THE BOOK WAS DRENCHED

TEXT FLY WITHIN THE BOOK ONLY

READINGS IN ENGLISH
FROM
EAST AND WEST

With Notes and Exercises

BY

R. K. LAGU, M.A.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS LONDON
1933

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First Edition, 1932
Reprinted, 1933

Printed by V. P. Pendherkar, at the Tutorial Press,
211a, Girgaon Back Road, Bombay and Published by F. E. Francis,
Manager, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., Fort, Bombay

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Cordial acknowledgments are due to the following authors and publishers for permission to make use of the copyright matter included in this volume :—

Dr. Robert Bridges and Sir John Murray ; Messrs. Chatto and Windus, for "The Vagabond", by R. L. Stevenson ; Mr. Walter de la Mare ; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., for "On the Rule of the Road", from *Leaves in the Wind*, by "Alpha of the Plough"; Mr. W. W. Gibson ; Mr. Thomas Hardy ; Messrs. George G. Harrap and Co., Ltd., for "Alcestis", from *Stories from Greek Tragedy*, by H. L. Havell ; Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., for "The Czarina's Violet", from *In Powder and Crinoline*, by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch ; Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd. for "Birds and their Enemies" from *Fireside and Sunshine*, by E. V. Lucas, "The Money-Lenders", from *The Money-box*, by Robert Lynd, and "The Diary Habit", from *Not that it Matters*, by A. A. Milne ; the Oxford University Press, for "How Much Land Does a Man Need ?", from *Twenty-three Tales*, by Leo Tolstoy ; Dr. Rabindranath Tagore ; Messrs. Kegan Paul, for permission to reprint Edwin Arnold's "A Rajput Nurse", and Toru Dutt's "Jogadhya Uma"; to the Oxford Press and the Executors of Austin Dobson, for "The Rose and the Gardener."; to Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd., for Sarojini Naidu's "The Queen's Rival"; to Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd., for Norman McKinnel's "The Bishop's Candlesticks"; and to Messrs. G. A. Natesan and Co., for Mr. G. K. Gokhale's "Farewell to Fergusson College".

PREFACE

This book is an attempt to introduce pupils in the sixth form to distinguished writers of the East and West. It is a miscellany in which story and lyric, drama and essay have been assembled with a view to let the reader browse at will and choose whatever happens to take his fancy at the moment. Every passage in the book has a charm of its own, and the suggestions for further reading given at the end of each selection will furnish alert and enthusiastic young people with clues which point the way to fresh woods and pastures new. In the three hundred odd pages of the book, I have drawn upon the work of writers of our time as well as the authors of an earlier day who have built up the great tradition of English letters. Literature—as Mr. Eliot views it—is 'a continuous and living whole'. Apart, however, from these ideal considerations, the selection of the work of modern writers subserves a practical aim. For the matriculation syllabus lays down definitely that in the text to be prescribed for detailed study, half the material in prose and poetry must be selected from the twentieth century. It is obvious, therefore, that the sooner pupils familiarize themselves with twentieth century literature, the better equipped they will be to tackle the matriculation examination. After all, both teachers and pupils have to keep abreast of the times, and difficult as modern literature is, the difficulty is only apparent. It seems difficult because it deals with the unusual and the unexpected. As Mr. Harold Nicolson points out—"A certain effort is at first required to adjust the mind to the unexpected. A very little perseverance will enable the intelligent reader to acquire the new habit of mind. What seemed almost incomprehensible in October will by Christmas appear familiar and lucid".

This, then, is the object I have had in view in planning the present book. It will, I hope, serve as a stepping-stone to higher things. It forges—so to speak—a link between the sixth form and the matriculation class by helping pupils in the former standard to acquaint themselves with some of the more famous of the living writers. In other respects also, it endeavours to meet half-way the syllabus of the matriculation examination which requires candidates to give proof of their power of appreciating seen and unseen poems. This last is, no doubt, a most commendable feature of the new syllabus, inasmuch as it diverts into a healthy channel some of the energy which used to be concentrated almost morbidly on the meaning of the text and its paraphrase. In the third section of my notes, I have explained the principles of appreciation as they arise out of the material selected for study—the beauty of thought and feeling, the charm of picturesque word, phrase and figure of speech, the music of vowel and consonant. Such a preliminary acquaintance with the principles of appreciation and some practice in the application of those principles will smooth the way of the learner in the matriculation class and economize the effort of the teacher.

The textual notes and the questions on Grammar and Composition will enable the pupil to get a firm grip of the text, without which all talk of appreciation is beside the point. This is not to say that the pupil should puzzle his brains over every difficult word and expression in the text. All the same, it is easy to see that he must clearly understand the drift of a passage before he proceeds to appreciate it. I may add, again, that the textual notes have been given to help the lame dog over a stile—the teacher and pupil who have no access to reference-books and libraries. Those who can shift for themselves and devise their own critical apparatus will, of course, study the text relying on their own resources. The notes, the introductions, the questions and exercises show the inexperienced teacher and learner how to study intensively the passages in the text. They are not intended to restrict anybody's freedom or bind his judgment.

The Readings chosen cover a wide field. They begin with Shakespeare and end with Tolstoy and Norman McKinnel's one-act play. Wordsworth, Tennyson and Mr. Walter de la Mare represent the West; side by side will be found representatives of the East, Tagore, Toru Dutt and Mr. Gokhale. I have endeavoured to provide variety of matter and variety of pleasure. The passages selected are, I trust, within the experience of a pupil of the sixth standard, connected with his interests and 'near his understanding'. If, on occasion however, a pupil meets with something pretty stiff, it is nothing much to mourn over. One develops strength and confidence by battling with difficulties. There is no other way. Moreover, as Mr. Sampson has said, " Difficulty is not an affair of words. Pupils of fifteen can get more from Wordsworth's *Immortality Ode* than from such apparently simple poems as *The Fountain* and *The Two April Mornings*". Secondly, what is difficult and puzzling to one boy may be easy and delightful to another. "We must take the mean, not the meanest, capacity for our standard."

Finally, if I had given 350 lines of poetry and 175 pages of prose, I should have conformed to the Departmental requirements. But I have given nearly a thousand lines of poetry. In this respect, again, I have sought to bring my book into line with the matriculation syllabus, for a student sitting for the matriculation examination has to read 1,100 lines of poetry. Further, I have provided more than 175 pages of prose. The additional material will be welcomed by a teacher in charge of the sixth form. For nothing is so depressing to a teacher as to be compelled to go over the same ground year after year. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." No doubt. But the truth is not without its limitations.

Poona,
9th November, 1932

R. K. LAGU

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SHAKESPEARE

The sonnets of Shakespeare are in a class by themselves. They were published in 1609. In all he wrote 154 sonnets. The sonnet selected here is No. XXIX in the first series. Shakespeare (1564–1616) was a poet, an actor, a dramatist. After a few years of schooling at Stratford (Warwickshire) he went to London, became an actor and a writer of plays. He made a large fortune by his plays, purchased property, applied for a coat-of-arms, and spent the last days of his life in the company of his relations and friends at Stratford. Shakespeare as a dramatist is equalled by few. He is a master of romance, comedy and tragedy. But he has an astonishing lyrical gift as well. This is revealed in his sonnets and songs. The first series of sonnets (1–126) is addressed to a friend whom Shakespeare loves with a love which is absolute and knows no change. Many sonnets in this series are marked by truth and sincerity of feeling, and seem to come hot from the poet's heart. They are of great imaginative beauty and achieve success in a form of the sonnet which is entirely different from the Italian pattern. The other series of sonnets (127–152) is addressed to a Dark Lady who has a malignant power over Shakespeare's mind. Though she is unfaithful to him, he feels he must go on loving her. The sonnet is a short poem of fourteen lines. In the Italian form, the fourteen lines are divided into two parts—the octave (eight lines) and the sestet (six lines). There is a pause after the eighth line. Lines 1, 4, 5, 8, rhyme together in the octave (abbaabba); in the sestet lines 9, 12; 10, 13; 11, 14 (cdecde) rhyme together. In the English form the fourteen lines are divided into three quatrains (four-line stanza) and a couplet. In the couplet, the lines rhyme together, in the quatrains, the rhymes are alternate. In the sonnet "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," Shakespeare describes the transforming power of love—the alchemy by which it turns base metals into gold. Darkness and depression are changed into light and joy at the magic touch of love. Apart from this, the warmth of feeling in the poem, the ease and naturalness with which it reaches its inevitable conclusion, the noble thoughts which it enshrines, the beauty of its diction and imagery—these things give the sonnet a distinction all its own.

When, in disgrace..... eyes, when I have lost the favour of fortune and the esteem of the world—when I am reduced to poverty, or have lost money—when I suffer from some calamity and people treat me with contempt.

beweep.....cries, lament over my dishonoured, degraded, fallen condition and with fruitless prayers trouble God who pays no heed to my cries for help.

rich in hope, have many hopes of inheriting property, or obtaining royal favour, or achieving fame.

featured like him, wishing I had his striking features—nose, eyes, lips—parts of the face.

Desiring.....scope, wishing I had the supreme skill possessed by some famous artist—painter or poet, wishing, on another occasion, that I had the fine field for work—the freedom which some other person had.

Haply..... gate, by accident I remember you and then my mind is filled with inexpressible joy. I am like the skylark rising from the dark gloomy earth at dawn, and singing songs of praise high up in the sky in the east. The moment he thinks of his friend, he knows that he has in him a treasure far more precious than any of those things which he has been envying in other people, and suddenly the gloom is transformed into joy.

For .....kings, the recollection of your love for me—such incredible wealth it seems to me—that in this moment of recollection I would reject the crown of a king if it were offered to me. *Wealth*, well-being (Tucker).

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. (i) Quote lines from this sonnet which remind us of the following lines of Shelley:

> "We look before and after,
> And pine for what is not."

(ii) Write a short essay on "We are contented least with what we enjoy most."

2. Read Mr. A. G. Gardiner's essay on "Other peoples' jobs" in *Many Furrows*. (Dent).

3. "And then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate."

This is a simile. The comparison between the poet's happy mood and the skylark singing at heaven's gate is stated clearly by the words "like to". It is an exceedingly beautiful and apt simile, especially when we remember that earlier the poet had troubled deaf heaven with bootless cries. Explain *fully* the beauty and propriety of the simile.

4. "For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Apparently, this is a comparison between the wealth of the poet and the wealth of kings. But *wealth* means here a great deal more than money or cash. State all that the poet has in mind when he says that the recollection of his friend's love brings to him wealth far surpassing the treasures owned by kings.

5. In *outcast state* the epithet *outcast* carries forward the idea in the earlier line "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes". It deepens our impression of his depressed state of mind. *Outcast* is an essential epithet, it is not merely decorative or ornamental. Give three examples of such essential epithets.

6. Suggest an attractive title to this sonnet.

7. *Like to the lark at break of day arising*—Shakespeare employs *alliteration* in this line. Alliteration is 'the use in a phrase or sentence of words beginning with or containing the same letter'—such as *like* and *lark* above—and the words *at*, *break*, *arising*, containing respectively the letters t, k, r. Look for other examples of alliteration in this sonnet.

8. "This sonnet is like a rocket which rises to a great height and dissolves in a shower of stars."

Does this comparison express adequately the impression which the sonnet produces upon our minds ?

THE POWER OF SONG

This song is sung by a waiting-woman. Queen Catherine in Shakespeare's Henry VIII—Act III, Scene I—asks an attendant 'wench' to take a lute and sing a song which would disperse the trouble and gloom of her mind. Here—as in *Measure for Measure*—music is employed 'to administer comfort' to a woman who has been abandoned by her husband. The song sung by the 'wench' at Catherine's bidding dwells on the compelling magic and witchery of Orpheus's music, and in conclusion it describes music as an anodyne against all the evils and miseries of human life. It is a neatly-constructed poem, and appeals to us by its truth of sentiment and charm of description. Most critics are agreed that the scene in which this song occurs is Fletcher's work. Fletcher was a young contemporary of Shakespeare who collaborated with him in writing Henry VIII. Like Shakespeare, Fletcher had also a charming gift for writing lyrics—of which the present lyric is pretty convincing proof.

Orpheus (pronounce—ŏr-fus), a famous Greek poet who played on the lyre and enchanted by his music beasts, rocks and trees. Rocks and trees rose from their places and followed the music of Orpheus.

mountain tops.....freeze, snow-covered mountain-tops—so chill that they turn water into ice.

bow.....sings, were subdued by his music and humbly followed it.

To his music.....spring, plants and flowers were charmed by his music and were ready to follow it at all times. It was as though the music of Orpheus had in it an eternal spring created by sunlight and rain. These two—sunlight and rain—are the very life of spring. Hence they are said to create spring.

hung.....lay by, bent their heads and kept quiet—even the tall waves were subdued and reduced to silence.

In sweet.....die, there is such supreme power in music that the worst cares and sorrows are subdued by it for the time being, or it may be that on hearing music they die—cease altogether to trouble human beings. One forgets one's cares and sorrows when one listens to music. On occasions, one gets rid of them completely. Music turns out to be a permanent cure.

THE POWER OF SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read the story of a Sweet Singer in *Legends of Greece and Rome* (D. C. Heath and Co.), the passage in Merchant of Venice in praise of music—"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ! " (Act V, Scene I), and Walter de la Mare's "When music sounds, gone is the earth I know".
2. "The billows of the sea hung their heads"—these words present a fine picture to the mind Find similar examples of word-pictures.
3. Explain the significance of the words italicized in the following lines :
   (i) The mountain tops that *freeze bow* themselves.
   (ii) To his music plants and flowers *ever sprung.*
   (iii) *Even* the billows of the sea hung their heads.
4. In "Killing care and grief of heart" *care* and *grief* are represented as persons who fall asleep on hearing music or die. We do not see care and grief moving about like human beings, seeing or hearing. The poet gives them face and form, eyes and ears. This figure of speech is known as *personification.* When inanimate objects, such as mountains and rivers or abstract feelings—such as love or fear—are personified the words signifying the objects or feelings begin with a capital letter. Care and grief, however, do not begin with a capital letter in the present poem. Give other examples of personification. You will find many in Gray's Elegy.
5. Write a short essay on "The enchantment of music".

