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## TO A MOUNTAIN.

**Vi<sup>o</sup>-lent**, marked by strong mental excitement or physical force; boisterous.

**Gra<sup>c</sup>-ious**, pleasing; having an attractive appearance.

**A<sup>-</sup>bides**, dwells; exists.

**Com<sup>-</sup>pan<sup>i</sup>on**, partner; associate.

**Peer**, equal; one of the same rank.

**Au<sup>-</sup>gust**, sublime; majestic.

**Aw<sup>-</sup>ful**, filling with awe; profoundly impressive.

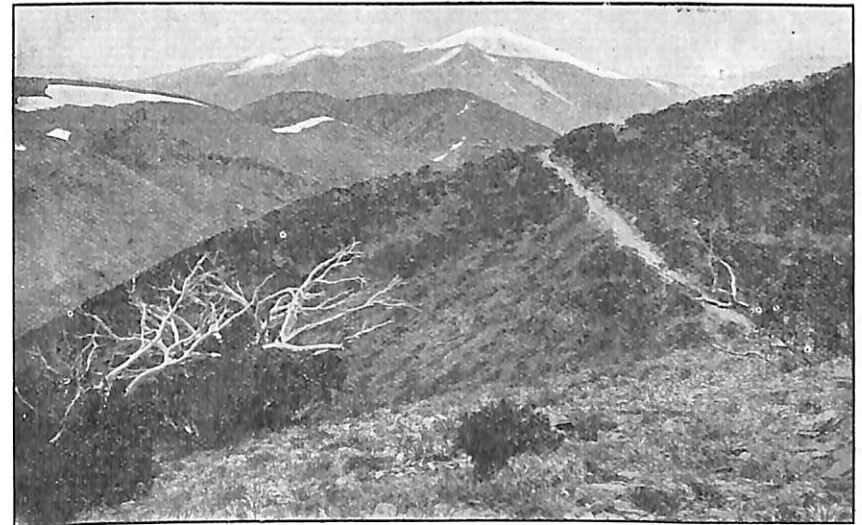
**De<sup>-</sup>ity**, divinity; godhead.

**Im<sup>-</sup>pe<sup>-</sup>ri<sup>-</sup>al**, belonging to, or suitable to, supreme authority.

**Ut<sup>-</sup>ter<sup>-</sup>ance**, expression.

To thee, O father of the stately  
peaks,  
To thee, the noises of this violent  
time

Are far, faint whispers; and,  
from age to age,  
Within the world and yet apart  
from it,



Photograph by Mr. R. J. Tobias, Harrietteville.]

**MT. FEATHERTOP, 6,300 FT., EASTERN VICTORIA.**

(A portion of the road between Harrietteville and Omeo is shown.)

Thou standest. In thy deep,  
green, gracious glens,  
The silver fountains sing for ever.  
Far

Above dim ghosts of waters in the  
caves,  
The royal robe of morning on thy  
head

Abides for ever. Evermore, the  
wind  
Is thy august companion; and  
thy peers  
Are cloud, and thunder, and the  
face sublime

Of blue mid-heaven. On thy  
awful brow  
Is deity; and, in that voice of thine,  
There is the great imperial  
utterance  
Of God for ever.

—HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL (1842-82), an Australian poet. (By permission of Messrs. Geo. Robertson and Co.)

## LEONIDAS THE SPARTAN AND HIS MEN.

*The unforgotten brave.*—BYRON.

**Phi-los'o-pher.** lover of wisdom; one who devotes himself to the search for fundamental truths.

**Or'a-tor,** public speaker; speech-maker.

**Sculp'tor,** one who carves figures from stone, wood, and metal.

**Ar'chi-lect** (*ar'ke-tek*), one who draws plans of buildings; designer of houses.

**Myr'i ads,** immense numbers.

**Dep'u-ty,** representative; delegate.

**Mo-rass'**, tract of soft, wet ground; marsh.

**Lo-cust,** insect with wings and somewhat like a grasshopper in shape. Locusts fly from place to place in great numbers.

**Fes-ti-val,** feast with all its joyous surroundings.

**Trai'tor,** here, one who helps an enemy against his country.

**Jave'lin** (*jav*), light spear thrown by the hand.

**In-so-lent,** rude in words or actions; impudent.

**Trans'port,** strong feeling of any kind; passion.

**Des'pi-ca-ble,** contemptible; worthless.

**Prec'i-pice,** very steep place; lofty cliff or rock.

**Al-lies'**, confederates.

**Pa'tri-ot-ism,** love of one's country.

**Sac'ri-fice,** loss or destruction of one thing to gain another.

1. Many thousands of years ago, there lived, near the middle of Asia, some people<sup>1</sup> who increased in number to such an extent that they spread southward into India and westward into Europe.

