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MODERN

ENGLISH PROSE PASSAGES

SELECTED AND ANNOTATED
BY

H. G. D. TURNBULL, M. A.,
College, Poona.

LONDON
HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BOMBAY CALCUTTA AND MADRAS
1922

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The Publishers have to thank Messrs. G. A. Natesan, Madras for permission to reproduce the late G. K. Gokhale's speech on Mr. Justice M. G. Ranade and also Mr. John Lane for permission to reproduce Richard Garnett's " Ananda the Miracle Worker."

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

[Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800—1859) was a marvel even as a boy. Before he was 10 years of age he was able to repeat the whole of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* after reading it only once. This gift of memory he retained even when his reading had become extremely wide. He obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College Cambridge and at the age of 25 made a sensation by his *Essay on Milton* in the Edinburgh Review. The brightness and vigour of his style seemed at the time to be something quite new in English. In 1830 he was elected as M. P. and soon made his name as an orator. In 1833 he became for five years Legal Member of the Supreme Council of India. On his return he was again elected to Parliament and became Secretary of State for War. In 1842 he published his well-known '*Lays of Ancient Rome*' and in 1848 appeared the first volume of his *History of England*. It was a remarkable performance, full of interesting information and picturesque narrative. But it is written from the Whig point of view and is full of sweeping judgments. His *Essays* are a mine of historical, political and literary information, all conveyed in his vigorous and confident manner. The following extract is taken from Chapter XII of the *History*.

In 1688 a number of English party leaders, both Whig and Tory, alarmed by the Romanism of James II, sent an invitation to William of Orange to come over from Holland and help the Protestant cause against James and his ally, Louis XIV of France. William landed in November in Devonshire and James, finding that the army would not support him, fled to France. In Ireland James had tried to build up a Catholic power by disbanding Protestant soldiers and by appointing Catholics only to offices of state. At the beginning

of 1689 Catholics were called to arms and James came over from France. He at once attempted to crush the Protestants of the North. About 25,000 men were despatched to capture Londonderry where a garrison of about 7,000 had to defend a weak wall with the help of a few old guns. Contrary to James' expectations, the assaults were repulsed and the besiegers had to turn the siege into a blockade.]

By this time July was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain, who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and six pence. Nine horses were still alive,

but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast, that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and the half-dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined; his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest elo-

quence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit unsubdued. There were, indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure traitors opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was, "No surrender". And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On

the thirteenth of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

Just at this time Kirke received from England a despatch, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

Among the merchants ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called Mountjoy. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the Phœnix, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by

the Dartmouth, a frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

It was the twenty-eighth of July. The sun had just set: the evening sermon in the cathedral was over: and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril : for the river was low : and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the headquarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. Then the Mountjoy took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way : but the shock was such that the Mountjoy rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board : but the Dartmouth poured on them a well-directed broadside which threw them into disorder. Just then the Phœnix dashed at the breach which the Mountjoy had made,

and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The Mountjoy began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birth-place, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began: but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the Mountjoy grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began.

First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousands bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said that night over the suppers that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the three following days the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, on the third night, flames were seen arising from the camp; and, when the first of August dawned a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off a long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British Isles. It

had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot precisely ascertained.

THE CAT'S PILGRIMAGE.

[James Anthony Froude (1818—1894) the friend and biographer of Carlyle is best known for his *History of England* from the time of Henry viii to the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It tells the story from the Protestant point of view, but it is written in a style almost perfect in its clearness and simplicity and it is as interesting as a novel. His *Short Studies* on *Great Subjects* are equally good reading. He also wrote some fables and allegories, from one of which the following extracts are taken.]

PART I.

'It is all very fine,' said the Cat, yawning, and stretching herself against the fender, 'but it is rather a bore ; I don't see the use of it,' She raised herself, and arranging her tail into a ring, and seating herself in the middle of it, with her fore paws in a straight line from her shoulders, at right angles to the hearth-rug, she looked pensively at the fire. 'It is very odd,' she went on, 'there is my poor Tom ; he is gone. I saw him stretched out in the yard. I spoke to him, and he took no notice of me. He won't, I suppose, ever any more, for they put him under the earth. Nice fellow he was. It is wonderful how little one cares about it. So many jolly evenings we spent together, and now I seem to get on quite as well without him. I wonder what has

become of him? What are we here for? I would ask the men, only they are so conceited and stupid they can't understand what we say. I hear them droning away, teaching their little ones every day; telling them to be good, and to do what they are bid, and all that. Nobody ever tells me to do anything; if they do, I don't do it, and I am very good. I wonder whether I should be any better if I minded more. I'll ask the Dog.'

'Dog,' said she, to a little fat spaniel coiled up on a mat like a lady's muff with a head and tail stuck on to it, 'Dog, what do you make of it all?'

The Dog faintly opened his languid eyes, looking sleepily at the Cat for a moment, and dropped them again.

'Dog,' she said, 'I want to talk to you; don't go to sleep. Can't you answer a civil question?'

'Don't bother me,' said the Dog, 'I am tired. I stood on my hind legs ten minutes this morning before I could get my breakfast, and it hasn't agreed with me.'

'Who told you to do it?' said the Cat.

'Why, the lady I have to take care of me, replied the Dog.

'Do you feel any better for it, Dog, after you have been standing on your hind legs?' asked she.

'Hav'n't I told you, you stupid Cat, that it hasn't agreed with me ; let me go to sleep and don't plague me.'

'But I mean,' persisted the Cat, 'do you feel improved, as the men call it? They tell their children that if they do what they are told they will improve, and grow good and great. Do you feel good and great?'

'What do I know?' said the Dog. 'I eat my breakfast and am happy. Let me alone.'

'Do you never think, O Dog without a soul! Do you never wonder what dogs are, and what this world is?'

The Dog stretched himself, and rolled his eyes lazily round the room. 'I conceive,' he said, 'that the world is for dogs, and men and women are put into it to take care of dogs; women to take care of little dogs like me, and men for the big dogs like those in the yard—and cats,' he continued, 'are to know their place, and not to be troublesome.'

'They beat you sometimes,' said the Cat. 'Why do they do that? They never beat me.'

'If they forget their places, and beat me,' snarled the Dog, 'I bite them, and they don't do it again. I should like to bite you, too, you nasty Cat ; you have woke me up.'

'There may be truth in what you say,' said the Cat, calmly ; 'but I think your view is limited. If you listened like me you would

hear the men say it was all made for them, and you and I were made to amuse them.'

'They don't dare to say so,' said the Dog.

'They do, indeed,' said the Cat. 'I hear many things which you lose by sleeping so much. They think I am asleep, and so they are not afraid to talk before me; but my ears are open when my eyes are shut.'

'You surprise me,' said the Dog. 'I never listen to them, except when I take notice of them, and then they never talk of anything except me.'

'I could tell you a thing or two about yourself which you don't know,' said the Cat. 'You have never heard, I dare say, that once upon a time your fathers lived in a temple, and that people prayed to them.'

'Prayed! what is that?'

'Why, they went on their knees to ask you to give them good things, just as you stand on your toes to them now to ask for your breakfast. You don't know either that you have got one of those bright things we see up in the air at night called after you?'

'Well, it is just what I said,' answered the Dog. 'I told you it was all made for us. They never did anything of that sort for you?'

'Didn't they? Why, there was a whole city where the people did nothing else, and

as soon as we got stiff and couldn't move about any more, instead of being put under the ground like poor Tom, we used to be stuffed full of all sorts of nice things, and kept better than we were when we were alive.'

'You are a very wise Cat,' answered her companion; 'but what good is it knowing all this?'

'Why, don't you see,' said she, 'they don't do it any more. We are going down in the world, we are, and that is why living on in this way is such an unsatisfactory sort of thing. I don't mean to complain for myself, and you needn't, Dog; we have a quiet life of it; but a quiet life is not the thing, and if there is nothing to be done, except sleep and eat, and eat and sleep, why, as I said before I don't see the use of it. There is something more in it than that; there was once, and there will be again, and I sha'nt be happy till find it out. It is a shame, Dog, I say. The men have been here only a few thousand years, and we—why, we have been here hundreds of thousands; if we are older, we ought to be wiser. I'll go and ask the creatures in the wood.'

'You'll learn more from men,' said the Dog.

'They are stupid, and they don't know what I say to them; besides, they are so conceited they care for nothing except them-

selves. No, I shall try what I can do in the woods. I'd as soon go after poor Tom as stay living any longer like this.'

'And where is poor Tom?' yawned the Dog.

'That is just one of the things I want to know,' answered she. 'Poor Tom is lying under the yard, or the skin of him, but whether that is the whole I don't feel so sure. They didn't think so in the city I told you about. It is a beautiful day, Dog; you won't take a trot out with me?' she added, wistfully.

'Who? I' said the Dog. 'Not quite.'

'You may get so wise,' said she.

'Wisdom is good,' said the Dog; 'but so is the hearth-rug, thank you!'

'But you may be free,' said she.

'I shall have to hunt for my own dinner,' said he.

'But, Dog, they may pray to you again,' said she.

'But I sha'nt have a softer mat to sleep upon, Cat, and as I am rather delicate, that is a consideration.'

PART II.

So the Dog wouldn't go, and the Cat set off by herself to learn how to be happy, and to be all that a Cat could be. It was a fine sunny morning. She determined to try the meadow

first, and, after an hour or two, if she had not succeeded, then to go off to the wood. A Blackbird was piping away on a thornbush as if his heart was running over with happiness. The Cat had breakfasted, and so was able to listen without any mixture of feeling. She didn't sneak. She walked boldly up under the bush and the bird, seeing she had no purpose, sate still and sung on.

"Good morning, Blackbird; you seem to be enjoying yourself this fine day."

"Good morning, Cat."

"Blackbird, it is an odd question, perhaps. What ought one to do to be as happy as you?"

"Do your duty, Cat."

"But what is my duty, Blackbird?"

"Take care of your little ones, Cat."

"I haven't any," said she.

"Then sing to your mate," said the bird.