WORDSWORTH

Wordsworth wrote this lyric—as he himself tells us—on the roof of a coach on his way to France on July 31st, 1802. In later editions he gave September 3rd as the date of the sonnet. Wordsworth (1770-1850) lost his parents early, but was educated at Cambridge, where he took the B. A degree in 1791. The outbreak of the French Revolution found in him an ardent champion, but his enthusiasm cooled as he watched the later developments of the Revolution. Turning away from all regular employment, he decided to devote himself to poetry. In 1795 he met Coleridge and became strongly attached to him. The *Lyrical Ballads* (1798) was the result of their collaboration. It raised the standard of revolt against the conventional poetry of the 18th century In 1807 Wordsworth published two volumes of his poems. He became poet laureate in 1843 and died in 1850. All critics are agreed in praising "Earth has not anything to show more fair". And there is no doubt that it is one of Wordsworth's best efforts. It has the merit of spontaneity and naturalness. All the varied appeal of sunrise, the freshness, the bright light which is like a clinging garment, the clearness in the air, the profound peace—the whole of this varied appeal is conveyed in a few words and phrases. These possess "the last grace of the self-denying artist, *viz.*, that they are inevitable." And no one has summed up with greater felicity and exactness the impression of profound peace at sunrise and the contrast it presents to the uproar and turmoil of the subsequent hours of day. In simplicity, in dignity and purity of sentiment, this sonnet—it has been said—has no superior.

Dull would he be.....majesty, a person who could go along his way without turning aside and stopping to look at this sight of the rising sun, so moving in its sublimity, would have to be regarded as altogether wanting in a feeling for beauty. Such a person, incapable as he is of appreciating the beauty of sunrise, must be little better than a stock or a stone.

The City doth.....morning, the whole of London seems to be clothed in the beauty and freshness of early morning. The loveliness of the hour of sunrise is like a clinging garment which the City wraps round itself.

Never did .....hill, never did the sun light up in the flood of his early rays valley, rock or hill in a more bewitching manner.

mighty heart, London with its ceaseless stream of traffic, pouring in and out. It is like the throbbing human heart, the centre of life and activity.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

Earth has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Wordsworth is a master of the single, strong line which expresses a thought or sums up an impression with the utmost neatness and finished grace of style. The greatness of Milton's soul is described in the famous line "Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart". Are there any such lines in the present sonnet ?

2. Compare with this sonnet on *sunrise* Wordsworth's sonnet on *sunset*-"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free". Read Shelley's description of sunrise in his "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" and Tennyson's "Calm is the morn without a sound" (In Memoriam, XI).

3. Explain the aptness and beauty of the simile in the first quotation, the metaphor in the second, the inversion in the third :

   (i) This City doth like a garment wear
   The beauty of the morning.
   (ii) And all that mighty heart is lying still !
   (iii) Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
   A sight so touching in its majesty.

4. Does this sonnet conform to the rules of the Italian form of the sonnet-(1) that it should have an octave (8 lines) and a sestet (6 lines); (2) that there should be a pause at the end of the octave; (3) that the rhyme arrangement in the octave should be—abbaabba—and that in the sestet—cdecde or cdcdcd ?

5. What evidence is there in this sonnet to show that it is the work of "one who was himself at peace with nature" ?

6. Do you agree that this sonnet (1) has unity of thought and feeling ; (2) that it leaves a single, unblurred impression on the mind ; (3) that it is an instance of

the pure style as opposed to the ornate style of writing? In the pure style of writing, every word, phrase and expression is appropriate in its place, but it does not draw special attention to itself like the diamond-ring on a finger. Give reasons in support of your views.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

The Solitary Reaper was composed sometime between September, 1803 and May, 1805. It is a lyric of surpassing loveliness. The maiden standing in the field becomes at once a centre of mystery and illumination. We are bewitched by her song, and yet the contents of the song are as such a mystery to us as to the poet. On the other hand—as one critic has said—this maiden is the medium through which the romance of Highland scenery and Highland life is revealed to us, even her voice seems a part of Nature, so mysteriously does it blend with the beauty of the scene. The two similes in the poem are strikingly apt and yet they are hardly similes, for the sweetness of the maiden's song far surpasses the sweetness of the nightingale's or the cuckoo's notes. The language of the lyric is simplicity itself, and yet it holds us spell-bound. Especially lovely are the two lines—"For old, unhappy, far-off things / And battles long ago." They open up endless vistas of the past—"of the border warfare waged for independence, the many lives lost in the struggle—all the pain and glory of the romantic past."

a melancholy strain, a sad song.

the vale profound..... . sound, the deep valley is flooded with the melody of the song.

No nightingale.....sands, never did a nightingale sing (chaunt) songs that were heard with greater delight by exhausted companies of travellers, resting in an oasis in the Arabian desert. An oasis is a fertile spot in a desert—a cool retreat, offering shade of trees and the fresh water of a spring to dusty, toil-worn travellers. The liquid notes of the nightingale heard after the wearisome dust and heat of the travel must be very welcome to the travellers.

A voice so thrilling.....Hebrides, a voice quivering with intensity of delight—such as this of the singing maiden—was never heard even among the most distant Hebrides when in spring the cuckoo disturbs with its loud shout the silence of winter in the northern seas. The cuckoo comes flying across the northern seas. It arrives in England in April.

The Hebrides are a group of islands on the west of Scotland.

plaintive numbers flow.....ago, perhaps the sad verses of her song describe sad events (things) of remote, early times and battles fought in distant days of the past. *Numbers* is used for verses.

humble lay, simple song.

the maiden song..... .....ending, she was absorbed in singing, completely lost in the delight of it. The thought that the song had an end never entered her mind. Such a thought is disturbing; it would have robbed her of half her delight in the song. As it was, she sang with all her heart and soul.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass !
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass !
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain ;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands :
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago :
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. The editor of the *Golden Treasury* changed the title of this poem—*The Solitary Reaper* and called it—*The Highland Reaper.* Why was this a mistake?

2. (A voice) "Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides". These lines present a vivid picture to the mind. Describe the picture, and say why it is so impressive. Which other lines in the poem call up a different and yet a lovely scene in a far-off land?

3. *Profound* in *profound vale* is a striking epithet. "It is more than descriptive, for the deeper the vale, the more sonorous must be the song which overflows it." Collect other striking epithets in this lyric and explain their charm.

4. *The Solitary Reaper* is a finely constructed lyric. It has an exciting beginning and it closes on a note of beauty and wonder. Expand this statement and show how the various parts of the poem are bound together by organic unity.

5. Is the musical effect of the following lines and passages due to (i) a skilful variation of vowels, or (ii) the use of long vowels, or (iii) the employment of soft consonants (l, m, n, r, b, etc.), or (iv) the use of alliteration?

(i) And sings a melancholy strain

(ii) O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

(iii) For old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago:

(iv) Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow

(v) Among Arabian sands.

6. In—*the vale profound*—the adjective *profound* follows the noun *vale* instead of preceding it. This is called inversion. Poets—and even prose-writers—employ inversion when they wish to emphasize something or draw pointed attention to it. Are there other examples of inversion in this poem? Comment on them.

7. Read the other poem of Wordsworth addressed to the *Highland Girl of Inversneyde* and Mr. De la Mare's *Song of the Shadows.*

8. Which lines in Wordsworth's poem remind you of the following?

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

Who wrote these lines?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Scott introduced this song into *Guy Mannering* when the novel was dramatized and put on the stage. Scott was a poet, a novelist and a biographer. He studied for the bar and worked hard to establish a large practice. But the call of literature was irresistible, and with the appearance of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805) he won the esteem of the public which he retained to the last day of his life. *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* are among the more famous of his longer poems. When Byron appeared on the scene, however, Scott gave up writing poetry and started writing novels. *Ivanhoe, Talisman, Kenilworth* and the other novels of Scott brought such fame and honour to him as few British authors have achieved during their life-time. And Scott the man was, perhaps, greater than Scott the poet and novelist. He was kindly, hospitable, generous to a fault in praising rivals, the most lovable of authors.

Short as the poem is, it is crowded with beauties. It shines like a dew-drop in sunlight. Round the little chief, who is the centre of the picture, Scott assembles all the wonder and glory of Highland chivalry and romance—the brave knights and lovely ladies, the loyal clansmen and warders with their clashing, clanging armour, the towers, the woods and the glens. Moreover, the lyric has gaiety and spontaneity, and a rocking, swaying movement. It charms us by its freshness, its rapid, rushing rhythm. Scott moralizes in the last stanza, but in the rich glowing scene he conjures up before our mind and in the loud note of the bugle, one hardly notices the fault.

Lullaby, (pronounce-lŭllabў), a song sung to put a child to sleep.

Infant Chief, the child, young son of a great and renowned warrior—the hero of many fields and the lord of a wide domain.

O fear..... repose, do not be afraid of the bugle, though it is sounding a high, shrill, piercing note. It is just summoning the sentinels to duty When the bugle is sounded, it is time for the watchmen to take up their posts outside your chamber and prevent anyone from disturbing your sleep.

Their bows.....bed, before an enemy of your house can advance so much as a step towards your bed, these watchmen would have shot their arrows at the enemy. They would have attacked the enemy with their swords. Their swords would be dripping with the blood of the enemy. The sentinels would have killed the enemy before he had advanced one step nearer your bed.

The time soon will . .....drum, before long, you will have left your childhood behind you, you will be a grown-up young man fighting for your king and your religion. You will be disturbed in your sleep ; you will have to wake up and obey the call of the trumpet and the drum. Soldiers are summoned to battle by trumpet and drum. The occasion for fighting may arise at midnight, and the soldier's sleep is broken by a blast of the trumpet or the beating of a drum.

For strife.....day, when one grows to be young, one has to fight—wrestle with all kinds of difficulties. Childhood is the time for sleeping. It is – so to speak – the time of night. When childhood passes away, the night is ended. On attaining youth, the day dawns, and one is awake—one finds oneself face to face with the hard realities of life.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

I

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright ;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

II

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose ;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

III

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Compare Scott's Lullaby with Tennyson's "Sweet and low, sweet and low". Read Padraic Colum's and Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's Cradle Songs.
2. The repetition of certain words is essential to a lullaby. It has a soft soothing effect like the washing of waves on a shore. Which words are repeated again and again in this poem? If there is a slight variation in the repeated words the effect is all the more pleasing. Does Scott introduce such variation?
3. The words of the song reveal the character of the singer. Who is the singer? Describe her character.
4. *Knight* and *bright*, *red* and *bed* are regular rhymes. But *blows* and *repose* is only a rhyme to the ear. Give examples of regular and irregular rhymes in the poem.
5. "O, hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come"—the first half of this line seems to rush forward, in the second half there is a backward pull. It is like the forward and backward movement of a cradle. Quote three lines in which you perceive such a movement.
6. The poem is rich in words which suggest magnificence and grandeur. The little chief may not understand the words, but he will be pleased by their sound and drop off to sleep. *Towers* is such a word. Make a list of half-a-dozen words which suggest dignity and splendour by their sound.
7. Imagine a Rajput nurse singing such a song. What things will she introduce in her song?

ROBERT SOUTHEY

Robert Southey (1774-1843) was educated at Oxford and achieved great renown as an epic poet by writing *The Curse of Kehema* and other poems. He was regarded, in fact, as the Milton of his day. A later generation remembers him only as the author of a few charming lyrics and the admirable biography of Nelson. Southey was a friend and relation of Coleridge and was identified with the Lake School of Poets. He received a pension from government and was appointed Poet Laureate in 1813.

The incident described in Southey's poem recalls the victory of Blenheim won by Marlborough and Eugene during the War of the Spanish Succession. England declared war against France and Spain in 1702 when she was unable to prevent the union of French and Spanish monarchies. The ambitious King of France—Louis

XIV—wished his grandson to succeed to the Spanish throne. This would have added enormously to the power of France, for Spain in those days ruled over a vast empire. The battle of Blenheim was fought in August 1704. England and her allies inflicted a crushing defeat on France and her allies. But the historical background of the poem has little to do with the attraction which the story has for most readers. It is by its irony that the poem appeals to us. The old man is blind like most elderly people—he admires the generals who won the victory and is particularly proud of *our* Prince Eugene. His own people suffered, the whole country was laid waste, but the only comment of the old man on all these horrors of war is that "things like that, you know, must be at every famous victory". It is the children who with their direct insight and simplicity perceive the truth and denounce the wickedness and futility of war. "Why 'twas a very wicked thing" says little Wilhelmine, and Peterkin asks "What good came of it at last?" Southey tells the story vividly and dramatically. The reader's attention is kept on the stretch throughout. The contrast between the old man and his grand-children—not one in age merely—is most charmingly sustained. And within the limits of a short poem, Southey shows considerable skill in description, dialogue and characterization.

sported on the green, played on the grassland in front of the cottage. This is the village green—a piece of public or common grassland in the middle of the village.

