wind had been almost continuously north-west, and from that to east. Occasionally there were light airs from the south-west, and vapour rose, but there was nothing in it; there was no true south-westerly breeze, and in a few hours the weather-cock returned to the old quarter. Not infrequently the clouds began to gather, and there was every sign that a change was at hand. The barometer at these times fell gradually day after day until at last it reached a point which generally brought drenching storms, but none appeared, and then it began slowly to rise again and we knew that our hopes were vain, and that a week at least must elapse before it could regain its usual height and there might be a chance of declining. At last the disappointment was so keen that the instrument was removed. It was better not to watch it, but to hope for a surprise. The grass became brown, and in many places was killed down to the roots; there was no hay; myriads of swarming caterpillars devoured the fruit trees; the brooks were all dry; water for cattle had to be fetched from ponds and springs miles away; the roads were broken up; the

air was loaded with grit; and the beautiful green of the hedges was choked with dust. Birds like the rook, which fed upon worms, were nearly starved, and were driven far and wide for strange food. It was pitiable to see them trying to pick the soil of the meadow as hard as a rock. The everlasting glare was worse than the gloom of winter, and the sense of universal parching thirst became so distressing that the house was preferred to the fields. We were close to a water famine! The Atlantic, the source of all life, was asleep, and what if it should never wake! We know not its ways, it mocks all our science. Close to us lies this great mystery, incomprehensible, and yet our very breath depends upon it. Why should not the sweet tides of soft moist air cease to stream in upon us? No reason could be given why every green herb and living thing should not perish; no reason, save a faith which was blind. For aught we *knew*, the ocean-begotten aërial current might forsake the land and it might become a desert.

One night grey bars appeared in the western sky, but they had too often deluded us, and we did not believe in them. On this particular evening

they were a little heavier, and the window-cords were damp. The air which came across the cliff was cool, and if we had dared to hope we should have said it had a scent of the sea in it. At four o'clock in the morning there was a noise of something beating against the panes—they were streaming! It was impossible to lie still, and I rose and went out of doors. No creature was stirring, there was no sound save that of the rain, but a busier time there had not been for many a long month. Thousands of millions of blades of grass and corn were eagerly drinking. For sixteen hours the downpour continued, and when it was dusk I again went out. The watercourses by the side of the roads had a little water in them, but not a drop had reached those at the edge of the fields, so thirsty was the earth. The drought, thank God, was at an end!

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

Drought (draut): continuous dry weather

Airs from the south-west: The British Isles lie in the track of the south-west winds, which brings rain from the Atlantic at all seasons.

Weather-cock: a revolving pointer, often in the form of a cock, used to show whence the wind blows

Quarter: direction

Barometer: an instrument that tells what the weather is going to be.

Drenching storms: downpours; heavy falls of rain

Grit: small particles of sand

Glare: oppressive unrelieved sunshine

Water famine: extreme scarcity of water

What if: what would be the result if

Ocean-begotten: generated from the ocean

Grey bars: dark clouds

Questions

1. What wind brings rain to England? 2. Where does the rain come from? 3. What is a barometer? 4. How does it indicate the weather? 5. What do you say in Chinese for "water famine"? 6. Explain "it mocks our science." 7. Explain the last sentence of the first paragraph. Lay stress on the words "knew" and "might." 8. How is the parching thirst described? 9. How is the break-up described?

Memory Work

From "At four o'clock....." to the end.

THE POWER OF GOVERNMENT IN IMPOSING TAXES

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901)

John Fiske, originally Edmund Fiske Green, was born at Hartford, Conn., and studied at Harvard, where he was tutor and librarian. He wrote many books on philosophy. His first notable book is "*Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*," which attracted instant attention in England and America by its literary style and rare lucidity of statement. It was

followed by "*The Idea of God*", "*The Destiny of Men*", and "*The Origin of Evil*." In later life he turned historian and his first book in this field, "*American Political Ideals Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History*", is a surprising work. His style gives distinction to his work and makes it worthy of especial notice.

"The government" has always many things to do, and there are many different lights in which we might regard it. But for the present there is one thing which we need especially to keep in mind. "The government" is the power which can rightfully take away a part of your property, in the shape of taxes, to be used for public purposes. A government is not worthy of the name, and cannot long be kept in existence, unless it can raise money by taxation, and use force, if necessary, in collecting its taxes.

The only general government of the United States during the Revolutionary War, and for six years after its close, was the Continental Congress, which had no authority to raise money by taxation. In order to feed and clothe the army and pay its officers and soldiers, it was obliged to *ask* for money from the several states, and hardly ever got as much as was needed. It was obliged to borrow millions of dollars from France and Holland, and to

issue promissory notes which soon became worthless. After the war was over it became clear that this so-called government could neither preserve order nor pay its debts, and accordingly it ceased to be respected either at home or abroad, and it became necessary for the American people to adopt a new form of government. Between the old Continental Congress and the government under which we have lived since 1789, the differences were many; but by far the most essential difference was that the new government could raise money by taxation, and was thus enabled properly to carry on the work of governing.

If we are in any doubt as to what is really the government of some particular country, we cannot do better than observe what person or persons in that country are clothed with authority to tax the people. Mere names, as customarily applied to governments, are apt to be deceptive. Thus in the middle of the eighteenth century France and England were both called "kingdoms;" but so far as kingly power was concerned, Louis XV was a very different sort of a king from George II. The French king could impose taxes on his people, and

it might therefore be truly said that the government of France was in the king. Indeed, it was Louis XV's immediate predecessor who made the famous remark, "The state is myself." But the English king could not impose taxes; the only power in England that could do that was the House of Commons, and accordingly it is correct to say that in England, at the time of which we are speaking, the government was (as it still is) in the House of Commons.

I say, then, the most essential feature of a government—or at any rate the feature with which it is most important for us to become familiar at the start—is its power of taxation. The government is that which taxes. If individuals take away some of your property for purposes of their own, it is robbery; you lose your money and get nothing in return. But if the government takes away some of your property in the shape of taxes, it is supposed to render to you an equivalent in the shape of good government, something without which our lives and property would not be safe. Herein seems to lie the difference between taxation and robbery. When the highwayman points his pistol

at me and I hand him my purse and watch, I am robbed. But when I pay the tax collector, who can seize my watch or sell my house over my head if I refuse, I am simply paying what is fairly due from me towards supporting the government.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The above exposition is taken from Fiske's "*Civil Government in the United States.*" The extract illustrates well the devices that are especially valuable in analytic writing. Here the reader will find the skilfulness of the author in defining the government as regards its power in imposing taxes and in the use of concrete and homely illustrations.

Words and Phrases

Lights: ways

Revolutionary War (1776-1783): War of American Independence

Continental Congress: an assembly of deputies of the British colonies later forming the United States. They met in Philadelphia from 1774 to 1776, and in Baltimore in 1776. The Congress was held from time to time until March 1, 1781.

Promissory notes: signed documents containing written promise to pay a stated sum at a specified date.

As to: with regard to

We cannot do better than: it is best for us to

Clothed with: invested with; given

Deceptive: misleading

Louis XV (1710-1774): King of France reigning from 1715 to 1774, the most licentious of his race.

George II (1683-1760): King of Great Britain whose reign (1727-1760) covered a prosperous period in spite of wars and rebellions.

Louis XV's immediate predecessor: Louis XIV (1638-1715) who personally ruled France from 1661 until his death.

House of Commons: lower house of the English Parliament

Over my head: with official authority

What is fairly due from me: what I ought to pay

Questions

1. Define "the government." 2. What is the most essential feature of a government? 3. How did it come to be necessary for the American people to adopt a new form of government in place of the Continental Congress? 4. What did Louis XIV mean by the remark "The state is Myself"? 5. What is the difference between taxation and robbery? 6. What is the duty of the people towards the government? What do the people get in return for the taxes they pay?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

MARY LAMB (1764-1847)

Mary Lamb, born in 1764 in the Temple at London, was the daughter of John Lamb and the elder sister of Charles Lamb (1775-1834), one of the most delightful of English essayists. While Charles was serving as a junior clerk in the India House, Mary was busy with household duties and also tried to add to the poor family income by taking in needlework. The stress and anxiety of such duties, however, told on her reason. In an attack of mania, she stabbed her mother. Then she was entrusted to the care of her brother, who devoted to her the remainder of his life. Yet she, being a talented lady, took much delight in the works of Shakespeare and at times enjoyed the society of the poets Coleridge, Wordsworth and Southey. She helped her brother a great deal in his literary work. In 1807 appeared the "*Tales from Shakespeare*," in which she wrote the Comedies, including *The Merchant of Venice*. The brother and sister next composed jointly "*Mrs. Leicester's School*" (1807) and "*Poetry for Children*" (1809). After her brother's death in 1834, Mary became hopelessly insane and suffered miserably. She died on May 20, 1847, at the age of eighty-three.

Shylock, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart

was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend: but expecting soon to have some

ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis, and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often have you railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your

foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me and say, *Shylock, lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies?" Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty."—"Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money

by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

“Content,” said Antonio: “I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew.”

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, “O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man’s flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu.”

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the

hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by this friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the

accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;" presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio

and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

“With all my heart, Gratiano,” said Bassanio, “if you can get a wife.”

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, “Madam, it is so, if you approve of it.” Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, “Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano.”

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, “O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my

veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "Oh, my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wifelike grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God Himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not

able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, "By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."—"Why then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife:" and while

Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of

Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to

judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried

cut, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood: nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."—"Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he

added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "and for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give

him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and

when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I

gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."—"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life; this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said, Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me,

and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you."—"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and

delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

—while he lived, he'd fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The story of claiming from another a pound of flesh, as told in *The Merchant of Venice*, is very old. It first appeared in a Latin collection of stories as far back as the thirteenth century, and had been repeated in other works before Shakespeare made it into a drama. Mary Lamb told it again in the form of a story. It is full of action and feeling, by which the four important characters are well portrayed. Unlike ordinary short stories, it goes without much of *Setting*. It seems to be tragical at the beginning, but ends all happily.

The "*Tales from Shakespeare*" appeared in 1807. Charles Lamb reproduced the Tragedies and Mary Lamb the Comedies, although Mary was not mentioned on the title-page. Perhaps she did not wish her name to be used, but her brother has shown in a letter to a friend that she had an important share in the work. The original purpose of the writers was to provide the young reader with an easy introduction to the study of Shakespeare. But their command of the literature in the Elizabethan period was such that young and old alike were delighted with this new version of Shakespeare's plays. The Tales reproduce, in a simple and pure style of English, the real spirit of the master himself. This is why they are still regarded as the best of their kind in English literature. It is, therefore, advisable to read as much as possible from the Tales so as to secure a good preparation for a later reading of the Plays.

Words and Phrases

Venice: one of the greatest commercial cities of Europe. In Shakespeare's time, a great number of Jewish money-lenders were settled there.

Usurer: a grasping money-lender who exacts or extorts a very high rate of interest. ("A" should be used before "usurer" now.)

The Rialto: a celebrated island in the city of Venice, site of the exchange and the center of commercial activity.

Best conditioned: possessing the best disposition

To repair his fortune: to pay his debts, and therefore enable him to live more comfortably.

Appearance: dress, retinue, etc.

Ducats: Venetian coins each worth about \$4.50 Chinese money

Upon the credit of those ships: upon promising to pay when the ships arrived.

Catch him on the hip: have him at my mercy; get him under my control.

Feed fat: indulge fully

Interest: here used in the sense of "usury"

My tribe: the Jewish race

Signior ('sirnjo:): Italian title of address corresponding to "Sir" or "Mr."

Monies: irregular plural of "money," meaning "sums of money"

- Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe: suffering patiently marks a Jew as plainly as a badge would indicate him.
- Cut-throat: cruel
- Break: break my day; fail to keep the day appointed for payment
- Face: assurance; confidence
- In merry sport: for fun
- Content: I am content with your proposal
- Abraham: the father of the Jewish race
- Mutton or beef: a sheep or an ox. In Middle English, both words were applied to the living animal.
- So: so be it
- That Portia: wife of Brutus. In Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, this Portia is described as a very noble woman.
- Cato: a typical Roman, severe, just, honest, frugal, who preferred to kill himself rather than submit to Julius Cæsar.
- Brutus: the chief leader of the conspirators who assassinated Julius Cæsar.
- A splendid train: well-dressed followers and servants
- Dispraised herself: pointed out her own faults
- Queen of myself: not ruled by another, as a monarch is the highest ruler in a kingdom
- Waiting gentlewoman: a waiting woman of gentle birth. Nerissa was Portia's "waiting-maid," but was a lady in rank; hence here she is called a "waiting gentlewoman."
- Pleasantly: jestingly
- Use your pleasure: do as you please
- Begone: go away
- Cause: law-suit
- Event: result
- In dreadful suspense: in an awful state of anxious expectation
- Go hard with: cause serious troubles to
- Instrumental: useful; helpful
- Nothing: here used as an adverb in the sense of "not at all"
- Counsellor in the law: one who gave others counsel or advice in cases of law
- For her equipment: for completing her preparations for appearing as a lawyer
- Senate-house: supreme council

Court of justice: place where justice is administered

Doctor: doctor of law

Wig: artificial covering of hair for the head worn as a part of the official dress of a judge or lawyer

Arduous: difficult

The noble quality of mercy: refers to the well known lines commencing--

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath."

Became: fitted; suited

An attribute: a part of God's nature; a quality that helped to make up man's idea of God

Tempered: rendered less severe. Although God is just and man must be just, man will resemble God more by being merciful than by merely rendering justice

Wrest the law: forcibly compel the law to favor Antonio in this case

A Daniel is come to judgment: One as wise as Daniel has come to administer justice. Daniel, according to the *History of Susannah and the Elders* in the Apocrypha, was a young child who proved the falseness of the charges made by the two elders.

Elder: older, and therefore wiser

It were good . . . charity: It would be good of you if you did so much as an act of pity.

Softly: Do not be so hasty.

Nor do not cut off more nor less: do not cut off more or less

Be it, etc.: if it be more, etc.

Scruple: a small weight equal to twenty grains

By the laws of Venice: by the laws which were aimed at those who were not citizens of Venice.

At the mercy of: wholly in the power of

Pardon you your life: pardon you for your offence and give you back your life.

Which: refers to the marriage of Shylock's daughter, Jessica

Make it over: transfer it legally

Sign over: make over half my riches by signing the deed

- Your grace:** the style of address given to a duke
- Must away:** must go away. "Away" is sometimes used without the verb.
- Acquitted of:** saved from
- Over and above:** beyond the 3000 ducats
- Prevailed upon:** persuaded
- By proclamation:** by sending a crier round the city to announce that Bassanio will find the most valuable ring in Venice.
- Be valued against:** be counted against; outweigh
- Charmed fancy:** pleased imagination
- Naughty:** bad; wicked
- Poetry on a cutler's knife:** verses engraved on blades by makers of knives
- A kind of boy:** one who seemed to be rather boy than man
- Scrubbed:** dwarfed; not fully grown
- That took some pains in writing:** who had taken some trouble in writing the deed for Shylock to sign.
- A civil doctor:** a Doctor of Civil Law (the law of ancient Rome)
- My soul upon the forfeit:** I will risk my soul (in contrast to "lend my body") upon the forfeit or breach of the bond.
- He'd fear no other thing so sore:** He would not be so seriously anxious about anything else. "Sore" is here an adverb, limiting "fear."

Questions

1. Why is the story so called?
2. What prevented Antonio from being wasteful, like Bassanio, or covetous, like Shylock?
3. How did Shylock try to deceive Antonio and Bassanio?
4. Why was Antonio easily deceived?
5. What do we call a man like Bassanio?
6. Why is Portia compared to Brutus Portia?
7. What was the purpose of Portia in asking Shylock to provide a surgeon?
8. How was Antonio's life saved at last?
9. What do you admire most in Portia's character?
10. Did Shylock get such punishment as he deserved?
11. Would the story end better if Shylock had been hanged?
12. Name the chief characters in the order of their importance, giving your reasons for the order.

Memory Work

MERCY

(The speech of Portia at the trial of Antonio)

The quality of mercy is not strained;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown.
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,—
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV sc. i.

AN AUGUST DAY IN MARSEILLES

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

Charles Dickens, the "prince of story-writers," was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1812, and died in 1870. His parents were miserably poor and his father was at one time put in prison for debt, where his family went to reside with him. As he had to go to work before ten years old to help support the family, he had little opportunity for getting an education. In his boyhood, he worked in an old warehouse, dirty, decayed, and infested with rats. There he toiled from early morning till

eight o'clock at night. His hard life fostered in him an unusual strength of character and made him a keen observer of life going around him. He was fond of reading and very diligent in his studies. He spent all his spare hours in the library. Later on, he became a newspaper reporter. When he was twenty-five years old he established his fame as a great writer by publishing "*The Pickwick Papers*," which became the most popular book of the day and has generally been considered as one of his best books. His other popular works are "*Oliver Twist*," "*Nicholas Nickleby*," "*Old Curiosity Shop*," "*Little Dorrit*," "*A Tale of Two Cities*," and "*David Copperfield*," the last is specially interesting as being largely autobiographical and revealing many of his own experiences in youth. His novels were the first stories to portray the life of poor people of the lower classes, and their success brought him both fame and wealth. He died at the age of fifty-eight and was buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving behind him an enormous amount of good stories which would fill at least twenty large volumes.

Thirty years ago, Marseilles lay in the burning sun one day.

A blazing sun upon a fierce August day was no greater rarity in southern France then, than at any other time, before or since. Everything in Marseilles, and about Marseilles, had stared at the fervid sky, and been stared at in return, until a staring habit had become universal there. Strangers were stared out of countenance by staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid road, staring hills from which verdure was burnt away. The only things to be seen not fixedly staring and glaring were the vines drooping under their load of grapes. These did

occasionally wink a little, as the hot air barely moved their faint leaves.

There was no wind to make a ripple on the foul water within the harbor, or on the beautiful sea without. The line of demarcation between the two colors, black and blue, showed the point which the pure sea would not pass; but it lay as quiet as the abominable pool, with which it never mixed. Boats without awnings were too hot to touch; ships blistered at their moorings; the stones of the quays had not cooled, night or day, for months. Hindoos, Russians, Chinese, Spaniards, Portuguese, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Genoese, Neapolitans, Venetians, Greeks, Turks, descendants from all the builders of Babel, come to trade at Marseilles, sought the shade alike,—taking refuge in any hiding-place from a sea too intensely blue to be looked at, and a sky of purple, set with one great flaming jewel of fire.

The universal stare made the eyes ache. Towards the distant blue of Italian coast, indeed, it was a little relieved by light clouds of mist, slowly rising from the evaporation of the sea. but it softened nowhere else. Far away the staring roads, deep in dust, stared from the hillside, stared

from the hollow, stared from the interminable plain. Far away the dusty vines over-hanging wayside cottages, and the monotonous wayside avenues of parched trees without shade, drooped beneath the stare of earth and sky. So did the horses with drowsy bells, in long files of carts, creeping slowly towards the interior; so did their recumbent drivers, when they were awake, which rarely happened; so did the exhausted laborers in the fields. Everything that lived or grew was oppressed by the glare; except the lizard, passing swiftly over rough stone walls, and cicada, chirping his dry hot chirp, like a rattle. The very dust was scorched brown, and something quivered in the atmosphere as if the air itself were panting.

Blinds, shutters, curtains, awnings, were all closed and drawn to keep out the stare. Grant it but a chink or keyhole, and it shot in like a white-hot arrow.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This extract is taken from Dickens's "*Little Dorrit*" (1857), a novel describing the touching devotion of a young girl to her selfish father, who is a prisoner for debt. The young girl's name is Amy, generally

known as Little Dorrit. According to the novel, her father, Mr. Dorrit, was put in the Marshalsea prison, for he could not pay his debt. Her mother went to the prison to live with him, and it was there that Little Dorrit was born. The little baby grew up to be a brave and true girl, trying to make herself useful and helpful in many a way. She could not be happy, however, until she left the prison with her poor father when she was twenty-two. This book, like most of Dickens's works, belongs to the class of purpose or problem novels. Just as "*Nicholas Nickleby*" attacks the abuses of charity schools and brutal schoolmasters and "*Oliver Twist*" attacks the unnecessary degradation and suffering of the poor in English workhouses, "*Little Dorrit*" attacks the injustice which persecutes poor debtors. Dickens's serious purpose is to make the novel the instrument of morality and justice.

Words and Phrases

Fervid: burning; very hot

Out of countenance: with the countenance confused; with the face blushing in shame.

Arid: dry

Rarely: scarcely

Faint: feeble

Demarcation: marking of boundary

Blistered: felt so hot, as if they had been affected with blisters caused by a burn (figuratively).

Genoese, Neapolitans, Venetians: people of Genoa, Naples, and Venice,—three big, important cities in Italy

Babel: the tower in the land of Shinar. The building of that tower led to the confusion of tongues. The story is given in Genesis xi.

Jewel of fire: the sun

Recumbent: sitting with their back or side supported at considerable inclination.

Grant it but . . . and it shot in: if you gave it only . . . it would shoot in.

White-hot: intensely hot

Questions

1. What impression does the description produce on you? 2. From what do you think the vividness of the description is derived? 3. Is the repetition of "stare" in the description a good device to imitate? 4. Write out from your memory the best sentences in the description. 5. Explain "strangers were stared out of countenance," "ships blistered at their moorings," "one great flaming jewel of fire."

A PSALM OF LIFE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was the first poet of America to call out love as well as admiration at home and abroad. He was born at Portland, Maine. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. His home was in every way favorable to the development of a love for books, but America at that time offered no career to the merely literary scholar. Fortune befriended him, however, for he was offered the chair of modern languages at a very early age, and spent three years in preliminary study in France, Spain, Italy and Germany. Like Irving, he, too, wrote his sketch-book, "*Outre Mer*." After five years at Bowdoin he was called to Harvard. His professorship there he retained till 1854, when he resigned to be succeeded by Lowell. His life was peaceful and uneventful except as marked by the appearance of his volumes of poems. His success was the quiet, natural outcome of worth and a refined, delicate talent.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time,—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Longfellow, as we know, is noted for his friendly and beautiful way of writing. This poem, composed when he was a young man, is so well known that most of its lines have become common sayings and are quoted by men who have never read it. It has been translated into numerous foreign languages and has cheered and comforted the people of many countries. When Longfellow wrote the poem he had been thinking about some sad verses that told him that life was not worth living. He put his answer into "A Psalm of Life," and he begins by saying in the first stanza, that if people dream they must be asleep, and if they sleep all the time it is just the same as if they were dead.

Words and Phrases

Psalm (sd:m): a sacred song

Mournful: sorrowful

Numbers: verse of poetry; so called because it requires regularity in the *number* of syllables and of accents in each line.

Slumbers: sleeps

Earnest: serious

Goal: end

Dust thou art, etc.: referring to the death of the body. Gen. iii, 19

Enjoyment: pleasure

Destined: intended; appointed

Art is long, etc.: It takes long to learn, but life is short

Fleeting: soon passing away; transient

Muffled drums: the drums at a soldier's funeral, wrapped up in black cloth to deaden the sound

Bivouac ('bivuæk): campaign

Trust no Future: Do not put off duty, but act at present, trusting in God.