"Tom is dead," said she.

"Poor Cat!" said the bird. "Then sing over his grave. If your song is sad, you will find your heart grow lighter for it."

'Mercy!' thought the Cat. 'I could do a little singing with a living lover, but I never heard of singing for a dead one. But you see, bird, it isn't Cats' nature. When I am cross, I mew. When I am pleased, I purr; but I must be pleased first. I can't purr myself into happiness.'

'I am afraid there is something the matter with your heart, my Cat. It wants warming; good-bye.'

She tried all the creatures she met without advancing a step. They had all the old story, 'Do your duty.' But each had its own, and no one could tell her what hers was. Only one point they all agreed upon—the duty of getting their dinner when they were hungry. The day wore on, and she began to think she would like hers. Her meals came so regularly at home that she scarcely knew what hunger was; but now the sensation came over her very palpably, and she felt quite new emotions as the hares and rabbits skipped about her, or as she spied a bird upon a tree. For a moment she thought she would go back and eat the Owl—he was the most useless creature she had seen; but on second thought she didn't fancy he would be nice: besides that, his claws were sharp and his beak too. Presently, however, as she sauntered down the path, she came on a little open patch of green, in the middle of which a fine fat Rabbit was sitting. There was no escape. The path ended there, and the bushes were so thick on each side that he couldn't get away except through her paws.

'Really,' said the Cat, 'I don't wish to be troublesome; I wouldn't do it if I could help

it; but I am very hungry, I am afraid I must eat you. It is very unpleasant, I assure you, to me as well as to you.'

The poor Rabbit begged for mercy.

'Well,' said she, 'I think it is hard; really I do, really—and, if the law could be altered, I should be the first to welcome it. But what can a Cat do? You eat the grass! I eat you. But, Rabbit, I wish you would do me a favour.'

'Anything to save my life,' said the Rabbit.

'It is not exactly that,' said the Cat; 'but I haven't been used to killing my own dinner, and it is disagreeable. Couldn't you die? I shall hurt you dreadfully if I kill you.'

'Oh!' said the Rabbit, 'you are a kind Cat; I see it in your eyes, and your whiskers don't curl like those of the cats in the woods. I am sure you will spare me.'

'But Rabbit, it is a question of principle. I have to do my duty; and the only duty I have as far as I can make out, is to get my dinner.'

'If you kill me, Cat, to do your duty, I sha'n't be able to do mine.'

It was a doubtful point, and the Cat was new to casuistry.

'What is your duty?' said she.

'I have seven little ones at home—seven little ones, and they will all die without me. Pray let me go.'

'What! do you take care of your children?' said the Cat. 'How interesting! I should like to see them; take me.'

'Oh! you would eat them, you would,' said the Rabbit. 'No! better eat me than them. No, no.'

'Well, well,' said the Cat, 'I don't know; I suppose I couldn't answer for myself. I don't think I am right, for duty is pleasant, and it is very unpleasant to be so hungry; but I suppose you must go. You seem a good Rabbit. Are you happy, Rabbit?'

'Happy! oh, dear beautiful Cat! if you spare me to my babies!'

'Pooh, pooh!' said the Cat, peevishly; I don't want fine speeches; I meant whether you thought it worth while to be alive! Of course you do! It doesn't matter. Go, and keep out of my way; for, if I don't get my dinner, you may not get off another time. Get along, Rabbit."

PART III.

It was a great day in the fox's cave. The eldest cub had the night before brought home his first goose, and they were just sitting down to it as the Cat came by.

'Ah, my young lady! what, you in the woods? Bad feeding at home, eh? Come out to hunt for yourself?'

The goose smelt excellent; the Cat couldn't help a wistful look. She was only come, she said, to pay her respects to her wild friends.

'Just in time,' said the Fox. 'Sit down and take a bit of dinner; I see you want it, make room, you cubs place a seat for the lady.'

'Why, thank you,' said the Cat, 'yes; I acknowledge it is not unwelcome. Pray, don't disturb yourselves, young foxes. I am hungry. I met a Rabbit on my way here. I was going to eat him, but he talked so prettily I let him go.'

The cubs looked up from their plates, and burst out laughing.

'For shame, young rascals,' said their father, 'Where are your manners? Mind your dinner and don't be rude.'

'Fox,' she said, when it was over, and the cubs were gone to play. 'you are very clever. The other creatures are all stupid.' The Fox bowed, 'Your family were always clever; she continued. 'I have heard about them in the books they use in our schoolroom. It is many years since your ancestor stole the crow's dinner.'

'Don't say stole, Cat; it is not pretty. Obtained by superior ability.'

'I beg your pardon,' said the Cat; 'it is all living with those men. . . . .

'It has a roughish end, this life of yours, if

you keep clear of the hounds, Fox,' said the Cat.

'What! a rope in the yard! Well, it must end some day; and when the farmer catches me I shall be getting old, and my brains will be taking leave of me; so the sooner I go the better, that I may disgrace myself the less. Better be jolly while it lasts, than sit mewing out your life and grumbling at it as a bore.'

'Well,' said the Cat, 'I am very much obliged to you. I suppose I may even get home again. I shall not find a wiser friend than you, and perhaps I shall not find another good-natured enough to give me so good a dinner. But it is very sad.'

'Think of what I have said,' answered the Fox. 'I'll call at your house some night; you will take me a walk round the yard, and then I'll show you.'

'Not quite,' thought the Cat, as she trotted off; 'one good turn deserves another, that is true; and you have given me a dinner. But they have given me many at home, and I mean to take a few more of them; so I think you mustn't go round our yard.'

PART IV.

The next morning, when the Dog came down to breakfast, he found his old friend sitting in her usual place on the hearth-rug.

'Oh! so you have come back,' said he. 'How d'ye do? You don't look as if you had had a very pleasant journey.'

'I have learnt something,' said the Cat. 'Knowledge is never pleasant.'

'Then it is better to be without it,' said the Dog.

'Especially, better to be without knowing how to stand on one's hind legs, Dog,' said the Cat; 'still you see, you are proud of it; but I have learnt a great deal, Dog. They won't worship you any more, and it is better for you; you wouldn't be any happier. What did you do yesterday?'

'Indeed,' said the Dog, 'I hardly remember. I slept after you went away. In the afternoon I took a drive in the carriage. Then I had my dinner. My maid washed me and put me to bed. That is the difference between you and me; you have to wash yourself to bed.'

'And you don't really find it a bore, living like this? Wouldn't you like something to do? Wouldn't you like some children to play with? The Fox seemed to find it very pleasant.'

'Children, indeed!' said the Dog, 'When I have got men and women. Children are well enough for Foxes and wild creatures; refined dogs know better; and, for doing—can't I

stand on my toes? can't I dance? at least couldn't I before I was so fat?'

'Ah! I see everybody likes what he was bred to,' sighed the Cat. 'I was bred to do nothing, and I must like that. Train the cat as the cat should go, and the cat will be happy and ask no questions. Never seek for impossibilies, Dog. That is the secret.'

'And you have spent a day in the woods to learn that,' said he. 'I could have taught you that. Why, Cat, one day when you were sitting scratching your nose before the fire, I thought that you looked so pretty that I should have liked to marry you; but I knew I couldn't, so I didn't make myself miserable.'

The Cat looked at him with her odd green eyes. 'I never wished to marry you, Dog; I shouldn't have presumed. But it was not wise of you not to fret about it. But, listen to me, Dog—listen. I met many creatures in the wood, all sorts of creatures, beasts and birds. They were all happy; they didn't find it a bore. They went about their work, and did it, and enjoyed it, and yet none of them had the same story to tell. Some did one thing, some another; and, except the Fox, each had got a sort of notion of doing its duty. The Fox was a rogue; he said he was; but yet he was not unhappy. His conscience never troubled him. Your work is standing on your

toes, and you are happy. I have none, and that is why I am unhappy. When I came to think about it, I found out every creature in the wood had to get its own living. I tried to get mine, but I didn't like it, because I wasn't used to it; and as for knowing, the Fox, who didn't care to know anything except how to cheat greater fools than himself, was the cleverest fellow I came across. But I came to this, that it was no use trying to know, and the only way to be jolly was to go about one's business like a decent Cat. Cat's business seems to be killing rabbits and such-like; and it is not the pleasantest possible; so the sooner one is bred to it the better. As for me, that have been bred to do nothing, why, as I said before, I must try to like that; but I consider myself an unfortunate Cat.'

'So don't I consider myself an unfortunate Dog,' said her companion.

'Very likely you do not.' said the Cat.

By this time their breakfast was come in. The Cat ate hers, the Dog did penance for his; and if one might judge by the purring on the hearth-rug, the Cat, if not the happier of the two, at least was not exceedingly miserable.

FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ

[Alexander Kinglake (1811-1891) was a man of good family, educated at Eton and Cambridge, who was for some time a member of Parliament. In 1847 he published *Eothen* (a Greek title meaning 'from the East') a brilliant account of his travels in Turkey, Syria and Egypt, which at once made his reputation as a descriptive writer. Nothing quite like it had ever been written before, though many similar books have been written since. Later on Kinglake spent many years in writing a very long *History of the Crimean War.*]

PART I.