Roll something large and round, saw Peterkin turning round his fingers some large circular object.

who stood .....by, who stood close to his grandfather eagerly waiting for an explanation.

the old man.....victory, the old man shook his head to show that the object which Peterkin had found was nothing much to rejoice over. And then he heaved a sigh by way of expressing his pity for the untimely death of some poor, unknown soldier who died on the battlefield of Blenheim. The skull which Peterkin had discovered belonged to this poor unknown soldier. The famous victory is the victory of Blenheim. On August 13, 1704, the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard. It was a memorable victory, because it saved Germany from the French. Secondly, it was memorable, because the French army which had been regarded as invincible suffered on this occasion a signal defeat. No wonder the old grandfather keeps on repeating "It was a famous victory".

there's many, there are many. The old man says "there is" instead of "there are," as he is an uneducated, illiterate gardener.

many thousand.....slain, of the 50,000 French who fought with an equal number of Englishmen, Germans, Austrians and others, 12,000 were killed.

looks up with.....eyes, Peterkin calls upon his grandfather to give him the whole story of the fight and explain the causes which led up to it. Wilhelmine is excited. She expects the grandfather to tell them some wonderful story, and, as she raises her eyes, they express her expectation of hearing something wonderful.

I could not well make out, I could not clearly understand the cause of the fight—why the English fought with the French. The causes of the fight were too complicated for the simple old man to grasp them clearly. The French King wanted his grandson to succeed to the Spanish throne. England, Austria, Holland, and some German states were opposed to this. The union of the French and Spanish monarchies would have added enormously to the power of France. That is why England and the other nations formed an alliance against France. Bavaria was the only friend of France. Blenheim, where the victory was won, is in Bavaria.

quoth he, he said; *quoth* is third person singular past tense of *quethe*, from *cwethan* to speak. The subject follows the verb

yon little stream, Nebel, a tributary of the Danube.

nor had he .....head, he had no place where to rest his head. He had no home where he could sleep in peace.

where is the place where. The words are taken from the Bible. Christ says "The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head" (St. Matth. VIII, 20).

with fire and sword.....wide, throughout the length and breadth of the district—for miles on end—the soldiers ravaged the country, killing everyone without mercy and setting houses on fire.

Childing Mother, mother with child.

They say.....sun, people say that after the victory had been achieved, the field of battle presented a gruesome, disgusting, horrible scene, for thousands of dead bodies of soldiers lay decaying, putrefying in sunlight. There was no one to bury the dead bodies; they lay decomposing in sunlight

But things.....victory, but, says the old man, such things—the massacre of innocent citizens, the burning of houses, the ugly sight of putrefying dead bodies—are inevitable. Wherever there is war such things must occur. He is not shocked by them, but his heart is filled with pride as he thinks of the splendid victory won by the Duke and *our* Prince Eugene. He says *our* Prince Eugene, because Prince Eugene was an Austrian general. He shared with Marlborough the honour of the victory.

What good.....last, the historian will answer that it did much good. It dealt a severe blow to France. It broke the long spell of French victories. But the boy is not concerned with such narrow issues. His searching question goes to the root of the matter. Is such warfare justifiable, he asks, Why should men cut each other's throats? How does humanity benefit by such suicidal action?

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by:
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.'

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in the great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But every body said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won.
And our good Prince Eugene;'
'Why 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine;
'Nay.....nay.....my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin:—
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. *Irony* is a figure of speech in which the opposite of what is said is to be understood—as in "A pretty job this! In *dramatic irony* words are put into a speaker's mouth which have a meaning for the audience, of which the speaker has no notion. "But things like that, you know, must be, at every famous victory"—this speech of Kaspar is an excellent example of dramatic irony. Find a similar example.

2. This poem has a refrain—i.e.,—two lines which are repeated at the end of every stanza. The first line is changed, but the second remains almost identical throughout. The refrain was a constant feature of old ballads, and Southey's poem imitates the style of old ballads. "For many thousand men, said he—Were slain in the great victory". These two lines help to bring out the contrast between the great victory which Kaspar thought it was and the utter futility and waste of it all. Illustrate this further by examining the refrain at the end of other stanzas.

3. Old Kaspar is not altogether without pity for the soldiers who were slain on the battlefield of Blenheim. Quote the speech of Kaspar which will bear out this statement.

4. Write a short essay on "The wickedness and cruelty of war."

5. Mark the *alliteration* in

   (i) Roll something large and round
   (ii) And little Wilhelmine looks up

   Count the open vowels in the first line. Open vowels are vowels pronounced with a wide opening of the mouth. Open vowels are used for producing a smooth, pleasant effect. Give other examples of alliterative lines and those in which open vowels are used.

6. Unlike Peterkin and Wilhelmine, there are many children who would rejoice in the story of a victory in which the enemy is forced to fly and thousands of

soldiers are cut down. Would you rather side with these children than with Peterkin and Wilhelmine? If so, what would be your excuse?

7. '*w*onder-*w*aiting' is a happy combination of two words. It reminds us of Milton's smooth-sliding, where also the two words forming the compound begin with the same letter. It is, moreover, a finely expressive epithet. Give similar examples of happy epithets.

8. Write a short character-sketch of old Kaspar.

TENNYSON

The Victim was first published in *Good Words* in 1867. I read the story, says Tennyson, in Miss Yonge's *Golden Deeds* and made it Scandinavian. In the *Book of Golden Deeds* (Page 59) the author refers to it simply as a touching story, with neither name, nor place, of a heathen monarch who was bidden by his priest to appease the supposed wrath of his gods by the sacrifice of the being dearest to him. Tennyson invests the story with a suitable atmosphere and adds appropriate details. Lord Tennyson (1809-1892) was educated at Cambridge, and published his first volume of poems in 1832. This brought him more criticism than fame. But in 1842, when he published two volumes of Poems, he found his feet and established himself securely in public esteem. *The Princess* appeared in 1847 and *In Memoriam* in 1850. It was in 1850 that Wordsworth died and Tennyson succeeded him as Poet Laureate. From 1850 to 1892—the year of his death—his hold on the public mind remained unshaken.

The love of the mother for her child is a noble subject for song. Tennyson's poem reveals the height to which this love soars in an exceedingly trying and difficult situation. The priest has selected the prince as a victim meet for the gods. Against this choice the queen appeals to the king, but the king is divided in mind and dare not speak the truth. Undaunted, she forces the hand of the king by rushing to the altar. The king tries to prevent her, which is clear proof that she is his dearest. Thus the mother dies happy in the knowledge that she has saved her son and is dearest to the king. The pity and pathos of the situation are heightened by the cruelty of the gods who demanded such a victim, and the terrible dilemma in which the king was placed when his wife asked him whether she was not dearer to him than his son. Nevertheless, the pathos of the story asks for no tears. We feel uplifted and ennobled for the moment, as we think of the strength and courage of the mother who died so bravely and gaily for her darling. In itself the story of the mother's sacrifice is such as will grip the attention of the dullest reader. And

Tennyson has heightened its interest by adding to it the graces of style which were always at his command. We feel in his poem the charm of diction, description, imagery and metre.

thorpe and byre.....foe, villages and cow-houses were ablaze. They were attacked, plundered and set on fire by the enemy. *Thorpe* is a village, *byre* a cow-house. Both these words are Scandinavian.

To Thor and Odin.....hand, prayed for help—raising their hands in prayer—to Thor and Odin. *Thor* is the god of thunder and lightning. He is gigantic in strength and appetite. The hammer is his chief weapon. *Thor* is a friend of men. The priests appeal to him for help in peace and battle. *Odin* is the chief of Norwegian gods. He is the bestower of wisdom and valour. Human sacrifices were offered to Odin. Sometimes kings were sacrificed to Odin to avert a famine. The priests think that the Gods who are angry with them will be pleased by a human sacrifice. That is why they ask whether the Gods wish to have sacrificed to them someone who is loved most by the people.

still the foeman... .....burned, in spite of prayers, the enemy continued to lay waste the land, plunder and burn.

fishes turned..... flood, fishes floated on the surface of the heaving, tumbling waters, whitening the surface with their dead bodies, as the underside of the bodies was exposed to view after death.

in a furrow.....flame, in a trench—ditch—made by a plough. The dead bodies lay in corn-fields burnt by fire (scathed with flame).

ever and age, at all times, always ; both words mean the same thing.

it seemed an answer came, the priests decided that the Gods had answered their prayers and told them what they wanted. Perhaps one of the priests was seized by the spirit of Odin and he declared his intention through him. It may be, again, that the Gods appeared to some priest in a dream and gave their answer. The poet does not indicate the method.

went out by heath and hill, the priest went out in quest of the king, crossing moors and mountains on his way to the palace.

eight summers, eight years—each summer being equivalent to one year.

He seemed.....Priest, he was so lovely and lovable, it was inevitable that he should be regarded by the Priest as a meet offering for the Gods. Looking at the lovely boy, the Priest concluded at once that he must be dearest to the king.

To spill.....land, to offer him as a sacrifice with a view to appease the gods and cure the country of the evils of plague and famine from which it was suffering. The Gods have sent down plague and famine in their anger. When the

young prince is killed and offered as a sacrifice, the Gods will be pleased and will withdraw plague and famine.

stayed his arms, rested his arms.

was shaken..... .... fear, was overwhelmed by a religious fear, for he knew that the queen was dearer to him than his boy, but he was trying to hide the truth from the queen. The Gods who knew everything might discover the deceit and punish him. Hence the fear.

His victim won, having obtained his victim.

The rites prepared.....bared, everything was made ready for the ceremony and the boy was stripped of all clothing; the priest raised the knife to bring it down on the throat of the boy when the queen rushed to the altar.

me, not my darling, I am dearest to the king, not my boy. *Me* is used for *I*—a poetical use.

brake, the old form of broke—rushed away.

Father Odin, Odin is called All-father Odin because he created all things—the earth, the sky, the sea.

The Gods have answered, the Gods themselves have decided the question—who is dearer to the king—the queen or the prince. If the prince had been dearer, the king would not have snatched away the queen from the altar. Inasmuch as the Gods impelled the king to snatch away the queen, they are described as answering the question themselves.

THE VICTIM

I

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried,
'The Gods are moved against the land.'
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
'Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?

Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life.'

II

But still the foeman spoil'd and burn'd,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turn'd
And whiten'd all the rolling flood ;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow seathed with flame ;
And ever and aye the Priesthood mean'd,
Till at last it seem'd that an answer came.
'The King is happy
In child and wife ;
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life.'

III

The Priest went out by heath and hill :
The King was hunting in the wild ;
They found the mother sitting still ;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased.
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold.
He seem'd a victim due to the Priest.
The Priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
'The Gods have answer'd :
We give them the boy.'

IV

The King return'd from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, 'They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy Gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?'

V

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stay'd his arms upon his knee:
'O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me.'
The King was shaken with holy fear;
'The Gods,' he said, 'would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!'
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
'We have his dearest,
His only son!'

VI

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
'Me, not my darling, no!'

He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking 'I am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!' rush'd on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
'O, Father Odin,
We give you a life,
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The Gods have answer'd;
We give them the wife!'

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Tennyson's *Rizpah* and *Home they brought the warrior dead.* Wordsworth's *The Affliction of Margaret* and Morris's *Mother and Son.*

2. "The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand"

This is a picture in words. Find a similar example.

3. Words which convey the sense of colour—white, black, yellow—are used by the poet to portray things accurately and vividly. "His face was *ruddy*, his hair was *gold*" is a fine example. There is another almost equally good. Search for it.

4. "Then thorpe and byre arose in fire"—Here the letter 'r' is repeated throughout the line and the effect is very pleasing. This is what is called *alliteration*—repetition of a letter. Tennyson employs it very skilfully. Sometimes he uses two words which begin with the same letter in close succession—as in *heath and hill.* Are there other examples of this in *The Victim*?

5. "So thick they *died*, the people *cried*". We have here a rhyme in the middle of the line. It is called, therefore, internal rhyme. The internal rhyme is common in ballads. It helps the verse to run along quickly. In how many lines has Tennyson employed the internal rhyme in this poem?

6. For purposes of narration and description, Tennyson employs longer lines, but when he is giving the words of the priest's prayer, he employs shorter lines. Suggest reasons for this.

7. "The child was only eight *summers* old," says Tennyson. Here—*summer*—a part of the year—is used for the whole year. It is an example of the figure of speech known as *synecdoche*. Give other examples of Tennyson's use of *synecdoche*.

8. Repetition—of words, of phrases, of whole lines—is a device frequently employed by poets to produce an effect of mournfulness. Quote lines from Tennyson's *Victim* to illustrate this use of repetition.

CHARLES TENNYSON-TURNER

Letty's Globe is a sonnet by Charles Tennyson-Turner (1808–1879), elder brother of the famous poet, Lord Tennyson. Charles Tennyson was educated at Cambridge and became Vicar of Grasby, Lincolnshire. He contributed to *Poems by Two Brothers* (1827) and wrote four volumes of sonnets which were admired by competent critics. *Letty's Globe* is an excellent specimen of his work. It wins our hearts by the naturalness and ease of its style, and even more so by the truth of its description. A child's innocent actions and words appeal instantly to all readers. They have an ineffable sweetness of their own. Further, the poet's humorous comments on the child's actions are also an essential element in the attraction of the poem. Finally, there is a pervading harmony in the sonnet. The thought and feeling in it seem to find their own appropriate words without the least straining or striving after effect.

a colour'd sphere.....earth, a wooden globe on which the continents and oceans of the wide world were shown in different colours.

old empires.....frontiers, as she struck the globe gently with her open hand, empires which had been in existence for years seemed to look stealthily through her young fingers. The contrast is between the empires which had been in existence for many years, and Letty's tiny young fingers which lay across them. It seemed as though she had imprisoned them and they looked stealthily through her fingers, being afraid of the little conqueror.

Her soft..... frontiers, every nation was pleased when she touched its frontiers with her soft hand. As a rule, nations do not allow anyone to invade their frontiers—boundaries. But Letty's soft hand passed from the frontiers of one nation to another, but there was no complaint. On the contrary, they rejoiced at the touch.

world-wide bliss, happiness as great as the world, for it was happiness due to the possession of a globe which represented the world.

unlearned eye, eye not trained to recognise the various countries and distinguish between them.