Let the dead Past, etc.: Do not waste time in grieving over the past.

O'erhead: overhead; above

Lives of great men: Great men have shown that we may do noble deeds which will not be forgotten and will encourage others.

Remind: suggest to; call to mind

Sublime: noble

Footprints: traces; marks made by the feet

Solemn main: grave ocean

Forlorn: desolate; forsaken

Achieving: accomplishing; doing

Pursuing: striving; following after

Questions

1. What is a psalm? 2. Why is it impossible that life should be a dream? 3. What two stanzas make us think of soldiers? 4. What is the difference between cattle and men? 5. What line tells us that poetry and paintings and music and all other beautiful things last long after the men who made them are dead? 6. Which stanza reminds you of Robinson Crusoe? 7. Which stanza hints that we ought to learn all we can about great men and great women? 8. Pick out the lines and stanzas that tell us that we ought to act, to do something.

Memory Work

Memorize the poem.

A HANDFUL OF CLAY

HENRY VAN DYKE (1852—)

Dr. van Dyke was born in Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia, in 1852. When he was still quite young the family removed to Brooklyn, and there he passed his boyhood. His father was his best friend, and the two spent many a holiday together in the country, tramping and fishing and listening to the birds and the brooks and the wind among the pines. At sixteen he entered Princeton College and graduated from it in 1872. For seventeen years he served as pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York. Among his famous works are "*Little Rivers*" and "*Fisherman's Luck*," two interesting books of cut-of-door life. In 1900 he was called to Princeton as professor of

English literature, and thirteen years later was appointed United States minister to the Netherlands. As a poet, an essayist, a story-writer, a preacher, a college professor, and a diplomat, he has been equally successful, and he is, besides, a first-rate fisherman and an enthusiastic lover of nature.

There was a handful of clay in the bank of a river. It was only common clay, coarse and heavy; but it had high thoughts of its own value, and wonderful dreams of the great place which it was to fill in the world when the time came for its virtues to be discovered.

Overhead, in the spring sunshine, the trees whispered together of the glory which descended upon them when the delicate blossoms and leaves began to expand, and the forest glowed the fair, clear colors, as if the dust of thousands of rubies and emeralds were hanging, in soft clouds, above the earth.

The flowers, surprised with the joy of beauty, bent their heads to one another, as the wind caressed them, and said: "Sisters, how lovely you have become. You make the day bright."

The river, glad of new strength and rejoicing in the unison of all its waters, murmured to the shores in music, telling of its release from icy

fetters, its swift flight from the snow-clad mountains, and the mighty work to which it was hurrying—the wheels of many mills to be turned, and great ships to be floated to the sea.

Waiting blindly in its bed, the clay comforted itself with lofty hopes. “My time will come,” it said. “I was not made to be hidden forever. Glory and beauty and honor are coming to me in due season.”

One day the clay felt itself taken from the place where it had waited so long. A flat blade of iron passed beneath it, and lifted it, and tossed it into a cart with other lumps of clay, and it was carried far away, as it seemed, over a rough and stony road. But it was not afraid, nor discouraged, for it said to itself: “This is necessary. The path to glory is always rugged. Now I am on my way to play a great part in the world.”

But the hard journey was nothing compared with the tribulation and distress that come after it. The clay was put into a trough and mixed and beaten and stirred and trampled. It seemed almost unbearable. But there was consolation in the thought that something very fine and noble

was certainly coming out of all this trouble. The clay felt sure that, if it could only wait long enough, a wonderful reward was in store for it.

Then it was put upon a swiftly turning wheel, and whirled around until it seemed as if it must fly into a thousand pieces. A strange power pressed it and moulded it, as it revolved, and through all the dizziness and pain it felt that it was taking a new form.

Then an unknown hand put it into an oven, and fires were kindled about it—fierce and penetrating—hotter than all the heats of summer that had ever brooded upon the bank of the river. But through all, the clay held itself together and endured its trials, in the confidence of a great future. “Surely,” it thought, “I am intended for something very splendid, since such pains are taken with me. Perhaps I am fashioned for the ornament of a temple, or a precious vase for the table of a king.”

At last the baking was finished. The clay was taken from the furnace and set down upon a board, in the cool air, under the blue sky. The tribulation was passed. The reward was at hand.

Close beside the board there was a pool of water, not very deep, nor very clear, but calm enough to reflect, with impartial truth, every image that fell upon it. There for the first time, as it was lifted from the board, the clay saw its new shape, the reward of all its patience and pain, the consummation of its hopes—a common flower-pot, straight and stiff, red and ugly. And then it felt that it was not destined for a king's house, nor for a palace of art, because it was made without glory or beauty or honor; and it murmured against the unknown maker, saying, "Why hast thou made me thus?"

Many days it passed in sullen discontent. Then it was filled with earth, and something—it knew not what—but something rough and brown and dead-looking, was thrust into the middle of the earth and covered over. The clay rebelled at this new disgrace. "This is the worst of all that has happened to me, to be filled with dirt and rubbish. Surely I am a failure."

But presently it was set in a greenhouse, where the sunlight fell warm upon it, and water was

sprinkled over it, and day by day as it waited, a change began to come to it. Something was stirring within it—a new hope. Still it was ignorant, and knew not what the new hope meant.

One day the clay was lifted again from its place, and carried into a great church. Its dream was coming true after all. It had a fine part to play in the world. Glorious music flowed over it. It was surrounded with flowers. Still it could not understand. So it whispered to another vessel of clay, like itself, close beside it, "Why have they set me here? Why do all the people look toward us?" And the other vessel answered, "Do you not know? You are carrying a royal scepter of lilies. Their petals are white as snow, and the heart of them is like pure gold. The people look this way because the flower is the most wonderful in the world. And the root of it is in your heart."

Then the clay was content, and silently thanked its maker, because, though an earthen vessel, it held so great a treasure.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

- Had high thoughts of: thought much of
 Glowed: exhibited in brilliancy
 Caressed: kissed
 Unison: harmony
 On my way: about
 Play a great part: perform an important function
 Tribulation: severe affliction
 In store: ready
 Brooded upon: hung close over
 Trials: hardships; troubles
 Was coming true: was being realized

Questions

1. What did the clay think of its own value when it was in the bank of a river?
2. What was the mighty work the river undertook to do?
3. What happened to the clay one day?
4. Was it afraid? Why?
5. After the hard journey was over, what happened to it?
6. Into what was the clay transformed?
7. What was its new disgrace?
7. How was its hope realized?

LEARNING THE USE OF LIBERTY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Ariosto tells a pretty story of a fairy, who, by some mysterious law of her nature, was condemned to appear at certain seasons in the form of a foul and poisonous snake. Those who injured her during the period of her disguise were forever

excluded from participation in the blessings which she bestowed. But to those who, in spite of her loathsome aspect, pitied and protected her, she afterwards revealed herself in the beautiful and celestial form which was natural to her, accompanied their steps, granted all their wishes, filled their houses with wealth, made them happy in love and victorious in war.

Such a spirit is Liberty. At times she takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!

There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him unto his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun.

The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become

half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait forever.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

- Ariosto, Ludovico, (1474-1533):** one of the most celebrated of the Italian poets. In addition to his famous epic "Orlando Furioso" he wrote many comedies, satires, and poems.
- Loathsome aspect:** disgusting appearance
- Celestial:** heavenly
- Liberty:** an abstract noun personified
- Reptile:** snake
- Grovels:** crawls in the dirt

- Woe to those: unfortunate are those
 Cell: a small room in the prison
 Remand: send back (said of prisoners)
 Dungeon: a dark underground prison
 Coalesce: unite into one
 Educated: developed
 Chaos: utter confusion
 Worthy of: fit for

Questions

1. What story is told by Ariosto? 2. To what does Macaulay apply it? 3. What does the application mean? 4. What will happen to those who venture to crush Liberty during the period of her disguise? to those who protect her? 5. What is the cure for the faults of newly acquired freedom? 6. How is liberty likened to light one sees on coming out of the dark? 7. How do men learn to correct the evils that at first come from liberty? 8. What abuses of liberty have you ever heard of or read of? 9. Give arguments against the proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their liberty.

Memory Work

Memorize the fourth paragraph.

A CURTAIN LECTURE

DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803-1857)

Douglas Jerrold, born in Soho, London, was the son of an actor and theatrical manager. He joined the navy in his eleventh year as a volunteer, and continued his schooling on board ships. In the autumn of 1815 his ship was paid off, and the boy, not yet thirteen, had to seek some new kind of work. The next year found him begin life again as a printer's apprentice. He set zealously to work to complete his own education, looking to the theatre, to literature, and to journalism, as offering the proper field for his energies. He began his literary career

In 1825, as a playwright for theatres, at the same time winning his way into various periodicals. Articles and stories from his pen appeared in the *New Monthly*, *Blackwood's* and other magazines. Later on he started some periodicals himself. Most of Jerrold's voluminous work was written for periodicals or for the stage. His very success as a writer for magazines militated against his concentrating on longer pieces of work. The eager spirit of the man seems to impel him to say what he had to say shortly, and to get on to something fresh; so he fails to achieve anything of permanent value. His fame rests now chiefly, if not entirely, on "*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*."

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is: a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go,—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you, as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

“All the girls want bonnets, and where they’re to come from I can’t tell. Half five pounds would have bought ’em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you: and anybody but your own flesh and body, Mr. Caudle!

“The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

“Perhaps you don’t know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn’t afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He’s got a cold already on his lungs, and I shoul’n’t at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father’s head; for I’m sure we can’t now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a good many more things too, if people didn’t throw away their five pounds.

“Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it’s to be paid? Why, it can’t be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done it—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night,—but what’s that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we’ve insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

“I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There’s poor little Caroline, I’m sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she’ll go into a consumption, there’s no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I’ve made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can’t save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

“I wonder where poor little Mopsy is! While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out

of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes,—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? *Sweep the chimney!* Yes, it's all very fine to say sweep the chimney—but how are chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were to drag only

you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for them!* Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

“Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back-door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

“Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds.”

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

In the mid-part of the nineteenth century the name of no living writer was more widely familiar than that of Douglas Jerrold, the author of "*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*." This selection, the first of thirty-six instalments, appeared in *Punch* at the beginning of 1845. The lectures were hailed with delight, and it is said that the newsagents, before ordering their supplies of the paper, would inquire if there was any more of Mrs. Caudle. It created a national furore and set the whole country laughing and talking.

Words and Phrases

Becomes: suits

Pays for: suffers for

Settled: disposed of

His death will be upon his father's head: His father must be responsible for it.

Make ducks and drakes of: squander (originally to throw a flat stone so that it shall skip along the surface of the water).

Margate ('mɑ:ɡɪt): a seaside resort on the coast of Kent, England

Of nights: every night

Hydrophobia: a disease communicated by the bite of a rabid animal, characterized by convulsive dread of water (hence this Greek name).

Questions

1. What is a curtain lecture? 2. What is the occasion of this lecture? 3. Enumerate the evils resulting from Mr. Caudle's lending five pounds as conceived by Mrs. Caudle. 4. Which ones are well-grounded? Which ones are mere exaggerations? 5. What point is most illogical and ridiculous in Mrs. Caudle's argument?

AMERICA'S RESPONSIBILITIES

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919)

Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth president of the United States of America, was born in New York in 1858. No American of his day was so widely known, not only in America, but throughout the world. As president of the United States, he was famous for his "square deal" in politics. He was a man of great ability, and of remarkable quickness and versatility. He studied hard, and knew much about many things, especially science, politics, law, and history. As author, political reformer, statesman, naturalist, and explorer he has accomplished an amount of work which few men could hope to equal. His writings on public affairs, on big-game hunting and exploring, and on historical events and characters fill about twenty volumes.

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and

yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all which life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as befits a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their

good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other Powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown.

We now face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends; not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is to-day, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it

seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this Republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work, they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and

endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this Republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this Republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This is taken from Roosevelt's inaugural address delivered on March 4, 1905. As a day in the inclement month of March, the day was so ideal in weather that the cry "Roosevelt luck" was generally attributed as the cause. The address was delivered to a vast concourse of people and is regarded as one of the great state papers of the United States. It is said that as a public speaker Roosevelt suffered serious limitations, for his diction was not polished and his voice not pleasing; but he overcame all these limitations by his vitality and earnestness.

Words and Phrases

The Giver of Good: God

The dead hand of a bygone civilization: the latent influence of an old civilization.

Alien race: a foreign people

Called for: demanded

Abiding: permanent

Single us out: choose us out

Insolent: insulting

Told for: proved favourable to

Rock: totter; shake

Traits of character: distinguishing features in character

Questions

1. For what should the Americans as a great people be thankful?
2. What should their success cause in them as a people?
3. What should be their attitude towards other nations?
4. What kind of peace do they wish? Why?
5. What does *power* mean?
6. What have brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth?
7. Why does Roosevelt think the Americans have a heavy responsibility?
8. What people needs so urgently such high traits of character?
9. What does Roosevelt think the Americans as a great people must show?

Memory Work

Memorize the second paragraph of the speech.

DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winterberries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless for ever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he

pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as it were but yesterday, could know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to

sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her wanderings with the old man. They were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest, and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and

that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad—to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as to a living voice—rang its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—

a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”

Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she

had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The comic humour for which Dickens has been most popularly known constitutes only a part of his genius. He possessed tragic power—maybe of the profoundest order. Mingled with his graphic tendency to portray absurdity and ugliness, he displayed now and then a real love for the beautiful and pathetic. Two or three of his scenes should be

included among the truly sublime, if the heart-felt tears of tens of thousands of readers are any test of natural pathos. The present selection is taken from "*The Old Curiosity Shop*," a tale of the misfortunes of an old man and his little grand-daughter, and their subsequent wanderings. Though the value of the whole thing has often been questioned, the death scene of little Nell won the high praise of various critics. Richard Le Gallienne counted Little Nell as "the queen of all the dream children in literature." Alexander Smith gave the novel a place in the small village library at Dreamthorp, and made this remark: "We have buried warriors and poets, princes and queens, but no one of these was followed to the grave by sincerer mourners than was Little Nell." R. H. Horne, the novelist's contemporary, wrote four years after the publication of the novel: "The death of Nelly and her burial are well-known scenes, of deep pathetic beauty." Then he went on to praise the prose rhythm revealed in these passages. "They are written in blank verse, of irregular metre and rhythms, which Southey and Shelley, and some other poets have occasionally adopted. The passage, properly divided into lines, will stand thus—

Nelly's Funeral

And now the bell—the bell
 She had so often heard by night and day,
 And listened to with solemn pleasure,
 E'en as a living voice—
 Rung its remorseless toll for her,
 So young, so beautiful, so good.
 Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
 And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,
 Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
 And health, in the full blush
 Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
 To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
 Whose eyes were dim
 And senses failing—
 Grandames, who might have died ten years ago,
 And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,
 The palsied,
 The living dead in many shapes and forms
 To see the closing of this early grave.

Throughout the whole of the above only one unimportant word has been omitted—*in*; 'grandames' has been substituted for 'grandmothers,' and 'e'en' for 'almost.'

Words and Phrases

Creature fresh from the hand of God, etc.: Man is supposed to be created by God. See Genesis ii, 7.

Imaged: reflected

Profound: deep

At the door of the poor schoolmaster: Nell and her grandfather were once kindly received and lodged by a village schoolmaster, who was pleased with her gentle look and artless story.

Before the furnace fire: Once in their wanderings, when foot-sore and sick at heart, she was carried by a kind but gruff man out of the pelting rain, and laid on the warm ashes beside a furnace of fire.

At the still bedside of the dying boy: The above mentioned schoolmaster had a favourite little scholar, who died the day after Nell's arrival, and of whose tranquil death she was a witness.

The old man: Nell's grandfather

Ever and anon: now and then

Waning: fading

Gave vent: let out

Used: treated

The child: Kit by name, her grandfather's errand boy when they lived in London.

Made as though: appeared as if

Soothing: calming

Remorseless: pitiless

Decrepit age etc.: abstract nouns in a concrete sense

"Earth to earth etc.": passage used in Christian funeral service. See Gen. iii, 19.

Loop-holes: small openings in a wall

Knots: groups

Falling off: withdrawing

Teen with: are full of

Immortality: deathlessness

Questions

1. Who was Little Nell? 2. What kind of a girl was Nell? 3. What did she say when she was dying? 4. How did she look when dead? 5. Why was she past all need of help? 6. In what ways did Nell resemble the newly fallen snow? 7. What did the old man do on seeing Nell's little friend? 8. How did the boy beguile the old grandfather? 9. Who came to gather round her tomb when the bell rang? 10. Had Nell ever been in the churchyard? 11. Explain "all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality."

Memory Work

Memorize the paragraph beginning with "And now the bell—"

ANNABEL LEE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was one of the most gifted of American authors. Being left an orphan, he was taken into the family of a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, named Allan. He was somewhat wild in college, and was brought home and put to work in Mr. Allan's office. He ran away, joined the army under an assumed name, was received at the West Point Military Academy, but later was discharged for neglect of his duties. Then Poe set to work to support himself by his pen. In the midst of poverty he married a beautiful young cousin whom he loved devotedly. He wrote both prose and poetry. His prose consisted mainly of weird and mysterious tales betokening a strange imagination. His poetry was wonderfully melodious and expressive. His life was as sad as many of his stories. He was wild and dissipated, always poor because of his dissipation, and always in some serious trouble. He died young, as the result of the wretched life he had lived, but he left behind him some of the choicest treasures of American literature. Poe's poems are few in number, and some of them are but a few lines in length. The best known are *The Bells*, *The Raven* and *Annabel Lee*.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
 I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me.
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know)
 In this kingdom by the sea,
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Ner the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

So far as we know, Poe married his cousin whom he dearly loved. But Andrew Lang says, "The stronger part of his affections, the better element of his heart, had burned away before he was a man. His spirit was always beating against the gate of the grave, and the chief praise he could confer on a woman in his maturity was to compare her to one whom he had lost while he was still a boy." If this be true we may assume that Annabel Lee, a fictitious name as it is, might refer to his sweetheart in boyhood. This conjecture, however, may and may not be right. It does not matter at all as the life of Poe, is, fortunately, a subject that but little concerns readers of his poetry. Moreover, the

assumed names in love poems, as a rule, do not necessarily refer to any real person in the poet's mind; no body can assure what *Lucy* means to Wordsworth or *Laura* means to Petrarch.

Poe's poetry never fails to convey the proper suggestion in sound if not in sense. The indefinite but intensely poetic effect of his poems is produced by the arrangement of his metres. In *Annabel Lee*, we can easily feel that there is a steady crescendo from first to last. We shall never appreciate Poe if we keep comparing him to men of stronger and more human natures. We must take him as one of the voices, almost the "shadow of a voice," that sound in the temple of song, and fill a little hour with music. As Poe's life sank in poverty, bereavement, misfortune, and misery, his verse more and more approached the vagueness of music, appealing often to mere sensation rather than to any emotion which can be stated in words.

Words and Phrases

Winged seraphs: the highest celestial beings having wings under their arms

High-born: of noble birth

Kinsmen: relatives

Sepulchre: tomb

Demons: devils; evil spirits

Dissever: divide; separate

Beams: shines

Night-tide: night time

Questions

1. Was Poe a good scholar?
2. Was he a good soldier?
3. What is Poe's most valuable prose work?
4. What poems of Poe's are the best known?
5. What does Poe never fail to do in his poetry?
6. What had we better not do in order to appreciate Poe?
7. To what does Poe's verse chiefly appeal?

Memory Work

Memorize the whole poem.

THE DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

John Henry Newman was born in England in 1801. He read the Bible when a very young boy, and it is said that he knew it almost by heart. The clear and forcible style which marked his writing later in life probably came in large measure from this knowledge and training. He began to practice composition at a very early age. At nine he kept a diary in which he wrote verses and observations upon men and things. He was critical of his work, and generally it did not satisfy him. At the end of his diary he says, "I think I shall burn it," but he never did. At sixteen he went to Oxford and at twenty-one was made a Fellow of Oriel College—a high honor for a young man. He became a clergyman of the Church of England, and for nearly twenty years was vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, while still retaining his connection with the university. At the age of forty-four he changed his religious belief and entered the Roman Catholic Church, in which he became a priest and in his later years a cardinal. He died in 1890, at the age of eighty-nine.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and

fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them.

The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast,—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best.

He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes

personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny.

He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This description of a gentleman is taken from one of a series of discourses on "The Idea of a University." In 1854 Newman was

appointed rector of the Catholic University in Dublin, and it is then and there that he delivered the discourses. Like most of his religious writings, this description shows us that he can express his thoughts in such refined purity and with such classical strength that we are enabled to receive exactly the impression which he means to convey.

Words and Phrases

As far as it goes: as far as it is concerned

Personal: private

A jar or a jolt: a painful shock

With whom he is cast: with whom he keeps company

Has his eyes on: has in his mind

Distant: cool; reserved

Unseasonable allusions: hints which do not meet the needs of the occasion.

Makes light of: treats as of little importance

Retort: reply to a charge or censure

Has no ears for: does not mind

Scrupulous in imputing: careful in attributing

Personalities: personal remarks (usually offensive)

Insinuates: hints indirectly

Affronted at: offended with

Resigned: submissive; yielding

Candor: frankness; sincerity

Consideration: thoughtful or sympathetic notice

Indulgence: tolerance

Accounts for: furnishes a reason for

Questions

1. What brief definition of a gentleman is given in the first paragraph? 2. In what is a gentleman mainly occupied? 3. In what way is a gentleman like an easy-chair or a good fire? 4. What ancient maxim may we observe from a long-sighted prudence? 5. How do you explain "unseasonable allusions," "personalities," "He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring"? 6. Make a list of the chief characteristics of a gentleman.

Memory Work

2. What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.—*Thackeray*.

2. A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—*Chesterfield*.

3. No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to anyone else.—*Dickens*.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859)

[The story of Rip Van Winkle, probably the most popular of all Irving's tales, is from "The Sketch Book," which was published in 1820. It is here somewhat abridged.]

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the Appalachian family and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple and

print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province

of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. . . .

Rip was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. . . .

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. . . .

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. . . .

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught. . . .

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with

Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud or the sail of a lagging bark here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" At the same time Wolf bristled up his back and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction and perceived a strange

figure slowly toiling up the rocks and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied, with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between

lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of

similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever

they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the

glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon—“Oh, that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip, “what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock and filling the glen with bubbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater, but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the

torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise and whenever

they cast their eyes upon him invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors,—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. He began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That

flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children; the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken

and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George—under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and,

drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was a Federal or a Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle,—with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane; his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul,—demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village. “Alas! gentlemen,” cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, “I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject to the King, God bless him!”

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: “A Tory, a Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!” It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold

austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

“Well, who are they? Name them.”