2. Some of them settled in Greece (a peninsula that stretches south into the Mediterranean Sea), and, as the years went by, established themselves, also, in places on the neighboring coasts and islands. They were called Greeks, and became famous for many things, but, above all, for their learning and their love of beauty. Among them arose philosophers, historians, orators, poets, sculptors, and architects of such ability that, though they lived more than 2,000 years ago, they are still looked up to as teachers.

3. The surface of Greece is rugged, and, on three sides of it, is the sea, which, in places, runs far into the land. In those early days, mountains and seas kept people more apart than they do now; and, so, there were many states in the peninsula. Athens and Sparta were the leading ones at the time Greece was the most important country in Europe.

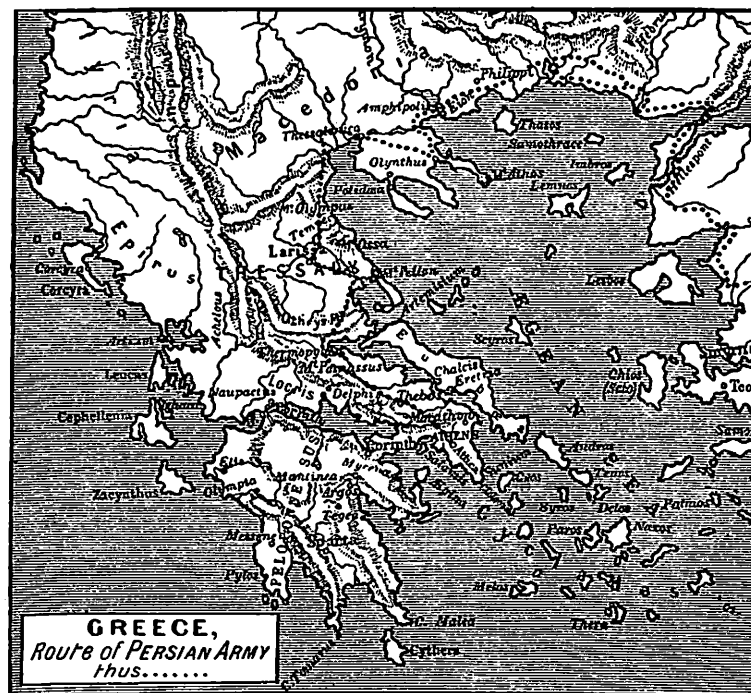
4. Frequently, the states were at war with one another; but, if there came the need to resist a foreign invasion, most of them would put aside their differences and unite their forces against the common foe.

5. Such a need arose about 500 years<sup>2</sup> before Christ was born, for fear had come upon the Greeks throughout the whole land. "The Great King," as they called him—Xerxes, the Persian monarch, who held sway over the western regions of Asia and the northern parts of Africa—wishing to extend his rule still farther, had gathered together myriads of

men (so many, indeed, that, according to old historians, when they came to a stream, they drank it dry) with the object of overwhelming the Grecian armies and navies, and of making slaves of all the people.

6. In this hour of peril, deputies from the various Greek states met together to consider means of defence. They agreed that the only hope of averting the danger lay in defending such parts of the road along which the Persians must come as, from the nature of the ground, were so narrow that only a few men could fight at one time.

7. There was a place that was specially suitable for making such a stand. A steep, rocky range came down so close to an impassable morass bordering on the sea that there was room for not more than two carts



to go abreast; and, in addition, a wall had been built, some years before, across the northern entrance to this pass. Between that entrance and the southern one, some springs of hot, mineral water gushed out of the ground; and, so, the pass was called "Thermopylae,"<sup>3</sup> or, as we should say, the "Hot Gates."

8. The deputies, therefore, decided to send troops to defend this position. From one cause and another, only about four thousand men could be got together in time to oppose the great Persian army. Their leader was Leonidas, a king<sup>4</sup> of Sparta—the state that, above all in Greece, trained its men to be hardy soldiers, dreading shame and dishonor

far more than wounds and death. The parting words of a Spartan mother to her son, when he was marching off to war, were, "Come back *with* your shield, or *on* it;" by which she meant that he was to come back victorious, or not come alive.

9. When Leonidas reached Thermopylæ, the people of the country told him that the pass was not the only road into Greece, but that there was another, a difficult and little-known path over the range. They asked that their soldiers might guard it, so as to prevent the Persians, if they discovered it, from sending a party across to attack his army in the rear.

10. Leonidas readily granted their request, and, having encamped his men at the springs (where the pass was wider than near the entrance), caused the wall across the road to be strengthened, and made ready to meet the foe.

11. Soon, his scouts reported that the Persian army was in sight, covering the plain to the northward like a swarm of locusts. The huge host halted and pitched their tents within an hour's march of the pass. Presently, a Persian on horseback came towards the wall. He saw some of the Greeks engaged in exercises of various kinds—quoit-throwing, wrestling, and running, while others, the Spartans, were combing their hair (which they wore long), as if preparing for a festival. He rode back to King Xerxes, and told him what he had seen.

12. Now, there was, in the Persian camp, a Spartan who, having committed some crime, had been exiled from his native land. King Xerxes sent for him, and asked whether his countrymen were mad to be thus employed instead of running away.