LETTY'S GLOBE

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year.
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world ; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers ; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd
And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;
But when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—
" Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there ! "
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Compare the kiss bestowed on the mirror by Queen Gulnaar's two-year-old daughter with the kiss bestowed by the three-year old Letty on England on the globe. The artistic purpose of the kiss in either poem is almost identical. Explain how.

2. Part of the charm of this sonnet is due to its witty presentation of the simple, natural actions of a child. " How she laughed in her world-wide bliss " is an example. The author plays on the two senses of *world-wide :* (1) bliss—happiness—wide as the *world,* great, immense happiness ; (2) happiness wide as the *world*—the coloured, wooden globe showing land and sea on earth. This is a *pun*—world, (1) the actual world, (2) the wooden, coloured globe. *Wit* ' is a clever, unexpected playing upon words '. It arises—it has been said—in detecting the identity of dissimilar things. Give three other examples of such witty statements.

3. Fancy is a lighter form of imagination. It plays on the surface of things. It has been compared to a squirrel. Imagination penetrates to the roots of things, and deals with serious, tragic subject-matter. Compare this sonnet with Shakespeare's " When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes " with a view to illustrate the distinction between fancy and imagination.

4. Observe how natural and entirely appropriate are the words *patted* and *frontiers*. *Patted* expresses exactly the light, soft touch of the child. On the other hand, *frontiers* calls up a grim picture of rifles and bayonets held in readiness to repel the attack of the invader. Make a list of half-a-dozen such words to show how careful is the poet in his choice of words.
5. Compare the structure of this sonnet with the structure of Wordsworth's sonnet—"Earth has not anything to show more fair". What differences do you notice in the grouping of lines and the arrangement of rhymes?
6. Expand the following statement:

   Letty's Globe has unity of subject-matter; it opens quietly,
   but closes in an impressive style.

ROBERT BROWNING

Boot and Saddle is one of the earlier lyrics of Browning. It is a Cavalier Tune—a lyric which is intended to be sung by a cavalier—one which gives expression to the thoughts and feelings of a cavalier. Browning (1812–1889) cannot be said to have received any regular education. He spent a great deal of his time abroad and did not succeed in catching the ear of the public at once. Gradually, however, the singularly original quality of his work was perceived and he came to be regarded—with Tennyson—as one of the two most distinguished poets of the Victorian era. Whatever one may say of Browning's longer poems—and some of them are long enough and prosy enough—his shorter poems are a sheer delight. In *Boot and Saddle* the lines themselves seem to gallop with the cavalier gentlemen who set off in hot haste 'to rescue Brancepeth Castle'. It is a lively, vigorous song, echoing in its rhythm the high spirits and confidence, the gaiety and courage, the unflinching loyalty and gallantry of the gentlemen followers of Charles I. Browning has selected a dramatic moment. Castle Brancepeth is besieged by Roundheads and the cavaliers rush off to the rescue. Obedience to such a summons is in their blood. Master and men, there is no division among them, and the wife of the leader eagerly joins in the chorus. The introduction of this honest, gay wife with her loud ringing laugh is an exceedingly happy touch. It is a rushing, rollicking lyric; it sings its way into the reader's heart.

Boot.....away, let us put on our boots, put the saddle on the horse, jump into the saddle and ride off.

before.....grey, raise the siege of the castle before the warm day with its silver-grey light shines brightly and passes into the quiet blue of evening, *i. e.*, we shall rescue the castle before nightfall.

God's luck... ....lay, may Heaven help the brave soldiers who sing aloud "Boot, saddle.....away."

like a..... .....array, Castle Brancepeth defies the besieging force of the Puritans like a (male) deer which turns round and attacks its pursuers desperately.

who laughs.....fay, who laughs saying "by my faith (a mild oath) brave soldiers have hurriedly put on their boots, saddled their horses, mounted them and are galloping hard to rescue the besieged castle". Gertrude will not listen to talk of surrender. She knows that cavaliers may be trusted to do their business.

BOOT AND SADDLE

I

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey,
(*Chorus*) *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
(*Chorus*) "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array :
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
(*Chorus*) "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

IV

Who ? My wife Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay !
"I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?
(*Chorus*) "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Browning's *Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King* and *How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.* Read also Byron's *Mazeppa* and Scott's *Lochinvar*—all these are galloping poems.
2. The rhyming syllables at the end of two lines bind them up into unity. In *Boot and Saddle*, the four lines of each stanza rhyme together. Not only that. All the twelve lines rhyme together. Browning employs one rhyme throughout. He runs together all the twelve lines. What effect has this on the movement of the poem and its structure? Was Carlyle fair to the poet when he said Browning could not jingle?
3. *Alliteration*—repetition of the same letter—is very skilfully employed in the two lines which follow: "Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay—Flouts castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array." Mark the letters which are repeated. What purpose does *alliteration* serve when it is spread over two or more lines?
4. *Honest* and *gay* are not meaningless epithets as applied to Gertrude. Show how.
5. Browning described this poem as a dramatic lyric—that is—the thoughts and feelings in the poem are not his own thoughts and feelings. It is an imaginary utterance of an imaginary cavalier, though, for the time being, the poet has identified himself with the speaker. A drama brings in action, bustle, excitement dialogue. Do you think that all these elements are present in Browning's little lyric?
6. What purpose does the chorus serve in this poem? "Boot, saddle, to horse and away" is the chorus, a line sung by all the riders together.
7. Monosyllables help the verse to move along quickly. Count up the monosyllables in *Boot and Saddle* and see if this is true.

R. L. STEVENSON

The Vagabond is the first poem in Stevenson's *Songs of Travel.* The author is better known as a novelist and an essayist of rare charm. But his poetry does not lag far behind his prose; it has a distinction all its own. Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in an engineer's family, studied law, was called to the bar, but took to literature as a duck takes to water. In his novels he recalls the work of Sir Walter Scott; as an essayist, he belongs to the school of Lamb and Hazlitt; as a poet, he moves in a world of his own. In the poem selected here, Stevenson describes the joys of a life out-of-doors. The open road, the stars above, the flowing stream on earth—these are enough and more than enough. He cares not

what the rigour of the season is, nor for friends, wealth, love or hope. The gay, swinging movement of the metre echoes the gay, care-free spirit of the writer. One is charmed by his frankness, his geniality, the utter abandon of the poet. Life in the open air is all-in-all to him. He loves it with a love that knows no abatement and has no rival to share its throne. Such enthusiasm, such jollity, such freedom of spirit are enviable and the reader feels like going out with the vagabond and tramping the moors in his company " with bed in bush and stars to see ".

Let the lave.....me, let the rest—wealth, rank, office, go past me—I don't care if I don't get any of these prizes of life. *The lave*, the rest, a Scottish word.

There's.....for ever, such a life suits me best, a wanderer as I am, and a lover of the open country. Let me have it till the last day of my life.

blow, misfortune, calamity.

Let what ....me, whatever burden of grief I am destined to carry, let me have it.

face of earth, open country.

afield, in the fields.

Biting.....haven, autumn that pinches the finger which is blue owing to the cold in the air. The field in autumn covered with white frost seems white as meal. The space round the fireplace is a warm shelter—if one wishes to escape the cold of autumn. *Haven*, harbour.

THE VAGABOND

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the by-way nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see—
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Gerald Gould's *Wander-Thirst* (The Bookman Treasury of Living Poets, Hodder and Stoughton), Masefield's *Tewkesbury Road* (Poems of To-day, Sidgwick and Jackson) and *In Praise of Walking* (Pebbles on the Shore, Dent).
2. 'Bed in the bush with stars to see' is a picture in a line. Observe, again, how the alliteration of 'b' in the first half of the line is balanced with the alliteration of 's' in the second half. Further, the number of words in the first half of the line corresponds exactly to the number of words in the second half. Moreover, all the words employed are monosyllabic. It is a compact, crisp line. Is there any other line in the poem which presents a vivid picture, makes music to the ear and is as crisp and compact as this line? Search for it.
3. "Warm the fireside haven"—what is the figure of speech employed here? Explain its application.
4. Stevenson repeats lines in this poem. Some are repeated without change, others are slightly altered. This is what is called the *refrain* of a poem. It helps the poet to emphasize his purpose—bring home to us—his aim in asking for such a life. What is that aim, and which lines in the poem may be regarded as its refrain?

5. Comment on the title of the poem.
6. Inversion is the reversal of the grammatical order of words. *Wealth I seek not* is an example of inversion. *Wealth* is put first instead of being put last. Inversion is employed by poets to draw pointed attention to something—as here to the poet's indifference to wealth. Find two other examples of inversion in this poem.
7. Show how such a song helps the vagabond who is eternally on the move.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

A Rajput Nurse is a story-poem. It recalls those brave days of old when servants were content to be servants, and held their lives and all that was dear to them as a sacred trust to be made over to their masters when the call came. Sir Edwin Arnold (1832-1904) who wrote this poem was educated at Oxford and came out to India in 1856 as Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poona. On his return to England in 1861, he turned to journalism. Some of the later years of his life he spent in Japan. A scholar and a journalist, Sir Edwin Arnold is best known as a poet—as the author of *The Light of Asia* which narrates the story of Buddha's life and expounds his teaching. *A Rajput Nurse* is taken from Arnold's *Lotus and the Jewel*. He celebrates in this poem the heroic deed of a Rajput nurse who sacrificed her own child to save the life of the prince who was heir to the throne. It is a romantic story and Arnold reproduces vividly the atmosphere of the by-gone days of Rajput chivalry. He tells the story dramatically. The District Officer (or some one equally high-placed) asks for information in regard to a tomb erected under a tamarind tree. Vittoo replies, recalling the story of Moti's heroic deed when she dressed up her child with the girdle of pearls and the cap that the king's son wore and laid him down on the floor to be stabbed by the miscreants who came seeking the life of the King's heir. The tragedy and pathos of the poem require no heightening of art. The bare facts tell, the dullest reader cannot fail to perceive the quickness, the resource, the unflinching loyalty of the nurse who after saving the Rana's heir buries the knife deep in her own heart and hurries to suckle her own child. Vittoo identifies himself with the nurse, Moti. He lingers over the name of the nurse, and lovingly recalls all the pomp and circumstance of Rajput royalty, though he is careful to preserve the truth of life by saying now and again—"I know not myself of these things" or "I know not if this can be so".

rose-veined marble, the white marble showing lines of a rosy colour.

whose urn rests.....shrine, whose remains are buried here close to the river, resting in the shadow of this lovely tomb—the marble door with the majestic white

dome. *Urn* meant originally a vessel in which the ashes of the dead were preserved. Hence it came to mean a grave in general. *Shrine* means a highly ornamented tomb—especially that of a saint.

this gem.....land, this magnificent monument which is the ornament and pride of this kingdom of ours.

to tell a Rajput.....stand, to declare to people—to tell them of the heroic deed of a Rajput nurse as long as the stones will last.

which traces.....crown, which finds the story of its fame going back to the days when it was the only line of warrior kings ruling over the earth. It was in those early days that the founder of the Jodhpur family sprang from the sun, and coming down to earth subjugated the whole earth and wore a crown of stars. Not only was it that the king had no rival on earth—the world was at his feet—but such was his power and greatness that the stars themselves made a crown for his head. This was the popular notion in connexion with the descent of the Kings of Jodhpur, which goes one better than the historian who merely says that the ruling house of Jodhpur claims descent from Rama.

It passed.....part, the loyalty of the mother, her unchanging love of the royal family of Jodhpur—these were transferred to the child who inherited from his mother his own share of loyalty and love.

As if.....wild, as though those little hands—delicate and fragile like rose-leaves—could have protected the Prince from the murderous daggers and swords of the enemies of the Prince who were determined to have his life.

treason was.....country, traitors to the throne—enemies of the royal family were busy plotting against the life of the Prince.

with bribes.....way, they reached the hall of women, winning over the selfish and greedy watchmen by giving them money and killing the loyal watchmen with the blows of their knives.

the dark slave.....skin, the dark slave girls kept time by softly striking the surface of the cymbal. The cymbal is a brass plate. The skin of the cymbal is its surface. When one keeps time in music two cymbals are struck against each other.

bought the help, persuaded them to let them go ahead by giving them money.

while close..... joy, while she clasped firmly to her heart the prince who was the darling of the King. Even in that instant her heart was breaking with grief for her own son who—she knew—would be certainly killed by the wicked murderers.

The cow with two calves, the nurse suckling two children—her own and the King's heir.

the edge.....sunlight, with this sharp, pointed dagger we shall kill this Prince—extinguish the particle which is thrown off by Lord Raghoba. Lord Raghoba—the father—is sunlight, his son is the spark—the particle—a fraction of that sunlight. Perhaps Lord Raghoba is Rama, the remote ancestor of the kings of Jodhpur.

cooed low.....laughter, murmured softly, when three or four daggers were thrust at once into his heart. He did not utter a single groan or show pain by giving a start, but died laughing carelessly like a child.

May be she had.....knee, perhaps in course of time she ceased to mourn over her son and learned to love the little Prince even better than her own child.

the Presence, your honour.

I have .....child, I have done my duty by my Prince. I have to do my duty by my child.

A RAJPÛT NURSE

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo, under this tamarind tree,
With its door of the rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see.
Was he Holy Brahmin or Yogi, or Chief of the Rajpût line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!
It was not for holy Brahmin they carved that delicate door;
Nor for Yogi, nor Rajpût Rana, built they this gem of our land;
But to tell a Rajpût woman, as long as the stone should stand.