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, “Where’s Nicholas Vedder?”

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin piping voice, “Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that’s rotten and gone, too.”

“Where’s Brom Dutcher?”

“Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony’s Nose. I don’t know: he never came back again.”

“Where’s Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?”

“He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress.”

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand—war, Congress, Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end. "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on

the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip!" cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home

with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him, but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he,—“Young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This legend of the "long sleep" is probably the most popular story in the English language. It is found printed in more collections of short stories than any other, and has been translated into many languages. The Dutch of New York, among whom Irving heard it, had probably brought it with them from the Old World. To make the sleeper a good-natured village loafer was of course Irving's own idea. About fifty years ago, a great actor, Joseph Jefferson, made a play of this story, changing it somewhat and this play was so popular for so long a time that many people cannot think of Rip without recalling the voice, figure, and manner that Jefferson gave to the part. If your school or town library contains Jefferson's Autobiography, get it and read it. You will find it full of interesting things about Rip and other matters.

Words and Phrases

Catskill (formerly *Kaatskill*, the Dutch spelling) mountains: the great mountains situated in the southeastern part of New York State.

Swelling up to a noble height: rising up very high

Lording it over: standing high above

Magical hues: wonderful colors

Print their bold outlines: appear clearly

Hood: covering

Light up like a crown of glory: shine with beautiful colors

Just where the blue tints, etc.: very near the foot of the mountains

Peter Stuyvesant (staivesnt): the last governor of New Netherlands, which is now called New York

May he rest in peace!": an optative sentence, from the Latin phrase "*Requiescat in pace*" (R. I. P.) meaning a kind wish for the dead.

Gable: a vertical triangle portion of the end of a building

Time-worn and weather-beaten: old and decayed

While the country, etc.: It was before 1776. America declared its independence in 1776.

Well-oiled (humorous): easy-going

Whistled life away: spent his whole life in doing nothing but whistling.

Dinning in his ears: scolding him

Household eloquence (humorous): good speeches of his wife

Sole domestic adherent: only comrade

Henpecked: under the control of his wife

Sages and philosophers (humorous): wise people (here means idlers).

Sessions: meetings

Designated by: having a signboard bearing.

George III (1738-1820): the then King of England

Termagant: quarrelsome

Call to naught: scold severely

Reciprocated: returned

He was after: he was seeking

A green knoll: a grassy mound on one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. The very spot is shown to tourists today. On the mound there is a rock where Rip lay, with a dent in the rock where his head was, another for his shoulders, and others for his thighs and legs.

Crowned the brow of a precipice: was on the top of a cliff

A lagging bark: a small boat moving slowly

- Losing itself: becoming invisible
Impending cliffs: overhanging rocks
Encountering: meeting
Winging its solitary flight: flying alone
Bristled up his back: made the hairs on his back stand up
Skulked: ran about in fear
A vague apprehension stealing over him: a thought of fear gradually growing in his mind.
Toiling: climbing laboriously
Singularity: peculiarity
Square-built: stout
Grizzled: gray
Jerkin: a tight vest covering the upper part of the body, worn by the Dutch during the 16th and 17th centuries.
Of ample volume: very large
Alacrity: willingness
Gully: valley or ravine
Transient: lasting only a short while
Amphitheater: a small open space surrounded on all sides by steep hills.
Inspired awe and checked familiarity: made him fear and stopped him from talking in a friendly way.
Ninpins: a bowling game played with nine wooden clubs which are knocked over by balls.
Quaint outlandish fashion: peculiar foreign style
Doublets: almost same as jerkins
Sugar-loaf: cone-shaped
Hanger: a short curved sword
Dominie Van Schaick (skoik): the village pastor. The word "Dominie" means a clergyman in Dutch.
Uncouth, lack-luster countenances: awkward faces
His heart turned within him: he became frightened
Quaffed: drank copiously
Hollands: a colorless liquor, made in Holland, also called gin
A thirsty soul: a man fond of strong drinks
To repeat the draught: to drink one glass after another
His eyes swam in his head: he felt a sensation of whirling in the head; he grew dizzy.

- Woe-begone: woeful
- Well-oiled fowling piece: a bright gun for shooting birds
- Firelock: an old fashioned gun
- Incrusted with rust: covered over both inside and outside with iron rus.
- Grave roysters: rustic, rude, noisy revellers or drunkards. Irving uses "*royster*" instead of "*roysterer*," but now these words are spelt "*roister*" and "*roisterer*" respectively.
- Scoff: scorn
- Famished: hungry
- Invariably stroked their chins: uniformly rubbed their chins. As Rip wore a long beard, which was not common then, people made this gesture to call the attention of others.
- Familiar haunts: resorts
- Misgave him: gave him doubt
- Bewitched: under the charm of an evil spirit
- addled: made confused
- The cur snarled: the dog growled
- Unkind cut: ungrateful act; cruel deed
- Forlorn: deserted
- Rickety: shaky
- Of yore: of old time; long ago
- A red night-cap: a red ball on top of the flag pole
- Singular assemblage of stars and stripes: the new American flag which Rip had never seen before.
- Metamorphosed (humorous): transmitted; changed
- Red coat: British soldier's uniform
- Blue and buff: the colors of the American soldier's uniform
- General Washington: George Washington (1732-1799), the first president of the U.S.A.
- Vacant stupidity: perfect ignorance
- Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question: Rip did not know what he meant either.
- With one arm akimbo: with one hand on his own waist
- Austere tone: severe, stern voice
- Breed a riot: start a disturbance
- Tory: one who, in the time of American Revolution, favored yielding to Great Britain, (Rip did not know that America had already declared its independence).

Hustle him!: Drive him away!

Culprit: criminal (here refers to Rip)

Anthony's Nose: a steep high rock along the Hudson River

That's Rip Van Winkle yonder: The person they pointed to was really the son of Rip, who had now grown up.

Counterpart: likeness

At his wit's end: in a dilemma; at the limit of his mental resource.

Wink significantly: express their opinion by means of winks

Retired with some precipitation (humorous): withdrew at once

A train of recollections: a chain of thoughts

Faltering: trembling

A fit of passion: an outburst of anger

Put their tongues in their cheeks: a gesture expressing surprise

Screwed down the corners of his mouth: a gesture expressing contempt.

Corroborated: confirmed

The ditto of himself: the counterpart; exact likeness of himself

Evinced a hereditary disposition: proved to have the similar habit to that of his father.

Questions

I. *The scene of the story:* 1. Where is the Hudson River? 2. Where are the Catskill Mountains? 3. Why were the Catskill Mountains like barometers? 4. Name the different colors that these mountains seemed to have. 5. Why were these mountains called *fairy* mountains? 6. Describe the village. 7. Who was Peter Stuyvesant? 8. What do you mean by "R. I. P."?

II. *The characters:* 9. What sort of character is Rip Van Winkle? 10. What twelve different expressions or adjectives does Irving use to describe Rip? 11. Find a similar list of expressions used to describe his wife.

III. *Rip's ramble and sleep:* 12. What did Rip see from the summit of the mountain? 13. What was Rip afraid of when he noticed that evening was coming on? 14. What strange noise did Rip hear? 15. Describe the stranger's appearance: body, hair, beard, upper part of his dress, the lower part. 16. What was on his shoulder? 17. Where did

they go? 18. What did Rip see at the end of their journey? 19. How did Rip serve them and how did he help himself? 20. What then happened to Rip?

IV. *The awakening:* 21. What time of the day was it when Rip fell asleep? 22. At what time did he wake up? 23. How long did he think he had slept, and what did he think was the cause of his long sleep? 24. How did he feel when he got up?

V. *The return to the village and the recognition:* 25. What two things surprised Rip when he came to the village? 26. Why did the people stroke their chins when they saw Rip? 27. Describe the condition of his own house. 28. What did he find in place of the old village inn? 29. Why was the picture of Washington substituted for that of King George? 30. What did all the men, women, and children now do to Rip and why? 31. What was the effect upon him when he saw young Rip, his son? 32. Who now came with a baby on her arm? 33. What questions and answers quickly told who she was? 34. What question did Rip ask with a faltering voice? 35. What was her reply? 36. How did Rip finally declare himself? 37. Who at last recognized him? 38. Who came to corroborate Rip's story? 39. Where did Rip spend the rest of his life? 40. Point out in this selection examples of Irving's humor or love of fun.

Topics for Oral or Written Composition

1. Rip's family
2. Rip's amusements
3. The scene in the Catskill Mountains
4. Rip's return to the village

DREAMTHORP

ALEXANDER SMITH (1830-1867)

Alexander Smith, poet and essayist, was the son of a Paisley pattern-designer. He was educated at Kilmarnock, and afterwards went to Glasgow in order to pursue his father's calling. He commenced his career by contributing articles to the *Glasgow Citizen*. His first work

was "*A Life Drama*," published in 1855, which was warmly praised by George Gilfillan, and led to his being appointed, in 1854, Secretary of Edinburgh University. After this he published "*War Sonnets*," in conjunction with Sydney Dobell, 1855; "*City Poems*," 1857; "*Edwin of Deira*," 1861; "*Dreamthorp*," a volume of essays, in 1863; "*A Summer in Skye*," and an excellent edition of Burns in 1865, also two novels, "*Alfred Haggart's Household*," in 1866, and "*Miss Dona McQuarrie*," 1867. He died at the early age of thirty-seven.

It matters not to relate how or when I became a denizen of Dreamthorp; it will be sufficient to say I am not a native born, but that I came to reside in it a good while ago now. The several towns and villages in which, in my time, I have pitched a tent did not please for one obscure reason or another; this one was too large, t'other too small; but when on a summer evening, about the hour of eight, I first beheld Dreamthorp, with its westward-looking windows painted by sunset, its children playing in the single straggling street, the mothers knitting at the open doors, the fathers standing about in long white blouses, chatting or smoking; the greater tower of the ruined castle rising high into the rosy air, with a whole troop of swallows—by distance made as small as gnats—skimming about its rents and fissures:—when I beheld all this, I felt instinctively that my knapsack might be taken

off my shoulders, that my tired feet might roam no more, that at last, on the planet, I had found a home. From that evening I have dwelt here, and the only journey I am like now to make is a very inconsiderable one, so far at least as distance is concerned, from the house in which I live to the graveyard beside the ruined castle. There, with the former inhabitants of the place, I trust to sleep quietly enough, and nature will draw over our heads her coverlet of green sod, and tenderly tuck us in, as a mother her sleeping ones, so that no sound from the world shall ever reach us, and no sorrow trouble us any more.

The village stands far inland; and the streams that trot through the soft green valleys all about have as little knowledge of the sea as the three-years' old child of the storms and passions of manhood. The surrounding country is smooth and green, full of undulations; and pleasant country roads strike through it in every direction, bound for distant towns and villages, yet in no hurry to reach them. On these roads the lark in summer is continually heard; nests are plentiful in the hedges and dry ditches; and on the grassy banks, and at

the foot of the bowed dikes, the blue-eyed speedwell smiles its benison on the passing wayfarer. On these roads you may walk for a year and encounter nothing more remarkable than the country cart, troops of tawny children from the woods, laden with primroses, and, at long intervals—for people in this district live to a ripe old age—a black funeral creeping in from some remote hamlet; and to this last the people reverently doff their hats and stand aside. Death does not walk about here often, but when he does he received as much respect as the squire himself. Everything round one is unhurried, quiet, moss-grown, and orderly. Season follows in the track of season, and one year can hardly be distinguished from another. Time should be measured here by the silent dial rather than by the ticking clock, or by the chimes of the church.

Dreamthorp can boast of a respectable antiquity, and in it the trade of the builder is unknown. Ever since I remember not a single stone has been laid on the top of another. The castle, inhabited now by jackdaws and starlings, is old; the chapel, which adjoins it, is older still; and the lake, behind both, and in which their shadows sleep, is, I suppose,

as old as Adam. A fountain in the market-place, all mouths and faces and curious arabesques—as dry, however, as the castle moat—has a tradition connected with it; and a great noble riding through the street one day, several hundred years ago, was shot from a window by a man whom he had injured. The death of this noble is the chief link which connects the place with authentic history. The houses are old, and remote dates may yet be deciphered on the stones above the doors; the apple-trees are mossed and ancient; countless generations of sparrows have bred in the thatched roofs, and thereon have chirped out their lives. In every room of the place men have been born—men have died. On Dreamthorp centuries have fallen and have left no more trace than have last winter's snowflakes.

This commonplace sequence and flowing on of life is immeasurably affecting. That winter morning when Charles lost his head in front of the banqueting-hall of his own palace, the icicles hung from the eaves of houses here, and the clown kicked the snowballs from his clouted shoon, and thought but of his supper when, at three o'clock, the red sun set in his purple mist. On that

Sunday in June when Waterloo was going on, the gossips, after morning service, stood on the country roads discussing agricultural prospects, without the slightest suspicion that the day passing over their heads would be a famous one in the calendar. Battles have been fought, kings have died, history has transacted itself,—but, all unheeding, Dreamthorp has watched apple-trees redden and wheat ripen, and smoked its pipe and quaffed its mug of beer and rejoiced over its new-born children, and with proper solemnity carried its dead to the churchyard. As I gaze on the village of my adoption, I think of many things very far removed and seem to get closer to them. The last setting sun that Shakespeare saw reddened the windows here, and struck warmly on the faces of the hinds coming home from the fields. The mighty storm that raged while Cromwell lay a-dying made all the oak-woods groan round about here and tore the thatch from the very roofs I gaze upon. When I think on this, I can almost, so to speak, lay my hand on Shakespeare and on Cromwell. These poor walls were contemporaries of both, and I find something affecting in the thought. The mere soil

is, of course, far older than either, but *it* does not touch one in the same way. A wall is the creation of a human hand, the soil is not.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This selection is taken from the opening essay in Smith's "*Dream-thorp*." "Thorp", also spelled "thorpe", is an Anglo-Saxon word for village, retained now only in place-names, as in Bishopthorp. "Dream-thorp", is, therefore, an imaginary land, just as "Dream Children" are imaginary descendants. Smith was a poet in his time (though we should add an epithet now), but he excelled more in prose, especially in descriptive passages. This essay has been estimated at the best specimen of his style.

Words and Phrases

Denizen: naturalized foreigner

Knapsack: traveller's bag for necessities, strapped to the back

Sod: turf

Benison (archaic): benediction

Doff (archaic): take off

Adam: the first man, the progenitor of human race, in Hebrew mythology. See Genesis ii.

Arabesques: decorations with intertwined leaves in the style of the Arabs.

Deciphered: made out

Charles: Charles I. (1600-1649), king of England. Defeated and finally sentenced to death by the parliament, he mounted, on January 30, 1649, the scaffold erected outside one of the windows of the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

Clown: rustic

Clouted: patched

Shoon (archaic): shoes

Waterloo: the famous battle between the French, led by Napoleon, and the united forces of England and Prussia, under command of

the Duke of Wellington. It took place on June 18, 1815. Though the two armies had faced each other on the field early in the morning, action was not begun until half past eleven.

Mug: drinking-vessel of more or less cylindrical shape

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616): see the biographical sketch under *Julius Cæsar*.

Hinds: farm workmen

Cromwell, Oliver (1599-1658): commander of the parliamentary army, Lord Protector of England from 1653 to his death.

Questions

1. What is meant by "Dreamthorp"? 2. What allures the writer to settle down in Dreamthorp? 3. What is the only journey he is likely to take? 4. State the most salient characteristics of Dreamthorp. 5. How does Smith describe its quietude? its antiquity? its remoteness?

Memory Work

Battles have been fought, kings have died, history has transacted itself,—but, all unheeding, Dreamthorp has watched apple-trees redden and wheat ripen, and smoked its pipe and quaffed its mug of beer, and rejoiced over its new born children, and with proper solemnity carried its dead to the churchyard.

SILENCE

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881)

Sidney Lanier was one of the most gifted of American Southern poets. A true son of the South, he entered the Confederate army soon after his college graduation, and served throughout the Civil War. His experiences are graphically portrayed in "*Tiger Lilies*", a novel published in 1867. His love of music was the master passion of his life. It permeates all his poetry, which is full of melody, containing symphonies in words. He was lecturer on English Literature at Johns Hopkins University the last two years of his life.

My countrywomen and countrymen, I know few wants that press upon our modern life with more immediate necessity than the want of silence. In this culmination of the nineteenth century, which our generation is witnessing, the world is far too full of noise. The nineteenth century worships Trade; and Trade is the most boisterous god of all the false gods under Heaven. Hear how his railways do thrill the land with interwoven roarings and yellings! Hear the clatter of his factories, the clank of his mills, the groaning of his forges, the sputtering and labouring of his water-power! And that is not half. Listen how he brags, in newspaper and pamphlet and huge placard and poster and advertisement! Are not your ears fatigued with his braggart pretensions, with his stertorous vaunting of himself and his wares? Nay, in this age of noise, the very noise itself, which is usually but the wretched accompaniment of trade, has positively come to have an intrinsic commercial value of its own. It is a fact that some trades succeed by mere force of noise, by mere auctioneer's strength of voice, by mere loudness of stentorian

advertisement, without possessing a single other element of recommendation or success.

Far be it from me to condemn the sounds of hammer and saw and anvil; far be it from me to censure advertisements, which form the legitimate appliances of success in trade. I am not here for that to-day. This is not the place or the time to draw the distinction between the legitimate and the illegitimate rush of commerce—between what is vile brag and what is proper self-assertion in the merchant's advertisement. But I know that there is an evil in all this noise. Out of this universal hubbub there is born a great wrong. A certain old homely phrase expresses this evil in vivid terms: In these days there is so much noise that we cannot hear ourselves think.

What time have I to enumerate the signs and evidences of this evil, of not hearing ourselves think? They are on every hand. Crudity, immaturity, unripeness, acidity, instability—these things characterize our laws, our literature, all our thought, our politics, our social-life, our loves and hates, our self-development.

If there be here one who has learned from silence the divine secret whereby a man may harmonize the awful discordant noises of life, I invoke his witness that my words are true, that silence is the mother of a thousand radiant graces and rare virtues.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

- Culmination:** arrival of the highest point (of glory and power)
Boisterous: noisy
Thrill: pierce; penetrate
Interwoven: woven together
Yellings: shrieks
Clatter: rattling noise
Clank: ringing sound
Forges: smithies
Sputtering: emitting with spitting sound
Brag: boasts; praises himself
Braggart pretensions: boastful claims to great merit of importance
S errorous vaunting: noisy boasting
Wretched: mean
Intrinsic: essential
Stentorian: extremely loud
Far be it from me: It is not my wish or purpose
Appliances: means
Rush: violent motion
Hubbub: uproar; tumult
Homely: plain
On every hand: on all hands; from every direction
Crudity: quality of being raw
Invoke: call on for aid
Radiant: beaming with vivacity and happiness

Questions

1. Why is Trade the most boisterous god of all the false gods under Heaven? 2. How can you prove that the very noise itself has positively come to have an intrinsic commercial value of its own? 3. What homely phrase expresses the evil of the universal hubbub? 4. By what are Chinese laws, literature, politics, and social life of to-day characterized? 5. Why is silence the mother of a thousand radiant graces and rare virtues? 6. What did Lanier seem to hate, when he delivered this speech?

Memory Work

Memorize this speech.

THE ARCHERY MATCH AT ASHBY

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station, in turn, at the bottom of the southern access, the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot, each, three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would

have been held degraded, had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

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

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

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

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

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping-place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear.

The arrow whistled through the air and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

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

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the

mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

“By the light of heaven!” said Prince John to Hubert, “an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!”

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

“The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!” interrupted John; “shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be worse for thee!”

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the very center of the target.

“A Hubert! a Hubert!” shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. “In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!”

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the Prince, with an insulting smile.

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

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

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

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

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but

the cry of "Shame! shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. "A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this

yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin, and not to any human skill. A man can but do his best, and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

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

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

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and

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

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

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

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This selection is from "Ivanhoe," one of the best-known novels written by Sir Walter Scott, which is a story of the time of Richard I (1157-1199). Prince John, who was ruling England during the absence

in Palestine of his brother King Richard, arranged for a great tournament at Ashby. After several days of fierce encounters by the knights, an archery match was held for the yeomen, on the last day of the tournament. On one of the preceding days Prince John had noticed in the crowd a bold fellow who, he thought, had failed to show him the respect due to his high rank. This angered the prince, and he determined to humiliate him in the archery match. He did not know that this yeoman, who called himself Locksley, was no other than Robin Hood, the famous English outlaw, who had come in disguise to the tournament to see the sport. At that time, the great pastime of the people in England was archery. They were even bound by royal proclamation to practise it on Sundays.

Richard I was King of England from 1189 to 1199. He laid heavy burdens upon the people in order to equip an army for the third Crusade. At first he was victorious, and did such valiant deeds in Palestine that he received the name of "Cœur de Lion." Being ultimately defeated, he set back for England. On his way home, he was shipwrecked on the north coast of the Gulf of Venice. Disguised as a pilgrim, he was identified and seized by the Duke of Austria, and sold for a large sum of money to the Emperor of Germany, who cast him into prison. A large sum was demanded and paid for his ransom, and he returned to England in 1194. During his absence the country was in a shocking state. It was infested by bands of robbers, and no man's life or property was safe. Shortly after Richard's return from the Holy Land, he was engaged in a war with France, and was mortally wounded by a bolt from a crossbow while besieging a castle in Normandy.

Robin Hood was first mentioned by the Scottish historian Fordun, who died in 1386. According to traditions, he was an outlaw in the reign of Richard I. He entertained one hundred strong men, all good archers, with the spoil he took, but "he suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested; poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and houses of rich earls." He was an immense favourite with the common people. He was supposed to have been born in Locksley, Nottinghamshire, about 1160. His exploits are the subject of many ballads. He is usually described as a yeoman, with his chief resort in the forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire. The popular legends extol his courage, courtesy, generosity, and skill in archery.

Words and Phrases

- Ashby** (æʃbi): a town in the county of Leicester, England
- Lists**: the field for a tournament or combat
- Access**: entrance
- A shot at rovers**: a rising shot, not direct
- Yeomanry**: persons who cultivated his own freehold and belonged to the class next in order to the gentry.
- Malvoisin**: name of a knight, who is a character of little importance in "Ivanhoe."
- Try conclusions**: have a contest so as to determine who is the superior.
- Baldric**: a broad belt worn over one shoulder and under the opposite arm.
- Sith** (archaic): since
- Grandsire** (archaic): forefather
- Long bow**: a bow about six feet long
- At Hastings**: at the Battle of Hastings, which took place in 1066. The Normans, who, led by William the Conqueror, were mostly archers, defeated the English soldiers, armed with javelins and axes, and killed their leader, King Harold.
- Memory**: posthumous repute
- Nigh**: nearly
- Allow for**: take into consideration; make addition or deduction corresponding to
- Or that had been**: or that would have been
- To pause upon his aim**: to take his aim deliberately
- By the light of heaven**: by Heaven (an oath)
- An** (archaic): if
- Runagate**: vagabond
- Worthy of the gallows**: deserving to be hanged (a curse)
- The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generations**: a curse
- Worse for thee**: woe to thee (a threat)
- A Hubert**: hurrah for Hubert
- Clout**: the center of the target
- Mend**: improve
- Notch**: cut or make notches in
- Give vent to**: express

Bonny: comely

King Arthur's round table: a huge table, made by the magician Merlin, which was given to King Arthur, a British king who flourished in the sixth century, as a wedding gift by his father-in-law. Around the table King Arthur and the most valiant knights of his time had their seats, and they were known as "Knights of the Round Table." Their chief exploits occurred in quest of the San Graal or Holy Cup.