13. The Spartan, though a traitor to his country, still felt some of the pride of race, and thus replied:—"I have told thee before, O king, what manner of men the Spartans are; and, now, I tell thee again. These men have come to defend the pass against us; and it is their custom, when about to run into peril of their lives, to dress their heads. And know this, O king, that, if thou canst conquer these men and those who are left in Sparta, there will be none left to raise a hand against thee; for, in Sparta, is the noblest of monarchies, and the noblest of men are the Spartans."

14. By and by, a herald was sent to Leonidas, commanding him, in the name of Xerxes, to come and deliver up his arms. The reply of Leonidas was brief, "Come and take them."

To the scornful remark of a Persian, "Why, you will not be able to see the sun for the clouds of our javelins and arrows," came the equally brief reply from a Spartan, "We will fight in the shade then."

15. Four days passed before Xerxes could bring himself to believe that his army had to do more than show itself to clear a way for him. On the fifth day, he seated himself on a lofty throne, from which he could see the entrance to the pass, and ordered the attack to be made and the insolent Greeks brought in chains to his feet.

16. Then was fighting as terrible as the world has ever seen. First, a large body of soldiers, specially famed for their courage, rushed upon the Greeks. But their numbers gave them no advantage in the narrow space, and their spears were shorter than those of their opponents. The foremost fell; the others advanced over their bodies to the charge. Their repeated onsets broke upon the Greeks idly, as the waves upon a rock. With ranks sadly thinned, they were recalled from the contest.

17. Next went forward, as if to easy and certain victory, the picked men of the nation, the king's own guard, ten thousand strong—the "Immortals,"<sup>5</sup> as they were called. The Greeks stood their ground as before; or, if they gave way, it was only with the object of drawing the enemy on the more easily to destroy them. Thrice was King Xerxes seen to start from his throne in a transport of rage and shame. The battle lasted all day long; but, though the slaughter of the Persians was great, on the side of the Greeks only a few lives were lost.

18. Next day, the attack was renewed, but the little band of heroes stood firm. Though many had fallen, the rest would not yield, for they were fighting to preserve their freedom and guard their homes. So the sun set again; and Xerxes, greatly vexed, retired to his tent. He could not but see that his men were no match for the Greeks.

19. That night, however, a man who knew the country—not one of Leonidas's men, but a despicable traitor to his native land—went to the Persian camp, and offered, for a large sum of money, to point out a path over the range, along which a body of soldiers might be led and, so, enter the pass from the south to attack the Greeks in the rear.

20. At once, the commander of the Immortals with his men was sent, under the guidance of the traitor, to carry out this object. Those who had promised to guard the path allowed themselves to be taken by surprise, and were unable to stop the Persians. By sunrise the next morning, Leonidas heard the bad news, and knew that, in a few hours' time, his little band would be shut in completely—a precipice on one side, a morass on the other, and the foe in front and rear.

21. Certainly, there was still time to retreat, and, calling the leaders of the allies together, he thus addressed them:—"You may escape if you

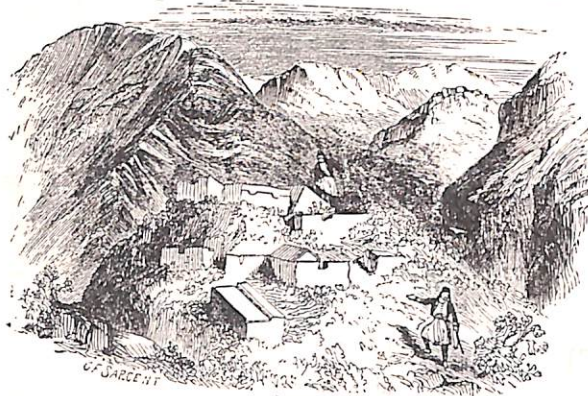


GREEK WARRIORS.

wish, and you have my permission to do so ; but, as for me and my men, the laws of our country forbid that we should leave the place that we have been ordered to guard." All did not go ; some brave Thespians<sup>6</sup> decided to stand by the Spartans.

22. Instead of lamenting, Leonidas seemed to be delighted at the thought of dying honorably. He told his men to clean their armor and weapons, and to prepare themselves as for a banquet. He tried, however, to save the lives of two of his kinsmen by giving them letters and messages to Sparta ; but he did not succeed, for one said, "I have come to fight, not to carry letters ;" and the other, "My deeds will tell all that Sparta wishes to know." Yes, not one man of the Spartan band feared to die ; they placed the honor and welfare of their country before their own safety. This was patriotism of the highest quality.