The "dromedary" of Egypt and Syria is not the two-humped animal described by that name in books of natural history, but is in fact of the same family as the camel, standing towards his more clumsy fellow-slave in about the same relation as a racer to a cart-horse. The fleetness and endurance of this creature is extraordinary. It is not usual to force him to a gallop, and I fancy, from his make, that it would be quite impossible for him to maintain that pace for any length of time, but the animal is on so large a scale, that the jog-trot at which he is generally ridden implies a progress of perhaps ten or twelve miles an hour, and this pace, it is said, he can keep up incessantly, without food, or water, or rest, for three whole days and nights. Of the two dromedaries which I had obtained for this

journey, I mounted one myself, and put Dthemetri on the other. My plan was, to ride on with Dthemetri to Suez as rapidly as the fleetness of the beasts would allow, and to let Mysseri (then still remaining weak from effects of his late illness) come quietly on with the camels and baggage. The trot of the dromedary is a pace terribly disagreeable to the rider, until he becomes a little accustomed to it; but after the first half-hour I so far schooled myself to this new exercise, that I felt capable of keeping it up (though not without aching limbs) for several hours together. Now, therefore, I was anxious to dart forward, and annihilate at once the whole space that divided me from the Red Sea. Dthemetri, however, could not get on at all; every attempt at trotting seemed to threaten the utter dislocation of his whole frame, and indeed I doubt whether anyone of Dthemetri's age (nearly forty, I think), and accustomed to such exercise, could have borne it at all easily. Besides, the dromedary which fell to his lot was evidently a very bad one; he every now and then came to a dead stop, and cooly knelt down as though suggesting that the rider had better get off at once, and abandon the experiment as one that was utterly hopeless. When for the third or fourth time I saw Dthemetri thus planted, I lost my patience

and went on without him. For about two hours, I think, I advanced without once looking behind me. I then paused, and cast my eyes back to the western horizon. There was no sign of Dthemetri, nor any other living creature. This I expected, for I knew that I must have far outdistanced all my followers. I had ridden away from my party merely by way of humouring my impatience, and with the intention of stopping as soon as I felt tired, until I was overtaken. I now observed, however (this I had not been able to do whilst advancing so rapidly), that the track which I had been following was seemingly the track of only one or two camels. I did not fear that I had diverged very largely from the true route, but still I could not feel any reasonable certainty that my party would follow any line of march within sight of me. I had to consider, therefore, whether I should remain where I was upon the chance of seeing my people come up, or whether I should push on alone, and find my own way to Suez. I had now learned that I could not rely upon the continued guidance of any track, but I knew that (if maps were right) the point for which I was bound bore just due east of Cairo, and I thought that, although I might miss the line leading most directly to Suez, I could not well fail to find my way sooner or later to the Red

Sea. The worst of it was that I had no provision of food or water with me, and already I was beginning to feel thirst. I deliberated for a minute, and then determined that I would abandon all hope of seeing my party again in the Desert, and would push forward as rapidly as possible towards Suez.

It was not, I confess, without a sensation of awe that I swept with my sight the vacant round of the horizon, and remembered that I was all alone and unprovisioned in the midst of the arid waste ; but this very awe gave tone and zest to the exultation with which I felt myself launched. Hitherto, in all my wanderings I had been under the care of other people sailors, Tartars, guides, and Dragomen had watched over my welfare ; but now at last I was here in this African desert, and I *myself, and no other, had charge of my life.* I liked the office well ; I had the greatest part of the day before me, a very fair dromedary, a fur pelisse, and a brace of pistols, but no bread, and worst of all, no water ; for that I must ride, and ride I did. For several hours I urged forward my beast at a rapid though steady pace, but at length the thirst began to torment me. I did not relax my pace however, and I had not suffered long when a moving object appeared in the distance before me. The intervening space was soon traversed, and I

found myself approaching a Bedouin Arab mounted on a camel, attended by another Bedouin on foot. They stopped. I saw that there hung from the pack-saddle of the camel one of the large skin water-flasks commonly carried in the desert, and it seemed to be well filled. I steered my dromedary close up alongside of the mounted Bedouin, caused my beast to kneel down, then alighted, and keeping the end of the halter in my hand, went up to the mounted Bedouin without speaking, took hold of his flask, opened it, and drank long from its leathern lips. Both of the Bedouins stood fast in amazement and mute horror; and really if they had never happened to see a European before, the apparition was enough to startle them. To see for the first time a coat and a waistcoat with the semblance of a white human face at the top, and for this ghastly figure to come swiftly out of the horizon upon a fleet dromedary—approach them silently, and with a demoniacal smile, and drink a deep draught from their water-flask—this was enough to make the Bedouins stare a little; they, in fact, stared a great deal—not as Europeans stare with a restless and puzzled expression of countenance, but with features all fixed and rigid, and with still, glassy eyes. Before they had time to get decomposed from their state of petrifaction

I had remounted my dromedary and was darting away towards the east. Without pause or remission of pace I continued to press forward, but after a while I found, to my confusion, that the slight track which had hitherto guided me now failed altogether. I began to fear that I must have been all along following the course of some wandering Bedouins, and I felt that if this were the case, my fate was a little uncertain. I had no compass with me, but I determined upon the eastern point of the horizon as accurately as I could by reference to the sun, and so laid down for myself a way over the pathless sands. But now my poor dromedary, by whose life and strength I held my own, began to show signs of distress ; a thick, clammy, and glutinous kind of foam gathered about her lips, and piteous sobs burst from her bosom in the tones of human misery. I doubted for a moment whether I could give her a little rest or relaxation of pace, but I decided that I would not, and continued to push forward as steadily as before. The character of the country became changed ; I had ridden away from the level tracts, and before me now, and on either side, there were vast hills of sand and calcined rocks that interrupted my progress and baffled my doubtful road, but I did my best. With rapid

steps I swept round the base of the hills, threaded the winding hollows, and at last, as I rose in my swift course to the crest of a lofty ridge, Thalatta! Thalatta! by Jove! I saw the sea!

PART II

My tongue can tell where to find the clue to many an old pagan creed, because that (distinctly from all mere admiration of the beauty belonging to Nature's works) I acknowledge a sense of mystical reverence when first I approach some illustrious feature of the globe—some coast-line of ocean—some mighty river or dreary mountain range, the ancient barrier of kingdoms. But the Red Sea! It might well claim my earnest gaze by force of the great Jewish migration which connects it with the history of our own religion. From this very ridge, it is likely enough, the panting Israelites first saw that shining inlet of the sea. Ay! ay! but moreover, and best of all, that beckoning sea assured my eyes, and proved how well I had marked out the east for my path, and gave me good promise that sooner or later the time would come for me to rest and drink. It was distant, the sea, but I felt my own strength, and I had heard of the strength of the dromedaries. I pushed forward as early as though I had spoiled the Egyptians, and

were flying from Pharaoh's police. I had not yet been able to discover any symptoms of Suez, but after a while I descried in the distance a large, blank, isolated building. I made towards this, and in time got down to it. The building was a fort, and had been built there for the protection of a well contained within its precincts. A cluster of small huts adhered to the fort, and in a short time I was receiving the hospitality of the inhabitants, a score or so of people who sat grouped upon the sands near their hamlet. To quench the fires of my throat with about a gallon of muddy water, and to swallow a little of the food placed before me, was the work of a few minutes, and before the astonishment of my hosts had even begun to subside, I was pursuing my journey. Suez, I found, was still three hours distant, and the sun going down in the west warned me that I must find some other guide to keep me in the right direction. This guide I found in the most fickle and uncertain of the elements. For some hours the wind had been freshing, and it now blew a violent gale; it blew—not fitfully and in squalls—but with such remarkable steadiness that I felt convinced it would blow from the same quarter for several hours; so when the sun set, I carefully looked for the point whence the wind came and found that it blew from the

very west—blew exactly in the direction of my route. I had nothing to do, therefore, but to go straight to leeward, and this I found easy enough, for the gale was blowing so hard that if I diverged at all from my course, I instantly felt the pressure of the blast on the side towards which I had deviated. Very soon after sunset there came on complete darkness, but the strong wind guided me well, and sped me too on my way. I had pushed on for about, I think, a couple of hours after nightfall, when I saw the glimmer of a light in the distance, and this I ventured to hope must be Suez. Upon approaching it, however, I found that it was only a solitary fort, and this I passed by without stopping. On I went, still riding down the wind, but at last an unlucky misfortune befell me—a misfortune so absurd that, if you like, you shall have your laugh against me. I have told you already what sort of lodging it is that you have upon the back of a camel. You ride the dromedary in the same fashion; you are perched, rather than seated, on a bunch of carpets or quilts upon the summit of the hump. It happened that my dromedary veered rather suddenly from her onward course. Meeting the movement, I mechanically turned my left wrist as though I were holding a bridle-rein, for the complete darkness prevented my eyes from

reminding me that I had nothing but a halter in my hand. The expected resistance failed, for the halter was hanging upon that side of the dromedary's neck towards which I was slightly leaning ; I toppled over head foremost, and then went falling through air till my crown came whang against the ground. And the ground too was perfectly hard (compacted sand), but my thickly wadded head-gear (this I wore for protection against the sun) now stood me in good part and saved my life. The notion of my being able to get up again after falling head-foremost from such an immense height seemed to me at first too paradoxical to be acted upon, but I soon found that I was not a bit hurt. My dromedary had utterly vanished ; I looked round me, and saw the glimmer of a light in the fort which I had lately passed, and I began to work my way back in that direction. The violence of the gale made it hard for me to force my way towards the west, but I succeeded at last in regaining the fort. To this as to the other fort which I had passed, there was attached a cluster of huts, and I soon found myself surrounded by a group of villainous, gloomy-looking fellows. It was sorry work for me to swagger and look big at a time when I felt so particularly small on account of my tumble and lost dromedary,

but there was no help for it; I had no Dthemetri now to "strike-terror" for me. I knew hardly one word of Arabic, but somehow or other I contrived to announce it as my absolute will and pleasure that these fellows should find me the means of gaining Suez. They acceded, and having a donkey they saddled it for me, and appointed one of their number to attend me on foot. I afterwards found that these fellows were not Arabs, but Algerine refugees, and they bore the character of being sad scoundrels. They justified this imputation to some extent on the following day. They allowed Mysseri with my baggage and the camels to pass unmolested, but an Arab lad belonging to the party happened to lag a little way in the rear, and him (if they were not maligned) these rascals stripped and robbed. Low indeed is the state of bandit morality when men will allow the sleek traveller with well-laden camels to pass in quiet, reserving their spirit of enterprise for the tattered turban of a miserable boy. I reached Suez at last. The British agent, though roused from his midnight sleep, received me in his home with the utmost kindness and hospitality. Oh! by Jove, how delightful it was to lie on fair sheets, and to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more for the sake of sleeping again!

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER.