Bucklers: the baldric, the bugle, etc., forming the prize

Whittle: a small knife

Sirrah (archaic): sir

Crow over: exult over, as over a vanquished antagonist

Vindicated: maintained successfully

Jubilee: a general shout

Noble: an old gold coin worth about \$3.50 Chinese money

Livery: the special dress worn by a man's followers

Questions

1. What is a "shot at rovers?"
2. Who superintended the sports?
3. Describe the way in which Hubert shot the first arrow.
4. Describe Locksley's three shots.
5. What have you heard of King Arthur's Round Table?
6. What does Prince John show of his character in the narrative?
7. What do you know about King Richard the Lion-hearted and Robin Hood?

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892)

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

Was there a man dismay’d?

Not tho’ the soldier knew

Some one had blunder’d:

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volley’d and thunder’d;

Storm’d at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of Hell

Rode the six hundred.

Flash’d all their sabres bare,

Flash’d as they turn’d in air

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wonder’d:

Plunged in the battery-smoke

Right thro’ the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reel’d from the sabre-stroke

Shatter’d and sunder’d.

Then they rode back, but not—

Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Early on October 25, 1854, the Crimean War having been about a month in progress, the Russian army advanced to threaten Balaclava, the allies' base of supplies. Their cavalry was checked by the charge of the Heavy Brigade up the Causeway Heights, which divide in two the plain above the town. At about eleven o'clock the Light Brigade, numbering 673 men, was ordered to charge a Russian battery at the opposite end of the northern section of the valley, a mile and half away. The order was evidently an error, and the blame was at first

laid upon Captain Nolan, who delivered the message from the headquarters to the commander of the cavalry division, Lord Lucan; but some historians gave the weight of responsibility to Lucan himself. The charge was made with the most splendid gallantry, only 195 men surviving.

The poem was written in a few minutes on Dec. 2, 1854, after reading the report of the *Times* correspondent, where only 607 sabres were mentioned as having taken part in the charge. It was first printed in *The Examiner* on Dec. 9. The version met with great disfavor because of its omission of "the Light Brigade" and "Some one had blunder'd," which, as Kuskin said, was "precisely the most tragical line in the poem." In August 1855, when Tennyson heard that the soldiers before Sebastopol were enthusiastic over the original ballad, he revised it, had a thousand copies printed on a separate quarto sheet, and sent them out to the Crimea with his compliments. This, the final form, was reprinted in the second edition of *Maud* (1856). Tennyson said, "It is not a poem on which I pique myself."

Words and Phrases

League: about three miles

Valley of Death (fig.): horrible battlefield

Charge: an impetuous onset or attack

Dismayed: alarmed; disheartened

Blundered: made a gross error

Tho': though

Volleyed and thundered: fired with a great noise like thunder

Flashed: gleamed

Sabre: a kind of sword usually with a curved blade (a typical cavalry arm).

Sabring: killing with a sabre

Plunged in the battery-smoke: swallowed in the smoke issued from the enemy's guns

Cossack: Russian cavalry

Reeled: wavered; fell back

Shattered and sundered: broken into pieces; in disorder

The jaws of Death and the mouth of Hell (fig.): both mean the gate of death

Wild charge: violent attack

Questions

1. What passage teaches that the first duty of the soldier is to obey? 2. What is meant by "the jaws of Death"? "the valley of Death"? "the mouth of Hell"? 3. What lines, by their sound, imitate the galloping of horses? 4. What lines, by their sound, suggest the thunder of the cannon? 5. How many men took part in the charge? 6. What was the surviving number? 8. Look up your atlas and locate the following places: Crimea, Balaclava, Sebastopol. 8. What was the result of the charge?

Historical Reference

The emperor Nicholas of Russia, following the policy of Peter the Great, tried to get a sea-port on the Mediterranean Sea. As Turkey was a weak nation, he was anxious to seize it, under the pretext of supporting the claims of the Greek Christians to certain holy places in Jerusalem. England and France aided the sultan. An allied army, seventy thousand strong, consisting of the English, the French, and the Turks, was landed in the Crimea. After many desperate battles, the Russians were defeated and forced to sign the Treaty of Paris (1856).

JULIUS CÆSAR

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

"The name of Shakespeare," wrote Henry Hallam, the historian, "is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literatures." Yet of the man William Shakespeare—of his personal history, of his early life, of his education, even of his professional career—we know very little indeed—much less than we know about hundreds of second-rate authors. He was born in the home of John and Mary Shakespeare, in the little village of Stratford on Avon, England. When he was a boy he attended the Stratford Grammar School, where he learned Latin and busied himself with such studies as the boys of that day were expected to take up. Shakespeare's education came to an end in his 14th or 15th year. It has generally been assumed that his father's misfortunes caused him to be withdrawn from school suddenly, before he had finished the

course. As he could not think of settling down to the life of a village tradesman, he went to London to seek his fortune. On arriving in London he determined to get work of some sort in the theater. Finding there was no suitable job for him, he began by holding the horses of the fine gentlemen who came to see the plays. Later he was employed to call out the names of the actors and the pieces, and after a time was given a small part to act. But he soon showed that he could make himself more useful in changing old plays so that they could be more easily acted. That was something which the actors themselves could not do. A few years later he began to write plays himself, and almost before he knew it he was famous. Most of his plays are written in blank verse—i.e. verse without rime. The greatest of the plays are perhaps "*The Merchant of Venice*," "*Julius Cæsar*," "*Hamlet*," "*King Lear*," "*Macbeth*," and "*The Tempest*."

Act III Scene II The Forum

[*The Speeches of Brutus and Antony after the Murder of Cæsar*]

Brutus. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him;

but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune, honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Citizen. Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen. We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

Second Citizen. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit*]

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears?

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men--

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome ,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see tha on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know .
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me :
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar.
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Citizen. Has he, masters? I fear there will a
worse come in his place.

Fourth Citizen. Mark'd ye his words? He would not
take the crown;

'Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Citizen. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Second Citizen. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

Third Citizen. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

Fourth Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
'To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

* * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart·

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel.
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen. O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen. O noble Cæsar!

Third Citizen. O woful day!

Fourth Citizen. O traitors, villains!

First Citizen. O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill.

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Julius Cæsar (100-44 B.C.), the greatest general and most influential man of Rome, was murdered in the senate house by a party of conspirators, among whom Cassius was the instigator and Brutus, the leader. The latter was Cæsar's friend and looked upon by the people as the noblest man of the city. After the murder was done, the people demanded for an explanation. In this scene Brutus gave a very skilful

speech before the multitude explaining the reason why he had killed Cæsar, and Antony overbore it with one of more eloquence and succeeded in stirring up the people to mutiny.

Words and Phrases

- Forum:** a public meeting place in Rome
- Brutus, Cassius, Casca:** the chief conspirators
- Lovers:** friends
- Mine honour:** my honour
- Censure:** judge
- Awake your senses:** keep your ears on the watch
- You may the better judge:** you may judge better
- There is tears:** A plural noun with a singular verb is common in Shakespeare.
- Bondman:** a male slave
- The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol:** A statement of the reason why he was put to death is explained and registered in the Capitol.
- Capitol:** the temple of Jupiter, in Rome, where the Senate met
- Extenuated:** lessened
- Mark Antony (83-30 B.C.):** a Roman general and a prominent adherent of Cæsar
- Had no hand in his death:** did not participate in the murder
- A place in the commonwealth:** an official position in the republic
- As which of you shall not?:** Likewise all of you shall receive the benefit of his dying, etc.
- Let him be Cæsar:** Let him take the place of Cæsar
- Cæsar's better parts shall be crown'd in Brutus:** As Brutus has the good qualities of Cæsar, so the honour and glories of Cæsar shall be put on Brutus' head.
- Do grace:** show respect; honour
- Tending to:** describing; mentioning
- Not a man depart:** Let not a man depart.
- Save I alone:** except me alone
- Spoke:** spoken
- Lend me your ears:** Listen to my words.
- Oft interred:** often buried
- So let to be with Cæsar:** Let Cæsar's good qualities be buried with him also.

- Under leave of: permitted by
- Ransoms: money paid by captives
- The general coffers: the national treasury
- When that: whenever
- Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: An ambitious person should possess a more obstinate nature.
- Lupercal: a Roman festival
- What cause withholds you to mourn for him?: What hinders you from mourning for him?
- Bear with me: Be patient with me
- Methinks (*Obs.*): I think
- A worse: a worse man
- If it be found so: if it be true
- Dear abide it: Pay dearly for it.
- None so poor to do him reverence: Even the poorest man thinks himself too good to show him any respect.
- If I were disposed: if I wished
- Mutiny: rising against the commander, as in army or navy
- Than I will wrong: than to wrong
- Napkins: handkerchiefs
- Issue: children
- Mantle: cloak
- Nervii: The Nervii were the bravest warriors in Belgium. The battle with the Nervii was perhaps the most desperate fight in which Cæsar ever engaged. Antony mentions this on account of the Romans' love of conquest and military fame.
- Rent: opening
- Plucked: pulled
- His cursed steel: his dagger
- As rushing: as if rushing
- Resolved: informed
- Cæsar's angel: Cæsar's beloved friend
- Most unkindest: Double superlative is common in Shakespeare.
- More strong: stronger
- Vanquished: overcame
- Pompey (106-48 B.C.): a famous Roman general. He formed with Cæsar and Cassius the triumvirate in 60 B.C.; and was defeated by Cæsar in 48 B.C. His statue was in the senate house.

Dint of pity: impression or effect of pity

Vesture: clothing

About!: About face! Let us be off! Let us go!

Questions

1. What kind of a writer was Shakespeare?
2. Where was he born?
3. Who was Julius Cæsar?
4. What was the general attitude of the citizen toward Brutus before and after he made the speech?
5. What reasons does he give for killing Cæsar?
6. Do you think Brutus deserves failure? If so why?
7. Which of them, Brutus or Antony, had the better knowledge of the crowd?
8. How did Antony avoid giving offense at the beginning of his speech?
9. What effect had Antony's speech upon the hearers by using the word "honorable" before Brutus and "ambitious" before Cæsar?
10. Where did Antony openly condemn the conspirators?
11. What do you think of the crowd?
12. Were they fit for self-government?

DELIGHT

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867—)

John Galsworthy, the son of a London lawyer, was born in Surrey. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and completed his education by extensive traveling. He published his first great novel "*The Man of Property*" and his first play "*The Silver Box*" when he was about forty. One after another, stories, plays, sketches and what not fell from his pen and established him as one of the leading English playwrights and novelists of to-day. "*The Country House*," "*The Dark Flower*," "*Five Tales*" are some of his more important novels; "*Joy*," "*Strife*," "*Justice*," "*The Pigeon*," "*A Bit o' Love*," some of his dramatic masterpieces. The following selection, one of his lighter touches, was written in 1910 and included in the volume entitled "*A Motley*," which was published in the same year.

I was taken by a friend one afternoon to a theatre. When the curtain was raised, the stage was perfectly empty save for tall grey curtains which enclosed it on all sides, and presently through the thick folds of those curtains children came dancing in, singly, or in pairs, till a whole troop of ten or twelve were assembled. They were all girls; none, I think, more than fourteen years old, one or two certainly not more than eight. They wore but little clothing, their legs, feet and arms being quite bare. Their hair, too, was unbound; and their faces, grave and smiling, were so utterly dear and joyful, that in looking on them one felt transported to some Garden of Hesperides, where self was not, and the spirit floated in pure ether. Some of these children were fair and rounded, others dark and elf-like; but one and all looked entirely happy, and quite unself-conscious, giving no impression of artifice, though they had evidently had the highest and most careful training. Each flight and whirling movement seemed conceived there and then out of the joy of being—dancing had surely never been a labour to them, either in rehearsal or performance. There was no tiptoeing and posturing,

no hopeless muscular achievement; all was rhythm, music, light, air, and above all things, happiness. Smiles and love had gone to the fashioning of their performance; and smiles and love shone from every one of their faces and from the clever white turnings of their limbs.

Amongst them—though all were delightful—there were two who especially riveted my attention. The first of these two was the tallest of all the children, a dark thin girl, in whose every expression and movement there was a kind of grave, fiery love.

During one of the many dances, it fell to her to be the pursuer of a fair child, whose movements had a very strange soft charm; and this chase, which was like the hovering of a dragon-fly round some water-lily, or the wooing of a moonbeam by the June night, had in it a most magical sweet passion. That dark, tender huntress, so full of fire and yearning, had the queerest power of symbolising all longing, and moving one's heart. In her, pursuing her white love with such wistful fervour, and ever arrested at the very moment of conquest, one seemed to see the great secret force that hunts

through the world, on and on, tragically unresting, immortally sweet.

The other child who particularly enchanted me was the smallest but one, a brown-haired fairy crowned with a half-moon of white flowers, who wore a scanty little rose-petal-coloured shift that floated about her in the most delightful fashion. She danced as never child danced. Every inch of her small head and body was full of the sacred fire of motion; and in her little *pas seul* she seemed to be the very spirit of movement. One felt that Joy had flown down, and was inhabiting there; one heard the rippling of Joy's laughter. And, indeed, through all the theatre had risen a rustling and whispering; and sudden bursts of laughing rapture.

I looked at my friend; he was trying stealthily to remove something from his eyes with a finger. And to myself the stage seemed very misty, and all things in the world lovable; as though that dancing fairy had touched them with tender fire, and made them golden.

God knows where she got that power of bringing joy to our dry hearts: God knows how long she will keep it! But that little flying Love had in

her the quality that lies in deep colour, in music, in the wind, and the sun, and in certain great works of art—the power to set the heart free from every barrier, and flood it with delight.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

Garden of Hesperides: the place where the sacred golden apples, symbolising happiness, are kept by the Hesperides, four sister goddesses (Gr. myth.)

Was not: did not exist

Artifice: contrivance

Conceived: formed

Being: life

Rehearsal: performance before public appearance

Posturing: posing

Fashioning: shaping

Riveted: absorbed

Wooing: courting; seeking love

Yearning: longing

Wistful: betraying vague yearnings

Arrested: stopped

Shift: under-garment

Pas seul (Fr.): dance by a single person

Rippling: making sounds like ripples

Stealthily: secretly

Flood: overflow

Questions

1. How did Galsworthy come to write this essay? 2. Who were the dancers? Describe their appearances. 3. Did their dancing seem natural or artificial? How? 4. What was the chasing like? 5. Describe the "brown-haired fairy." 6. What was the "something" removed

from the friend's eyes? 7. Why did the stage seem misty to the writer?
8. Explain "self was not," "the joy of being," "it fell to her,"
"tragically unresting," "immortally sweet."

Memory Work

Memorize the third paragraph.

PREPARATION FOR WAR

CAPTAIN ALFRED THAYER MAHAN (1840-1914)

Alfred Thayer Mahan, born at Westpoint, N. Y., was a great American authority on naval history. From 1854 to 1894, he served in the U.S. navy, and in 1906 was given the rank of rear-admiral retired. With forty years' experience in the navy, he wrote "*Influence of Sea Power upon History, 1660-1812*," a live disquisition, "*The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future*" and Lives of Farragut, Nelson, etc. He died in the very year the Great War broke out.

In the matter of preparation for war, one clear idea should be absorbed first by every one who, recognizing that war is still a possibility, desires to see his country ready. This idea is that, however defensive in origin or in political character a war may be, the assumption of a simple defensive in war is ruin. War, once declared, must be waged offensively, aggressively. The enemy must not be fended off, but smitten down. You may then spare him every exaction, relinquish every gain;

but till down he must be struck incessantly and remorselessly.

Preparation, like most other things, is a question both of kind and of degree, of quality and of quantity. As regards degree, the general lines upon which it is determined have been indicated broadly in the preceding part of this article. The measure of degree is the estimated force which the strongest *probable* enemy can bring against you, allowance being made for clear drawbacks upon his total force, imposed by his own embarrassments and responsibilities in other parts of the world. The calculation is partly military, partly political, the latter, however, being the dominant factor in the premises.

In kind, preparation is twofold—defensive and offensive. The former exists chiefly for the sake of the latter, in order that offence, the determining factor in war, may put forth its full power, unhampered by concern for the protection of the national interests or for its own resources. In naval war, coast defence is the defensive factor, the navy the offensive. Coast defence, when adequate, assures the naval commander-in-chief that his base of

operations—the dock-yards and coal depots—is secure. It also relieves him and his government, by the protection afforded to the chief commercial centres, from the necessity of considering them, and so leaves the offensive arm perfectly free.

Coast defence implies coast attack. To what attacks are coasts liable? Two, principally,—the blockade and bombardment. The latter, being the more difficult, includes the former, as the greater does the lesser. A fleet that can bombard can still more easily blockade. Against bombardment the necessary precaution is gun-fire, of such power and range that a fleet cannot lie within bombarding distance. This condition is obtained, where surroundings permit, by advancing the line of guns so far from the city involved that bombarding distance can be reached only by coming under their fire. But it has been demonstrated, and is accepted, that owing to their rapidity of movement,—like a flock of birds on the wing,—a fleet of ships can, without disabling loss, pass by guns before which they could not lie. Hence arises the necessity of arresting or delaying their progress by blocking channels, which in modern practice is done by lines

of torpedoes. The mere moral effect of the latter is a deterrent to a dash past,—by which, if successful, a fleet reaches the rear of the defences, and appears immediately before the city, which then lies at its mercy.

Coast defence, then, implies gun-power and torpedo lines placed as described. Be it said in passing that only places of decisive importance, commercially or militarily, need such defences. Modern fleets cannot afford to waste ammunition in bombarding unimportant towns,—at least when so far from their own base as they would be on our coast. It is not so much a question of money as of frittering their fighting strength. It would not pay.

Even coast defence, however, although essentially passive, should have an element of offensive force, local in character, distinct from the offensive navy, of which nevertheless it forms a part. To take the offensive against a floating force it must itself be afloat—naval. This offensive element of coast defence is to be found in the torpedo-boat, in its various developments. It must be kept distinct in idea from the sea-going fleet, although it is, of

course, possible that the two may act in concert. The war very well may take such a turn that the sea-going navy will find its best preparation for initiating an offensive movement to be by concentrating in a principal seaport. Failing such a contingency, however, and in and for coast defence in its narrower sense, there should be a local flotilla of small torpedo-vessels, which by their activity should make life a burden to an outside enemy. A distinguished British admiral, now dead, has said that he believed half the captains of a blockading fleet would break down—"go crazy" were the words repeated to me—under the strain of modern conditions. The expression, of course, was intended simply to convey a sense of the immensity of suspense to be endured. In such a flotilla, owing to the smallness of its components, and to the simplicity of their organization and functions, is to be found the best sphere for naval volunteers; the duties could be learned with comparative ease, and the whole system is susceptible of rapid development. Be it remembered, however, that it is essentially defensive, only incidentally offensive in character.

Such are the main elements of coast defence—guns, lines of torpedoes, torpedo-boats. Of these none can be extemporized, with the possible exception of the last, and that would be only a makeshift. To go into details would exceed the limits of an article,—require a brief treatise. Suffice it to say, without the first two, coast cities are open to bombardment; without the last, they can be blockaded freely, unless relieved by the sea-going navy. Bombardment and blockade are recognized modes of warfare, subject only to reasonable notification,—a concession rather to humanity and equity than to strict law. Bombardment and blockade directed against great national centres, in the close and complicated network of national and commercial interests as they exist in modern times, strike not only the point affected, but every corner of the land.

The offensive in naval war, as has been said, is the function of the sea-going navy—of the battle-ships, and of the cruisers of various sizes and purposes, including sea-going torpedo-vessels capable of accompanying a fleet, without impeding its movements by their loss of speed or unseaworthiness. Seaworthiness, and reasonable speed under

all weather conditions, are qualities necessary to every constituent of a fleet; but, over and above these, the backbone and real power of any navy are the vessels which, by due proportion of defensive and offensive powers, are capable of taking and giving hard knocks. All others are but subservient to these, and exist only for them.

What is that strength to be? Ships answering to this description are the *kind* which make naval strength; what is to be its degree? What their number? The answer—a broad formula—is that it must be great enough to take the sea, and to fight, with reasonable chances of success, the largest force likely to be brought against it, as shown by calculations which have been indicated previously. Being, as we claim, and as our past history justifies us in claiming, a nation indisposed to aggression, unwilling to extend our possessions or our interests by war, the measure of strength we set ourselves depends, necessarily, not upon our projects of aggrandizement, but upon the dispositions of others to thwart what we consider our reasonable policy, which they may not so consider. When they resist, what force can they bring against

us? That force must be naval; we have no exposed point upon which land operations, decisive in character, can be directed. This is the kind of hostile force to be apprehended. What may its size be? There is the measure of our needed strength. The calculation may be intricate, the conclusion only approximate and probable, but it is the nearest reply we can reach. So many ships of such and such sizes, so many guns, so much ammunition—in short so much naval material.

In the material provisions that have been summarized under the two chief heads of defence and offence—in coast defence under its three principal requirements, guns, lines of stationary torpedoes, and torpedo-boats, and in a navy able to keep the sea in the presence of a probable enemy—consist what may be called most accurately preparations for war. In so far as the United States is short of them, she is at the mercy of an enemy whose naval strength is greater than that of her own available navy. If her navy cannot keep the enemy off the coast, blockade at least is possible. If, in addition, there are no harbor torpedo-boats, blockade is easy. If, further guns and torpedo lines are

deficient, bombardment comes within the range of possibility, and may reach even the point of entire feasibility. There will be no time for preparation after war begins.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This exposition is from *Preparedness for Naval War*, in Mahan's "*The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future*." The book, published in Boston in 1897, has helped much to make the captain an acknowledged authority on naval affairs. This selection serves as a good example of exposition, as it illustrates well the very serviceable method in analytic writing of mentioning first the larger phases of the subject, and then resolving each phase into its subordinate points for more specific treatment. Throughout the whole passage the coherence of sentences is well worth studying. Of the paragraphs the concluding one is the most excellent. As the reader will easily see, stress is laid upon the idea that there must be time enough for offensive preparation before war is declared.

Words and Phrases

Fended off: kept off

Smitten down: struck down; vanquished

Clear drawbacks: apparent hindrances

Coal depots (koul 'depouz): places where supplies of coal are kept for the navy.

Blockade: the shutting up of a place by ships (or troops) so as to prevent ingress or egress and the reception of supplies

Bombardment: an attack with bombs upon a fortified place

Arresting: stopping; hindering

Torpedoes: machines for blowing up ships (here it refers to submarine mines).