23. Early in the forenoon, the Persians facing the northern entrance to the pass advanced to the attack as on the previous days. Leonidas,



THE TOMBS OF THE SPARTANS AND THESPIANS WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

less careful now to husband the lives of his men, leaving a guard at the wall, sallied forth and charged them. His soldiers, reckless of everything but honor, made deep breaches in the ranks of the Persians ; yet their own ranks were thinned, and Leonidas himself fell early in the battle. Hard pressed, their spears

broken and their swords blunted, the Greeks saw a fresh force advancing upon them from the rear. Then, on a knoll near the wall, they closed their ranks and made their last stand. Round them surged wave upon wave of their vengeful foes, raining upon them arrows, javelins, and even stones when those were spent. One by one, the heroes sank down, and, at length, nothing was left of that matchless band but a motionless heap.<sup>7</sup>

24. Think not that this was a useless sacrifice of life. Such courage and devotion inspired, at the time, other Greeks to self-sacrifice, and caused their foes to respect and fear those who bore the name. How many thousands of men, too, in after ages, have been nerved, by the thought of the Spartans' brave stand at Thermopylæ, to do deeds of valor !

25. The name, Leonidas, means lion-like, and, in memory of the man, a marble lion was placed at the entrance to the pass. On it was inscribed :—

"A lion thou wast, in deed as well as name,  
Therefore I watch thy tomb and guard thy fame."

Several pillars were also erected. Upon one near the wall, the following lines were engraved :—

"Here did four thousand men from Pelops' land,  
Against three hundred myriads, bravely stand."

On the hillock where the last stand was made, another was placed in honor of the Spartans alone, bearing the lines :—

"Go, traveller ; to Sparta tell  
That here, obeying her, we fell."

—From *Notable Deeds of Famous Men and Women* (the Stories recommended for Grade III., Victoria), by C. R. Long and G. M. Wallace. By permission of the publishers, Messrs. Geo. Robertson and Co.

1. **Peo-ple**, the Aryans or Arians, the stock from which sprang the Hindu, Persian, Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic races ; the Indo-Europeans.

2. **Years**. The second Persian invasion, when Leonidas made his stand at Thermopylæ, took place 480 B.C.

3. **Ther mop-ylæ**, a pass between Thessaly and Locris, provinces of ancient Greece, and between Mt. Eta and the Gulf of Lamia.

4. **King**. The Spartans had two kings, who were commanders-in-chief of the army and the nation's high priests.

5. **Im-mor-tals**. They were so called because their number was always the same, for, when one fell, his place was at once filled up.

6. **Thes-pi-ans**, people of Thespie, a town of Boeotia, which lay to the north-east of the Gulf of Corinth and north of Attica. In marching to Athens, the chief city of Greece, the Persians would pass through Boeotia.

7. **Heap**. The Persian army advanced and sacked Athens. The fleet, however, was almost destroyed by the Athenian fleet off the island of Salamis, near Athens. Shortly afterwards, Xerxes went back to Persia, leaving his leading general to carry on the war. At Plataea, he was defeated and slain, and the Persians were soon driven out of Greece, never to return. See the verse in "The Glory that was Greece" referring to Salamis.

## WHO SERVES HIS COUNTRY BEST?

**Right-eous** (*ryt-zhus* or *ryt-chus*), upright ; virtuous.

**Ut-ter-most**, here, last ; final.

**Be-quest**, something left by will.

**Rec-ord**, account to preserve the remembrance of what has been done.

**Bul-wark** (the "u" as in *bull* ; the "a" obscure), anything to keep off danger ; rampart.

1. He serves his country best  
Who lives pure life and doeth  
righteous deed,  
And walks straight paths,  
however others stray,  
And leaves his sons, as utter-  
most bequest,  
A stainless record which all  
men may read :  
This is the better way.

2. No drop but serves the slowly  
lifting tide,  
No dew but has an errand to  
some flower,  
No smallest star but sheds  
some helpful ray,  
And man by man, each giving  
to all the rest,  
Makes the firm bulwark of the  
country's power :  
There is no better way.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, pen-name of SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (1845-1905), an American writer.

## \* "THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE."

**E-ter-nal**, everlasting; of infinite duration.

**Harp**, instrument of strings, generally set in an open frame, and plucked with the fingers.

**Lute** (the long diphthongal *u—u* preceded by the sound of *y* as in *yes*), stringed instrument with a large pear-shaped body built up of pine or cedar staves like the divisions of a melon, a neck with a finger board, and a head with screws for tuning. It is played by plucking the strings with the fingers.

**Dearth**, lack; insufficiency.

**Pa-tri-ot** ("a" as in *ale*), or **pat-ri-ot**, one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests.

[Byron puts the following fine verses into the mouth of a minstrel at a marriage banquet. In them, he contrasts the former honor of Greece with her degeneracy at the time that the poem was composed (about 1820). Although the spirits of those who drove out the Persian invaders are ready to rise and fight for their country, the living, in cowardice, are dumb.

The song came from Byron's own heart. At this time, Greece was struggling to free herself from Turkish tyranny. Byron's consecration to the cause of Greek independence proves how sincerely he felt the emotions presented in these stanzas. Three or four years afterwards, he gave his life for the Greek cause. Through the good services of England, France, and Russia, five years after his death, Greece was made free.]