"Her name was Môti, the pearl-name; 'twas far in the ancient times;
But her moon-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband, the Palace-Nurse she was made:

"For the sweet chief-queen of the Rana in Joudhpore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock-banner, of the five-coloured flag of the throne
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when, forth from the sunlight, the first of our kings came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajpûts have told us; so Môti was proud and true,
With the Prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajpût women will have it (I know not myself of these things)
As the two babes lay on her lap there, her lord's and the Joudhpore King's;
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to her new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the Prince had drunken his fill;
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the Prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the Rana's child,
As if those hands like the rose-leaf could shelter from treason wild.

"For treason was wild in the country, and villainous men had sought
The life of the heir of the gadi, to the Palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they made their way
Through the line of the guards, and the gateways, to the hall where the women lay.
"There Môti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her baby at play on her crossed knees, and the King's son held to her breast:
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal's skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song, when—Saheb!—there—hurried in

"A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face;
'Oh! Môti! men come to murder my Lord the Prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares,
Hark! that is the noise of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The King's child sink from her nipple, with lips still clinging and wet,
Then tore from the Prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the King's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded the Râja's joy,
And—even as the murderers lifted the purdah—she fled with his boy.

"But there (so they deemed) in the jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the Heir;
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one, 'it is right and fair
She should save her own butcha; no matter! the edge of the dagger ends
This spark of Lord Raghoba's sunlight; stab thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajpût women will have it (I know not if this can be so)
That Môti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low,
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his Prince.

"Thereby did that Rajpût mother preserve the line of our Kings."
"Oh! Vittoo," I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the Palace! May be
She had grown to love that Princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the Presence!" quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so! they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have:
But the same night deep in her true heart she buried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this: 'I have saved my Rana! I must go to suckle my child.'"

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read the scene in Shakespeare's King John—third act, third scene—in which the King persuades Hubert to undertake the murder of Prince Arthur. Read also the first scene of the fourth act (of the same play) in which the young Prince dissuades Hubert from carrying out the King's wicked suggestion.

2. Turn this narrative poem into a vivid dramatic scene. The curtain rises, showing Moti singing the children to rest. It is rung down on Moti lying dead, with the knife buried deep in her heart.

3. There is plenty of *local colour* in this story of a Rajput nurse. *Local colour* is the description of the dress and manners, the reproduction of the speech, characteristic of a particular age and country. Such words and expressions as—*Protector of the poor, putta, butcha*—help the poet to portray vividly the scene where the Rajput nurse saved the Rana's child and killed herself. They help the western reader, moreover, to picture the scene clearly in his mind. Collect other words and phrases which are employed by Sir Edwin to give an Oriental colouring to the poem.

4. In 'her moon-like face', the face is compared to the moon. This is what is called an Oriental simile. Search for another such simile in the poem which is characteristic of the East.

5. In 'brown baby', the epithet *brown* is an essential epithet. Explain its significance and make a list of such essential epithets in the poem.

6. Observe how the two phrases are balanced in the following line: *With bribes to the base* and *with knife-thrusts for the faithful. With* is common to both, *bribes* corresponds to *knife-thrusts, base* corresponds to *faithful.* The contrast between *bribes* and *knife-thrusts, base* and *faithful* makes the balanced construction more effective. Find a similar example of balanced construction, and show how it adds to the energy of thought and helps to make it clear.

7. Rhyme in English requires that the two rhyming words should contain the same vowel and, further, it requires that the consonants which follow the vowel should also agree in sound. On the other hand, the consonants immediately preceding the vowel must be different. Thus *sing* rhymes correctly with *ring*. But *poor* and *door* have similarity of spelling; they have not similarity of sound. Such rhymes are rhymes to the eye only. Give examples of regular and irregular rhymes in *A Rajput Nurse*.

8. Compare the Rajput Nurse with the mother in Tennyson's *Victim*.

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU

The scene of the poem is laid in Persia. The riches and splendour of a Persian court invest it as with a halo of glory. The poem was published in Mrs. Naidu's *The Golden Threshold*. The poet's father, Dr. Chattopadhyaya, was Principal of the Nizam's College, Hyderabad, where Mrs. Naidu was born in 1879. In 1895, four years after passing the matriculation examination of Madras University, she was sent to England. She studied at King's College (London) and Girton College (Cambridge). *The Golden Threshold* was her first volume of verse (1905). *The Bird of Time* appeared in 1915. A third volume of poems is entitled *The Broken Wing*. Mrs. Naidu is an eloquent champion of women's rights and was elected to preside over the session of the National Congress held at Cawnpore (1923).

The Queen's Rival is a humorous poem. The queen is fed up with her wealth and beauty. She feels lonely and miserable, because the gods have granted all her wishes. To provoke her jealousy, the King summons seven new brides from all the quarters of the world. But she remains unmoved. Then suddenly the gloom is lifted by an innocent action of her own two-year-old daughter. The child plucks away the mirror from her mother's hand, puts the fillet of pearls round her own head, and looking into the mirror—gives it a soft kiss. The Queen is delighted and hails her little daughter as her rival. It is a pretty fancy. It was worth while writing a poem for that kiss. In truth, it is such a bewitching and natural action that it must find an echo in the heart of every reader. Mrs. Naidu very ingeniously leads up to this climax. In the earlier half, she lavishes all the riches of her romantic imagination on the description of the Persian Court and the grandeur and dignity of the Queen's position in the palace. And she writes in this strain almost till we reach the end of the poem, when the very human action of the child dissolves the gloom of the queen in laughter.

walls richly.....jade, the walls were ornamented with precious stones of various colours—agate (green), porphyry (rose-red), onyx (dark gray), jade (green). *richly* has a two-fold signification, *richly inlaid,* thickly set with, secondly, charming the eye with a crowd of precious stones of various colours.

let thy mouth.....discontent, you have only to say what you wish to have, and I am ready even to lose my life in an effort to fulfil your wish and dispel the gloom from your mind. Her mind is compared to the sky. The gloom, depression due to unsatisfied desire, is the cloud in the sky.

No savour or salt .....day, asleep or awake, my life is dull, uninteresting, insipid, tasteless like a dish all too sweet, being without salt. *dream* is opposed to day. It means night when in one's sleep one has dreams. It may mean fancies in a dream which are richer as compared with one's waking thoughts. The idea is: white shines on a background of dark, virtue shines most when it struggles with temptation and wins. There must be rivalry, some sort of opposition to give savour to one's life. Her *splendour*—queenly position—is empty, unsatisfying, as there is no one to envy it. Her *bliss*—happiness—is not relished by her, because no one *gainsays* it, opposes it.

meet for the Persian Queen, worthy to serve as attendants of the Persian Queen by their exceptional beauty (radiant of feature) and dignified bearing (regal of mien).

seven new moon tides..... star, on each new moon day in the month—for seven months—at evening time, King Feroz conducted to Queen Gulnaar's hall a young queen whose eyes shone bright like the morning star. New moon tide is the day of the new moon—crescent moon, when the moon is seen first after her conjunction with the sun. The use of *tide* for *time* is archaic. *Vesper call* is the evening call for prayer. *Vespers,* evening service, worship in churches. He married the young queen and, after the ceremony had been performed in the evening, brought her to Queen Gulnaar. The young queen's eyes shone like the morning star, Venus, when the planet is seen in the East before sunrise. The beauty of the queen would—King Feroz thought—inspire jealousy in Gulnaar's mind.

gazed in her mirror and sighed, looked at herself in the mirror and knew that the young queen was no match for her. There was no cause for jealousy. She sighed, because without jealousy her life would be as uninteresting as ever.

Like seven bright.....flower, seven young queens who were like the seven shining, lovely leaves of the flower of Beauty. Beauty is regarded as a flower with seven charming leaves. The seven queens are like the seven leaves of such a flower. All the beauty of the world is divided between these seven queens.

When spring winds..... buds, when the warm winds blowing in spring melted the frozen waters of mountain torrents—roused them out of their sleep and made them

run gaily as before, and revived the brilliant colours of the tulip flower. The freezing of the waters is their sleep; the melting is the awakening. The tulip is a bell-shaped flower with various colours.

And peach groves.....oriole's song, when in spring the groves of peach trees echoed with the songs of the oriole—rang all over with the soft liquid notes of the oriole—when the song of the oriole was heard everywhere among thickets of peach trees. The peach tree has a large round fruit. It is like the almond, we are told, and is grown in Bengal. The oriole is a bird with a black and yellow plumage.

two spring times old, two years old. Spring time is used for a year.

like a wild wood-fay, like a fairy from the wild forest—wayward as a fairy, tiny as a fairy, lovely as a fairy.

And pressed.....glad kiss, she kissed the mirror because the mirror showed her head ornamented with a fillet. It seemed exceedingly lovely. Therefore the dear mirror was rewarded with a kiss.

THE QUEEN'S RIVAL

I

QUEEN GULNAAR sat on her ivory bed,
Around her countless treasures were spread;

Her chamber walls were richly inlaid
With agate, porphyry, onyx and jade;

But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed;
"O King, my heart is unsatisfied."

King Feroz bent from his ebony seat:
"Is thy least desire unfulfilled, O Sweet?

"Let thy mouth speak and my life be spent
To clear the sky of thy discontent."

"I tire of my beauty, I tire of this
Empty splendour and shadowless bliss;

"With none to envy and none gainsay,
No savour or salt hath my dream or day."

Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose:
"Give me a rival, O King Feroz."

II

King Feroz spoke to his Chief Vizier :
" Lo ! ere to-morrow's dawn be here,

" Send forth my messengers over the sea,
To seek seven beautiful brides for me ;

" Radiant of feature and regal of mien,
Seven handmaids meet for the Persian Queen."

Seven new moon tides at the Vesper call,
King Feroz led to Queen Gulnaar's hall

A young queen eyed like the morning star :
" I bring thee a rival, O Queen Gulnaar."

But still she gazed in her mirror and sighed :
" O King, my heart is unsatisfied."

Seven queens shone round her ivory bed,
Like seven soft gems on a silken thread,

Like seven fair lamps in a royal tower,
Like seven bright petals of Beauty's flower.

Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose
" Where is my rival, O King Feroz ?"

III

When spring winds wakened the mountain floods,
And kindled the flame of the tulip buds,

When bees grew loud and the days grew long,
And the peach groves thrilled to the oriole's song,

Queen Gulnaar sat on her ivory bed,
Decking with jewels her exquisite head ;

And still she gazed in her mirror and sighed ;
" O King, my heart is unsatisfied."

Queen Gulnaar's daughter two spring times old,
In blue robes bordered with tassels of gold,

Ran to her knee like a wildwood fay,
And plucked from her hand the mirror away.

Quickly she set on her own light curls
Her mother's fillet with fringes of pearls:

Quickly she turned with a child's caprice
And pressed on the mirror a swift, glad kiss.

Queen Gulnaar laughed like a tremulous rose;
"Here is my rival, O King Feroz."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. "Queen Gulnaar sighed like a murmuring rose."
"Queen Gulnaar laughed like a tremulous rose."

Are these similes apt and beautiful? Collect other similes in the poem and comment on their aptness and charm.

2. Beauty and riches that dazzle the eyes are an element in Romantic Poetry. In addition to this, what other features has Mrs. Naidu's poem which would justify us in describing it as a Romantic Poem?
3. Mrs. Naidu ingeniously works up to the climax of the story—the little incident of the wildwood fay which solves the puzzle. Show how.
4. Often when elderly and experienced people are puzzled and know not what to do, a little child shows the way. Tell a story to illustrate this.
5. Mrs. Naidu repeats words, phrases and whole lines in this poem. Make a list of such words and phrases and explain the poet's purpose in repeating them.
6. How is the arrival of spring suggested by the poet? Is it an English spring she is thinking of, or a spring in Persia?

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The Hero is one of those charming imaginary flights which are the chief delight of children. On the stage of their minds, children play many a part which would do credit to a paladin of King Charlemagne. *The Crescent Moon* from which this passage is taken is one of Tagore's more popular books. Sir Rabindranath Tagore

(1861—) was privately educated and sent to England in 1877 to study law. After a short stay in England, he returned to India and began writing for Bengali Magazines. When the poems, plays, novels and stories which Tagore wrote in Bengali were translated into English, Tagore won international renown. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1913. *Gitanjali* was published in 1912. *The Gardener* and *The Crescent Moon* appeared in 1913. The little boy in our poem makes up a story of adventure in which his mother, escorted by her son, is attacked by robbers as they are crossing a dark, desolate desert. Nothing daunted, the boy faces the band of yelling robbers and disposing of the whole lot returns bloodstained to his mother who hugs the dear hero to her heart. All boys like to imagine such adventures in which they deal death to their enemies 'and shed plenty of blood—their own and their enemies'. In the present poem, the fight is fierce and the rescue is miraculous. The story is decked out with every romantic detail—the palanquin, the red horse, sword and buckler, and the brother puzzled by the delicate boy's heroic exploit. Tagore enters completely into the minds of children and understands all the fancies and wild ideas which sweep through a child's brain. He has the vision and the gift, moreover, of enshrining them in words of haunting beauty and simplicity.

THE HERO

Mother, let us imagine we are travelling, and passing through a strange and dangerous country.

You are riding in a palanquin and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

It is evening and the sun goes down. The waste of *Joradighi* lies wan and grey before us. The land is desolate and barren.

You are frightened and thinking—"I know not where we have come to."

I say to you, "Mother, do not be afraid."

The meadow is prickly with spiky grass, and through it runs a narrow broken path.

There are no cattle to be seen in the wide field; they have gone to their village stalls.

It grows dark and dim on the land and sky, and we cannot tell where we are going.

Suddenly you call me and ask me in a whisper, "What light is that near the bank?"

Just then there bursts out a fearful yell, and figures come running towards us.

You sit crouched in your palanquin and repeat the names of the gods in prayer.