Moral effect: probable result

- Dash past: a rapid passing by
 Be it said in passing: by the way, it must be said
 Act in concert: act unitedly
 Take such a turn: so change
 Flotilla: a fleet of small vessels
 Break down: lose control over their feelings
 Makeshift: temporary device
 Go into details: discuss minutely
 Open to: liable to; exposed to
 Hard knocks: forcible blows
 Answering to: corresponding to
 Feasibility: practicability

Questions

1. Is war a possibility? Why?
2. How must war be waged?
3. As regards preparation for war, which is more important, defensive or offensive? Give your reason.
4. To what attacks are coasts liable?
5. When is it necessary to block channels?
6. What does coast defense imply?
7. When is a flotilla of small torpedo-vessels most needed?
8. What is conveyed by the expression "go crazy," as repeated by a British admiral?
9. What qualities are necessary to every constituent of a fleet?
10. What does the measure of strength of the United States depend upon, since she is indisposed to aggression?
11. In what do preparations for war consist?
12. If the United States is short of them, what is likely to happen to her?
13. Will there be a war even greater than that began in 1914?

THE NECKLACE

GUY DE MAUPASSANT (1850-1893)

Guy de Maupassant, the famous French short story writer, was born in Normandy in 1850. As a boy, he was under the special training of the great French prose writer, Flaubert, who taught him to observe all things accurately and express himself clearly. It is said that this relentless teacher read all the young author's early poems and stories, pointed out the faults in them, and then destroyed them. Thus did

Maupassant learn to perfection these two qualities for which all his stories are noted: exact observation of facts and emotions, and a brief simple style. He produced six novels and over two hundred short stories. He always looked on the dark side of life, and many of his stories contain sad and bitter tragedies. Even the humor in them is grim and dismal. Being miserably insane in his later years, he died in an asylum in 1893.

She was one of those pretty and charming girls who, as if by a mistake of destiny, are born in a family of employees. She had no dowry, no expectations, no means of becoming known, understood, loved, wedded by any rich and distinguished man; and so she let herself be married to a petty clerk in the Bureau of Public Instruction.

She was simple in her dress because she could not be elaborate, but she was as unhappy as if she had fallen from a higher rank, for with women there is no inherited distinction of higher and lower. Their beauty, their grace, and their natural charm fill the place of birth and family. Natural delicacy, instinctive elegance, a lively wit, are the ruling forces in the social realm, and these make the daughters of the common people the equals of the finest ladies.

She suffered intensely, feeling herself born for all the refinements and luxuries of life. She suffered

from the poverty of her home as she looked at the dirty walls, the worn-out chairs, the ugly curtains. All those things of which another woman of her station would have been quite unconscious tortured her and made her indignant. The sight of the country girl who was maid-of-all-work in her humble household filled her almost with desperation. She dreamed of echoing halls hung with Oriental draperies and lighted by tall bronze candelabra, while two tall footmen in knee-breeches drowsed in great armchairs by reason of the heating stove's oppressive warmth. She dreamed of splendid parlors furnished in rare old silks, of carved cabinets loaded with priceless bric-a-brac, and of entrancing little boudoirs just right for afternoon chats with bosom friends—men famous and sought after, the envy and the desire of all the other women.

When she sat down to dinner at a little table covered with a cloth three days old, and looked across at her husband as he uncovered the soup and exclaimed with an air of rapture, "Oh, the delicious stew! I know nothing better than that," she dreamed of dainty dinners, of shining silver-ware, of tapestries which peopled the walls with

antique figures and strange birds in fairy forests; she dreamed of delicious viands served in wonderful dishes, of whispered gallantries heard with a sphinx-like smile as you eat the pink flesh of a trout or the wing of a quail.

She had no dresses, no jewels, nothing; and she loved nothing else. She felt made for that alone. She was filled with a desire to please, to be envied, to be bewitching and sought after. She had a rich friend, a former schoolmate at the convent, whom she no longer wished to visit because she suffered so much when she came home. For whole days at a time she wept without ceasing in bitterness and hopeless misery.

Now, one evening her husband came home with a triumphant air, holding in his hand a large envelope.

“There,” said he, “there is something for you.”

She quickly tore open the paper and drew out a printed card, bearing these words:—

“The Minister of Public Instruction and Mme. Georges Rampouneau request the honor of M. and Mme. Loisel’s company at the palace of the Ministry, Monday evening, January 18th.”

Instead of being overcome with delight, as her husband expected, she threw the invitation on the table with disdain, murmuring:

“What do you wish me to do with that?”

“Why, my dear, I thought you would be pleased. You never go out, and this is such a fine opportunity! I had awful trouble in getting it. Every one wants to go; it is very select, and they are not giving many invitations to clerks. You will see all the official world.”

She looked at him with irritation, and said, impatiently:

“What do you expect me to put on my back if I go?”

He had not thought of that. He stammered:

“Why, the dress you go to the theatre in. It seems all right to me.”

He stopped, stupefied, distracted, on seeing that his wife was crying. Two great tears descended slowly from the corners of her eyes toward the corners of her mouth. He stuttered:

“What’s the matter? What’s the matter?”

By a violent effort she subdued her feelings and replied in a calm voice, as she wiped her wet cheeks:

“Nothing. Only I have no dress and consequently I cannot go to this ball. Give your invitation to some friend whose wife has better clothes than I.”

He was in despair, but began again:

“Let us see, Mathilde. How much would it cost, a suitable dress, which you could wear again on future occasions, something very simple?”

She reflected for some seconds, computing the cost, and also wondering what sum she could ask without bringing down upon herself an immediate refusal and an astonished exclamation from the economical clerk.

At last she answered hesitatingly:

“I don’t know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage.”

He turned a trifle pale, for he had been saving just that sum to buy a gun and treat himself to a little hunting trip the following summer, in the country near Nanterre, with a few friends who went there to shoot larks on Sundays.

However, he said:

“Well, I think I can give you four hundred francs. But see that you have a pretty dress.”

The day of the ball drew near, and Madame Loisel seemed sad, restless, anxious. Her dress was ready, however. Her husband said to her one evening:

“What is the matter? Come, now, you’ve been looking queer these last three days.”

And she replied:

“It worries me that I have no jewels, not a single stone, nothing to put on. I shall look wretched enough. I would almost rather not go to this party.”

He answered:

“You might wear natural flowers. They are very fashionable this season. For ten francs you can get two or three magnificent roses.”

She was not convinced.

“No; there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among a lot of rich women.”

But her husband cried:

“How stupid you are! Go and find your friend Madame Forestier and ask her to lend you some jewels. You are intimate enough with her for that.”

She uttered a cry of joy.

“Of course. I had not thought of that.”

The next day she went to her friend's house and told her distress.

Madame Forestier went to her handsome wardrobe, took out a large casket, brought it back, opened it, and said to Madame Loisel:

“Choose, my dear.”

She saw first of all some bracelets, then a pearl necklace, then a Venetian cross of gold set with precious stones of wonderful workmanship. She tried on the ornaments before the glass, hesitated, could not make up her mind to part with them, to give them back. She kept asking:

“You have nothing else?”

“Why, yes. But I do not know what will please you.”

All at once she discovered, in a black satin box, a splendid diamond necklace, and her heart began to beat with boundless desire. Her hands trembled as she took it. She fastened it around her throat, over her high-necked dress, and stood lost in ecstasy as she looked at herself.

Then she asked, hesitating, full of anxiety:

“Would you lend me that,—only that?”

“Why, yes, certainly.”

She sprang upon the neck of her friend, embraced her rapturously, then fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Madame Loisel was a success. She was prettier than all the others, elegant, gracious, smiling, and crazy with joy. All the men stared at her, asked her name, tried to be introduced. All the cabinet officials wished to waltz with her. The minister noticed her.

She danced with delight, with passion, intoxicated with pleasure, forgetting all in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of mist of happiness, the result of all this homage, all this admiration, all these awakened desires, this victory so complete and so sweet to the heart of woman.

She left about four o'clock in the morning. Her husband had been dozing since midnight in a little deserted anteroom with three other gentlemen, whose wives were having a good time.

He threw about her shoulders the wraps which he had brought for her to go out in, the modest wraps of common life, whose poverty contrasted

sharply with the elegance of the ball dress. She felt this and wished to escape, that she might not be noticed by the other women who were wrapping themselves in costly furs.

Loisel held her back.

“Wait here, you will catch cold outside. I will go and find a cab.”

But she would not listen to him, and rapidly descended the stairs. When they were at last in the street, they could find no carriage, and began to look for one, hailing the cabmen they saw passing at a distance.

They walked down toward the Seine in despair, shivering with the cold. At last they found on the quay one of those ancient nocturnal cabs that one sees in Paris only after dark, as if they were ashamed to display their wretchedness during the day.

They were put down at their door in the Rue des Martyrs, and sadly mounted the steps to their apartments. It was all over, for her. And as for him, he reflected that he must be at his office at ten o'clock.

She took off the wraps which covered her shoulders, before the mirror, so as to take a final look at herself in all her glory. But suddenly she uttered a cry. She no longer had the necklace about her neck!

Her husband, already half undressed, inquired: "What is the matter?"

She turned madly toward him.

"I have—I have—I no longer have Madame Forestier's necklace."

He stood up, distracted.

"What!—how!—it is impossible!"

They looked in the folds of her dress, in the folds of her cloak, in the pockets, everywhere. They could not find a trace of it.

He asked:

"You are sure you still had it when you left the ball?"

"Yes. I felt it on me in the vestibule at the palace."

"But if you had lost it in the street we should have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes. That's probable. Did you take the number?"

"No. And you, you did not notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other thunderstruck. At last Loisel put on his clothes again.

"I am going back," said he, "over every foot of the way we came, to see if I cannot find it."

So he started. She remained in her ball dress without strength to go to bed, sitting on a chair, with no fire, her mind a blank.

Her husband returned about seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to police headquarters, to the newspapers to offer a reward, to the cab companies, everywhere, in short, where a trace of hope led him.

She watched all day, in the same state of blank despair before this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned in the evening with cheeks hollow and pale; he had found nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of her necklace and that you are having it repaired. It will give us time to turn around."

She wrote as he dictated.

At the end of a week they had lost all hope.

And Loisel, looking five years older, declared:

“We must consider how to replace the necklace.”

The next day they took the box which had contained it, and went to the place of the jeweller whose name they found inside. He consulted his books.

“It was not I, madame, who sold the necklace; I must simply have furnished the casket.”

Then they went from jeweller to jeweller, looking for an ornament like the other, consulting their memories, both sick with grief and anguish.

They found, in a shop at the Palais Royal, a string of diamonds which seemed to them exactly what they were looking for. It was worth forty thousand francs. They could have it for thirty-six thousand.

So they begged the jeweller not to sell it for three days. And they made an arrangement that he should take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the end of February.

Loisel had eighteen thousand francs which his father had left him. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three louis there. He gave notes, made ruinous engagements, dealt with usurers, with all the tribe of money-lenders. He compromised the rest of his life, risked his signature without knowing if he might not be involving his honor, and, terrified by the anguish yet to come, by the black misery about to fall upon him, by the prospect of every physical privation and every mental torture, he went to get the new necklace, and laid down on the dealer's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Madame Loisel took the necklace back to Madame Forestier, the latter said coldly :

“You should have returned it sooner, for I might have needed it.”

She did not open the case, to the relief of her friend. If she had detected the substitution, what would she have thought? What would she have said? Would she have taken her friend for a thief?

Madame Loisel now knew the horrible life of the needy. But she took her part heroically. They must pay this frightful debt. She would

pay it. They dismissed their maid; they gave up their room; they rented another, under the roof.

She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious labors of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, staining her rosy nails on the greasy pots and the bottoms of the saucepans. She washed the dirty linen, the shirts and the dishcloths, which she hung to dry on a line; she carried the garbage down to the street every morning, and carried up the water, stopping at each landing to rest. And, dressed like a woman of the people, she went to the fruiterer's, the grocer's, the butcher's, her basket on her arm, bargaining, abusing, defending sou by sou her miserable money.

Each month they had to pay some notes, renew others, obtain more time.

The husband worked every evening, neatly footing up the account books of some tradesman, and often far into the night he sat copying manuscript at five sous a page.

And this life lasted ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid everything,—everything, with the exactions of usury and the accumulations of compound interest.

Madame Loisel seemed aged now. She had become the woman of impoverished households,—strong and hard and rough. With hair half combed, with skirts awry, and reddened hands, she talked loud as she washed the floor with great swishes of water. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office, she sat down near the window and thought of that evening at the ball so long ago, when she had been so beautiful and so admired.

What would have happened if she had not lost that necklace? Who knows, who knows? How strange life is, how changeful! How little a thing is needed for us to be lost or to be saved!

But one Sunday, as she was going for a walk in the Champs Élysées to refresh herself after the labors of the week, all at once she saw a woman walking with a child. It was Madame Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still charming.

Madame Loisel was agitated. Should she speak to her? Why, of course. And now that she had paid, she would tell her all. Why not?

She drew near.

“Good morning, Jeanne.”

The other, astonished to be addressed so familiarly by this woman of the people, did not recognize her. She stammered:

“But—madame—I do not know you. You must have made a mistake.”

“No, I am Mathilde Loisel.”

Her friend uttered a cry.

“Oh! My poor Mathilde, how changed you are!”

“Yes, I have had days hard enough since I saw you, days wretched enough—and all because of you!”

“Me? How so?”

“You remember that necklace of diamonds that you lent me to wear to the ministerial ball?”

“Yes. Well?”

“Well, I lost it.”

“How can that be? You returned it to me.”

“I returned to you another exactly like it. These ten years we’ve been paying for it. You know it was not easy for us, who had nothing. At last it is over, and I am very glad.”

Madame Forestier was stunned.

“You say that you bought a diamond necklace to replace mine?”

“Yes; you did not notice it, then? They were just alike.”

And she smiled with a proud and naïve pleasure.

Madame Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

“Oh, my poor Mathilde! Why, my necklace was paste. It was worth five hundred francs at most.”

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This story, a translation from the French original, is not only Maupassant's best-known story, but “the most perfect short story in any language.” It is set in a Paris atmosphere of social aspiration and discontent. The background is one of studied contrasts,—contrasts between the stolid contentment of a husband and the would-be luxuriousness of a wife, between what Madame Loisel had and what she wanted, between what she was and what she thought she could be, between her brief moment of triumph and the long-years of her undoing, between the trivialness of what she did and the heaviness of her punishment. These contrasts are developed not by reasoning but by action, each action plunging Madame Loisel deeper and deeper into misery. Showing neither sympathy nor indignation, Maupassant writes as if he were the stenographer of impersonal and pitiless fate. The plot of this story belongs to that large group known as hoax plots. In most of these stories one person plays a joke on another. In this story a grim fate is made to play the joke. The current phrase, “the irony of fate,” finds

here perfect illustration. Madame Loisel's misfortune depends not only on an accident that might so easily not have happened, but on a misunderstanding that might so easily have been explained.

Words and Phrases

The Bureau of Public Instruction: the Board of Education in France

Elaborate: strikingly beautiful in dress

Inherited distinction: hereditary title or mark, usually of honor

Social realm: society

Born for: destined to possess

Refinements and luxuries of life: costly articles which, pleasing our senses, are desirable but not indispensable

Worn out: impaired by use

Maid-of-all-work: a female servant who does all the work of a household

Filled her almost with desperation: caused her to be nearly given to despair

Oriental draperies: costly beautiful hangings of a room which are woven of wool or silk and brought from such Oriental countries as Turkey and Persia

Candelabra: large, usually branched, candlesticks or lampstands

Drowsed: fell half asleep

Cabinet: a case with drawers and so forth for keeping valuables or displaying curiosities

Bric-a-brac: miscellaneous curiosities

Entrancing: charming

Boudoirs (bu:dwa:): ladies' private rooms

Bosom friends: very intimate friends

A cloth three days old: a table-cloth which has been used for three days and ought to have been washed

With an air of rapture: in an exceedingly joyful manner

Stew: anything cooked by having it boiled gently and slowly in a closed vessel with little liquid

Tapestries which peopled in fairy forests: woven hangings of wool and silk, often enriched with gold and silver, representing figures of men, animals, landscapes, etc.

- Viands:** articles of food
- Whispered gallantries:** speeches said in a very low voice and showing polite or amorous attention to ladies
- A sphinx-like smile:** a restrained smile
- Made for:** born for
- Convent:** a house for a community of religious persons, usually women, who live in seclusion from the world. In France girls are often sent to the convent to be educated.
- Mme. Georges Rampouneau** (ma'dam dʒɔ:dʒiz ræmpʊ'no): the wife of the Minister of Public Instruction
- M. and Mme. Loisel** (mə'sjɔ̃ ɔ̃n ma'dam lɔisl): Mr. and Mrs. Loisel
- Select:** rather exclusive
- Irritation:** uneasy sensation
- Stammered:** spoke, usually from embarrassment, with halting articulation, esp. with rapid repetitions of the same syllable
- Stuttered:** spoke, usually from embarrassment, with repetitions of words
- Mathilde** (mə'tild): the Christian name of Mme. Loisel
- Franc:** a French silver coin worth about ten cents of Chinese money
- Treat himself to:** entertain himself with
- Nanterre** (nɑ:n'tɛr): a town near Paris
- Stone:** jewel
- Humiliating:** lowering the dignity
- Madame Forestier** (ma'dam fɔrɛ'stir): Mme. Loisel's lady friend
- Venetian cross of gold:** an ornament of gold in the form of a cross, which is made in Venice, a city in Italy noted for its precious ornaments of wonderful workmanship
- Lost in ecstasy:** crazy with joy; overcome with joy
- Cabinet officials:** officials in the cabinet, the select council of the king
- Waltz:** practise the dance of waltz, in which partners progress with a whirling motion and with each other 'n embrace
- Homage:** acknowledgement of superiority
- Dozing:** drowsing
- Wraps** (usu. in plu.): outer garments
- The Seine** (sɛ:n): a river flowing for seven miles through Paris

Quay (ki): a landing place, usually built of stone or iron, lying along the bank of a river for loading and unloading ships. Along the banks of the Seine there are different quays for different kinds of merchandise.

Nocturnal: active in the night

Rue des Martyrs (ry dɛ mar'ti:r): a street in Paris

Vestibule: a hall next to the outer door of a house and from which doors open into various rooms

Thunderstruck: so much amazed as if struck by lightning

Her mind (being) a blank: her mind having no sensations

Blank despair: sheer or absolute despair

Palais Royal (pa'lɛ rwa'jal): the Place du Palais Royal, a broad street in Paris where beautiful gardens and fine shops are found

Made an arrangement: agreed

Louis (lwi): a French gold coin worth about two dollars of Chinese money

Compromised: put to hazard; endangered

Involving: implicating; risking

Privation: want of the comforts or necessities of life

Relief: deliverance from anxiety

Another, under the roof: an attic, which is to be let at a much lower rent

Greasy: covered with the fat of meat

Garbage: refuse; filth

Landing: a platform between two flights of stairs

Sou (su): a French copper coin worth about half a cent

Footing up: summing up .

Awry: wrinkled; in folds

Swishes: splashes

Champs Elysées (ʃɑ̃zeli'ze): a broad avenue in Paris which, with its elegant buildings having gardens and railings in front, with its wide side-walks for foot passengers, with its rows of trees and numbers of grass-plots and flower-beds, presents a magnificent prospect

Agitated: excited

Jeanne (ʒɑn): the Christian name of Mme. Forestier

Stunned: bewildered

Naïve (nɑ:i:v): amusingly and unaffectedly simple

Paste: hard glass composition used in making imitations of precious stones

Questions

1. What forms the setting of this story? 2. Is the plot of this story a hoax plot? Why? 3. Describe Madame Loisel's character. 4. What can you say about her husband's character? 5. What do you think is the author's purpose in writing this story? 6. Tell the ending of this story in your own words. 7. Can you think of a better ending, or of a happy continuation of this story? 8. What lessons may we learn from it?

A LETTER OF COUNSEL

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732-1799)

George Washington was of English descent, and was living on his American estate at Mount Vernon when the dispute between the British home government and the colonies broke out. He became one of the leaders of the revolutionary party, and later was elected to the first Congress at Philadelphia. The following year 1775 saw him commander-in-chief of the American army, and from this time to the end of the struggle, in 1783, he was trusted and respected by the people. On the founding of the Republic he was elected to be the first president of the United States for a period of two terms (1789-96) and refused to be elected for the third term. He was one of the noblest characters in history—good, simple, honest, brave, and efficient.

NEWBURGH, January 15, 1783.

Dear Bushrod:

You will be surprised, perhaps, at receiving a letter from me; but if the end is answered for which it is written, I shall not think my time misspent.

Your father, who seems to entertain a very favorable opinion of your prudence, and I hope you merit it, in one or two of his letters to me speaks of the difficulty he is under to make you remittances. Whether this arises from the scantiness of his funds, or the extensiveness of your demands, is matter of conjecture with me. I hope it is not the latter; because common prudence, and every other consideration, which ought to have weight in a reflecting mind, is opposed to your requiring more than his conveniency, and a regard to his other children will enable him to pay; and because he holds up no idea in his letter, which would support me in the conclusion. Yet when I take a view of the inexperience of youth, the temptations in and vices of cities, and the distresses to which our Virginia gentlemen are driven by an accumulation of taxes and the want of a market, I am almost inclined to ascribe it in part to both. Therefore, as a friend, I give you the following advice.

Let the object, which carried you to Philadelphia, be always before your eyes. Remember that it is not the mere study of the Law, but to become eminent in the profession of it, which is to yield

honor and profit. The first was your choice; let the second be your ambition, and that dissipation is incompatible with both; that the company, in which you will improve most, will be least expensive to you; and yet I am not such a stoic as to suppose that you will, or to think it right that you should, always be in company with senators and philosophers; but of the young and juvenile kind let me advise you to be choice. It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found after we have once committed ourselves to them. The indiscretions and scrapes, which very often they involuntarily lead one into, prove equally distressing and disgraceful.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

Let your *heart* feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your *hand* give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the

estimation of the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain genteel dress is more admired and obtains more credit than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

The last thing, which I shall mention, is first in importance; and that is, to avoid gaming. This is a vice which is productive of every possible evil; equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till grown desperate he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word,

few gain by this abominable practice (the profit, if any, being diffused), while thousands are injured.

Perhaps you will say, "My conduct has anticipated the advice," and "Not one of these cases applies to me." I shall be heartily glad of it. It will add not a little to my happiness, to find those to whom I am nearly connected pursuing the right walk of life. It will be the sure road to my favor, and those honors and places of profit, which their country can bestow; as merit rarely goes unrewarded.

I am, dear Bushrod,

Your affectionate uncle,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This letter was written by George Washington to his nephew Bushrod (1762-1829) when the latter was studying law in Philadelphia. Its contents consist of advice indispensable to every man of his age; viz: (a) good company, (b) good behavior, (c) the giving of charity, (d) decent dress, (e) the evils of gambling. This letter had a marvellous effect on Bushrod, who became one of the judges of the United States Supreme Court.