[Washington Irving (1783-1859) is one of the best known of American authors. He first made a name with his *Knickerbocker's History of New York,* published in 1809. Its pleasant humour soon made it popular in England. *The Sketch Book* (1820) and *Tales of a Traveller* are other well known works. He went into the United States Diplomatic Service and became Minister to Spain, studied the history of the Arabs and wrote several books on the subject, such as *Mahomed and His Successors* and *The Conquest of Granada.* Spain also suggested to him his *Life of Columbus.* Irving though not a man of powerful genius, is a writer of great charm. Both his history and his essays are marked by a grace and a humour which have gained him the title of the American Goldsmith.]

It was late in the dusk of evening, when Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there awhile to rest himself. Anyone but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it, from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here, and made sacrifices to the Evil Spirit.

Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of this kind. He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock,

listening to the boding cry of the tree toad and delving with his walking staff into a mound of black mould at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mould, and lo! a cloven skull, with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this deathblow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

"Humph!" said Tom Walker, as he gave it a kick to shake the dirt from it.

"Let that skull alone!" said a gruff voice. Tom lifted up his eyes, and beheld a great black man seated directly opposite him, on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither heard nor seen any one approach; and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither Negro nor Indian. It is true he was dressed in a rude half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body; but his face was neither black nor copper colour, but swarthy and dingy, and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil

among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions, and bore an axe on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

"What are you doing on my grounds?" said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

"Your grounds;" said Tom, with a sneer, "no more on your grounds than mine; they belong to Deacon Peabody."

"Deacon Peabody be d......d," said the stranger, "as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to those of his neighbours. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring."

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody, an eminent man, who had waxed wealthy by driving shrewd bargains with the Indians. He now looked around, and found most of the tall trees marked with the name of some great man of the colony, and all more or less scored by the axe. The one on which he had

been seated, and which had evidently just been hewed down, bore the name of Crowinshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

"He's just ready for burning!" said the black man, with a growl of triumph. "You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter."

"But what right have you," said Tom, "to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?"

"The right of a prior claim," said the other. "This wood-land belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil."

"And pray who are you, if I may be so bold?" said Tom.

"Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighbourhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men consecrated this spot, and in honour of whom they now and then roasted a white man, by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecution of Quakers and Anabaptists; I am the great

patron and promoter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches."

"The upshot of all which is, that if I mistake not," said Tom, sturdily, "you are he commonly called Old Scratch."

"The same, at your service!" replied the black man with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story; though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage, in this wild lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves; but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

WASHINGTON IRVING

(From Tales of a Traveller.)

WORK AND WAGES

John Ruskin (1819-1900) was the son of a rich wine-merchant. He never went to a public school but learned at home to appreciate literature and art and when he went to Oxford he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse. In 1842 he published the first volume of *Modern Painters*, which at once showed the world that a new master of ornate and elab rate prose had arisen. His art teaching was founded on a moral basis and was continued in '*The Seven Lamps of Architecture*' and '*The Stones of Venice*.' The problem of the connection of art with life made Ruskin turn to social questions and in books like '*Unto This Last*' he vigorously attacked the political economy of the day. He denounced mere competition, pleaded for more humane relations between employers and employed, and urged that every worker should be paid a 'living wage.' His teaching was at first derided, but many of his main ideas are now accepted and he has had more influence than any other man on the movement or in improving the life of the masses. His eloquence, his deep feeling and his imagination can be felt on almost every page of his voluminous writings. The following extract is from *The Crown of Wild Olive*, Lecture I, on *Work*, which was delivered to a working-men's institute.]

An industrious man working daily, and laying by daily, attains at last the possesion of an accumulated sum of wealth, to which he has absolute right. The idle person who will not work, and the wasteful person who lays nothing by, at the end of the same time will be doubly poor—poor in possession, and

dissolute in moral habit; and he will then naturally covet the money which the other has saved. And if he is then allowed to attack the other and rob him of his well-earned wealth, there is no more any motive for saving, or any reward for good conduct; and all society is thereupon dissolved, or exists only in systems of rapine. Therefore, the first necessity of social life is the clearness of national concience in enforcing the law—that he should keep who has JUSTLY EARNED.

That law, I say, is the proper basis of distinction between rich and poor. But there is also a false basis of distinction; namely, the power held over those who are earning wealth by those who already possess it, and only use it to gain more. There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect. and more or less cowardly. It is physically impossible for a well-educated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; just as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives. So all healthy-minded people

like making money—ought to like it, and enjoy the sensation of winning it; but the main object of their life is not money; it is something better than money. A good soldier, for instance, mainly wishes to do his fighting well. He is glad of his pay—very properly so, and justly grumbles when you keep him ten years without it—still, his main notion of life is to win battles, not to be paid for winning them. So of clergymen, so of doctors. They like fees no doubt,—ought to like them: yet if they are brave and well-educated, the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick; and,—if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them,—would rather cure their patient and lose their fee, than kill him, and get it. And so with all the other brave and rightly-trained men; their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still second. But in every nation, as I said, there are a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly the fee is first, and the work second, as with brave people the work first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is between life and death *in* a man, between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve two masters:—you *must* serve one or the other. If your work is

first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the "least erected fiend that fell."

ON BOOKS

All books are divisible into two classes—the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time; I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

The good book of the hour, then—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions;

lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel; firm fact-telling, by real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read."

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written not with the view of mere communication, but of perma-

nence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." This is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book"!

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those are the books.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entreé* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as

the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

"The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there......"Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain

his thought to you with considerate pain but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, share our feelings if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

And therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real

principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person.

The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists of this accuracy. A well educated gentleman may not know many languages—may not be able to speak any but his own—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all he is learned in the peerage of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry—their intermarriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any—not a word even of his own.

JOHN RUSKIN.

FLYING IN TIMES OF WAR

Before the war the art of flying was still in the experimental stage. Although the experts of the various European War Departments early surmised that aeronautics would be bound to play part in future warfare, even they scarcely realised what an important part that was destined to be.

I remember on a field-day one summer, two years before war broke out, being initiated, as a mere "foot-slogger," into such anti-aircraft tactics as had then been devised. Aircraft, it seemed would in warfare be employed for "reconnaisance," or scout work. In dealing with them the first duty of ground troops would be to elude observation; the second, if observed, to try to prevent the enemy airman from carrying his information back to his head-quarters. We were also told that, if, as we were marching along the road, we heard the order, "Planes," we were at once to break into two files and line the hedgerows on either side of the road. Above all we were to refrain from looking upwards.

If we were ordered to fire at an aeroplane we were to aim twelve times its length in front of it.

I can also remember the excitement which

prevailed at all the principal seaside resorts a year or two earlier still, when they were visited by the Daily Mail exhibition aeroplane. The scene is a quiet little bay with a wide-expanse of hard level sand. The sand is surrounded by a natural amphitheatre of sloping, grassy banks. Ranged on the grass stands a crowd of eager spectators; each individual desiring to show how much more he knows about the new invention than his neighbours do. Then comes a sudden hush. From afar, away up in the heavens, comes a "purr-purr-purr" as of swarms of monstrous bees, or like the sound of a distant motor-cycle panting its way along a country lane some quiet Sunday afternoon. The noise grows more distinct and folk begin to turn their eyes towards the quarter whence it comes. In the distance they can see something that looks like a speck of dust floating in the air. Gradually it takes shape. At first it is like a bird with wings expanded. Then little by little they are able to distinguish the great linen wings or planes, the frame-work of the car, the wheels beneath for landing and the great whirling propeller behind. Last and most exciting of all, seated amidst all that maze of wire ropes, stays and braces, behind what is known as the fuselage, comes into view the figure of a man.

The great bird at length comes to earth on a space of sand which has been specially reserved for it. It does not stop immediately but careers along at break-neck but gradually decreasing speed for about three hundred yards. At last it comes to rest where it can be seen by all those interested. I little thought at that time that the day would come when the droning of an aeroplane would be one of the commonest sounds in my ears, or that one day I should witness conflicts in the air between fleets of these marvellous machines.

Never having been to Hendon in the piping days of peace I was first introduced to the theory and practice of flying on a level plateau near St. Omer during the war. This plateau was occupied by one of the biggest aerodromes in the British sector of the Western Front.

The staff of this aerodrome was the only semi-permanent British population of the district. All the little villages surrounding the plateau were occupied by battalions of infantry brought back from the trenches like that to which I belonged, for short periods of intensive training. During this period of training I had various opportunities of observing the comings and goings of the 'planes.' As a result of one of these experiences I developed a superacute faculty for recognising at

the maximum distance the signs and tokens of an approaching 'plane.' On the evening to which I refer I had been out riding with some friends in the district. The road home ran through the middle of the ground allotted to the aerodrome. This road was generally thronged with motor transport, carrying materials up to the aerodrome. The result was that one thought little of the rattle of an extra motor or two. Suddenly one of my friends shouted, "Look out", and at the same moment my horse swerved to the left and just saved me from being beheaded by an aeroplane which was flying very low on its way back to the aerodrome.