The bearers, shaking in terror, hide themselves in the thorny bush.

I shout to you, "Don't be afraid, mother, I am here."

With long sticks in their hands and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer.

I shout, "Have a care! you villains! One step more and you are dead men."

They give another terrible yell and rush forward.

You clutch my hand and say, "Dear boy, for heaven's sake, keep away from them."

I say, "Mother, just you watch me."

Then I spur my horse for a wild gallop, and my sword and buckler clash against each other.

The fight becomes so fearful, mother, that it would give you a cold shudder could you see it from your palanquin.

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces.

I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

But I come to you all stained with blood, and say, "Mother, the fight is over now."

You come out and kiss me, pressing me to your heart, and you say to yourself,

"I don't know what I should do if I hadn't my boy to escort me."

A thousand useless things happen day after day, and why couldn't such a thing come true by chance?

It would be like a story in a book.

My brother would say, "Is it possible? I always thought he was so delicate!"

Our village people would all say in amazement, "Was it not lucky that the boy was with his mother?"

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Mrs. Heman's *Casabianca.*
2. Do you recall any imaginary adventure of your childhood which resembles the story told by Tagore's Hero?
3. Compare the victory achieved by the boy in Tagore's poem with the triumph won by the boy in Mr. Gibson's poem *The Plough,* when by flourishing his rattle he puts to rout a whole army of birds. What is the difference?
4. Tagore's little hero has a lively, vivid, dramatic imagination. He is a poet "You are riding in a *palanquin* and I am trotting by you on a *red* horse"—is an example of his lively imagination. "Suddenly you call me and ask in a whisper, 'What light is that near the bank?'"—is an example of his dramatic imagination. "The waste of Joradighi lies wan and grey before us"—shows that he has the poet's gift of description. Find other examples.
5. What impression of the boy's mother do you get from the words of the mother which the boy quotes, and the various references which he makes to her as he tells the story of his adventure?
6. Show how Tagore's poem has organic unity—that it has a beginning, a middle and an end.

AUSTIN DOBSON

Austin Dobson's poem on *The Rose and the Gardener* appeared in a volume of verse entitled *At a Sign of the Lyre.* As the author tells us, it is a fancy from Fontenelle—a French poet of the 17th century. Austin Dobson (1840—1921) was educated partly at home and partly on the continent. He entered the Board of Trade early in his life and was a principal clerk in the Marine Department when he retired in 1901. Dobson published many volumes of verse and prose. And, alike in verse and prose, he reminds us of 18th century masters. *The Rose and the Gardener* is a joke. The story, delightful as it is, has a deep underlying meaning, for the Rose and the Gardener are the symbols of Beauty and Time. Beauty is vain and lives in a fool's paradise, thinking that it will outlive time. Before long, it is disillusioned and realizes that its own life is short, while Time goes on for ever. Thus it is that laughter and tears lie very close to each other. It is a dainty, delicate poem.

One perceives the ease and smoothness of versification. There are no loose ends anywhere. Every line is turned out with scrupulous care.

slipped her bud, opened the leaves which were closed in the bud.

laughed.....blood, laughed as her heart swelled with pride—when she thought of her youth and beauty.

raked them, gathered them up and put them under the garden soil—decently buried them.

wove the.....rhyme, wrote a poem acting on the impulse of the moment, and described in it the incident of the rose and the gardener.

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER

THE Rose in the garden slipped her bud,
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the Gardener standing by—
"He is old,—so old ! And he soon must die ! "

The full Rose waxed in the warm June air,
And she spread and spread till her heart lay bare ;
And she laughed once more as she heard his tread—
"He is older now! He will soon be dead !"

But the breeze of the morning blew and found,
That the leaves of the blown rose strewed the ground;
And he came at noon, that Gardener old,
And he raked them softly under the mould.

And I wove the thing to a random rhyme,
For the Rose is Beauty, the Gardener Time.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Repetition is employed in poetry for various purposes—sometimes for emphasizing continuity of action, sometimes to add force to one's statement. Search for illustrations of both these uses of repetition in Dobson's poem.
2. Read Kipling's "Cities and Thrones and Powers" and Shelley's sonnet—entitled "Ozymandias ".
3. What were the reasons which influenced the poet in his choice of the rose and the gardener as symbols respectively of beauty and time ?

4. Show how at each successive stage of the story our impression of the contrast between the rose and the gardener is deepened more and more.
5. Is the moral of the story given in the last two lines a blot on this poem? Keats said once "We hate poetry which has a palpable design upon us, poetry should be great and unobtrusive." Will you quote this to denounce the moral of the poem? Or will you defend the moral in spite of it?
6. A couplet is defined as two lines of verse rhyming and forming a whole. Dobson's poem is written in couplets, and each couplet in it contains a complete thought. Further, Dobson links up in a continuous chain of reasoning the successive couplets of the poem. Do you agree? Give reasons.

TORU DUTT

Jogadhya Uma is taken from a volume of poems entitled *Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.* Toru Dutt (1856–1877), the author of the poems in this volume, was educated in France, England and Italy. She was a considerable scholar of French. She wrote a romance in French and her first volume of poems—*A sheaf gleaned in French fields*—consists of translations from French poets. But her best work was done when she wove into English verse the ballads and legends of Hindustan. Sir Edmund Gosse, who recognized early the promise of her genius, published the volume mentioned above—*Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*—in 1881 with an introductory memoir, four years after her death.

In the last stanza of *Jogadhya Uma* the young poet offers a graceful apology for telling a tale which must seem absurd to modern readers. But—she says—she had it from her mother whom she loved, and, as a tribute of affection to her, she allows it to stand among her works. The modesty of the poet urged her to offer this apology. The truth is, the poem needs no apology. It must win the hearts of modern readers as completely as it won the hearts of readers of by-gone days. If readers of past ages liked it as an expression of the religious belief which governed their lives from day to day, modern readers appreciate the poetry of the tale, even if they are unable to put any faith in the miracle which is described in it.

Toru Dutt tells the story rapidly. She cuts out all irrelevent description and comment, and lets the story produce its own natural effect. Her artistic instinct does not fail her, for the story is essentially dramatic—the lonely pathway, the lovely tank where the divine Uma is seen in early sunlight, her purchase of the pedlar's bracelets, the instructions which she gives to the pedlar, the priest's scepticism, his discovery of the money, the sudden realization that the great goddess has shown herself to the pedlar, their frantic hope of seeing her seated on the stairs of the

ghat, the prayer that a sign may be vouchsafed to them, and the arm with the white bracelet seen rising above the water—all this has to be told in a straightforward simple style and it grips attention at once. Toru Dutt's style has, moreover, a grace all its own. One notices the smooth versification, the fluency and ease of her manner. She portrays a scene vividly with a few strokes. She selects the right word and epithet. And, within the scope that a narrative poem allows, she displays considerable skill in dialogue and characterization.

Shell-bracelets, bangles of shell worn on the wrists by Hindu women. These shell-bracelets —as we are told later—were enamelled—that is, they had on them an ornamental coating. The glass-bangles and the bracelets which Hindu women wear on their wrists are regarded as an emblem of good fortune. They are worn only by a woman whose husband is alive. And a woman is fortunate only as long as her husband is alive.

the kine stood .....around, the cows are absolutely still, as though some magician had cast a spell on them and they were unable to move their limbs. Of course, the cows are still, because it is not morning yet, and they are only half-awake. Further, the thick (profound) grey (dun) masses of curling mists (coils) in which they are enveloped deepen the impression of their stillness. When these grey masses of mist are touched by the rising light of the sun they are seen to flash with many colours. The mist acts like a prism and breaks up the white light of the sun into its original colours—rainbow-hues.

which fruit trees shadowed at their will, whenever it pleased their fancy, the trees cast their shadows on the bank. When the wind was blowing high, the shadows moved with the wind. They rested no longer on the bank. It is the wind that pleases itself rather than the trees. The trees have to follow the wayward fancy of the wind.

The rich enamel sunbeam-kist, the fine coating of the bracelet flashing in sunlight—which makes the bracelet look prettier than ever.

These bracelets are a mighty charm, these bracelets have a magic property. They protect the wearer against misfortunes of all kinds, such as the loss of husband's love, a great misfortune. But a greater misfortune is the loss of the husband himself. The bracelets protect the wearer from this greater misfortune also. The pedlar knows how to recommend his goods.

Oh ! what a nice.....fit, how admirably, how exactly the bracelets fit your wrists ! It seems as though they had been made just to suit your wrists.

Till came the shadow of a fear, he looked at her, charmed by her beauty, till he was suddenly assailed by fear. There was something imperial (high command) in her look which overpowered men—inspired fear in them (filled them with awe)—and made them obey her will.

that wrist-ring has a tongue, the wrist-ring which I see tells me plainly—as though it had a tongue and could talk to people—that you are a married woman. The wrist-ring is a string tied round a married girl's wrist. It is called Kamkan (कंकण) and serves as indubitable proof that a girl is married.

lofty gilded spire, the tall, pointed top of the temple covered with a thin coating of gold. It narrows to a point, hence *spire*. Later, it is described as a *point of fire*, because it shoots high up from its surroundings and reflects brightly the early rays of the sun.

Dhamesar, probably this means lord of religion or light, a significant name, like the earlier *Khirogram*—the village of milk—the village abounding in milk.

If he demur or cry alas, if he raises objections, or says that it is unfortunate the request should be made to him.

charmed with her voice.....spell, fascinated by her voice—subdued completely as by magic.

the goddess of the chase on Latmos hill, Artemis, sister of Apollo. She is a virgin goddess, very fond of hunting. *Latmos hill* is in Asia Minor.

a ray lit them at times, the eyes glowed in anger on occasions, flashed with anger. It was a flash of such compelling anger that even kings would not have dared to disobey, i. e., the command which was accompanied by that flash.

blest the lucky.....shore, was grateful to the lucky accident which had directed his steps to the priest's place. He compares his arrival at the place to the accident which brings a ship to some peaceful and prosperous country. *bark*, a vessel, *shore*, country. The ship is guided by chance, the pedlar was guided by accident.

Here smiling.....dwell, the straw-ricks, the sleek cattle, the flowers—all these were convincing evidence that everyone in that place dwelt in peace, happiness and prosperity. They seemed to speak to the stranger and tell him in a clear and pleasant voice—that this place which the stranger had reached was the home of happy Peace and Plenty (Prosperity). *Peace* and *Plenty* are personified.

break thy fast, take breakfast, have your first meal here.

black eyne, black eyes. *Eyne* is the old plural of eye, as *kine* earlier is the old plural of *cow*.

I shall not..... out, you will not deceive me with this story, and persuade me to give you the cash you want for your bracelets. For I have no daughter. The only child I have is a son and he is my support in my old age. Some sly, cunning young girl has avoided paying you for your bracelets by telling you that she is my daughter. It is a lying tale, but I shall find out the girl who invented this story.

Oh blest art thou.....band, you are indeed lucky, singularly lucky to have seen her and touched her hand. *Vishnu*, great god as he is, and Brahma—almost

equally great—and the divine followers of Brahma—all these humbly adore Uma. Hence the title of the poem. *Jogadhya Uma* which very probably means—Uma, supreme in Yoga (mystic power). Yoga = joga, Adhya = rich, supreme.

Here have I.....be, I have lived in this temple worshipping her for years, fasting, praying, keeping awake night after night (vigils), weeping for her sight, till these fasts and vigils have almost extinguished my sight. And yet I never saw the glorious goddess. You have had the favour though you didn't seek it (unsought for grace). What is the meaning, significance of this ?

Resplendent.....moon, brilliant, shining bright like the moon in autumn when the sky is free from clouds.

A Dim light.....dawn, a faint, vague notion as to who that lady must be began to be formed in the pedlar's mind. It seemed likely that the lady so lovely, so pure, with eyes like flames of fire, must be Uma herself.

The landscape.....cell, the whole of the scene was laid asleep. Every part of it was silent, stationary, immovable. It seemed as though all things were bound together and rendered immovable by sleep. Sleep (slumber) is said to bind things together by a chain, because persons who are asleep do not make any movement—even as persons and things bound by a chain do not—cannot—make any movement. First, the silence of things is compared to the silence of sleep. Secondly, the silence of sleep is said to be due to sleep binding them together by a chain. And even Echo slept quietly in her cave. No echoes were heard. Echo is represented as an incessant talker by the Greeks. But even Echo seemed to be asleep at the time.

the worship hour is rung, the bells in the temple announce the hour of worship. This is probably the midday hour of worship. All the bells in the temple are rung together to announce the hour of worship.

idle dream, a vain, deceitful vision.

a word.....gleam, some sign in the form of direct speech or the movement—the blowing—of wind, or a fleeting momentary sight of you.

Then a wide ripple.....plain, then a broad wave flung to and fro, pushed up and pressed down the flowers on the broad, flat surface of that tank. The surface of the tank is described as a plain, because it is broad and flat. It is a liquid plain, because it is the flat surface of water, not land.

mystic power, the mysterious, unknown, inexplicable power—Uma—who works in association with Shiwa to create the universe and keep it going.

annual tribute, yearly offering.

Dawned on.....success, their industry—the business of selling shell bracelets—flourished from the day on which the pedlar had sold the bracelets to young Uma.

I loved the lips.....fell, very probably this is a reference to her mother from whose lips she might have heard the story. "Her mother," says Sir Edmund Gosse, "fed her imagination with the old songs and legends of her people, stories which it was the last labour of her life to weave into English verse."

JOGADHYA UMA

"Shell-bracelets ho! Shell-bracelets ho!
Fair maids and matrons come and buy!"
Along the road, in morning's glow,
The pedlar raised his wonted cry.
The road ran straight, a red, red line,
To Khirogram, for cream renowned,
Through pasture-meadows where the kine,
In knee-deep grass, stood magic bound
And half awake, involved in mist,
That floated in dun coils profound,
Till by the sudden sunbeams kist
Rich rainbow hues broke all around.