1. The isles of Greece!<sup>1</sup> the isles  
of Greece!  
Where burning Sappho<sup>2</sup>  
loved and sung,



LORD GEORGE GORDON BYRON  
(1788-1824).

Where grew the arts of war  
and peace,  
Where Delos<sup>3</sup> rose and  
Phœbus<sup>4</sup> sprung!

**Suf-fuse**, overspread.

**Rem-nant**, small portion; that which remains after a part has been removed

**Mus-ing**, studying in silence; pondering.

**De-gen-er-ate**, grow worse than one's kind, or than one was originally; deteriorate.

**Pha-lanx** ("a" as in *man*), body of heavy, armed infantry formed in ranks and files close and deep.

**Mu-tu-al**, possessed or done by two or more persons at the same time; joint.

Eternal summer gilds them yet;  
But all, except their sun, is set.

2. The Scian and the Teian  
muse,<sup>5</sup>  
The hero's harp, the lover's  
lute,  
Have found the fame your  
shores refuse:  
Their place of birth alone is  
mute  
To sounds which echo farther  
west  
Than your sires' "Islands of  
the Blest."<sup>6</sup>

3. The mountains look on  
Marathon,<sup>7</sup>  
And Marathon looks on the  
sea;  
And, musing there an hour  
alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might  
still be free;  
For, standing on the Persian's  
grave,  
I could not deem myself a  
slave.

4. A king<sup>8</sup> sat on the rocky  
brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born  
Salamis;<sup>9</sup>  
And ships, by thousands, lay  
below,  
And men in nations;—all  
were his!  
He counted them at break of  
day;  
And, when the sun set, where  
were they?

5. And where are they? and  
where art thou,  
My country? On thy  
voiceless shore,  
The heroic lay is tuneless  
now;  
The heroic bosom beats no  
more.  
And must thy lyre, so long  
divine,  
Degenerate into hands like  
mine?



THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

6. 'Tis something, in the dearth  
of fame,  
Though linked among a  
fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's  
shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my  
face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks, a blush; for  
Greece, a tear.

7. Must we but weep<sup>10</sup> o'er days  
more blest?  
Must we but blush? Our  
fathers bled.  
Earth, render back, from out  
thy breast,

A remnant of our Spartan  
dead!  
Of the three hundred, grant  
but three  
To make a new Thermopylæ!

8. What, silent still? and silent  
all?  
Ah, no! The voices of the  
dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's  
fall,  
And answer, "Let one  
living head,  
But one, arise—we come, we  
come!"  
'Tis but the living who are  
dumb.

9. You have the Pyrrhic dance<sup>11</sup>  
as yet ;  
Where is the Pyrrhic  
phalanx<sup>12</sup> gone ?  
Of two such lessons, why  
forget  
The nobler and the manlier  
one ?  
You have the letters  
Cadmus<sup>13</sup> gave—  
Think ye he meant them for a  
slave ?

10. Place me on Sunium's<sup>14</sup>  
marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the  
waves and I,<sup>15</sup>  
May hear our mutual  
murmurs sweep ;  
There, swan-like,<sup>16</sup> let me  
sing and die !  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be  
mine—  
Dash down yon cup of Samian  
wine !<sup>17</sup>

—LORD BYRON (1788–1824), an eminent English poet.

1. **The Isles of Greece.** These stanzas are selected from the third canto of *Don Juan*. The poet did not give them a title, and they are often referred to as "The Isles of Greece."

2. **Sap-pho** (*saf-to*), the lyric poetess of Lesbos, who lived in the latter part of the seventh century B.C. (Teachers will find Professor Tucker's *Sappho*, recently published by Lothian, Melbourne, price 2s. 6d., profitable and interesting reading.)

3. **De-los**, an island in the Ægean Sea, which was supposed to have risen from the sea. It was the birthplace of Phœbus Apollo.

4. **Phœ-bus** (*feh-bus*), more commonly Apollo (*a-pol-to*), the sun god.

5. **The Sci-an and the Te-ian** (*tee-yan*) **muse.** The reference is to the poetry of Homer and Anacreon. Scio is one of the towns which claim to be Homer's birthplace; and Teos is the birthplace of the lyric poet Anacreon.

6. **Is-lands of the Blest**, the abode of heroes slain in battle. This tradition was doubtless based upon the tale of some adventurous voyager who sailed as far west as the Canaries or the Cape Verde Islands.

7. **Mar-a-thon**, a village on the east coast of Attica, memorable as the scene of a great defeat of the Persians by the Greeks, 490 B.C.

8. **A king**, Xerxes (*zurk-zeez*), the great king of Persia from 486–465 B.C.

9. **Sal-a-mis**, a small island of Greece off the coast of Attica, noted chiefly for the great naval battle fought there in 480 B.C. between the Persians and the Greeks, in which the latter were successful.