I often wondered, as I watched the 'planes' setting off from St. Omer on their adventurous journeys, what it must feel like to travel through the air. The pilot and the observer wearing the heavy coats and capes of leather which the airman requires to keep out the intense cold of the upper regions of the air, would stand and watch their machine being wheeled out of the hangar. When the machine was ready they would take their seats and strap themselves in securely. Then the pilot would start his engine and the great machine would begin, very slowly at first, to glide over the ground. The engine throbs louder and louder as the pilot begins to

accelerate until she is running faster than the fastest motor car. Suddenly the passengers feel that the jolting which has accompanied their headlong rush while on the ground, has given place to a gliding, floating sensation. They look over the edge of the fuselage and see the ground dropping away beneath them. The sensation is like that experienced while going up in an elevator. The 'plane' has left the ground. The fresh winds of heaven beat in their faces. They cannot make themselves heard to each other, because of the roar of the propeller, the throb of the engine and the snore of the wind through the framework of the 'plane.' On they go, apparently carried forward by a thing of independent life. Beneath them the earth drops further and further away. The group of men who had attended them as they started forth, now looks like an irregular blob on the plain below. Railway lines stretching away in the distance, canals, rivers and roads are so many streaks of silver thread. As they turn, the great 'plane' allows one of its wings to dip. For a moment they have the sickening sensation of being about to be thrown from their precarious seats. Gradually, as she bears round in the new direction, she rights herself. The pilot now perhaps decides to come down to a lower level. So he shuts off his engine, and

begins to "spiral" down. This produces the most astonishing sensation. They look over the edge and see the ground spread motionless beneath them. Then as the machine swings round on her corkscrew path, and the side over which they are looking, begins to rise, the ground seems suddenly to drop away. As the circle is completed, and the machine regains the horizontal, the ground now seems to leap up toward them with lightning speed. This is due to the sudden drop in the middle of the spiral. Now, having reached a suitable level, they descend slowly to the ground. For a few seconds they race across the level ground and then draw up near the point from which they started forth.

An aerodrome, to be of any use, has to be surrounded by level ground. Such a situation is necessary in order to allow the 'planes' to attain the requisite momentum in order to take off, and also to give them a chance of landing in safety. Many a 'plane' has escaped perils by foemen, perils by engine trouble in the air, only to be wrecked because the pilot has been compelled to bring his 'plane' to earth on broken ground. From this point of view the aerodrome at St. Omer was admirably situated. For miles on every side the country extends in long, very slightly undulating plains almost devoid of

trees or shrubbery. In the centre of this plateau stood the great hangars or sheds in which the 'planes', which were not immediately required for service, were housed. There they stood like an array of the silent monsters of a primeval age, as nowadays we can see them in a museum. They were all beautifully dressed in regular array like soldiers on parade. Each one was assigned its own proper spot in the hangar, and had, detailed to look after it, its own crew of mechanical experts, who thoroughly overhaul it before each flight.

The aeroplanes were of two classes, the fighters and the scouts. The battle 'planes' were specially designed so as to be able to climb rapidly to great heights, turn quickly, and dart hawk-like from the heavens. All these points have to be taken into account in building a machine for aerial warfare. The Scouting 'planes' move more slowly and are not designed for such intricate manœuvring. Their work is simply to find out the enemy's movements and hurry away with the news.

All the 'planes' belonging to the Allies were marked on the earthward side of their wings with a sort of bull's eye in red, white and blue, while those of the Germans, were marked with a black cross. Hence, except when the 'plane' was flying at an enormous height, it was possible for the troops on the ground to

recognise whether it was a friend or a foe, and to decide accordingly what sort of reception to give it.

The whole question of communications between troops on the ground and their friends in the air was one of the greatest difficulty. Various devices were adopted to meet the situation. Suppose for example, that the Germans had a hidden battery of big guns so located that they could do a great deal of damage to our lines of communication and yet remain completely out of sight of our gunners. Then our 'planes' would be sent out to locate the annoying battery. This 'plane' was kept in view by the Artillery Observation Officer. When it had found the battery it would drop flares, and so the British gunners were able to get on to their target. Again, in battle, it is frequently difficult for the front line of advancing infantry to send back information sufficiently early as to what point of the enemy's lines they have reached. Here again the 'plane' was invaluable and a somewhat similar method of communication was employed. The airman would fly forward and when he thought he was above the body of infantry which he wished to locate, would sound an electric buzzer, known as a Klaxon horn. Immediately on hearing this the infantry would light a row of specially prepared

flares made of solidified alcohol, at regular intervals along the line which they occupied. The observer in the 'plane' having noted on his map the position held by the infantry would carry the information back to the artillery who then knew exactly where to drop their shells.

A somewhat similar device used to be employed at the St. Omer aerodrome when a 'plane' failed to return before nightfall. An aeroplane you see, is helpless at night, as far as landing is concerned, unless the occupant knows what sort of ground is beneath him. Hence flares used to be lit and rockets sent up at intervals all through the night to show the exact position of the landing ground, until either the wanderers returned safely, or else the authorities came to the conclusion that these airmen too had "gone over to the majority," and their 'plane' would have to be written off among those that would never come back.

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

Gopal Krishna Gokhale was born at Kolhapur in a humble family of Mahratta Brahmins in the year 1866. He took his B. A. degree from the Elphinstone College in 1884 and at once joined the Deccan Education Society of Poona, then recently formulated for the purpose of 'cheapening and facilitating education' by indigenous agency in this country. This Society had in that very year started the Fergusson College of which Gokhale rose to be in course of time the main-stay. He distinguished himself as professor of English and history at first and later on passed on to political economy under the inspiring guidance of Justice M. G. Ranade whom he had already come to regard as his *Guru* or preceptor. Gokhale's brilliant evidence before the Welby Commission in 1896 marked him out as the coming man in Indian politics, and paved the way to his entrance into the Bombay Legislative Council and then in 1901, after the retirement of Sir P. M. Mehta, into the Imperial Council. Thenceforth his work had a wider scope. He visited England several times as the trusted spokesman of enlightened Indian opinion before the British nation, in 1904, in 1905, in 1908, etc. His criticism of the policy of the Government of India was so crushing and at the same time so moderately worded that he came to be respected even by his political opponents and a member of the Government of India paid him only a just tribute when he described the Legislative Council without Gokhale as the drama of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark to figure in it.

The most noteworthy of Gokhale's work in the last years of his life is, however, the formation of the Servants of India Society. This body consists of men who have devoted their whole life to the cause of India's advancement.

In the last years of his life Gokhale worked hard, much harder than was good for him, and literally sacrificed his life in the service of his motherland. He died prematurely in 1915 when he was barely forty-nine.

A few words about Gokhale's style of speaking : Mr. Gokhale was no orator. He never deliberately addressed himself to the emotions. His aim was more at the conviction than at moving the passions. His reasoning was close and earnest and his style, simple, terse and vigorous.

The speech included here is regarded as one of his best.

MAHADEV GOVINDA RANADE

Mahadev Govinda Ranade was born on the 18th January 1842, of a middle class Maharatta family. Having received his early education at the Kolhapur High School he joined the Elphinstone College in Bombay and studied under the able and inspiring guidance of Sir Alexander Grant. His academic career was distinguished and he soon took to the legal profession where also he soon distinguished himself as a careful scholar. He climbed from the lowest official position as a Subordinate Judge to the highest in that department that was then open to Indians to the Bench at the Bombay High Court. He died on the 16th January 1901, a little before he was due to retire from Government service.

Mr. Ranade embodies in his thoughts and activities all that is noblest and best in the modern Indian life. His activities were many sided. He was an able and erudite jurist, a ripe student of English and Sanskrit and Marathi Literatures, an able advocate of Mahratta history, an ardent economist and a sane political thinker and a wise and far-sighted social reformer. Above all he was a great and good man. His private life was so simple that his intimate friends called him a Rishi. The best private life, that is so far published, of him, is in Marathi, the reminiscences of his widow, Mrs. Ramabai Ranade.

[*The following speech on Mr. M. G. Ranade was delivered by Mr. Gokhale at the Memorial Meeting held in Bombay on the 9th July 1901, and presided over by His Excellency Lord Northcote, the then Governor of Bombay*:—]

I think, my Lord, if ever an Indian in these days deserved to have a memorial voted to him by his loving, grateful, and sorrow-stricken countrymen, unquestionably that Indian was the late Mr. Ranade. For forty years, Mr. Ranade laboured for us, not in one field, but in nearly all fields of public activity, with matchless devotion and steadfastness and with a faith that continued undimmed amidst the severest discouragements. The work that he has done for us, the ideals of individual and collective life that he has placed before us, and the high example that he has given us of a life spent nobly in the service of the country—these will ever constitute one of the most precious possessions of my countrymen. It is true that much of Mr. Ranade's work was rendered possible by the fact that Nature had bestowed on him—and that with no niggardly hand—intellectual gifts of the highest order; but these gifts by themselves had not availed much, if

they had not been joined with patient and prodigious industry, a severe discipline, and those great moral qualities, which even singly would have entitled their possessor to great honour among his fellowmen, and which were combined in Mr. Ranade in so equable and harmonious a manner. This resolution says that subscriptions should be invited from all classes in the country to raise a suitable memorial to Mr. Ranade. I think that that is an eminently proper proposal. For no man was more free from race or class prejudices, or more ready to recognize the good points of other communities and co-operate with them for common ends than Mr. Ranade. Indeed, one of the dearest dreams of his life was to have a common platform on which members of the different communities might stand together for national purposes, and regard themselves as Indians first, and Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsees, Christians, etc. afterwards. There was nothing sectional or narrow about Mr. Ranade's ideals. He desired progress along all lines of human activity and for all classes and ranks of the people, and he desired us, above everything else, to realize the essential dignity of man as man. We all know how faithfully Mr. Ranade lived up to the ideal he set before himself. It was a noble mission in life ful-

filled, but the cost he had to pay for it was by no means a light one. I do not speak of the sacrifice of physical comfort which it involved—for no man bore his burden more cheerfully with less desire to complain or with less desire even to rest than Mr. Ranade—but I speak of the mental suffering which he had so often to endure. About eight years ago, in speaking of the late Mr. Telang in this very place, Mr. Ranade described in a passage, which has since become classical, the conflict which two ideals of conduct and two forms of duty constantly presented to the minds of men such as he and Mr. Telang, in the present transitional state of our society. Mr. Ranade had to face this conflict in several spheres of his acitivity and endure the pain which it often occasioned. Not only had he to lead what he himself called a two-fold existence in social and religious spheres, but in political matters also an apparent conflict sometimes arose between what was due to the rulers by way of a generous recognition of their work and difficulties, and what was necessary in the largest interests of the country; and the effort to reconcile the two duties was not always free from anxiety or pain. But Mr. Ranade accepted all such suffering in the right spirit, looking upon it as a preparation for better things to come. "We