Words and Phrases

Newburgh ('nju:berə): a city southeast of New York City, now called "Newbury" ('nju:beri)

The end is answered: my purpose is thoroughly realized

- Misspent: wrongly spent
- Entertain a very favorable opinion: have always a good opinion
- Prudence: discretion, including economy and frugality
- Merit: deserve
- Make you remittances: send you money occasionally
- Scantiness of funds: lack of ready money
- Extensiveness of your demands: your numerous demands for money
- Matter of conjecture with me: a matter that I can only guess
- And every other consideration: together with other reasonable considerations
- Have weight: take effect
- Than his conveniency: than your father can afford
- Holds up no idea: does not express his opinion
- Take a view of: observe
- Our Virginia gentlemen: we Virginians, (including Bushrod's father and Washington himself)
- Accumulation of taxes: heavy government taxes
- The want of a market: poor business
- In part to both: partly for the first reason "*the scantiness of his funds*" and partly for the second, "*the extensiveness of your demands*"
- Eminent: prominent
- Dissipation is incompatible with both: reckless life is inconsistent with your "choice" and "ambition"
- The Stoic: a follower of Zeno, the Greek philosopher, whose theory was that men should be free from passion and unmoved by joy or grief. "Not such a stoic as" means "not so austere as."
- To be choice of: to be careful in choosing
- Irksome: troublesome
- Committed ourselves to them: made friends with them
- Scrapes: difficulties
- Well tried: properly tested
- Withstand the shocks of adversity: stand against misfortunes together
- Appellation: name of true friendship
- The widow's mite: the poor widow's trifle contribution of two leptons. A lepton was a Jewish coin worth little over one cent Chinese currency (Luke 21: 1-4)
- Gentee!: decent and gentlemanly

In the eyes of the judicious and sensible: in the wise men's eyes:
as wise men look upon it.

Gaming: gambling

Volaries: devotees (here it means habitual gamblers)

Avarice: excessive desire of gain

Iniquity: wickedness; sin

Fascinating: captivating

Till it is overtaken by a reverse: till he loses all he has gained

Retrieving: recovering

Desperate: reckless from despair

Pushes at everything: puts everything on the table at his stake

This abominable practice: gambling

My conduct has anticipated the advice: My conduct has never been
inconsistent with your advice just given.

Right walk of life: proper way of living

Questions

1. Who was George Washington? 2. Who was Bushrod? 3. Give the reason why Washington wrote this letter.
4. What is meant by "a letter of counsel"?
5. Why are such letters more difficult to write than any other kind of letters?
6. Tell briefly the main topics of this letter.
7. What encouragement is given in the conclusion?

LOVE OF COUNTRY

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said,

"This is my own, my native land!"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned

As home his footsteps he hath turned

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

HELPS TO STUDY

Words and Phrases

Strand: shore

Mark: watch

Minstrel raptures: songs about heroic deeds composed by a musician called a minstrel, who sings his songs to the accompaniment of a harp

Despite: in spite of

Pelf: riches; wealth

The wretch: the worthless person

Concentered: wholly centered or brought together

Forfeit: lose right to

Renown: fame

Doubly dying: dying body and soul

Vile dust: earth

Questions

1. What is patriotism? 2. Why is the man without love for his native land said to be "concentered all in self"? 3. What men and women have you read about in this book who showed their love for their country? 4. What others have you heard of whose patriotism has been sung and honored?

Memory Work

Memorize the poem.

THE WAR FOR DEMOCRACY

WOODROW WILSON (1856-1924)

Woodrow Wilson, the twenty-eighth President of the United States, was born at Staunton, Virginia, on December 28, 1856, and of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He was brought up and received his first education in the South. Afterwards he entered Princeton University, graduating in 1879. In his college days he was noted for his ability as a debator and a writer. He studied law at the University of Virginia, and took post-graduate work in political science at Johns Hopkins University, obtaining the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1886. In 1902 he became president of Princeton University. After resigning his presidentship he entered upon political life and was elected Governor of the State of New Jersey in 1910. He was known as a Reform Governor, and did much for the purification of State politics. He showed that the scholar and the practical man of affairs could be combined in one personality. In 1912 he was elected President of the United States, and was reelected for a second term in 1916. Upon the outbreak of the European War he strove to keep the United States from becoming involved, but when the moral issues of the war became clearly defined, he called on the country to enter whole-heartedly into the struggle, and he assumed the place of leadership for which he was so eminently qualified. He sat through the whole of the Paris Conference. He died in 1924. His speeches will take rank in American literature with those of Webster and Lincoln.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States;

that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. . . .

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked

out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. . . .

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own. . . .

We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life

and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them. . . .

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal

dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

This selection consists of several extracts from President Wilson's message to Congress on April 2, 1917, recommending that action be taken declaring war between the United States and Germany. The address was delivered at 8.30 P.M. on the date given before a Joint Session of Congress. As it called for a State of War with Germany the moment was tense, but the cheering was such as had never been heard before in the halls of Congress.

This address of President Wilson voices the best ideals and aspirations of the American people. It enumerates the long train of abuses practised by Germany against Americans which forced them to take up arms against her.

What made President Wilson decidedly ask Congress to recognize that Germany was making war upon the United States is a thing we ought to know. In January, 1915, a German cruiser sank an American ship because it was carrying grain to England. In May, 1915, a German submarine sank the *Lusitania*, a giant English steamship, carrying passengers of many nationalities. Over a hundred Americans were drowned

by this criminal action. Attacks were made upon other American vessels, with loss of lives. To all the protests of the American Government, the German Government made answers that were insolent and dishonest. Moreover, the German Government had been guilty of many other hostile acts towards the Americans. It had spies in America, even in the diplomatic offices, who were endangering their lives, their property, and their relations with other countries. Since the beginning of the war also, the German Government and the German army had profoundly shocked the moral sense of the United States by its record of appalling crimes against innocent people. In February, 1917, the President dismissed the German ambassador, and on April 2 before Congress he delivered this address in which the reasons for this action are set forth clearly and forcibly.

Words and Phrases

American ships: Following eight or more American vessels which had been sunk or attacked earlier, in most cases in contravention to international law, these ships were also sunk, early in 1917, immediately after the repudiation of her pledges by Germany; *Housatonic* (Feb. 3), *Lyman M. Law* (Feb. 13), *Vigilance* (March 16), *City of Memphis* (March 17), *Illinois* (March 17), *Healdton* (March 21), *Astec* (April 1), *Algonquin* (March 2).

Moderation of counsel: calmness of mind in consultation

Temperateness of judgment: coolness in judging; judgment without the least irritation or violence.

Tragical: intensely sad

Status of belligerent: standing of a nation waging regular war as recognized by the law of nations

To bring . . . to terms: to compel to agree, assent, or submit

Pawns: pieces of smallest size and value in chess, most likely to be sacrificed.

Bring about: cause to happen

Critical posture of affairs: Wars do not have to be declared in order to exist. The mere commission of warlike or unfriendly acts commences them. If the acts of Germany were unfriendly, war in the strictest sense existed when the President addressed Congress.

Concert: agreement

Covenants: contracts containing the terms of agreement

Render account: make an open statement

Gage of battle: challenge of battle (originally, *gage* means a glove, cap, etc., flung down as a challenge to combat).

Nullify its pretensions: make void of its claims

Indemnities: money paid to a victor in war

In the balance: at stake

God helping no other: When Martin Luther, a German priest of the fifteenth century, took his stand against his church, he used these words: "Here I stand. God help me; I cannot do otherwise."

Questions

1. In what form is the recommendation to declare war made? 2. What is the object of the Americans in declaring war? 3. How does the President seek to excuse the German people, as distinguished from the German Government? 4. What form of government has Germany? 5. Why cannot secret plans for war against neighboring nations be worked out in a democracy? 6. Why cannot a government like that of Germany even be admitted to a partnership for keeping peace? 7. What is said of Germany's spy system among the Americans? 8. Why does Wilson think that to such a task they can dedicate their lives and their fortunes, everything that they are and everything that they have?

MY WATCH

MARK TWAIN (1835-1910)

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Mark Twain," is ranked by some critics as the greatest American writer of his time. To many he is known simply as a humorist, but he is much more, for his writings are both literary and philosophical. He was born in Florida, Missouri, and at thirteen was working in his brother's printing office. Then we find him as a journeyman printer in Cincinnati, New York, and Philadelphia. When the Civil War broke out, he entered the Southern army. Later he was a pilot on the Mississippi River, and from the customary remark

of the leadsmen when he found the steamboat in two fathoms of water—"Mark Twain!"—he took the pseudonym which he made his in literature. After some times as pilot, he became secretary to his brother in Nevada, then went to California and the Hawaiian Islands. A trip that he took up the Mediterranean resulted in "*Innocents Abroad*," which established beyond question his right to be called a great humorist. His last years were spent in Connecticut and New York City.

"*Tom Sawyer*," "*Huckleberry Finn*," "*A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*," "*The Prince and the Pauper*," and "*Pudd'nhead Wilson*" are the titles of some of his later books. But besides books, Mark Twain wrote numberless short articles on such a variety of subjects that it is impossible to do more than hint at his work. As he was a great traveler, his writings picture conditions in many lands. In 1895-1896 he made a trip around the world lecturing, in order to pay off a debt of nearly one hundred thousand dollars incurred by a publishing house with which he was connected. As this debt did not bind him legally, his act won the admiration of all lovers of honesty.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognised messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and

the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed.

My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. I hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it has never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a

small dice box into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week.

After being cleaned and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days.

After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing, and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance;

and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger.

He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he

said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start.

It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling.

He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in

six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and engineers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Mark Twain's humor is not of the delicate, graceful style like Irving's, but is all-convulsing—sometimes uproarious. It comes from exaggeration and incongruity of ideas. Yet his object is not only to make fun, but to bring out some truth, to suggest some reform in thought or action; and so successfully has he done this, that he may be counted among the world's moralists. "My Watch," extravagant as it is, has also a lesson to teach. It purports that many a person who goes as expert is a mere sham and causes unnecessary troubles to those who approach him.

Words and Phrases

Had come to: had begun to

Judgments: announcements

Anatomy: structure

Run down: stop

Bodings: omens

Human cabbage: a stupid person

Cruelly: without regard to the imploration of the owner of the watch

The shameful deed: the unwarranted pushing up of the regulator

Sickened to a raging fever: gained time excessively

Pulse: here referring to the ticking of the watch

A fraction over: a little more than

Ahead of the almanac: in advance of the day indicated on the calendar.

Abide: bear

Looked a look of vicious happiness: looked maliciously happy

Fried: forced

Dice box: here referring to the magnifying glass used by a watchmaker

Failed: missed

Got to missing: began to miss

Strung out: extended

Three days' grace: three days allowed for the payment of a bill after it becomes due

Go to protest: be subjected to a protest for the non-payment of a bill

Drifted: was carried

Sneaking fellow-feeling: concealed fellow-feeling (as if it were to be ashamed of)

Swap: exchange

Mischief: devil

Stood any chance against: had any possibility of being compared to

Fooling: trifling

Judges' stand: a platform for the judges in a race course

Trot up to the judges' stand: come to the end of the course (twenty-four hours)

A mild virtue: mediocrity; a moderate excellence

Had no idea: did not know

Went off: started

Padded my breast: furnished my breast with a pad, i.e., a cushion

Something the matter: something wrong

Make head or tail of: know anything about

Half-soleing: repairing (The watchmaker who used the expression must have once been a shoemaker, and he meant the watch was worn out like a shoe.)

Unexceptionably: correctly

Let go: loosen

Their individuality was lost: they could not be recognized as hands

Of other days: formerly

Delivered his verdict: announced his judgment

Want: have

Brained him: shot him in the head

Questions

1. How did Clemens come to call himself Mark Twain? 2. What do you do, when your watch runs down? when it doesn't keep good time? 3. Why did Mark Twain take his watch to the chief jeweller's? 4. Why did he take it to the first watchmaker? 5. Why did he take it to the second watchmaker? 6. Did the time-piece work well after that? 7. Is Mark Twain's account of his watch to be taken seriously? 8. In what way is Mark Twain's humor different from Irving's? 9. What same quality of humor do you find here as you found in "A Curtain Lecture"?

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI

O. HENRY (1862-1910)

William Sidney Porter, who wrote under the pen-name of O. Henry, was a native of North Carolina. He got little education, but early learned the art of story-telling from his maiden aunt. When eighteen years old he went to Texas, a land of ranches and cowboys, and worked in a drug store for some time and then in a bank. He began his literary career as a newspaper editor. Later he came to New York and wrote stories for different magazines, which gradually won him fame and fortune. In his lifetime, over a million volumes of his stories were sold in America alone.

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and

eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and

unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence

of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his books. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up

again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mine. Sofronie. Hair Goods of all Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like

it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant school-boy. She looked

at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?" Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year—what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if

you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled. “Dell,” said he, “let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ’em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men—wonderfully wise men—who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of

their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The Gift of the Magi ranks among the writer's best stories. O. Henry was very social and friendly, especially with children and poor people, and even with tramps and thieves. So his knowledge of their lives was first-hand; his stories always savoured true. The plots are exceedingly clever and interesting, humor abound, and the end is always surprising. Often there are two endings: first, an unexpected ending, then another, which is quite a different one and a still better surprise. This may be observed in the above story. To give them the local colour, O. Henry put into his stories a great deal of slang and colloquial expressions, that make them hard to be understood by people outside of America. Comparatively little has been incorporated in the present selection.

Words and Phrases

Magi (ˈmeɪdʒaɪ): originally the priestly caste of ancient Persians.

Later it came to denote any Oriental sages, specifically the wise men who came to worship the infant Jesus. See *Matthew*, ii. 1. 2.

Bulldozing (Sl. Amer.): coercing; bargaining with

Flop down: sit down in an ungainly way

Sniffles: snuffles (acts of breathing through the nose when it is obstructed, making broken sounds)

From the first stage to the second: from sobbing to sniffing

Flat: a suite of rooms on one floor

Beggar description: go beyond the resources of description

That word: the word "beggar," in its literal sense (an example of pun)

On the lookout for: watching for; inviting

Mendicancy: beggary

Squad: a party of men being drilled together (like the recruits)

Vestibule: a porch before a house

Flung to the breeze: exhibited

Blurred: indistinct

Unassuming: unpretentious

Go far: count for much

Sterling: of solid worth

Pier-glass: mirror filling the pier, i.e. the solid part of wall between windows

Rapid sequence of longitudinal strips: because the pier-glass is very narrow

Sheba: an ancient nation in South Arabia

Airshaft: passage for air in buildings, usually with windows of surrounding rooms open to it

Her Majesty: the queen (an expression of respect)

Solomon (1033-975 B.C.): king of Israel, famous for his wisdom, as well as wealth and luxury. The queen of Sheba came to visit Solomon to verify his fame for wisdom and riches. For the description of the interview, see 2 Chronicles, ix.

Pluck at: twitch

Did it up: fastened it

Flight: a series of stairs between landings

Hashed metaphor: hackneyed metaphor, here alluding to "on rosy wings." (A metaphor is a figure of speech in which one thing is implicitly likened to another without using such words as "like," "as," etc.)

Fob: a small pocket for a watch in the waistband of trousers

Meretricious: showily attractive

On the sly: stealthily

- Curling irons:** iron instruments used for curling the hair
- Mammoth:** immense (originally an extinct species of huge elephants)
- Coney Island:** a seaside resort at the southwestern extremity of Long Island, 10 miles south of New York
- Setter:** one of a breed of dogs originally trained to indicate the presence of game birds by crouching close to the ground, though now usually by standing rigid like a pointer
- Arrived at:** comprehended
- Patent:** obvious
- I'm me (colloq.):** I am myself
- Ain't I? (colloq.):** Am I not?
- Dark assertion:** obscure statement
- Going:** giving way
- Side and back:** side and back combs
- Broadway:** a street in New York, where big shops cluster
- Shade:** a colour, esp. as distinguished from others of the same general name
- Singed:** scorched
- Dandy:** a smart-looking thing
- Babe in the manger:** Jesus Christ. Born in an inn, the infant was laid in a manger, because there was no room for the infant and its mother.
- Lamely:** imperfectly; unsuccessfully

Questions

1. What elements did Della consider life to consist of? Do you think it true?
2. What were the possessions of the Youngs which they both were proud of?
3. What were happened to these two things?
4. Do you think the bargains they stroke a labour lost or rewarded? State the reason of your answer.
5. What kind of a story would this be, if only one of the couple succeeded in his or her plan?
6. Explain the last paragraph.
7. (a) How is the situation presented? (b) By what steps is the story developed? (c) Where is the climax? (d) May the last paragraph be dispensed with? What change would this necessitate?

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919)

Long before the first Continental Congress assembled, the backwoodsmen, whatever their blood, had become Americans, one in speech, thought, and character, clutching firmly the land in which their fathers and grandfathers had lived before them. They had lost all remembrance of Europe and all sympathy with things European; they had become as emphatically products native to the soil as were the tough and supple hickories out of which they fashioned the handles of their long, light axes. Their grim, harsh, narrow lives were yet strangely fascinating and full of adventurous toil and danger; none but natures as strong, as freedom-loving, and as full of bold defiance as theirs could have endured existence on the terms which these men found pleasurable. Their iron surroundings made a mould which turned out all alike in the same shape. They resembled one another, and they differed from the rest of the world—even the world of America, and infinitely

more the world of Europe—in dress, in customs, and in mode of life.

Where their lands abutted on the more settled districts to the eastward, the population was of course thickest, and their peculiarities least. Here and there at such points they built small backwoods, burgs or towns, rude, straggling, unkempt villages, with a store or two, a tavern,—sometimes good, often a “scandalous hog-sty,” where travellers were devoured by fleas, and every one slept and ate in one room,—a small log school-house, and a little church, presided over by a hard-featured Presbyterian preacher, gloomy, earnest, and zealous, probably bigoted and narrow-minded, but nevertheless a great power for good in the community.

However, the backwoodsmen as a class neither built towns nor loved to dwell therein. They were to be seen at their best in the vast, interminable forests that formed their chosen home. They won and kept their lands by force, and ever lived either at war or in dread of war. Hence they settled always in groups of several families each, all banded together for mutual protection. Their

red foes were strong and terrible, cunning in council, dreadful in battle, merciless beyond belief in victory. The men of the border did not overcome and dispossess cowards and weaklings; they marched forth to spoil the stout-hearted and to take for a prey the possessions of the men of might. Every acre, every rood of ground which they claimed had to be cleared by the axe and held with the rifle. Not only was the chopping down of the forests the first preliminary to cultivation, but it was also the surest means of subduing the Indians, to whom the unending stretches of choked woodland were an impenetrable cover behind which to move unseen, a shield in making assaults, and a strong tower of defence in repelling counter-attacks. In the conquest of the west the backwoods axe, shapely, well-poised, with long haft and light head, was a servant hardly standing second even to the rifle; the two were the national weapons of the American backwoodsman, and in their use he has never been excelled.

When a group of families moved out into the wilderness they built themselves a station or stockade fort; a square palisade of upright logs,

loop-holed, with strong block-houses as bastions at the corners. One side at least was generally formed by the backs of the cabins themselves, all standing in a row; and there was a great door or gate, that could be strongly barred in case of need. Often no iron whatever was employed in any of the buildings. The square inside contained the provision sheds and frequently a strong central blockhouse as well. These forts, of course, could not stand against cannon, and they were always in danger when attacked with fire; but save for this risk of burning they were very effectual defences against men without artillery, and were rarely taken whether by whites or Indians, except by surprise. Few other buildings have played so important a part in our history as the rough stockade fort of the backwoods.

The families only lived in the fort when there was war with the Indians, and even then not in the winter. At other times they all separated out to their own farms, universally called clearings, as they were always made by first cutting off the timber. The stumps were left to dot the fields of grain and Indian corn. The corn in especial was

the stand-by and invariable resource of the western settler; it was the crop on which he relied to feed his family, and when hunting or on a war trail the parched grains were carried in his leather wallet to serve often as his only food. But he planted orchards and raised melons, potatoes, and many other fruits and vegetables as well; and he had usually a horse or two, cows, and perhaps hogs and sheep, if the wolves and bears did not interfere. If he was poor his cabin was made of unhewn logs, and held but a single room; if well-to-do, the logs were neatly hewed, and besides the large living-and eating-room with its huge stone fireplace, there was also a small bedroom and a kitchen, while a ladder led to the loft above, in which the boys slept. The floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed carefully out, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house, to serve instead of a wardrobe; and buck antlers, thrust into joists, held the ever ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs; there were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses old-fashioned

rocking chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bear-skins, and deer-hides.

These clearings lay far apart from one another in the wilderness. Up to the door-sills of the log-huts stretched the solemn and mysterious forest. There were no openings to break its continuity; nothing but endless leagues on leagues of shadowy, wolf-haunted woodland. The great trees towered aloft till their separate heads were lost in the mass of foliage above, and the rank underbrush choked the spaces between the trunks. On the higher peaks and ridge-crests of the mountains there were straggling birches and pines, hemlocks and balsam firs; elsewhere, oaks, and chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and great tulip trees grew side by side with many other kinds. The sunlight could not penetrate the roofed archway of murmuring leaves; through the gray aisles of the forest men walked always in a kind of mid-day gloaming. Those who had lived in the open plains felt when they came to the back-woods as if their heads were hooded. Save on the border of a lake, from a cliff top, or on a bald knob,—that

is, a bare hill-shoulder,—they could not anywhere look out for any distance.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

In 1909 President Roosevelt went on a big game expedition to South Africa, and in 1914 explored the wilderness of Brazil and discovered a large river. This shows how much he delighted in exploring. Experienced as an explorer, he wrote on ranching, hunting, zoology. His "*The Winning of the West*," published in New York in 1889, tells much about the condition of the West of America. In this selected passage he makes use of concrete detail in explaining the life of the backwoodsmen as a class. From the selection we may learn how descriptive elements contribute to the clearness of an exposition.