10. **Must we but weep.** Shortly after this poem was written, Byron joined whole-heartedly in the cause of Greek independence.

11. **Pyrrhic** (*pir-ik*) **dance**, a mimic war-dance, said to have been invented by one, Pyrrhus.

12. **Pyrrhic pha-lanx**, the close formation of infantry several ranks deep, the feature of the Macedonian army, which was borrowed by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus (318–276 B.C.).

13. **Cad mus** is fabled to have brought the alphabet from Egypt to Greece in the sixth century B.C.

14. **Su-ni-um**, the ancient name of Cape Colonna, the southernmost point of Attica, Greece. Its summit is crowned by the ruins of a temple, of which sixteen columns of white marble are still standing.

15. **Save the waves and I.** "Save" means except, and is a preposition. "I" should be *me*, in accordance with the rule of syntax that prepositions govern the objective case. A similar mistake is often made in the phrase, "between you and me."

16. **Swan-like.** The swan is fabled to sing as it is dying. A "swan-song" is a song of death.

17. **Sam-i-an wine.** Samos is a small island in the Ægean Sea.

NOTE FOR TEACHERS.—For additional annotations see the July number of the *Education Gazette and Teachers' Aid*, Victoria.

## BRITONS, HOLD YOUR OWN.

**Con-stant-cy**, firmness under suffering.

May we find, as ages run,  
The mother featured in the son ;  
And may yours for ever be  
That old strength and constancy  
Which has made your fathers  
great

**An-cient** (*shent*, "c" obscure), of long standing.

In our ancient island state,  
And, wherever her flag fly,  
Glorying between sea and sky,  
Makes the might of Britain  
known :

Britons, hold your own.

—ALFRED LORD TENNYSON (1809–92), a great English poet.

## \* AMYAS LEIGH AND HIS REVENGE—continued.

**Gang-way**, here, part of the deck of a vessel, from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle; also, opening through the bulwarks of a vessel by which persons enter or leave it.

**Port**, *verb*, put to the left side (looking towards the bow of the vessel).

**I-so-lat-ed** (*eye-so-lay-ted* or *is-to-lay-ted*), separated; standing alone.

**Cat-a-ract**, great fall of water.

**Gal-ley-on**, sailing vessel of the 15th and following centuries, often having three or four decks, and used for war or commerce.

**Till-er**, lever of a rudder.

**Trans-fig-ured**, changed in outward form or appearance.

**Cove**, small bay.

**Ham-mock**, piece of canvas, hung by ropes to serve the purpose of a bed.

**Down**, here, probably, tract of poor, sandy, undulating land near the sea, covered with fine turf which serves chiefly for the grazing of sheep.

**Car-cass**, dead body; living body (in contempt or ridicule). (The form *carcase* is preferred to *carcase*.)

**Heath-er** (*heth-er*), heath; low shrub; place overgrown with heath or coarse herbage.

**Judg-ment-day**, the last day, or period when final judgment will be pronounced on the subjects of God's moral government.

**Se-nor** (*say-nyor*), Spanish title of courtesy corresponding to the English *Mr.* or *Sir*.

1. On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway, and sprang back again, with a face white and wild.

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

2. She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the foresail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her, and above her, a huge, dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds, and, at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it?—Morte?<sup>1</sup> Hartland?<sup>2</sup>"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!"<sup>3</sup> said Yeo. "The south end; I see the head of the Shutter<sup>4</sup> in the breakers. Hard aport yet, and get her as close-hauled<sup>5</sup> as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

3. Yes, look at the Spaniard!

On their left hand, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then, a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide<sup>6</sup> poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge, black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and, between the Shutter and the land, the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

4. He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to turn. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm. He struggled a moment, half hid in foam, fell away<sup>7</sup> again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!"<sup>8</sup> cried Amyas madly, and, throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! what are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped; then, one long heave and bound, as if to free herself; and, then, her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

5. An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long, ear-piercing wail from five hundred human throats. They saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole side, even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever.

6. "Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right, when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame; and, then, a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night!

\* \* \* \* \*

7. A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and John Brimblecombe's<sup>9</sup> voice said softly, "Give him more wine, Will; his eyes are opening."

"Hey-day!" said Amyas, faintly, "not past the Shutter yet? How long she hangs in the wind!"<sup>10</sup>

"We are long past the Shutter, Sir Amyas," said Brimblecombe.

"Are you mad? Cannot I trust my own eyes?"

There was no answer for a while.

"We are past the Shutter, indeed," said Cary, very gently, "and lying in the cove at Lundy."

8. "Oh, Sir Amyas Leigh, dear Sir Amyas Leigh," blubbered poor Jack, "put out your hand and feel where you are, and pray the Lord to forgive you for your wilfulness!"

A great trembling fell upon Amyas Leigh. Half fearfully, he put out his hand: he felt that he was in his hammock, with the deck beams close above his head. The vision which had been left upon his eyeballs vanished like a dream.