must bear our cross," he once said, "not because it is sweet to suffer, but because the pain and the suffering are as nothing compared with the greatness of the issues involved." Another characteristic of Mr. Ranade which I would mention to you was his rigorous habit of constant introspection and the severe discipline to which he subjected himself all through life. No man judged himself more severely, or others more charitably than Mr. Ranade. The marvellous self-control which he always exercised was no gift of Nature, but was the result of a severe discipline constantly applied to himself. I have seen him having the most ferocious and discreditable attacks on him carefully read out to himself, while complimentary notices of anything he had said or written were asked to be often left unread. It is a mistake to suppose that his temperament was such that the attacks did not pain him. It is true that he lived and moved on a plane of his own far removed "from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." But he had an exceedingly sensitive mind and was keenly alive to every form of injustice. But he accepted this pain for its disciplinary value, and never complained of it even to those who were nearest to him. My friend Sir Bhalchandra, has already referred to the extraordinary quickness with which Mr. Ranade

discerned and encouraged all earnest workers in the country. He had a wonderful faculty in this respect, and, as a result, he was, to many young men, scattered all over the country, like the central sun from whom they derived their light and warmth, and round whom they moved, each in his own orbit and at his own distance. The feeling of devotion that he was able to inspire in such men was most marvellous, and to those young workers who were privileged to come in intimate personal contact with him, his word was law and his approbation their highest earthly reward. Mr. Ranade in fact, possessed in the highest degree the ideal attributes of a great teacher. And when such a master is gone from our midst, is it any wonder that we should feel that the light that till now guided our erring footsteps has been extinguished and a sudden darkness has fallen upon our lives? However, my Lord, we can only humbly trust that He who gave Mr. Ranade to this nation, may give another like him in the fullness of time. Meanwhile, it is our duty to cherish his name, treasure up his example, and be true to his teachings in the faith that a nation that has produced a Ranade need not despair of its future.

RICHARD GARNETT

1835—1906

Richard Garnett, biographer and critic, was born at Lichfield in 1835. He entered the British Museum as an assistant librarian and became in course of time keeper of Printed Books. He made numerous translations from Greek, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and wrote original verse of some grace and beauty in style. He has written the lives of Carlyle, Milton and others and contributed critical articles to various encyclopaedias. He died in 1906.

ANANDA THE MIRACLE WORKER

THE holy Buddha, Sakhya Muni, on dispatching his apostles to proclaim his religion throughout the peninsula of India, failed not to provide them with salutary precepts for their guidance. He exhorted them to meekness, to compassion, to abstemiousness, to zeal in the promulgation of his doctrine, and added an injunction never before or since prescribed by the founder of any religion—namely, on no account to perform any miracle.

It is further related, that whereas the apostles experienced considerable difficulty in complying with the other instructions of their master, and sometimes actually failed therein, the prohibition to work miracles was never once transgressed by any of them, save

only the pious Ananda, the history of whose first year's apostolate is recorded as follows.

Ananda repaired to the kingdom of Magadha, and instructed the inhabitants diligently in the law of Buddha. His doctrine being acceptable, and his speech persuasive, the people hearkened to him willingly, and began to forsake the Brahmins whom they had previously revered as spiritual guides. Perceiving this, Ananda became elated in spirit, and one day he exclaimed:

'How blessed is the apostle who propagates truth by the efficacy of reason and virtuous example, combined with eloquence, rather than error by imposture and devil-mongering, like those miserable Brahmins!'

As he uttered this vain glorious speech, the mountain of his merits was diminished by sixteen yojanas, and virtue and efficacy departed from him, insomuch that when he next addressed the multitude they first mocked, then hooted, and finally pelted him.

When matters had reached this pass, Ananda lifted his eyes and discerned a number of Brahmins of the lower sort, busy about a boy who lay in a fit upon the ground. They had long been applying exorcisms and other approved methods with scant success, when the most sagacious among them suggested:

'Let us render the body of this patient an

uncomfortable residence for the demon; peradventure he will then cease to abide therein.'

They were accordingly engaged with branding the sufferer with hot irons, filling his nostrils with smoke, and otherwise to the best of their ability disquieting the intrusive devil. Ananda's first thought was, 'The lad is in a fit'; the second, 'It were a pious deed to deliver him from his tormentors'; the third, 'By good management this may extricate me from my present uncomfortable predicament, and redound to the glory of the most holy Buddha.'

Yielding to this temptation, he strode forward, chased away the Brahmins with an air of authority, and, uplifting his countenance to heaven, recited the appellations of seven devils. No effect ensuing, he repeated seven more, and so continued until, the fit having passed off in the course of nature, the patient's paroxysms ceased, he opened his eyes, and Ananda restored him to his relatives. But the people cried loudly, 'A miracle! a miracle!' and when Ananda resumed his instructions, they gave heed to him, and numbers embraced the religion of Buddha. Whereupon Ananda exulted, and applauded himself for his dexterity and presence of mind, and said to himself:

'Surely the end sanctifies the means.'

As he propounded this heresy, the eminence of his merits was reduced to the dimensions of a mole-hill, and he ceased to be of account in the eyes of any of the saints, save only of Buddha, whose compassion is inexhaustible.

The fame of his achievement, nevertheless, was bruited about the whole country, and soon reached the ears of the King, who sent for him, and inquired if he had actually expelled the demon.

Ananda replied in the affirmative.

'I am indeed rejoiced,' returned the King, 'as thou now wilt without doubt proceed to heal *my* son, who has lain in a trance for twenty-nine days.'

'Alas! dread sovereign,' modestly returned Ananda, 'how should the merits which barely suffice to effect the cure of a miserable Pariah avail to restore the offspring of an Elephant among Kings?'

'By what process are these merits acquired?' demanded the monarch.

'By the exercise of penance,' responded Ananda, 'in virtue of which the austere devotee quells the winds, allays the waters, expostulates convincingly with tigers, carries the moon in his sleeve, and otherwise performs all acts and deeds appropriate to the character of a peripatetic thaumaturgist.'

'This being so,' answered the King, 'thy inability to heal my son manifestly arises from defect of merit, and defect of merit from defect of penance. I will therefore consign thee to the charge of my Brahmins, that they may aid thee to fill up the measure of that which is lacking.'

Ananda vainly strove to explain that the austerities to which he had referred were entirely of a spiritual and contemplative character. The Brahmins, enchanted to get a heretic into their clutches, immediately seized upon him, and conveyed him to one of their temples. They stripped him, and perceived with astonishment that not one single weal or scar was visible anywhere on his person. 'Horror!' they exclaimed; 'here is a man who expects to go to heaven in a whole skin!' To obviate the breach of etiquette, they laid him upon his face, and flagellated him until the obnoxious soundness of cuticle was entirely removed. They then departed, promising to return next day and operate in a corresponding manner upon the anterior part of his person, after which, they jeeringly assured him, his merits would be in no respect less than those of the saintly Bhagiratha, or of the regal Viswamitra himself.

Ananda lay half dead upon the floor of the temple, when the sanctuary was illuminated

by the apparition of a resplendent Glendoveer, who thus addressed him:

'Well, backsliding disciple, art thou yet convinced of thy folly?'

Ananda relished neither the imputation on his orthodoxy nor that on his wisdom. He replied, notwithstanding, with all meekness:

'Heaven forbid that I should repine at any variety of martyrdom that tends to the propagation of my master's faith.'

'Wilt thou then first be healed, and moreover become the instrument of converting the entire realm of Magadha?'

'How shall this be accomplished?' demanded Ananda.

'By perseverance in the path of deceit and disobedience,' returned the Glendoveer.

Ananda winced, but maintained silence in the expectation of more explicit directions.

'Know,' pursued the spirit, 'that the King's son will revive from the trance at the expiration of the thirtieth day, which takes place at noon to-morrow. Thou hast but to proceed at the fitting period to the couch whereon he is deposited, and, placing thy hand upon his heart, to command him to rise forthwith. His recovery will be ascribed to thy supernatural powers, and the establishment of Buddha's religion will result. Before this it will be needful that I should perform an actual cure

upon thy back, which is within the compass of my capacity. I only request thee to take notice, that thou wilt on this occasion be transgressing the precepts of thy master with thine eyes open. It is also meet to apprise thee that thy temporary extrication from thy present difficulties will only involve thee in others still more formidable.'

'An incorporeal Glendoveer is no judge of the feelings of a flayed apostle,' thought Ananda. 'Heal me,' he replied, 'if thou canst, and reserve thy admonitions for a more convenient opportunity.'

'So be it,' returned the Glendoveer; and as he extended his hand over Ananda, the latter's back was clothed anew with skin, and his previous smart simultaneously allayed. The Glendoveer vanished at the same moment, saying, 'When thou hast need of me, pronounce but the incantation, *Gnooh Imdap Inam Mua,*[1] and I will immediately be by thy side.'

The anger and amazement of the Brahmins may be conceived when, on returning equipped with fresh implements of flagellation, they discovered the salubrious condition of their victim. Their scourges would probably have undergone conversion into halters, had they not been accompanied by a royal officer, who took the really triumphant martyr under his

1 The mystic formula of the Buddhists, read backwards.

protection, and carried him off to the palace. He was speedily conducted to the young prince's couch, whither a vast crowd attended him. The hour of noon not having yet arrived, Ananda discreetly protracted the time by a seasonable discourse on the impossibility of miracles, those only accepted which should be wrought by the professors of the faith of Buddha. He then descended from his pulpit, and precisely as the sun attained the zenith laid his hand upon the bosom of the young prince, who instantly revived, and completed a sentence touching the game of dice which had been interrupted by his catalepsy.

The people shouted, the courtiers went into ecstasies, the countenances of the Brahmins assumed an exceedingly sheepish expression. Even the king seemed impressed, and craved to be more particularly instructed in the law of Buddha. In complying with this request, Ananda, who had made marvellous progress in worldly wisdom during the last twenty-four hours, deemed it needless to dilate on the cardinal doctrines of his master, the misery of existence, the need of redemption, the path to felicity, the prohibition to shed blood. He simply stated that the priests of Buddha were bound to perpetual poverty, and that under the new dispensation all ecclesiastical property would accrue to the temporal authorities.