Words and Phrases

- First Continental Congress:** The deputies of the Continental Congress met for the first time in Philadelphia, Sept. 5 to Oct. 26, 1774.
- Backwoodsmen:** men living in the forests on the frontiers of the United States
- Supple:** flexible
- Hickories:** American trees affording hard wood and bearing sweet edible nuts
- Terms:** conditions
- Iron:** hard
- Abutted on:** bordered on
- Unkempt:** rough
- Scandalous:** disreputable; low
- Hog-sty:** an inclosure for hogs; a filthy, low place
- Hard-featured:** having coarse, or stern features
- Presbyterian preacher:** a preacher belonging to Presbyterian church, governed by elders of equal rank

Bigoted: obstinate

Red foes: Indians

Merciless beyond belief: inconceivably cruel

Dispossess: deprive; rob

Rood: one fourth of an acre

Choked: tangled; thick

Counter-attacks: opposing attacks

Well-poised: well balanced

Haft: handle

A servant hardly standing second even to the rifle: a weapon almost as much used as the rifle

Stockade fort: an inclosure of stout timbers, forming a fortified place

Palisade: a fence formed of strong stakes

Blockhouses: houses of square logs

Bastions (*'bæstjənz*): parts of a fortification, projecting outward

In especial (rare): particularly

Stand-by: ever-ready

Clapboards: boards used for sheathing houses

Buck antlers: deerhorns

Hemlocks: evergreen trees, chiefly found in North America

Balsam (*'bɔ:lsəm*) fir: American trees of the pine family, called also *fir pines*

Mid-day gloaming: faint light perceived at noon

Questions

1. What enabled the backwoodsmen to endure the life they had to lead?
2. In what respects did they differ from the rest of the world?
3. How did they live in the lands bordering on the more settled districts to the eastward?
4. What were their two national weapons?
5. Why did they need such things?
6. What was the only food of the western settler when hunting or on a war trail?
7. What was his cabin made of if he was poor?
8. If he was well-to-do, how were his rooms furnished?
9. Describe briefly the surroundings of the log huts.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814-1877)

Motley was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814. At thirteen he entered Harvard, and he graduated with honor at seventeen. He began his literary work with two novels, neither of which was very successful. Devoting himself to a careful and patient historical research for more than ten years of hard labor, he wrote "*The Rise of the Dutch Republic*" (1856), which at once gave him a recognized place among the greatest historians of America. His second great work, "*The History of the United Netherlands*" (1868), was a continuation of the first. His description of historical scenes and personages is singularly graphic, and his style is full of vigor and grace. The fundamental greed and selfishness of war; its glittering pageants, disguising as with a mask its hellish countenance; its glorification of the few at the price of tears and blood paid by the many; its brazen show to make savages rejoice, and its horror to make angels weep,—every phase of armed conflict, from chivalrous encounter to unspeakable barbarity, is presented in his work with vividness and power. Motley was appointed minister to Austria by President Lincoln, and was later transferred to England. He died in 1877.

The besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing fully well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvoes of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting

every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.

Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute portions, hardly sufficient to support life, among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured.

Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food; but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful. Infants starved to death on the maternal breasts which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms.

In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses—father, mother, children—side by side; for a disorder called “the Plague,” naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. Pestilence stalked at noon-day through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath his scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out, women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates; and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed along the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras.

There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city; and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once, whether by your

hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not. My life is at your disposal. Here is my sword; plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."...

On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland,

and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes. In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water....

On it went, sweeping over the broad waters. As they approached some shallows which led into the great Mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through!

It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene—a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night; and the whole of the city wall between the Cowgate and the tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a

desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city indeed been carried in the night? had the massacre already commenced? had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain?

Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled panic-struck during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots; but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise.

The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating

Spaniards; and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither alone.

The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

Thus the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance! The noise of the wall as it fell only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction.

All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved!

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The above selection is from Motley's "*The Rise of the Dutch Republic*." The siege of Leyden began on October 31, 1573, and ended on October 3, 1574. The Netherlands in the sixteenth century occupied nearly all the territory now covered by Holland and Belgium. When Philip II (1527-1598) ascended the throne of Spain in 1556, they were but a part of his great realm, which included also Spain and a large portion of Italy. Philip lived in Spain and cared little for his Dutch subjects except to persecute them and to collect his revenues. His tyranny at length became so unbearable that the people of the Netherlands revolted, under the leadership of William the Silent (1533-1584), the founder of the Dutch Republic, generally known as Prince of Orange. As the Spanish army was much more powerful and well-equipped, it was an unequal struggle. The fact, however, that the Dutch were fighting for liberty gave them strength. Leyden, then one of the principal Dutch cities, had been besieged in 1574 for about a year by the Spaniards and had been starved almost to the point of surrender, when William conceived the idea of breaking down the dikes, flooding the country from the sea, and thus driving away the besiegers. With this done, he was ready to send across the submerged lands a fleet of small flat-bottomed boats carrying provisions and aid to the besieged city. The plans were well laid and partly carried out, when, owing to a sudden change in the wind, the sea was blown back, leaving a depth only about nine inches over the fields, and stranding part of the Dutch relief boats, which needed nearly twice that depth of water to float them. Seeing their foes thus paralyzed, the Spaniards took possession of the dikes and roads surrounding Leyden and awaited developments. Admiral Boisot, the commander of the Dutch flotilla, was in blank despair when suddenly the wind again changed. The consequent rising of the sea, and the loud crash of the city-wall combined in the dead of night to strike the Spaniards with terror and to make them raise the siege, thus dealing a fatal blow at the Spanish power in the Netherlands.

Words and Phrases

Leyden (Leidn): the besieged city. Now it is a flourishing town of South Holland. The University of Leyden has been erected as a memorial of this gallant defence and happy relief.

At its last gasp: at the point of fall

Burghers (bæ:gæ): citizens, usually of Dutch towns

Surmount: overcome

Salvoes of artillery: simultaneous discharges of cannon

North Aa (nø:θ a:): a village in Holland

Distracting: tormenting

Vanes: weather-cocks

The welcome ocean: the welcome rising and advancing of the ocean

Literally: actually

Haarlem (hɑ:lɛm): a town (17 miles north of Leyden) in which the little Dutch garrison was starved into a surrender in 1573. The Spanish commander was enraged at the gallant defence the Dutch soldiers and citizens had made, and he had them butchered without mercy. Having been worn out with their bloody work, the executioners tied the three hundred citizens that remained back to back, and flung them into the sea.

Shambles: slaughter-houses

Dunghills: heaps of manure or rubbish

Disputed: contended for

Mortality: death-rate

Maternal: of mothers

In their rounds: when they are going round in a circuit for inspection

Engendered: produced

Stalked: walked in a stately or imposing manner

Scourge: calamity

Held out: endured; remained unsubdued

Burgomaster (bø:gømt:stø): the mayor or chief magistrate of a Dutch town

Faint-hearted: coward

Adrian Van der Werf ('eidriən vən də'wɜ:f): the burgomaster of Leyden.

Haggard: wild-looking

Visage ('vizidʒ): countenance

Broad-leaved: broad brimmed; of broad projecting edges

Literally: word for word

Menaces: threats

At your disposal: in your power

Appease: satisfy

Admiral Boisot ('ædmərəl 'boisət): the commander of the Dutch fleet

Equinoctial gale: a gale happening at or near the time of equinox

Eight points: eight points of the compass. The circle of the compass is divided into thirty-two points to indicate the different directions.

Ruined dikes: the dikes which had been thrown down to let in the sea

Shallows: shallow places in a body of water

The great Mere (archaic): the North Sea

Zeelanders ('zi:ləndəz): the people of Holland

Sortie ('sɔ:ti): the sudden issuing of troops from a besieged place to attack the besiegers

Operations: strategic movements of troops, warships, etc.

Lammen ('læmən): a fort occupied by the Spaniards, which formed the sole remaining obstacle between the Dutch fleet and the besieged city. So serious an impediment did Admiral Boisot consider it, that he wrote that very night in desponding terms regarding it to the Prince of Orange.

The Armada (ɑ:'meidə): the Dutch fleet

Flit: passed rapidly

Panic-struck: horror-struck; terrified

Frustrate: defeat

Valdez ('vɑ:ldi:z): the Spanish commander

Leyderdorp ('leidədɒp): the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half to the right of Lammen

Colonel Borgia ('kɒnl 'lɔ:dʒiə): the commander of the Spanish soldiers who occupied the fort of Lammen

Laid bare: destroyed

Questions

1. Why was Leyden besieged? 2. Tell what you can of the events which preceded the siege. 3. What means did the burghers of Leyden think was being taken to relieve them? 4. What was unfavorable to the advance of the Dutch fleet? 5. In what conditions were the citizens at that time? 6. What added its horrors to those of famine? 7. What news arrived on September 28, 1574? 8. What at last came to their relief? 9. What did the citizens resolve upon, on the night of October 2? 10. What was the long procession of lights? 11. What do you think probably caused the fall of a portion of the city-wall? 12. When was Leyden relieved?

Memory Work

Memorize the burgomaster's short speech.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

THOMAS HOOD (1798-1845)

Thomas Hood was born in London in 1798. He was apprenticed to an uncle who was an engraver, but his bent for literature led him into newspaper and magazine work. In 1821 he became sub-editor of the London Magazine, and thus was associated with Lamb, Hazlitt, Procter, and other well-known authors. He wrote many works, both humorous and pathetic. Among the best known are "*Whims and Oddities*," "*The Comic Annual*," and "*Hood's Own*." He died in London in 1845.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread.
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch.
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

“Work! work! work!

While the cock is crowing aloof!

And work—work—work,

Till the stars shine through the roof!

It's oh, to be a slave

Along with the barbarous Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save,

If this is Christian work!

“Work—work—work!

Till the brain begins to swim!

Work—work—work!

Till the eyes are heavy and dim!

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Till over the buttons I fall asleep,

And sew them on in a dream!

“O men, with sisters dear!

O men, with mothers and wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch—stitch—stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A shroud as well as a shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death?

That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,

It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
The shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
 And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
 The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
 And twit me with the spring.

“Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour,
 To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh, but for one short hour!
 A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
 But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
 But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread—
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
 She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Thomas Hood, after his marriage, wrote some of his best serious poems and some good comic work, and found that while the former were neglected the latter was eagerly welcomed. It was settled that, in his own pathetic pun, he was to be "a lively Hood for a livelihood" thence forward. It is difficult to say whether English literature lost or gained except from one very practical point of view; for Hood did manage to live after a fashion by his fun as he certainly could not have lived by his poetry. He had, however, a bare pittance, much bad health, and some extremely bad luck, which for a time made him, through no fault of his own, an exile. *The Song of the Shirt* is one of the most pathetic poems in the language. It was the means of calling public attention to the cruel slavery endured by the needlewomen of London. In this poem, Thomas Hood had struck the note of humanitarian sympathy with the unfortunate and oppressed, which was to swell in volume and depth through the whole course of Victorian literature.

Words and Phrases

Plying: working busily

Of dolorous pitch: pitched in a doleful or sad key

Gusset: the piece of cloth in a shirt which covers the armpit

Sewing at once, etc.: The meaning of these two lines is figurative.

By "a double thread" the poet means that every stitch the needle-woman works brings nearer visibly the completion of a shirt for others and at the same time also invisibly that of a shroud for herself. In other words, the more she works on the shirt, the nearer she is to death.

Phantom: spectre

Grisly: frightful

O God! that bread, etc.: These two lines contain the essence of the whole poem. By "flesh and blood!" the poet means the labor of the poor seamstress.

Flags: relaxes; becomes loose

Shattered: broken

From chime to chime: from morning till night (here "chime" refers to the chimes of the church).

Benumbed: stupefied

Brooding: rearing young

Twit me with the spring: banter me on the return of spring, which I cannot enjoy.

The walk that costs a meal: Because it takes her away from her work

Respite: pause

Comments on the Second Stanza

The whole poem has been translated into Chinese in different versions by Messrs. Lieu and Ma (see Appendix). On the whole, they have done well only with the difference that the former excels in musical tone, while the latter succeeds better in expressing the ideas faithfully. The versions of the last four lines of the second stanza, however, are not quite satisfactory. They read as follows:

劉 譯:	我聞突厥蠻 豈我所縫衣	凶悍無人理 竟褻耶穌體
馬 譯:	竊聞回教國 耶穌復如何	女罪不可贖 爲奴幾時畢

The question as to which is more desirable or whether there can be another version better than both of them, let the readers decide.

Questions

1. What impetus do you think had the poet, when he wrote this pathetic poem? 2. What is meant by "humanitarian sympathy?" 3. What kind of life did the author himself lead? 4. Explain "Sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt." 5. Where does the essence of this poem lie? 6. Paraphrase the poem.

Memory Work

Memorize the poem.

SELF-CONTROL

SAMUEL SMILES (1812-1904)

Self-control is only courage under another form. It is in virtue of this quality that Shakespeare defines man as a being "looking before and after." It forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animal; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it.

Self-control is at the root of all the virtues. Let a man give the reins to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he yields up his moral freedom. To be morally free—to be more than an animal—man must be able to resist instinctive impulse, and this can only be done by the exercise of self-control. Thus it is this power

which constitutes the real distinction between a physical and a moral life.

In the Bible praise is given, not to the strong man who "taketh a city," but to the stronger man who "ruleth his own spirit." This stronger man is he who, by discipline, exercises a constant control over his thoughts, his speech, and his acts. Nine-tenths of the vicious desires that degrade society, and which, when indulged, swell into the crimes that disgrace it, would shrink into insignificance before the advance of valiant self-discipline, and self-control.

Although the moral character depends in a great degree on temperament and on physical health, as well as on domestic and early training and the example of companions, it is also in the power of each individual to regulate, to restrain, and to discipline it by watchful and persevering self-control. Dr. Johnson, though himself constitutionally prone to melancholy, and afflicted by it as few have been from his earliest years, said that "a man's being in a good or bad humour very much depends upon his will."

We may train ourselves in a habit of patience and contentment on the one hand, or of grumbling and discontent on the other. We may accustom ourselves to exaggerate small evils, and to underestimate great blessings. We may even become the victim of petty miseries by giving way to them. Thus, we may educate ourselves in a happy disposition, as well as in a morbid one. Indeed, the habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit. It was not an exaggerated estimate of Dr. Johnson to say, that the habit of looking at the best side of any event is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year.

The man of business must needs be subject to strict rule and system. Business, like life, is managed by moral leverage; success in both depending in no small degree upon that regulation of temper and careful self-discipline, which give a wise man not only a command over himself, but over others. Forbearance and self-control smooth the road of life, and open many ways which would otherwise remain closed. And so does self-respect:

for as men respect themselves, so will they usually respect the personality of others.

It is the same in politics as in business. Success in that sphere of life is achieved less by talent than by a temper, less by genius than by character. If a man has not self-control, he will lack patience, be wanting in tact, and have neither the power of governing himself nor of managing others.

When the quality most needed in a prime minister was the subject of conversation in the presence of Mr. Pitt, one of the speakers said it was "eloquence;" another said it was "knowledge;" and a third said it was "toil." "No," said Pitt, "it is patience!" And patience means self-control, a quality in which he himself was superb. His friend George Rose has said of him that he never once saw Pitt out of temper.

A strong temper is not necessarily a bad temper. But the stronger the temper, the greater is the need of self-discipline and self-control. It is not men's faults that ruin them so much as the manner in which they conduct themselves after the faults have been committed. The wise will profit by the suffering they cause, and eschew them

for the future; but there are those on whom experience exerts no ripening influence, and who only grow narrower, and more vicious with time.

Strong temper may only mean a strong and excitable will. Uncontrolled, it displays itself in fitful outbreaks of passions; but controlled and held in subjection, it may become a source of energetic power and usefulness. Hence some of the greatest characters in history have been men of strong temper, but of equally strong determination to hold their motive power under strict regulation and control.

Professor Tyndall has given us a fine picture of the character of Faraday. "Underneath his sweetness and gentleness," he says, "was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but, through high self-discipline, he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive-power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion."

There was one fine feature in Faraday's character which is worthy of notice—one closely akin to self-control: it was his self-denial. By devoting himself to analytical chemistry, he might have

speedily realized a large fortune; but he nobly resisted the temptation, and preferred to follow the path of pure science. "Taking the duration of his life into account," says Mr. Tyndall, "this son of a blacksmith and apprentice to a book-binder had to decide between a fortune of £150,000 on the one side, and his undowered science on the other. He chose the latter, and died a poor man. But his was the glory of holding aloft among the nations the scientific name of England for a period of forty years."

If a man would get through life honourably and peaceably, he must necessarily learn to practise self-denial in small things as well as great. Men have to bear as well as forbear. The temper has to be held in subjection to the judgment; and the little demons of ill-humour, petulance, and sarcasm, kept resolutely at a distance. If once they find an entrance to the mind, they are very apt to return, and to establish for themselves a permanent occupation there.

It is necessary to one's personal happiness, to exercise control over one's words as well as acts; for there are words that strike even harder than blows; and men may "speak daggers," though

they use none. The stinging repartee that rises to the lips, and which, if uttered, might cover an adversary with confusion, how difficult it sometimes is to resist saying it! The wise and forbearant man will restrain his desire to say a smart or severe thing at the expense of another's feelings; while the fool blurts out what he thinks, and will sacrifice his friend rather than his joke. "The mouth of a wise man," said Solomon, "is in his heart; the heart of a fool is in his mouth."

There are, however, men who are no fools, that are headlong in their language as in their acts, because of their want of forbearance and self-restraining patience. "The turn of a sentence," says Bentham, "has decided the fate of many a friendship, and, for aught that we know, the fate of many a kingdom." So, when one is tempted to write a clever but harsh thing, though it may be difficult to restrain it, it is always better to leave it in the inkstand. "A goose's quill," says the Spanish proverb, "often hurts more than a lion's claw."

Carlyle says, when speaking of Oliver Cromwell, "He that can not withal keep his mind to himself, can not practise any considerable thing

whatsoever." It was said of William the Silent, by one of his greatest enemies, that an arrogant or indiscreet word was never known to fall from his lips. Like him, Washington was discretion itself in the use of speech, never taking advantage of an opponent, or seeking a short-lived triumph in a debate. And it is said that, in the long run, the world comes round to and supports the wise man who knows when and how to be silent.

We have heard men of great experience say that they have often regretted having spoken, but never once regretted holding their tongue. "Be silent," says Pythagoras, "or say something better than silence." "Speak fitly," says George Herbert, "or be silent wisely." St. Francis, whom Leigh Hunt styled "the Gentleman Saint," has said: "It is better to remain silent than to speak the truth ill-humouredly, and so spoil an excellent dish by covering it with bad sauce."

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

Nearly all the works of Samuel Smiles that brought him his Edinburgh LL. D. deal with citizenship from the moral and ethical point of view. In the present selection he dwells upon self-control with many good

illustrations. Self-control is a trait so important that its cultivation is required of every young man. The following quotations will also help to show the value of this trait :

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.—*Old Proverb.*

He who reigns within himself is more than a king.—*Milton.*

Self-mastery is the essence of heroism.—*Emerson.*

Self-control is essential to happiness and usefulness.—*E. A. Horton*

Words and Phrases

At the root of: the foundation of

Give the reins to: leave unrestrained

Yields up: gives up; abandons

Dr. Johnson (1709-1784): English writer, moralist, and lexicographer

Giving way to: failing to control; yielding to the force of

Prime minister: the chief minister of state

Pitt, William (1759-1806): one of the most brilliant English statesmen, Prime Minister of Great Britain for seventeen years

George Rose (1744-1818): English politician, supporter of Pitt

Out of temper: angry

Profit by: be benefited by

Eschew: avoid

Held in subjection: subdued; overcome

Motive power: the power that induces a person to act

Tyndall, John (1820-1893): British physicist and writer. He wrote "*Faraday as a Discoverer*" and many other books on *Light*, *Sound*, and *Heat*.

Faraday, Michael (1791-1867): great English chemist and physicist discover of magneto-electricity, magnetization of light, etc.

Pure science: science depending on deductions from self-evident truths (as distinguished from applied science)

Taking into account: considering

Undowered: unendowed; not financially supported

Kept at a distance: avoided

Speak daggers: utter biting words

At the expense of: with the result of hurting

Blurts out: utters inconsiderately

Bentham, Jeremy (1748-1832): English jurist and philosopher

Goose's quill: quill-feather of a goose, used as a pen; a quill pen

Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881): great Scottish essayist and historian

William the Silent (1533-1584): Prince of Orange. He was called "The Silent" because of his habit of complete secrecy regarding his plans of operation

In the long run: after all; in the end

Comes round to: agrees with after opposition

Holding their tongue: keeping silent

Pythagoras (pai'θagjeras): Greek philosopher of the 6th century B.C., who taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The principal idea of his philosophy is that number is the essence of all things and the principal of rational order in the universe.

George Herbert (1593-1633): English poet

St. Francis de Sales (1567-1665): French ecclesiastic, canonized in 1665

Leigh Hunt James Henry (1784-1859): English poet and essayist

Questions

1. How does Shakespeare define "man"? 2. Why should one resist instinctive impulse? 3. What constitutes the real distinction between a physical and a moral life? 4. What relation does physical health bear upon moral character? 5. In what way does a strong temper display itself if not controlled? 6. Wherein did the life of Faraday shine best? 7. What does success in business and politics depend upon? 8. Why is it necessary to exercise control over one's words? 9. Name some great men who were discreet in the use of speech. 10. Give your own reason why one should cultivate self-control.

Memory Work

Memorize the wise sayings given in the Notes.

LIFE OF MA PARKER

KATHERINE MANSFIELD (1889-1923)

Kathleen Beauchamp, the daughter of a New Zealand banker, was born at Wellington, N. Z. In her thirteenth year, she came to England and studied in Queen's College, London University. After two years' sojourn in her native land, she revisited the metropolis of literature and art, setting herself to the literary career. From 1909 to 1911, she continued to contribute to *The New Age* under the pen-name of Katherine Mansfield which was retained through her life. In December 1911, she met for the first time her future husband John Middleton Murry, thus beginning the most devoted companionship and happiest union in the history of English literature since the Brownings. In 1919, Murry became the editor of *The Athenæum*, to which Mansfield contributed copiously. Too fragile and delicate to bear her earnest devotion to literature, she died of consumption at Fontainebleau, on January 9, 1923. The subtle beauty of her writings and the comet-like brilliancy of her career have been compared to those of Keats. A disciple of Chekhov, she excels most in short stories, two collections of which—"Bliss" (1920), "*The Garden Party*" (1922)—are deservedly famous.

When the literary gentleman, whose flat old Ma Parker cleaned every Tuesday, opened the door to her that morning, he asked after her grandson. Ma Parker stood on the door-mat inside the dark little hall, and she stretched out her hand to help her gentleman shut the door before she replied. "We buried 'im yesterday, sir," she said quietly.

"Oh, dear me! I'm sorry to hear that," said the literary gentleman in a shocked tone. He was

in the middle of his breakfast. He wore a very shabby dressing-gown and carried a crumpled newspaper in one hand. But he felt awkward. He could hardly go back to the warm sitting-room without saying something—something more. Then because these people set such store by funerals he said kindly, "I hope the funeral went off all right."

"Beg parding, sir?" said old Ma Parker huskily.

Poor old bird! She did look dashed. "I hope the funeral was a—a—success," said he. Ma Parker gave no answer. She bent her head and hobbled off to the kitchen, clasping the old fish bag that held her cleaning things and an apron and a pair of felt shoes. The literary gentleman raised his eyebrows and went back to his breakfast.

"Overcome, I suppose," he said aloud, helping himself to the marmalade.

Ma Parker drew the two jetty spears out of her toque and hung it behind the door. She unhooked her worn jacket and hung that up too. Then she tied her apron and sat down to take off her boots. To take off her boots or to put them on was an agony to her, but it had been an agony

for years. In fact, she was so accustomed to the pain that her face was drawn and screwed up ready for the twinge before she'd so much as untied the laces. That over, she sat back with a sigh and softly rubbed her knees. . . .