"What is this? I must be asleep. What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"Yeo is gone where he longed to go, and as he longed to go. The same flash which struck you down struck him dead."

9. "Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"O God!" shrieked the great, proud sea-captain—"O God, I am blind! blind! blind!" By and by, when his fit of frenzy had passed off, they lifted him into the boat, rowed him ashore, and carried him painfully up the hill to the old castle. Three miserable days were passed within that lonely tower. On the fourth day, his raving ceased; but he was still too weak to be moved. Toward noon, however, he ate a little, and seemed revived.

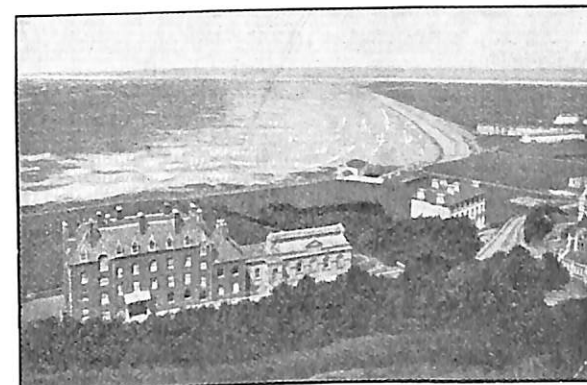
\* \* \* \* \*

10. "Will," he said, after a while, "this room is as stifling as it is dark. I feel as if I should be a sound man once more if I could but get one snuff of the sea breeze. Lead me out, and over the down to the south end. To the south end, I must go; there is no other place will suit."

"Let him have his humor," whispered Cary; "it may be the working off of his madness."

11. It was a glorious sight upon a glorious day. Amyas stood breasting the genial stream of airy wine<sup>11</sup> with swelling nostrils and fast-heaving chest, and seemed to drink in life from every gust. "I know it is all here—the dear old sea, where I would live and die. And my eyes feel for it—feel for it—and cannot find it; never, never will find it again for ever! God's will be done!" said Amyas. "Now set me where I can rest among the rocks without fear of falling—for life is sweet still, even without eyes, friends,—and leave me to myself awhile."

12. They retired a little space, and watched him. He leaned his elbow on his knee, and his head upon his hand. He remained so long thus that the pair became anxious, and went towards him. He was asleep, and breathing quick and heavily. Cary moved forward to him. As he did so, Amyas lifted his head.



From *The History of the British Colonial Empire*, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs, Melbourne.]

**BIDEFORD (BARNSTAPLE) BAY, NORTH-WEST OF DEVON.**

(On the shores of this bay were the homes of several of the Elizabethan sea-dogs.)

"You have been asleep, Amyas."

"Have I? I have not slept back my eyes, then. Take up this great useless carcass of mine, and lead me home. I shall buy me a dog, I think, and make him tow me with a string, eh? So! Give me your hand. Now, march!"

13. His guides heard, with surprise, this new cheerfulness. "Thank God, sir, that your heart is so light already," said good Jack.

"I have reason to be cheerful, Sir<sup>12</sup> John; I have left a heavy load behind me. I have been wilful and proud, and God has brought me low for it, and cut me off from my evil delight. No more Spaniard-hunting for me now, my masters."

14. "You do not repent of fighting the Spaniards?"

"Not I; but of hating even the worst of them. Listen to me, Will and Jack. If that man wronged me, I wronged him likewise. But God has shown me my sin, and we have made up our quarrel for ever."

"Made it up?"

"Made it up, thank God. But I am weary. Set me down awhile, and I will tell you how it befell."

15. Wondering, they sat him down upon the heather, while the bees hummed round them in the sun; and Amyas felt for a hand of each, and clasped it in his own hand, and began:—

"When you left me there upon the rock, lads, I looked away and out to sea, to get one last snuff of the merry sea breeze which will never sail me again. And, as I looked, I tell you truth, I could see the water and the sky as plain as ever I saw them, till I thought my sight was come again. But, soon, I knew it was not so; for I saw more than man could see—right over the ocean, as I live, and away to the Spanish Main.<sup>13</sup> And I saw Barbados,<sup>14</sup> and Grenada,<sup>15</sup> and all the isles that we ever sailed by; and La Guayra<sup>16</sup> in Caracas,<sup>17</sup> and the house where she<sup>18</sup> lived. And I saw him walking with her, and he loved her then. I saw what I saw; and he loved her; and I say he loves her still.

16. "Then, I saw the cliffs beneath me, and the Gull Rock, and the Shutter, and the Ledge; I saw them, William Cary, and the weeds beneath the merry blue sea. And I saw the grand old galleon, Will; she has righted with the sweeping of the tide. She lies in fifteen fathoms, at the edge of the rocks, upon the sand; and her men are all lying around her, asleep until the judgment-day. And I saw him sitting in his cabin, like a valiant gentleman of Spain; and his officers were sitting round him, with their swords upon the table. Then, Don Guzman took a locket from his bosom; and I heard him speak, Will, and he said, 'Here's the picture of my fair and true lady; drink to her, señors all.'