'By the holy cow!' exclaimed the monarch, 'this is something like a religion!'

The words were scarcely out of the royal lips ere the courtiers professed themselves converts. The multitude followed their example. The Brahminical church was promptly disestablished and disendowed, and more injustice was committed in the name of the new and purified religion in one day than the old corrupt one had occasioned in a hundred years.

Ananda had the satisfaction of feeling able to forgive his adversaries, and of valuing himself accordingly; and to complete his felicity, he was received in the palace, and entrusted with the education of the king's son which he strove to conduct agreeably to the precepts of Buddha. This was a task of some delicacy, as it involved interference with the princely youth's favourite amusement, which had previously consisted in torturing small reptiles.

After a short interval Ananda was again summoned to the monarch's presence. He found his majesty in the company of two most ferocious ruffians, one of whom bore a huge axe, and the other an enormous pair of pincers.

'My chief executioner and my chief tormentor,' said the king.

Ananda expressed his gratification at becoming acquainted with such exalted functionaries.

'Thou must know, most holy man,' resumed the king, 'that need has again arisen for the exercise of fortitude and self-denial on thy part. A powerful enemy has invaded my dominions, and has impiously presumed to discomfit my troops. Well might I feel dismayed, were it not for the consolations of religion; but my trust is in thee, O my spiritual father! It is urgent that thou shouldst accumulate the largest amount of merit with the least delay possible. I am unable to invoke the ministrations of thy old friends the Brahmins to this end, they being, as thou knowest, in disgrace, but I have summoned these trusty and experienced cousellors in their room. I find them not wholly in accord. My chief tormentor, being a man of mild temper and humane disposition, considers that it might at first suffice to employ gentle measures, such, for example, as suspending thee head downwards in the smoke of a wood fire, and filling thy nostrils with red pepper. My chief executioner,. taking, peradventure, a too professional view of the subject, deems it best to resort at once to crucifixion or impalement. I would gladly know thy thoughts on the matter.'

Ananda expressed, as well as his terror would suffer him, his entire disapproval of both the courses recommended by the royal advisers.

'Well,' said the king, with an air of resignation, 'if we cannot agree upon either, it follows that we must try both. We will meet for that purpose to-morrow morning at the second hour. Go in peace!'

Ananda went, but not in peace. His alarm would have well-nigh deprived him of his faculties if he had not remembered the promise made him by his former deliverer. On reaching a secluded spot he pronounced the mystic formula, and immediately became aware of the presence, not of a radiant Glendoveer, but of a holy man, whose head was strewn with ashes, and his body anointed with cow-dung.

'Thy occasion,' said the Fakir, 'brooks no delay. Thou must immediately accompany me, and assume the garb of a Jogi.'

Ananda rebelled excessively in his heart, for he had imbibed from the mild and sage Buddha a befitting contempt for these grotesque and cadaverous fanatics. The emergency, however, left him no resource, and he followed his guide to a charnel house, which the latter had selected as his domicile. There, with many lamentations over the

smoothness of his hair and the brevity of his nails, the Jogi besprinkled and besmeared Ananda agreeably to his own pattern, and scored him with chalk and ochre until the peaceful apostle of the gentlest of creeds resembled a Bengal tiger. He then hung a chaplet of infants' skulls about his neck, placed the skull of a malefactor in one of his hands, and the thigh-bone of a necromancer in the other, and at nightfall conducted him into the adjacent cemetery, where, seating him on the ashes of a recent funeral pile, he bade him drum upon the skull with the thigh-bone, and repeat after himself the incantations which he began to scream out towards the western part of the firmament. These charms were apparently possessed of singular efficacy, for scarcely were they commenced ere a hideous tempest arose, rain descended in torrents, phosphoric flashes darted across the sky, wolves and hyænas thronged howling from their dens, and gigantic goblins, arising from the earth, extended their fleshless arms towards Ananda, and strove to drag him from his seat. Urged by frantic terror, and the example and exhortations of his companion, he battered, banged, and vociferated, until on the very verge of exhaustion; when, as if by enchantment, the tempest ceased, the spectres disappeared, and joyous shouts and a burst of

music announced the occurrence of something auspicious in the adjoining city.

'The hostile king is dead,' said the Jogi; 'and his army has dispersed. This will be attributed to thy incantations. They are coming in quest of thee even now. Farewell until thou again hast need of me.'

The Jogi disappeared, the tramp of a procession became audible, and soon torches glared feebly through the damp, cheerless dawn. The monarch descended from his state elephant, and, prostrating himself before Ananda, exclaimed:

'Inestimable man! why didst thou not disclose that thou wert a Jogi? Never more shall I feel the least apprehension of any of my enemies, so long as thou continuest an inmate of this cemetery.'

A family of jackals were unceremoniously dislodged from a disused sepulchre, which was allotted to Ananda for his future residence. The king permitted no alteration in his costume, and took care that the food doled out to him should have no tendency to impair his sanctity, which speedily gave promise of attaining a very high pitch. His hair had already become as matted and his nails as long as the Jogi could have desired, when he received a visit from another royal messenger. The Rajah, so ran the regal missive, had been

suddenly and mysteriously attacked by a dangerous malady, but confidently anticipated relief from Ananda's merits and incantations.

Ananda resumed his thigh-bone and his skull, and ruefully began to thump the latter with the former, in dismal expectation of the things that were to come. But the spell seemed to have lost its potency. Nothing more unearthly than a bat presented itself, and Ananda was beginning to think that he might as well desist when his reflections were diverted by the apparition of a tall and grave personage, wearing a sad-coloured robe, and carrying a long wand, who stood by his side as suddenly as though just risen from the earth.

'The caldron is ready,' said the stranger.

'What caldron?' demanded Ananda.

'That wherein thou art about to be immersed.'

'I immersed in a caldron! wherefore?'

'Thy spells,' returned his interlocutor, 'having hitherto failed to afford his Majesty the slightest relief, and his experience of their efficacy on a former occasion forbidding him to suppose that they can be inoperative, he is naturally led to ascribe to their pernicious influence that aggravation of pain of which he has for some time past unfortunately been sensible. I have confirmed him in

this conjecture, esteeming it for the interest of science that his anger should fall upon an impudent impostor like thee rather than on a discreet and learned physician like myself. He has consequently directed the principal caldron to be kept boiling all night, intending to immerse thee therein at daybreak, unless he should in the meantime derive some benefit from thy conjurations.'

'Heavens!' exclaimed Ananda, 'whither shall I fly?'

'Nowhere beyond this cemetery,' returned the physician, 'inasmuch as it is entirely surrounded by the royal forces.'

'Wherein, then,' demanded the agonized apostle, 'doth the path of safety lie?'

'In this phial,' answered the physician. 'It contains a subtle poison. Demand to be led before the king. Affirm that thou hast received a sovereign medicine from the hands of benignant spirits. He will drink it and perish, and thou wilt be richly rewarded by his successor.'

'Avaunt, tempter!' cried Ananda, hurling the phial indignantly away. 'I defy thee! and will have recourse to my old deliverer—*Gnooh Imdap Inam Mua!*"

But the charm appeared to fail of its effect. No figure was visible to his gaze, save that of the physician, who seemed to regard him with

an expression of pity as he gathered up his robes and melted rather than glided into the encompassing darkness.

Ananda remained, contending with himself. Countless times was he on the point of calling after the physician and imploring him to return with a potion of like properties to the one rejected, but something seemed always to rise in his throat and impede his utterance, until, worn out by agitation, he fell asleep and dreamed this dream.

He thought he stood at the vast and gloomy entrance of Patala.[1] The lugubrious spot wore a holiday appearance; everything seemed to denote a diabolical gala. Swarms of demons of all shapes and sizes beset the portal, contemplating what appeared to be preparations for an illumination. Strings of coloured lamps were in course of disposition in wreaths and festoons by legions of frolicsome imps, chattering, laughing, and swinging by their tails like so many monkeys. The operation was directed from below by superior fiends of great apparent gravity and respectability. These bore wands of office, tipped with yellow flames, wherewith they singed the tails of the imps when such discipline appeared to them to be requisite. Ananda

1 The Hindoo Pandemonium.

could not refrain from asking the reason of these festive preparations.

'They are in honour,' responded the demon interrogated, 'of the pious Ananda, one of the apostles of the Lord Buddha, whose advent is hourly expected among us with much eagerness and satisfaction.'

The horrified Ananda with much difficulty mustered resolution to enquire on what account the apostle in question was necessitated to take up his abode in the infernal regions.

'On account of poisoning,' returned the fiend laconically.

Ananda was about to seek further explanations, when his attention was arrested by a violent altercation between two of the supervising demons.

'Kammuragha, evidently,' croaked one.

'Damburanana, of course,' snarled the other.

'May I,' inquired Ananda of the fiend he had before addressed, 'presume to ask the signification of Kammuragha and Damburanana?'

'They are two hells.' replied the demons. 'In Kammuragha the occupant is plunged into melted pitch and fed with melted lead. In Damburanana he is plunged into melted lead and fed with melted pitch. My colleagues

are debating which is the more appropriate to the demerits of our guest Ananda.'

Ere Ananda had time to digest this announcement a youthful imp descended from above with agility, and, making a profound reverence, presented himself before the disputants.

'Venerable demons,' interposed he, 'might my insignificance venture to suggest that we cannot well testify too much honour for our visitor Ananda, seeing that he is the only apostle of Buddha with whose company we are likely ever to be indulged? Wherefore I would propose that neither Kammuragha nor Damburanana be assigned for his residence, but that the amenities of all the two hundred and forty-four thousand hells be combined in a new one, constructed especially for his reception.'

The imp having thus spoken, the senior demons were amazed at his precocity, and performed a *pradakshina*, exclaiming, 'Truly thou art a highly superior young devil!' They then departed to prepare the new infernal chamber, agreeably to his recipe.

Ananda awoke, shuddering with terror.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'why was I ever an apostle? O Buddha! Buddha! how hard are the paths of saintliness! How prone to error

are the well-meaning! How huge is the absurdity of spiritual pride!'