"Shell-bracelets ho! Shell-bracelets ho!"
The roadside trees still dripped with dew,
And hung their blossoms like a show.
Who heard the cry? 'Twas but a few,
A ragged herd-boy, here and there,
With his long stick and naked feet;
A ploughman wending to his care,
The field from which he hopes the wheat;
An early traveller, hurrying fast
To the next town; an urchin slow
Bound for the school; these heard and past,
Unheeding all,—"Shell-bracelets ho!"

Pellucid spread a lake-like tank
Beside the road now lonelier still,
High on three sides arose the bank
Which fruit-trees shadowed at their will;
Upon the fourth side was the Ghat,
With its broad stairs of marble white,
And at the entrance-arch there sat,
Full face against the morning light,

A fair young woman with large eyes,
And dark hair falling to her zone,
She heard the pedlar's cry arise,
And eager seemed his ware to own.

"Shell-bracelets ho ! See, maiden see !
The rich enamel sunbeam-kist !
Happy, oh happy, shalt thou be,
Let them but clasp that slender wrist ;
These bracelets are a mighty charm,
They keep a lover ever true,
And widowhood avert, and harm,
Buy them, and thou shalt never rue.
Just try them on ! "—She stretched her hand,
" Oh what a nice and lovely fit !
No fairer hand, in all the land,
And lo ! the bracelet matches it."

Dazzled the pedlar on her gazed
Till came the shadow of a fear,
While she the bracelet arm upraised
Against the sun to view more clear.
Oh she was lovely, but her look
Had something of a high command
That filled with awe. Aside she shook
Intruding curls by breezes fanned
And blown across her brows and face,
And asked the price, which when she heard
She nodded, and with quiet grace
For payment to her home referred.

" And where, O maiden, is thy house ?
But no, that wrist-ring has a tongue,
No maiden art thou, a spouse,
Happy, and rich, and fair, and young."

" Far otherwise, my lord is poor,
And him at home thou shalt not find ;
Ask for my father ; at the door
Knock loudly ; he is deaf, but kind.
Seest thou that lofty gilded spire
Above these tufts of foliage green ?
That is our place ; its point of fire
Will guide thee o'er the tract between. "

" That is the temple spire. "—" Yes, there
We live ; my father is the priest,
The manse is near, a building fair
But lowly, to the temple's east.
When thou hast knocked, and seen him, say,
His daughter, at Dhamaser Ghat,
Shell-bracelets bought from thee to-day,
And he must pay so much for that.
Be sure, he will not let thee pass
Without the value, and a meal,
If he demur, or cry alas !
No money hath he,—then reveal,
Within the small box, marked with streaks
Of bright vermilion, by the shrine,
The key whereof has lain for weeks
Untouched, he'll find some coin,—'tis mine.
That will enable him to pay
The bracelet's price, now fare thee well ! "
She spoke, the pedlar went away,
Charmed with her voice, as by some spell ;
While she left lonely there, prepared
To plunge into the water pure,
And like a rose her beauty bared,
From all observance quite secure.

Not weak she seemed, nor delicate,
Strong was each limb of flexile grace,
And full the bust; the mien elate,
Like her's, the goddess of the chase
On Latmos hill,—and oh, the face
Framed in its cloud of floating hair,
No painter's hand might hope to trace
The beauty and the glory there!
Well might the pedlar look with awe,
For though her eyes were soft, a ray
Lit them at times, which kings who saw
Would never dare to disobey.

Onwards through groves the pedlar sped
Till full in front the sunlit spire
Arose before him. Paths which led
To gardens trim in gay attire
Lay all around. And lo! the manse,
Humble but neat with open door!
He paused, and blest the lucky chance
That brought his bark to such a shore.
Huge straw ricks, log huts full of grain,
Sleek cattle, flowers, a tinkling bell,
Spoke in a language sweet and plain,
"Here smiling Peace and Plenty dwell."

Unconsciously he raised his cry,
"Shell-bracelets ho!" And at his voice
Looked out the priest, with eager eye,
And made his heart, at once rejoice.
"Ho, *Sankha* pedlar! pass not by,
But step thou in, and share the food
Just offered on our altar high,
If thou art in a hungry mood.

Welcome are all to this repast!
The rich and poor, the high and low!
Come, wash thy feet, and break thy fast,
Then on thy journey strengthened go."

"On thanks, good priest! Observance due
And greetings! May thy name be blest!
I came on business, but I knew,
Here might be had both food and rest
Without a charge; for all the poor
Ten miles around thy sacred shrine
Know that thou keepest open door,
And praise that generous hand of thine:
But let my errand first be told,
For bracelets sold to thine this day,
So much thou owest me in gold,
Hast thou the ready cash to pay?

"The bracelets were enamelled,—so
The price is high."—"How! Sold to mine?
Who bought them, I should like to know."
"Thy daughter, with the large black eyne,
Now bathing at the marble ghat."
Loud laughed the priest at this reply,
"I shall not put up, friend, with that;
No daughter in the world have I,
An only son is all my stay;
Some minx has played a trick, no doubt,
But cheer up let thy heart be gay.
Be sure that I shall find her out."

"Nay, nay, good father, such a face
Could not deceive, I must aver;
At all events, she knows thy place,
'And if my father should demur

To pay thee,'—thus she said,—'or cry
He has no money, tell him straight
The box vermilion-streaked to try,
That's near the shrine.'" "Well, wait,
friend, wait!"
The priest said thoughtful, and he ran
And with the open box came back,
"Here is the price exact, my man,
No surplus over, and no lack.

"How strange, how strange, Oh blest art thou
To have beheld her, touched her hand,
Before whom Vishnu's self must bow,
And Brahma and his heavenly band!
Here have I worshipped her for years
And never seen the vision bright;
Vigils and fasts and secret tears
Have almost quenched my outward sight;
And yet that dazzling form and face
I have not seen, and thou, dear friend,
To thee, unsought for, comes the grace,
What may its purport be, and end?

"How strange! How strange! Oh happy thou!
And couldst thou ask no other boon
Than thy poor bracelet's price? That brow
Resplendent as the autumn moon
Must have bewildered thee, I trow,
And made thee lose thy senses all."
A dim light on the pedlar now
Began to dawn; and he let fall
His bracelet basket in his haste,
And backward ran the way he came;
What meant the vision fair and chaste,
Whose eyes were they,—those eyes of flame?

Swift ran the pedlar as a hind,
The old priest followed on his trace.
They reached the Ghat but could not find
The lady of the noble face.
The birds were silent in the wood,
The lotus flowers exhaled a smell
Faint, over all the solitude,
A heron as a sentinel
Stood by the bank. They called,—in vain,
No answer came from hill or fell,
The landscape lay in slumber's chain,
E'en Echo slept within her cell.

Broad sunshine, yet a hush profound !
They turned with saddened hearts to go ;
Then from afar there came a sound
Of silver bells ;— the priest said low,
"O Mother, Mother, deign to hear,
The worship-hour has rung ; we wait
In meek humility and fear.
Must we return home desolate ?
Oh come, as late thou cam'st unsought,
Or was it but an idle dream ?
Give us some sign if it was not,
A word, a breath, or passing gleam."

Sudden from out the water sprung
A rounded arm, on which they saw
As high the lotus buds among
It rose, the bracelet white, with awe.
Then a wide ripple tost and swung
The blossoms on that liquid plain,
And lo ! the arm so fair and young
Sank in the waters down again.

They bowed before the mystic Power,
And as they home returned in thought,
Each took from thence a lotus flower
In memory of the day and spot.

Years, centuries, have passed away,
And still before the temple shrine
Descendants of the pedlar pay
Shell-bracelets of the old design
As annual tribute. Much they own
In lands and gold,—but they confess
From that eventful day alone
Dawned on their industry,—success.
Absurd may be the tale I tell,
Ill-suited to the marching times,
I loved the lips from which it fell,
So let it stand among my rhymes.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur.* In this poem the hand of the Lady of the Lake appears above the surface of the lake under which she dwells invisible. With this hand 'clothed in white samite, mystic wonderful', the Lady of the Lake seizes the sword of King Arthur and draws it under water.

2. Read Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Diana,* and the Story of Diana in *Legends of Greece and Rome.* Like the divine Uma, Diana loves to bathe in cool and shady places "from all observance quite secure ".

3. " That brow resplendent as the moon "—*resplendent* in this sentence is a striking epithet. The very sound of the word suggests light which is massed together—brilliance which almost overwhelms the eyes. Find other examples of striking epithets.

4. A *simile* is a comparison which is clearly stated. In a simile such words as—*like, as*—are employed. A *metaphor* is what is called an implied comparison " The mien elate like hers the goddess of the chase "—this is an example of a *simile.* "The lucky chance that brought his bark to such a shore"—This is an example of a *metaphor.* Change the metaphor into a simile, setting out clearly the comparison which the poet has in mind and give other examples of striking similes and metaphors.

5. Diction is choice of words and phrases. A poet's instinct helps him or her to select the word which expresses his or her sense best. " Hast thou the ready *cash* to pay ? " asks the pedlar. The word *cash* in this question is a happy choice. Another example is the word *minx* in the priest's observation —"Some *minx* has played a trick no doubt." Collect other examples of Toru Dutt's mastery of diction.
6. Write a short character-sketch of the priest in Toru Dutt's Poem.

THOMAS HARDY

The Children and Sir Nameless is taken from a volume of poems entitled *Late Lyrics and Earlier* (1922). Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was the last of the Victorian giants. He began life as an architect and won considerable distinction in his profession. But his skill in architecture—remarkable as it was—has been thrown entirely into the background by his renown as a novelist. He wrote verse before starting on those novels which brought him international recognition. *Tess of the d'Urbervilles, The Mayor of Casterbridge, The Return of the Native* are some of his famous novels. After the novels, he returned to verse again and went on writing verse till his death.

Hardy describes in this poem the utter discomfiture of Sir Nameless who hated children and built—as he thought—a lasting memorial to himself in the form of a stone-statue. But the tables were turned on him completely, for those whom he had despised kicked out his name, and with the nails of their shoes struck off his nose. It is in this dramatic reversal of the fortunes of Sir Nameless of Athelhall—as viewed across three centuries—that the chief attraction of this poem lies. Hardy develops the situation artistically. In the opening stanza, he gives a vivid, dramatic description of the old man's hatred of children. Such words as *yap* and *yell* seem to partake of the old gentleman's ferocity. They are winged with his scorn. In the third stanza Hardy employs grim irony, and this irony runs through the instructions which Sir Nameless gives for the making of the statue till it reaches its climax in the last line of the stanza —"When done a statelier work was never known". These icy words chill one to the bone. In the concluding lines of the poem, the poet writes in a genial style and seems to exult as he describes the mutilation of the statue. The reader shares Hardy's joy in the downfall of the old man. It is by his sincerity, by his artistic presentation of the subject-matter, lastly, by his mastery of diction and style that the author of this poem engages the sympathy of the reader.

Sir Nameless, once of Athelhall, at present he is nameless, but he was well-known once as the owner of a magnificent mansion. Very probably he was a rich squire and lived in Athelhall.

Trample.....bared, tread heavily on the grass (herbage) and stamp it out as they play together and chase each other (romp) till the ground underneath is clearly seen. *park* is a large piece of ground with woodland and pasture, attached to a country house.

Go keep.....routines, he asks someone to take away the children and give them their daily tasks—such as looking after cattle, sheep, pigs. They will thus be *harnessed,* tied up to their work and will not turn his park into a play-ground and spoil it. *Routines* means, perhaps, tasks in school.

Thank God.....away, I am grateful to Heaven that I have no children to shorten my life—to bring me to an early grave. If he had children, they would have caused him endless worry and annoyance by their romping and shouting. He would have been killed prematurely by the worry.

For green.....away, there are other ways of keeping one's name fresh in the minds of men than by having children. The general notion is that children help to keep one's memory fresh, but the squire says that the children are eagerly longing for their fathers' deaths because they can inherit the property only after the sires—fathers—are dead. *Sires*—the plural—is used referring to several fathers —squires— whose children wish them to die early.

Sir Nameless.....gone, a little while after (anon) Sir Nameless said that a statue in stone would tell future generations who he was and remind them of his greatness and renown. The statue would express his likeness.

summoned carvers.....express, sent for sculptors—makers of stone statues—asking them to make all possible speed in presenting themselves before him.

seven-odd, seven feet and a few inches—something over seven feet.

hied, passed away.

Church-restorers.....floor, workmen arrived to rebuild the old decayed church. They were unable to find anyone who was descended from Sir Nameless. They thought that the most appropriate place for the enormous statue was the floor of the Church.

Kicked out.....nose, by constantly kicking at the letters of the name, they blotted it out, and by repeatedly striking at the nose of the statue with the heavy-headed nails of their boots, they broke off the nose.

THE CHILDREN AND SIR NAMELESS

Sir NAMELESS, once of Athelhall, declared :
" These wretched children romping in my park
Trample the herbage till the soil is bared,
And yap and yell from early morn till dark !

"Go keep them harnessed to their set routines :
Thank God I've none to hasten my decay ;
For green remembrance there are better means
Than offspring, who but wish their sires away."

Sir Nameless of that mansion said anon :
"To be perpetuate for my mightiness
Sculpture must image me when I am gone."
—He forthwith summoned carvers there express
To shape a figure stretching seven-odd feet
(For he was tall) in alabaster stone,
With shield, and crest, and casque and sword complete :
When done a statelier work was never known.