17. "Then, he spoke to me, Will, and called me, right up through the sea: 'We have had a fair quarrel, señor; it is time to be friends

once more. My wife and your brother have forgiven me, so your honor takes no stain.' And I answered, 'We are friends, Don Guzman; God has judged our quarrel, and not we.' Then, he said, 'I sinned, and I am punished.' And I said, 'And, señor, so am I.' Then, he held out his hand to me, Cary; and I stooped to take it, and awoke."

—From *Westward Ho!* by CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-75), an English clergyman. He wrote many books.

1. **Morte**, for *Mortehoe* Cape, on the north-west coast of Devonshire, south-west of England.
2. **Hart-land**, cape, on the west coast of Devonshire.
3. **Lun-dy**, island, off the north-west coast of Devonshire.
4. **Shut-ter**, a great cone of granite on the south-west corner of Lundy, joined to the mainland by a narrow ridge. A great wedge-shaped chasm with a square top, about 300 feet deep, with sheer walls of granite, and known as the Devil's Limekiln, lies close by on the north of the Shutter. The latter is said to have obtained its name from a local saying that, if it were turned over and tilted into the Devil's Limekiln it would exactly fill the chasm.
5. **Close-hauled**, sailing as much against the wind as possible.
6. **Race of the tide**, flow or rushing of the tide.
7. **Fell away**, turned to leeward.
8. **Lost**. Amyas means that he has lost the opportunity of wreaking his revenge upon Don Guzman, as that nobleman had now met his death by drowning.
9. **Brim-ble-combe**, son of the schoolmaster at Bil-ford. He was acting as chaplain of the vessel.
10. **Hangs in the wind**, keeps the bow to the wind, without completing the turning movement.
11. **Ge-ni-al stream of airy wine**, the stimulating breeze.
12. **Sir**. This title was formerly (as during the reign of Elizabeth) prefixed to the name of a clergyman, as well as being a title conferred by the sovereign, from whom Sir Francis Drake, for example, received it.
13. **Span-ish Main**, name formerly applied to the north coast of South America, between the Orinoco River and the Isthmus of Darien, though often more widely used to include the West Indies, with the adjacent coasts of the mainland, and the seas around them.
14. **Bar-ba-dos** (*bar-ba-doze*), island of the Lesser Antilles, West Indies. It now belongs to the British.
15. **Gren-a-da** (*gren-ah-dah*), island of the West Indies. It now belongs to the British.
16. **La Guay-ra** (*lah gwi-rah*), the "i" as in *machine*), town in Venezuela, South America.
17. **Ca-ra-cas** (*kah-rah-kas*), district of Venezuela, as in the text. Also the capital of the district and of the country.
18. **She**, Rose Salterne, whom Amyas and his companions thought had been carried off against her will.

## THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.\*

Mrs. SOUTHEY.

ROUND.

"Frena dei torbidi."

1. *Id .: d : d | d .: r : m . | r : r . r | r .: m : f | s : s . l . t . d' |*  
Launch thy bark ma-ri-ner! Christian, God speed thee! Let loose the

2. *l' m : m . m | m . f : s . | t : t . t | t . d' : r' | m : m . m |*  
Look on the weather bow! Break-ers are round thee! Let fall the

3. *d' . d' : d' | d' : d . d | s : s . t . r' : s | s : s | . d' : d . d |*  
Slack-en not sail yet. At in-let or is-laud, Straight for the

\* From "Vocal Music for Equal Voices," published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.



THE CHRISTIAN MARINER—continued.

| d' . t . l . s : f | d' . s : m . d | s . l : s | r' . , r' : m' . d' | t . , t : t . |  
 rud - der-hands, Good angels lead thee! Set thy sails wa - ri - ly,

| f . , f : f | m . s : m . d | s : s | t : d' . , m | r . , r : r . |  
 plun - met now, Shal - lows may ground thee! Reef in the fore-sail there!

| r . , r ' r | d s : m . d | s : s | : | s . , s : s . |  
 bea - con steer, Straight for the high land! Crowd all sail!

| r' : m' d' | t : - | d' : t . d' . r' . d' | l . l : l | s . s : t |  
 tem - pests will come, Steer thy course stead - i - ly, Christian, steer

| t . t . d' . m | r : - | . m : m . m | f . , f : f | m : r . , r |  
 hold the helm fast! So let the ves - sel wear, There swept the

| : | s . , s : s . | . d : d . d | d . , d : d | d : s . , s |  
 Cut the foam! Christian cast an - chor now, Heav'n is thy

| d' : | t . f' : t | d' : | t . f' : t | d' : ||  
 home! Christian, steer home! Christian, steer home!

| m : | r : s . s | m : | r : s . s | m : ||  
 blast! There swept the blast! There swept the blast!

| d | . r' : t . s | d' : | . r' : t . s | d' : ||  
 home! Heav'n is thy home! Heav'n is thy home!