"Gran! Gran!" Her little grandson stood on her lap in his button boots. He'd just come in from playing in the street.

"Look what a state you've made your gran's skirt into—you wicked boy!"

But he put his arms round her neck and rubbed his cheek against hers.

"Gran, gi' us a penny!" he coaxed.

"Be off with you; Gran ain't got no pennies."

"Yes, you 'ave."

"No, I ain't."

"Yes, you 'ave. Gi' us one!"

Already she was feeling for the old, squashed, black leather purse.

"Well, what'll you give your gran?"

He gave a shy little laugh and pressed closer. She felt his eyelid quivering against her cheek. "I ain't got nothing," he murmured. . . .

The old woman sprang up, seized the iron kettle off the gas stove and took it over to the sink. The noise of the water drumming in the kettle deadened her pain, it seemed. She filled the pail, too, and the washing-up bowl.

It would take a whole book to describe the state of that kitchen. During the week the literary gentleman "did" for himself. That is to say, he emptied the tea leaves now and again into a jam jar set aside for that purpose, and if he ran out of clean forks he wiped over one or two on the roller towel. Otherwise, as he explained to his friends, his "system" was quite simple, and he couldn't understand why people made all this fuss about housekeeping.

"You simply dirty everything you've got, get a hag in once a week to clean up, and the thing's done."

The result looked like a gigantic dustbin. Even the floor was littered with toast crusts, envelopes, cigarette ends. But Ma Parker bore him no grudge. She pitied the poor young gentleman for having no one to look after him. Out of the smudgy little window you could see an immense

expanse of sad-looking sky, and whenever there were clouds they looked very worn, old clouds, frayed at the edges, with holes in them, or dark stains like tea.

While the water was heating, Ma Parker began sweeping the floor. "Yes," she thought, as the broom knocked, "what with one thing and another I've had my share. I've had a hard life."

Even the neighbours said that of her. Many a time, hobbling home with her fish bag, she heard them, waiting at the corner, or leaning over the area railings, say among themselves, "She 's had a hard life, has Ma Parker." And it was so true she wasn't in the least proud of it. It was just as if you were to say she lived in the basement-back at Number 27. A hard life! . . .

At sixteen she 'd left Stratford and come up to London as kitching-maid. Yes, she was born in Stratford-on-Avon. Shakespeare, sir? No, people were always arsking her about him. But she 'd never heard his name until she saw it on the theatres.

Nothing remained of Stratford except that "sitting in the fire-place of a evening you could see

the stars through the chimley," and "Mother always 'ad 'er side of bacon 'anging from the ceiling." And there was something—a bush, there was—at the front door, that smelt ever so nice. But the bush was very vague. She'd only remembered it once or twice in the hospital, when she 'd been taken bad.

That was a dreadful place—her first place. She was never allowed out. She never went upstairs except for prayers morning and evening. It was a fair cellar. And the cook was a cruel woman. She used to snatch away her letters from home before she 'd read them, and throw them in the range because they made her dreamy. . . And the beedles! Would you believe it?—until she came to London she 'd never seen a black beedle. Here Ma always gave a little laugh, as though—not to have seen a black beedle! Well! It was as if to say you 'd never seen your own feet.

When that family was sold up she went as "help" to a doctor's house, and after two years there, on the run from morning till night, she married her husband. He was a baker.

"A baker, Mrs. Parker!" the literary gentleman would say. For occasionally he laid aside his tomes and lent an ear, at least, to this product called Life. "It must be rather nice to be married to a baker!"

Mrs. Parker didn't look so sure.

"Such a clean trade," said the gentleman.

Mrs. Parker didn't look convinced.

"And didn't you like handing the new loaves to the customers?"

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Parker, "I wasn't in the shop above a great deal. We had thirteen little ones and buried seven of them. If it wasn't the 'ospital it was the infirmary, you might say!"

"You might, *indeed*, Mrs. Parker!" said the gentleman, shuddering, and taking up his pen again.

Yes, seven had gone, and while the six were still small her husband was taken ill with consumption. It was flour on the lungs, the doctor told her at the time. . . Her husband sat up in bed with his shirt pulled over his head, and the doctor's finger drew a circle on his back.

“Now, if we were to cut him open *here*, Mrs. Parker,” said the doctor, “you’d find his lungs chock-a-block with white powder. Breathe, my good fellow!” And Mrs. Parker never knew for certain whether she saw or whether she fancied she saw a great fan of white dust come out of her poor dear husband’s lips. . . .

But the struggle she’d had to bring up those six little children and keep herself to herself. Terrible it had been! Then, just when they were old enough to go to school her husband’s sister came to stop with them to help things along, and she hadn’t been there more than two months when she fell down a flight of steps and hurt her spine. And for five years Ma Parker had another baby—and such a one for crying!—to look after. Then young Maudie went wrong and took her sister Alice with her; the two boys emigrated, and young Jim went to India with the army, and Ethel, the youngest, married a good-for-nothing little waiter who died of ulcers the year little Lennie was born, and now little Lennie—my grandson. . . .

The piles of dirty cups, dirty dishes, were washed and dried. The ink-black knives were

cleaned with a piece of potato and finished off with a piece of cork. The table was scrubbed, and the dresser and the sink that had sardine tails swimming in it. . . .

He'd never been a strong child—never from the first. He'd been one of those fair babies that everybody took for a girl. Silvery fair curls he had, blue eyes, and a little freckle like a diamond on one side of his nose. The trouble she and Ethel had had to rear that child! The things out of the newspapers they tried him with! Every Sunday morning Ethel would read aloud while Ma Parker did her washing.

“Dear Sir,—Just a line to let you know my little Myrtil was laid out for dead. . . . After four bottils . . . gained 8 lb. in 9 weeks, *and is still putting it on.*”

And then the egg-cup of ink would come off the dresser and the letter would be written, and Ma would buy a postal order on her way to work next morning. But it was no use. Nothing made little Lennie put it on. Taking him to the cemetery, even, never gave him a colour; a nice shake-up in the bus never improved his appetite.

But he was gran's boy from the first. . . .

"Whose boy are you?" said old Ma Parker, straightening up from the stove and going over to the smudgy window. And a little voice, so warm, so close, it half stifled her—it seemed to be in her breast under her heart—laughed out, and said, "I'm gran's boy!"

At that moment there was a sound of steps, and the literary gentleman appeared, dressed for walking.

"Oh, Mrs. Parker, I'm going out."

"Very good, sir."

"And you'll find your half-crown in the tray of the inkstand."

"Thank you, sir."

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Parker," said the literary gentleman quickly, "you didn't throw away any cocoa last time you were here—did you?"

"No, sir."

"*Very* strange. I could have sworn I left a teaspoonful of cocoa in the tin." He broke off. He said softly and firmly, "You'll always tell me when you throw things away—won't you, Mrs. Parker?" And he walked off very well pleased

with himself, convinced, in fact, he'd shown Mrs. Parker that under his apparent carelessness he was as vigilant as a woman.

The door banged. She took her brushes and cloths into the bedroom. But when she began to make the bed, smoothing, tucking, patting, the thought of little Lennie was unbearable. Why did he have to suffer so? That's what she couldn't understand. Why should a little angel child have to arsk for his breath and fight for it? There was no sense in making a child suffer like that.

. . . From Lennie's little box of a chest there came a sound as though something was boiling. There was a great lump of something bubbling in his chest that he could'nt get rid of. When he coughed the sweat sprang out on his head; his eyes bulged, his hands waved, and the great lump bubbled as a potato knocks in a saucepan. But what was more awful than all was when he didn't cough he sat against the pillow and never spoke or answered, or even made as if he heard. Only he looked offended.

"It's not your poor old gran's doing it, my lovey," said old Ma Parker, patting back the damp

hair from his little scarlet ears. But Lennie moved his head and edged away. Dreadfully offended with her he looked—and solemn. He bent his head and looked at her sideways as though he couldn't have believed it of his gran.

But at the last. . . Ma Parker threw the counterpane over the bed. No, she simply couldn't think about it. It was too much—she'd had too much in her life to bear. She'd borne it up till now, she'd kept herself to herself, and never once had she been seen to cry. Never by a living soul. Not even her own children had seen Ma break down. She'd kept a proud face always. But now! Lennie gone—what had she? She had nothing. He was all she'd got from life, and now he was took too. Why must it all have happened to me? she wondered. “What have I done?” said old Ma Parker. “What have I done?”

As she said those words she suddenly let fall her brush. She found herself in the kitchen. Her misery was so terrible that she pinned on her hat, put on her jacket and walked out of the flat like a person in a dream. She did not know what she was doing. She was like a person so dazed by the

horror of what has happened that he walks away—anywhere, as though by walking away he could escape. . . .

It was cold in the street. There was a wind like ice. People went flitting by, very fast; the men walked like scissors; the women trod like cats. And nobody knew—nobody cared. Even if she broke down, if at last, after all these years, she were to cry, she'd find herself in the lock-up as like as not.

But at the thought of crying it was as though little Lennie leapt in his gran's arms. Ah, that's what she wants to do, my dove. Gran wants to cry. If she could only cry now, cry for a long time, over everything, beginning with her first place and the cruel cook, going on to the doctor's, and then the seven little ones, death of her husband, the children's leaving her, and all the years of misery that led up to Lennie. But to have a proper cry over all these things would take a long time. All the same. the time for it had come. She must do it. She couldn't put it off any longer; she couldn't wait any more. . . Where could she go?

"She's had a hard life, has Ma Parker." Yes, a hard life, indeed! Her chin began to tremble; there was no time to lose. But where? Where?

She couldn't go home; Ethel was there. It would frighten Ethel out of her life. She couldn't sit on a bench anywhere; people would come asking her questions. She couldn't possibly go back to the gentleman's flat; she had no right to cry in strangers' houses. If she sat on some steps a policeman would speak to her.

Oh, wasn't there anywhere where she could hide and keep herself to herself and stay as long as she liked, not disturbing anybody, and nobody worrying her? Wasn't there anywhere in the world where she could have her cry out—at last?

Ma Parker stood, looking up and down. The icy wind blew out her apron into a balloon. And now it began to rain. There was nowhere.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

"Life of Ma Parker" is among the most precious gems wrought by Mansfield. The two aspects of Ma Parker's life—poverty and loneliness—are excellently depicted to produce a combining effect, culminating in the loss of little Lennie and the breakdown of the old Ma. Just a

commonplace life, daily to be met with in any street. Yet how skillfully has Mansfield handled it! She does not take the part of a cold spectator, but enters heart and soul into the life of her heroine. For the moment she is none but the old "gran" herself. This is Mansfield's usual method, where her chief charm lies. Mansfield was herself seized by consumption, hence the inimitable scene of Lennie's sickness.

Words and Phrases

[*Colloquialism or corrupt pronunciation.]

- *Ma: mamma
- *'im: him
Set such store by: esteem so highly
- *Parding: pardon
Dashed: shattered
Was a success: turned out well
Felt: cloth of wool rolled and pressed
Marmalade ('mɑ:mələid): orange jam
Jetty spears: long black pins
Toque: woman's brimless hat
Screwed up: contracted
Twinge: a transitory sharp pain
- *Gran: grand-mother
- *Gi': give
Coaxed: persuaded by flattery or caresses
Be off with you: go
- *Ain't: hasn't; haven't
- *Ain't got no pennies: double negatives here equal to single one
(cf. "I ain't got nothing.")
- *'ave: have
Sink: a receptacle with an outflow pipe into which dirty water, etc.
is thrown
Washing-up bowl: a bowl in which dishes, etc. are washed
Ran out of: exhausted
Roller towel: an endless towel working on a roller
Fuss: unnecessary troubles
Basement-back: a backroom in the basement, worst place to
live in*
- *Kitching: kitchen

Shakespeare, sir? Ma Parker did not know that the famous poet was born in Stratford-on-Avon. Hence the question.

*Ask: ask

*Chimley: chimney

*Taken bad: taken ill; sick

Range: a cooking stove

*Beedle: beetle

Sold up: rid of goods by legal process

Help: a domestic servant

On the run: bustling about

Chock-a-block: filled tightly

Keep herself to herself: not to betray herself; endure her sorrow secretly

Went wrong: fell into *sin*

Dresser: a kitchen side-board with shelves

Things out of the newspapers: patent drugs known through the newspaper advertisements

Putting it on: putting on weight; growing heavier

Egg-cup: a cup, of glass or china, for use in eating soft boiled eggs

*Bottils: bottles

Colour: animation

Broke off: ceased talking

*My lovey: my dear

Edged away: drew back obliquely

Counterpane: coverlet for a bed

Break down: fail to endure

*Was took: was taken

Lock-up: a watchhouse; a jail

As like as not: likely

If she could: she wishes she could

Questions

1. Study the three elements of a short story—the setting, the plot, and the characters—as presented in this selection. Which is the predominant? 2. Who is the chief character? Who is the second important, Lennie or the literary gentleman? 3. What are the two chief circumstances that make Ma Parker's a hard life? How does the

author bring out their combining effect on her? 4. How is Ma Parker's past life revealed through the present story? Notice the fine intertexture. 5. Misspelling and illiterate usage, as "arsk" and "was took", occurs not only in the dialogues but in the narrative parts as well. What does this signify? 6. How do you explain the paragraph beginning with 'Dear Sir,—just a line'? 7. Compare the death of little Lennie with that of little Nell. Are the two writers different in their methods of approach? How?

AWAIT THE ISSUE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

Thomas Carlyle was born in Scotland in 1795, and died in London in 1881. He studied at Edinburgh University, and is said to have intended to enter the ministry, but abandoned the purpose. His first essays in literature consisted of contributions to several magazines. Next he translated Goethe's "*Wilhelm Meister*", and in his labors acquired a warm and lasting love for German literature. "*Sartor Resartus*," on which he laid the first foundation of his fame, was published in book form in 1834. It is a characteristic composition, exhibiting in full relief the originality and brilliancy of his thought, and the peculiarities and force of his style. Three years later appeared his "*History of the French Revolution*." Among his later works are "*Heroes and Hero Worship*," "*Past and Present*," "*Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*," "*The Life of Frederick the Great*," etc. Carlyle has sometimes been criticized for not using the best of English. It is true that his sentences are not very smooth, but they are strong and vigorous and straight forward—much like himself—and they have a picturesqueness that is often lacking in the work of more careful writers.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and

nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say: "In God's name, No!"

Thy "success"? what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In few years, thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or

audible to thee again at all for ever. What kind of success is that? . . .

Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times, its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

The above extract is from Carlyle's "*Past and Present*"—from that chapter which treats of the "Sphinx-riddle." The meaning of the riddle is that, whatever we may think of this or that particular act viewed in itself, everything in the world's history is part of a general plan that tends to right and justice. Carlyle's "*Past and Present*" is a pamphlet written during the first seven weeks of 1843 and published in April. The pamphlet has two sides: its historical side is founded on the twelfth century "*Chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelonde*," published in 1840 by the Camden Society and describing the government of the Abbey of St. Edmund's; its social and political side is concerned with the England of 1842, alarmed by Chartist riots and at a loss which way to turn for relief of popular discontent. Carlyle was not in sympathy with any of existing political parties. His pamphlet aimed at arousing the labouring classes, their employers, and the landed aristocracy to nobler ideals and a sense of their obligations to each other.

Words and Phrases

Eddies: small whirlpools

Sternly (archaic): pitilessly

Artillery: cannon

Woolwich: the principal artillery arsenal of Britain, in the town of Woolwich on the Thames

Trundling: rolling along

Bonfires: large fires in the open air, celebrating some happy event

On behalf of it: on the side of the unjust thing

Call halt: call a halt; give orders to stop when the soldiers are marching

Baton: a marshal's staff

In God's name: a phrase expressing reliance on God or calling God to witness

Amount to: come practically to

Leading articles: Literary compositions forming independent portions of newspapers and expressing the editorial opinion

- Trampled out of sight: destroyed
 Ding-dong: the sound of bells
 Tending towards: moving in the direction of
 Fluctuating: rising and falling
 Media: intervening air spaces
 Vortices: whirlpools (pl. of vortex)
 Deflections: deviations
 Resiliences: reboundings
 Blockhead: a dull fellow
 Jubilating: shouting for joy
 At all moments: always
 Maker's first plan of the world: God's plan of the creation of the world
 At the close of the account: at the end
 Prevailed: gained the victory

Questions

1. Do you think that there is no justice in this world?
2. What do you think of justice? of success?
3. Towards what is all this confusion tending?
4. What does Carlyle mean by "the Heaviest?"
5. Rewrite the last paragraph in your own words.

EL DORADO

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto, and despatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which contains us. And it would

seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theater unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colors, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires

and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he wakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colors: it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger any more; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience—would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlor; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on

the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten note-books upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *Decline and Fall*, he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labors.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as

that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and good-will. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a life-long struggle toward an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

“Of making books there is no end,” complained the Preacher; and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study for ever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or

crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighborhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimæras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon,

it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness; for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

HELPS TO STUDY

Notes

El Dorado is the name of the reputed king of a fabled city of great wealth, supposed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to exist somewhere in South America. In popular usage the name came to be transferred to the city itself, and is used as typical of any object of imaginative search.

In the opinion of many readers, the personality of Stevenson finds best expression in the *essays*. These papers are his philosophy of life. They were written in that early period when he had conquered his first fears and found that life, in spite of all its hardships, is an extremely good thing. Nowhere does the inner force of his character speak more boldly. They are also good examples of his literary art. He had naturally the quick sense of phrase, the inborn gift of the right word; and he had cultivated it by tireless and exacting practice. His page is never dull and lead-colored. He is at his best, both as a man and as a writer, in the chosen few of his essays, among which *El Dorado* never fails to find a place. It is best to study this essay along with *Æs Triplex*, another masterpiece by the same masterly hand.

Words and Phrases

Gusto: zest

Piece: drama

Amulets: charms

Circumspection: wariness; caution

Prints: printed pictures

Note-books upon Frederick the Great: Thomas Carlyle's last great historical work, finished in 1865. Called here "note-books," probably because of their multifarious detail imperfectly wrought into a flowing narrative.

Alexander: a celebrated Macedonian king (356-323 C.B.), who conquered almost the whole world then known.

Decline and Fall: The "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*;" the most important historical work in English literature of the eighteenth century, by Gibbon (1737-1794). Gibbon says in his "*Autobiography*:" "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer house in my garden. I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. . . . I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion."

Altar: Western people are mostly, and were invariably in olden times, married in church.

Of making books there is no end: "And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." (Ecclesiastes xii, 12.)

Preacher: *Ecclesiastes* was supposed to be "the words of the Preacher, the son of David, king in Jerusalem," i.e. King Solomon.

Letters: literature

To spare: more than enough

Chimæra: a fire-breathing monster in Greek mythology, variously described as a combination of lion, goat and serpent; hence a wild impossible scheme or unreal conception.

Questions

1. Why is this essay called El Dorado? State the subject in one clear proposition. 2. What instances were cited to illustrate the idea?

3. Suggest some other examples of this truth besides those given by Stevenson. 4. In what way does the essay seem to be illustrated by the facts of the author's life? 5. Explain "the bag which contains us," "break their shins," "no more Carlyle," "here below," "contest of wisdom and generosity."

Memory Work

1. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy for ever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich.

2. To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

APPENDIX

縫衣曲

劉半儂譯

指痛無人知	日誰難爲哭	貧女手針線	身上無完服
一針復一針	將此救飢腹	窮愁難自賒	姑唱縫衣曲
縫衣復縫衣	朝自鷄鳴起	豈我復所縫	破屋星光裏
我聞突厥蠻	兜悍無人理	縫衣復縫衣	竟裏窮窮
縫衣復縫衣	腦昏徒自慟	縫衣復縫衣	遺邨雙睛夢
既紉袖上邊	復合襟頭縫	僅極或停針	猶作身貧
人亦有姊妹	更育母與妻	巧取生人命	當作身貧
竭我針線力	無補寒與飢	直如自縫製	庸裏女屍
胡爲遽言死	死歛食不難	支離數信骨	生與死當
問何以致之	死歛食不難	血肉信當廉	生與死當
縫衣無已時	待值案多窳	衣食不牆上	破屋一知
縫衣無已時	待值案多窳	衣食不牆上	破屋一知
縫衣復縫衣	此曲已疲嗚	縫衣復縫衣	獄犯有此
既紉袖上邊	復合襟頭縫	手腦冬麻木	念此我心
縫衣復縫衣	冬日晝如晦	縫衣復縫衣	春色在何
雙燕將育雛	簷下時褌背	呢喃如黃我	枉在春光
出觀蓮馨花	明知觀不常	上有蔚整天	下有碧草
明知觀不常	明知觀不常	上有蔚整天	下有碧草

歡娛誠不帶	片刻亦欣總	希望與愛情	此生恐難見
獨念憂患多	小哭聊自念	又恐淚珠兒	濕却針與線
指痛無人知	目腫難爲哭	貧女手針線	身上無完服
一針復一針	將比救飢腹	願我富貴人	聽此縫衣曲

縫衣謔

馬君武譯

笑人蒙蔽衣	當窗理針線	眼昏未敢睡	十指既已倦
不辭縫衣苦	飢窮可奈何	顧此最悲音	一唱縫衣謔
縫衣復縫衣	鷄聲起前廚	縫衣復縫衣	星光當窗棹
竊聞回教國	女罪不可贖	耶穌復如何	爲奴幾時畢
縫衣復縫衣	腦暈不自覺	縫衣復縫衣	眼倦不可藥
一襟復一袖	一袖復一襟	低頭入睡鄉	縫衣未敢停
人誰無姊妹	人誰無母妻	衣錦帶絲羅	人命自不齊
縫衣復縫衣	飢寒兼垢穢	一針穿雙線	縫衣如縫衾
縫衣無已時	人生幾時死	死亦無所懼	吾身自應爾
吾身自應爾	上帝其鑒諸	血肉抑何賤	麵包費無比
縫衣復縫衣	工價何所償	黑麵聊充飢	薦草盈一牀
屋漏地板壞	几斷足不穩	素牆無粉飾	夜深掛子影
縫衣復縫衣	針線聲颼颼	縫衣復縫衣	作工如罪囚
一袖復一襟	一襟復一袖	不信腦筋倦	其倦如雙手

縫衣復縫衣	冬風侵肌骨	縫衣復縫衣	夏日蒸炎燠
扇爲雙飛燕	來集破簷底	新燕已生羽	飛鳴示子喜
頽垣生女蘿	其香何馥郁	頭上有青天	腳下蔓草綠
暫時停針線	悠悠生遠心	不敢停針線	時刻卽黃金
暫時停針線	悠悠何所思	無愛復無望	百憂忽來懼
有淚不敢滴	淚痕盈眼窩	淚滴衣裳濕	恐礙針線過
美人蒙蔽衣	當窗理針線	眼昏未敢睡	十指旣已倦
且唱縫衣謔	窮餓不須理	可惜此謔聲	不至富人耳

THE END

標商冊註