'Thou hast discovered that, my son?' said a gentle voice in his vicinity.

He turned and beheld the divine Buddha, radiant with a mild and benignant light. A cloud seemed rolled away from his vision, and he recognized in his master the Glendoveer the Jogi, and the Physician

'O holy teacher!' exclaimed he in extreme perturbation, 'whither shall I turn? My sin forbids me to approach thee.'

'Not on account of thy sin art thou forbidden, my son,' returned Buddha, 'but on account of the ridiculous and unsavoury plight to which thy knavery and disobedience have reduced thee. I have now appeared to remind thee that this day all my apostles meet on Mount Vindhya to render an account of their mission, and to inquire whether I am to deliver thine in thy stead, or whether thou art minded to proclaim it thyself.'

'I will render it with my own lips,' resolutely exclaimed Ananda. 'It is meet that I should bear the humiliation of acknowledging my folly.'

'Thou hast said well, my son,' replied Buddha, 'and in return I will permit thee to discard the attire, if such it may be termed, of a Jogi, and to appear in our assembly wearing

the yellow robe as beseems my disciple. Nay, I will even infringe my own rule on thy behalf, and perform a not inconsiderable miracle by immediately transporting thee to the summit of Vindhya, where the faithful are already beginning to assemble. Thou wouldst otherwise incur much risk of being torn to pieces by the multitude, who, as the shouts now approaching may instruct thee, are beginning to extirpate my religion at the instigation of the new king, thy hopeful pupil. The old king is dead, poisoned by the Brahmins.'

'O master! master!' exclaimed Ananda, weeping bitterly, 'and is all the work undone, and all by my fault and folly?'

'That which is built on fraud and imposture can by no means endure,' returned Buddha, 'be it the very truth of heaven. Be comforted; thou shalt proclaim my doctrine to better purpose in other lands. Thou hast this time but a sorry account to render of thy stewardship; yet thou mayest truly declare that thou hast obeyed my precept in the letter, if not in the spirit, since none can assert that thou hast ever wrought any miracle.'

NOTES

NOTES

The Siege of Londonderry

bastions: the projecting parts of the fortifications.

Walker: an old Protestant clergyman who had been elected as one of the two governors of the city. Internal order and supplies were his duties.

the boom: a strong barricade of stones and wood which the besiegers had thrown across the stream, a mile and a half below the city, to prevent any ships from entering.

Kirke: an unpopular and not very capable officer in command of the expedition sent from Liverpool to relieve Londonderry.

frigate: a light speedy warship, corresponding to the modern cruiser.

broadside: the fire of all the guns on one side of a ship.

ankers: an anker (a Dutch word) was a cask holding about 8 gallons.

grace was said: in Christian households it used to be a general custom for the head of the family to 'say grace before a meal, *i.e.*, to repeat a short form of prayer or benediction.

The Cat's Pilgrimage

fender: a kind of metal frame put round a fireplace to fend (i.e. ward off) burning coal which may fall out of the grate. Household pets such as cats and dogs often lie near or against the fender, to enjoy the warmth of the fire.

muff: a circular piece of fur into which a lady puts her hands to keep them warm.

stuffed full of nice things: a reference to the sacred cats of ancient Egypt, which, like the Egyptians, were embalmed when they died. Many 'mummies' of cats have been discovered in Egypt.

hearthrug: English fire places are surrounded by a fender beside which there is usually a rug. The dog lying against the fender would be lying on the rug.

sneak: creep stealthily.

casuistry: discussions on questions of conduct.

stole the crow's dinner: an allusion to the Fable of the fox and the crow.

FROM CAIRO TO SUEZ

Dromedary: the Arabian camel or dromedary (=runner) has only one hump, while the Bactrian camel has two. The camel carries a supply of water in its stomach cells, and a kind of reserve supply of food in the fat of its hump. Thus it has become 'the ship of the desert.'

dragoman: a dragoman (an Arab word) is an interpreter. The plural should properly be dragomans, because the word has nothing to do with the English 'man' of Mussalman.

pelisse: a fur robe.

Bedouin Arabs: are the wandering Arabs, who move their camps from one place to another in the desert, as opposed to the Arabs who live in settled towns or villages.

calcined rocks: calcined literally means 'made into lime' but it can be applied to anything that has been greatly heated and has become dry and crumbly.

Thalatta, Thalatta: (greek)='The Sea! The Sea!' These were the words uttered by the Greek soldiers whom Xenophon had led back from the heart of Persia, where they had gone to help Cyrus in 401 B. C. The story of the great retreat is told by Xenophon himself in his *Anabasis*. It was near Trabizond that they caught sight of the waters of the Black Sea.

spoiled the Egyptians : Pharaoh's police : a reference to the story told in the book of *Exodus* (in the Old Testament) of the oppression of the Jews in Egypt, their escape from bondage and their miraculous passage of the Red Sea. Egypt was afflicted by plagues as a punishment for the treatment of the Jews; in their anxiety to get rid of the Jews the Egyptians gave them presents. This is the 'spoiling' referred to (*Exodus* 3. 22.). Pharaoh, king of Egypt, afterwards regretted that he had let the Jews escape and pursued them with an army which was swallowed up in the Red Sea (Gulf of Suez) which had been miraculously opened for the Jews to pass between the walls of water.

to leeward : with the wind. 'To windward' would be against the wind. A common nautical term.

Algerine (=Algerian), from Algiers on the North coast of Africa.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

tomahawk : (an American-Indian word) : a light kind of axe or hatchet used in Indian warfare.

buccaneering : carrying on the operations of a pirate. The West Indies were the chief haunt of the Buccaneers.

Quakers and *Anabaptists* : are two Christian Sects.

Salem : is a town in Massachusetts, U. S. A. Here in 1692 took place a number of witchcraft trials.

termagant : scolding woman.

WORK AND WAGES

cannot serve two masters : Christ's words, as reported by St. Matthew are, 'No man can serve two masters : for either he will hate the one and love the other ; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' (Mammon is a personification of wealth.)

least erected fiend : Ruskin is quoting Milton's Paradise Lost (1. 679-80) not quite accurately ;

'Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven.'

Least erected = least noble (most ignoble) of the rebel angels who with Satan were hurled from Heaven.

On Books

entree : right of entrance.

your aristocracy of companionship there : i. e. the noble writers with whose works you try to become familiar.

Elysian gates : gates leading to the Elysian fields, where, according to the old Greek belief, the souls of the good and the great lived in happy peace.

canaille : (literally, 'pack of dogs'), rabble, mob.

noblesse! nobility, or body of nobles.

Flying in Times of War

aeronautics : Gk. aer (air) and naus (ship) ; hence the art of sailing in the air.

field-day : Military exercise in which troops are trained in the conditions of actual warfare.

"*foot-sloggger*" : i. e. one who has to rely on his own legs for locomotion instead of having the luxury of a horse, like the cavalry.

"*reconnaissance*" : observation ; cf. recognise. The word is French.

files : in the army a line of men standing one behind the other is called a file ; if the men stand side by side, it is called a rank.

fuselage : The side of the car of the aeroplane in which the pilot sits.

Hendon : one of the experimental schools of aviation, before and during the war.

intensive training : specially detailed instruction in methods of attack etc. given in the shortest possible time to the troops who had been selected to take part in an advance, and who in the monotony of trench warfare had deteriorated physically, and had forgotten most of what they knew.

pilot and the observer : the pilot is the man who drives the aeroplane, the observer is the man who notes the important military features of the ground below, and works the machine gun, when the 'plane is in action.

hangar : a large shed in which an aeroplane is housed.

"spiral" : means to come down in a series of circles along a path like a corkscrew.

aerodrome: a centre of instruction in flying.

momentum : speed-force; or as physicists will tell you 'a force that equals the product of the weight of the machine multiplied by its speed.'

dressed : i. e., arranged in a straight line side by side.

bull's eye : a diagram consisting of concentric circles.

lines : roads, railways, rivers, etc., along which troops and their supplies can be moved.

gone : a Gk. euphemism meaning to die ; perhaps suggesting that as the majority of men have already died, death cannot really be so dreadful after all.

written off : numbered among lost stores.

MR. MAHADEV GOVINDA RANADE.

Mr. Ranade laboured for us, etc : The private and public activities of the late Mr. Ranade were varied and numerous. He was a careful student of Hindu Law and of Hindu social and religious customs. Being of a pious and saintly bent of mind, he took constant interest in the activities of a religious body like the Prarthana Samaj A diligent and intelligent student of our political and economic history, he wrote essays, papers and books on subjects of historical, economic and

literary interest. From the platforms of the annual social Conferences that were held side by side with the annual sessions of the Indian National Congress, he surveyed the social problems that awaited attention and study at the hands of educated Indians. And lastly though as a Government, servant he could not directly take part in our political life he was the inspiring force behind all the political activity of his period.

Collective life : The life of a nation or a society as a whole.

With......hand : Abundantly. Copiously.

Thou qualities......harmonious a manner : Greatness is of two kinds. (1) Greatness which consists of a harmonious mixture of all good qualities, private and public. (2) Greatness which consists in the existence of one good quality or a few good qualities in a great measure, coupled with defects or positive faults. Ranade's greatness was of the first kind.

One...dreams : An idea which he fondly cherished, as worth following.

The essential dignity......man : The fact that in spite of differences in caste, creed, colour, or nationality, in spite of the artificial differences which we have made among ourselves men are the same all the world over and humanity is one after all.

Classical : Well-known and of recognised excellence.

A two-fold existence : An existence in which we live and have to live, so to say, in the midst of two entirely different sets of conditions, so that the thoughts and duties and responsibilities of one are quite different from, nay, perhaps opposed to those of the other.

We must......cross : In such phrases as the above the cross is the symbol of meek and patient suffering, such as Christ bore when he died on the cross at the hands of his Jewish persecutors.

" *Far from the......strife* " : This well-known line is taken from Gray's famous Elegy in the country churchyard.