Three hundred years hied ; Church-restorers came,
And, no one of his lineage being traced,
They thought an effigy so large in frame
Best fitted for the floor. There it was placed,
Under the seats for school children. And they
Kicked out his name, and hobnailed off his nose ;
And, as they yawn through sermon-time, they say,
"Who was this old stone man beneath our toes ?"

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Explain clearly the metaphors used in the following lines and turn them into similes :

   (i) Go keep them harnessed to their set routines.

   (ii) For green remembrance there are better means.

2. The Children and Sir Nameless is not a very happy title to this poem. Suggest a better one. Think of something along the line of "A biter bit", or "Time's Laughing-stock."

3. Do you know of any children who wish their sires away ? If you have studied well the history of Mogul rulers in India, you will be able to quote a few examples.

4. Give expressions corresponding to the following :
   (i) Yap and yell
   (ii) Early morn till dark.
   and make sentences to illustrate their use.
5. "When done a statelier work was never known "— this is an example of irony. Give two other examples of irony from this poem.
6. Judging from the speeches and actions of Sir Nameless, what sort of a man must he have been ?

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Scarecrow was published with *Nod* in a volume which takes its name from the opening piece—*Listeners and other Poems* (1912). Mr. de la Mare—the author—was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral School. After leaving school in 1890, he served in the Anglo-American Oil Company in London for 18 years. But the gift of a yearly pension of £100 from Government freed him from material anxieties and cares, and since 1908, he has devoted himself entirely to literary work. Mr. de la Mare has written many volumes of poems, prose-romances and short stories. He is a poet of dreams, of fairy-land and childhood. His prose is as beautiful as his poetry.

To most people the scare-crow is a wretched, miserable figure of rags and sticks at which one glances, laughs and passes on one's way. But when de la Mare looks at him, the scarecrow comes to life, he speaks to the poet, telling him all about his unhappiness in winter when rough winds and the driving rain toss him to and fro, and nearly tumble life out of him. With the arrival of spring, however, he shares in the happiness of the earth. He lifts his eyes and maintains a ceaseless watch against crows helping the corn to grow to its full height. Mr. de la Mare has not only breathed life into the rags of the scarecrow, he has given him his own poetic vision and sensitive appreciation of the loveliness of earth and sky in spring and winter. Walter de la Mare has an unerring instinct for words that make music to the ear, and the images he employs have the beauty and freshness of a dream. There is a touch of humour, moreover, in turning things upside-down and making the scarecrow speak and tell us the story of his life from his own point of view. Though things which are apparently lifeless become alive in Mr. de la Mare's imagination, he is not unaware of the quaintness and humour of the situation.

bow my head.....rain, bend my head as the rain sweeps along.

The North wind.....again, the blast—powerful gust of wind-blowing from the north sprinkles soft particles of snow all over my form (throws on me a

white mantle of snow), but the next moment, he restores me to my original black colour by dispersing the snow with his powerful breath (lifts the mantle of snow).

At midnight.....prime, in the dense darkness of midnight, white with the frost that flashes all over my form, I blaze under the tangle of stars (net-work of stars in the sky). And in the early hours of morning I stand erect, rigid like iron armour (being stiffened by frost) above the stumps of corn in the field.

his host of children, the troop of friends—playmates of spring—the pleasant breezes, bright sunshine and other accompaniments of spring.

scattering their buds, helping the growth of buds everywhere.

some rapture.....awakes, even my dry bones experience a thrill of joy. The scarecrow is all rags and sticks. The quickening warmth of life makes itself felt in his rags and sticks.

strange master, Man, to the scarecrow his master seems an odd figure, just as to human beings the scarecrow is a fantastic figure. Again, the scarecrow does not understand the ways of his master. Hence the master seems strange to him.

striding lank, taking long steps being tall and thin.

clashing team, the horses harnessed to the plough striking against each other.

swish body high, grow high as the human body and rustle in the breeze

which.....harvest, which—the ripe corn—is ready to be reaped—the whole of it—owing to my ceaseless watch. It is this watch which has prevented the birds from eating up the corn. *Sealed* means complete, ready for delivery as a letter which we close and stamp with our monogram.

THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain ;
The North wind powders me with snow
And blows me black again ;
At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
As mail at morning-prime.
But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,

Some rapture in my rags awakes ;
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes
Of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow ;
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Mr. de la Mare's *Nod.*

2. "All winter through I bow my head.
Beneath the driving rain"—These two lines present a vivid picture of the Scarecrow with his head hanging down, limp and lifeless as the rain whips it forward fiercely. The next two lines contain another picture. Make a list of all such word-pictures in the poem, and say which is the most charming of them all.

3. There is one line in this poem which has an internal rhyme. Quote this line and explain the poet's purpose in introducing the internal rhyme.

4. Observe the beauty of the epithet *sterile* in "*sterile snow*". It is a suggestive epithet. *Glittering* in "*glittering rime*" appeals by the picture it presents of white, shining frost. *Clashing* in "*clashing team*" appeals by its sound. Collect all such striking epithets in the poem and classify them.

5. Imagine a meeting between Mr. de la Mare and a weather-cock. Set down their conversation.

6. Mark the alliteration in the following two lines :

At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime.

7. What figures of speech are used in the stanza given below :

> Soon shall I gaze across a sea
> Of sun-begotten grain,
> Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
> For harvest once again.

8. Judging from this poem alone, we can say that Mr. de la Mare is of imagination all compact. Show how.

ROBERT BRIDGES

On a Dead Child appears in the third book of Dr. Bridges' *Shorter Poems*—Books 1-5—published in 1890-94. These five books of *Shorter Poems* have been reprinted several times, and yet, after the passage of nearly forty years, they are as fresh and charming as ever. Dr. Bridges (1844-1930) was educated at Eton and Oxford. He studied medicine and held various appointments as Assistant Physician and Physician, till in 1882 he gave up the practice of medicine. In 1913 he was appointed Poet Laureate. Dr. Bridges has written dramas and critical essays, but his poetry overshadows his work as a critic and reformer of English spelling. *On a Dead Child* teaches us the futility of all religious consolation when we are face to face with the reality of grief. Strong as our hopes may be of meeting in heaven the dear beloved who have gone before us, in the presence of death our fancy looks backward instead of turning its gaze on the future. We strive vainly to regain what is irretrievably lost— the graceful look of the child that is dead (as in this poem), its loving, confiding gestures and actions. In fact, one finds it difficult to believe that the warm mansion where the soul dwelt in happiness has become cold and chill. The more one thinks of it, the more baffling it seems, and our hopes of a life hereafter become shadowy and dim. Death affects us with pity at all times, but a child's death moves us to profound pity for we know not what we have lost in the early passing away of one so promising and fair. Dr. Bridges' Poem is an accomplished piece of work. It has unity, proportion, charm of description and diction. It appeals to us most of all by its artistic restraint. Grief is expressed in the poem—the utmost grief—without any tearing of the hair or beating of the breast.

with promise.....fair, with clear indications that it would grow into a strong handsome young man. The indications are the perfect little body without a flaw, without a blot.

The bloom.....on thee, the freshness and beauty of a living child still linger on your face and form—cold and rigid and uncovered as are your limbs.

he must.....stronger, he will have need of all his sincere, passionate belief in religion—that there is a life beyond life, and further that we shall meet in heaven these dear ones whom we have lost on earth. And then, he must be more courageous than ever, for the death of his little son is no ordinary calamity.

last duty, putting the child's body in the coffin.

with a turn . .....of beauty, you surprise my foolish fancy as your head moves accidently into some position which is quaintly beautiful. It seems to me that you had consciously thrown up your head, as though acknowledging my kindness. But this is a mere trick—a deception of the mind, for the child is dead. Hence *fancy* is described as *fond*, foolish, easily deceived. *Fancy* is mind, imagination—which is deceived by appearances. *Fond* is foolish—the earlier sense of the word. The fancy of the speaker is easily deceived because the speaker's love of the child is so great that he cannot bring himself to believe that the child is dead.

yet feels.....it, to my hand it seems as though you had gripped the finger consciously, because you liked to do so and, again, because you depended on me absolutely. Once more it is a deception of the mind. The child's clasp of the finger is so familiar that the speaker cannot bring himself to believe that the hand which clasps his finger now is the hand of a dead child.

disposing, arranging your hands, folding them together on the chest.

so quiet.....this, you seem so utterly tranquil, is it possible that this change from life to death is agreeable to you ? By dying, it seems to me, you have gone to a world which makes up for the loss one sustains in this world. One loses life here, but is born again in the next world. The disaster of losing life in this world is put right—balanced—by the gain of a fresh life in the next world.

The vision.....thee, but I cannot see the other world from this earth where I am still alive. I shed tears over this dead body and only wish to chafe your limbs and bring you back to life.

Ah ! little.....sorrow, our hopes that we may meet the dear ones we have lost on earth in the next world—however strong they are—can help us very little in the agony of our present grief.

or cheer us.....fail us, and these hopes of a life after death cannot possibly hearten us when reluctantly, all alone, we leave this world and face the darkness of death, unable to see the things we have seen, known and heard of in this world.

ON A DEAD CHILD

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and fair!
Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou;—alas! no longer
To visit her heart with wondrous joy; to be
Thy father's pride;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond;
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.

Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds it:
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking and stiff;
Yet feels to my hand as if
'Twas still, thy will, thy pleasure and trust that enfolds it.

So I lay thee here, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
Go, lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little bed!—
Propping thy wise, sad head,
Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee? —Death, whither hath he taken thee?
To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of this?
The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee and awaken thee?

Ah ! little at best can all our hopes avail us
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and have heard of, fail us.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Wordsworth's "Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind," Mary Lamb's *In Memoriam* and Shelley's two poems to William Shelley.
2. *'Cold and stark and bare'*—this is what is called a triad, a group of three adjectives. Such a grouping of three words, phrases, clauses satisfies the human ear. These triads are used by many distinguished writers—such as Carlyle, Newman, Keats. More often, Dr. Bridges employs pairs of words—with the same happy skill. *"Without fault or stain* is an example ; *manhood full and fair* is another. Find other instances of the happy use of pairs of words and one instance of a triad.
3. The child is described as the *treasure* of the mother and the *pride* of the father. Does this imply a difference in the point of view from which the father and mother regard the child ?
4. Dr. Bridges knows like Milton how to place his words in emphatic positions. *Startling* in *'Startling my fancy fond'* is an example. The word is put in the first place in the line and it attracts attention at once. Collect other examples of such skilful placing of words.
5. Observe with what scrupulous care Dr. Bridges selects his words. When the child's head turns accidentally it seems to the singer—a *freak* of beauty. Observe again the propriety and pathos of the words—*heart-breaking* and *stiff* in line 2 of the 4th stanza. Further, Dr. Bridges is a master of the clear-cut, neatly turned, finished phrase. *To a world that rights the disaster of this* is a good example of Dr. Bridges's craft in this respect. Give other examples of the poet's choice diction and 'measured phrase '.
6. Is the absence of similes and other striking figures of speech a drawback of this poem, or does it add to its charm ?
7. Write a letter of consolation to the mother of the dead child.
8. Give three examples of alliteration and one example of internal rhyme.
9. In the four-line stanza which Dr. Bridges employs, the first line rhymes with the fourth. In one instance, however, the first line is left without a rhyme. Where does this occur ?

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

The Plough is taken from "*Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries*"—a volume of poems published by Mr. Gibson in 1917. Mr. Gibson was born at Hexham in Northumberland in 1878. In his early days, he was attracted by the romance of kings and queens, knights and ladies, the dignity of birth and rank. From 1907, however, he has found his romance in the lives of the poor. Shepherds, fishers, miners—these have provided subjects for his poems. With a deep imaginative sympathy he enters into their daily lives, their ideals, aims, sorrows and misfortunes. It is this intimate understanding of the lives of the poor which gives a lasting glory to Mr. Gibson's work. And his sincerity, his depth of feeling, his mastery of a style suited to the themes of his poems—all these have helped to win for him the esteem of the public.

The Plough is an excellent example of a dramatic reverie. The boy whose duty it is to frighten the birds with a rattle falls into a day-dream. This dream is the heart of Mr. Gibson's poem. He describes it with a fullness and suggestive detail which leave nothing that is desired. The boy recalls his class-mates, his teacher, the lime-washed room, the inky stain near the clock which seemed to him like the map of Stevenson's *Treasure Island.* It is this map which sends off the dreamer in quest of adventures. Just at the moment when he is approaching the spot where the treasure lies buried, reality breaks in rudely upon the rainbow-colours of his dream, and he realizes that it is his duty to scare the greedy birds with his rattle. Though the boy in the poem has a romantic imagination, he knows that it is his duty to keep his wits awake and not to let them go wool-gathering. The poem has a fine opening in which the scene where the boy works is vividly sketched. The description of the birds which hover over the field and nearly overwhelm the little guardian of the crop is executed with supreme craft. Mr. Gibson knows how to get his effects by employing words which are picturesque, musical, suggestive. He knows the value of a dramatic surprise which breaks the quiet flow of narrative and gives it zest, piquancy, vigour.

clean and eager smell, fresh and sharp, pungent smell.

crushed, under the steps of the boy as he made a dash for the sallows—low-growing willows.

a spell he stood, he stood for a short time.

a pair of wagtails.....breast, two wagtails trimming—arranging and dressing the feathers of their wings and breasts with their beaks.

flirting tails.....air, moving their tails up and down in the air.

And pied.....sheen, with their black and white feathers smoothed till they shone like silk. The wagtail has white cheeks and forehead and black chin and throat. He gets his name from the habit he has of incessantly wagging his tail.

remembering, his duty—that he was there to frighten away birdsfrom the crop.

rattle whirring, swinging the rattle round his head. The rattle is an instrument which makes a succession of sharp, hard sounds.

Fair Maid's Mead, probably a name given to the meadow with flowers blooming all over it by the poet himself. In such a meadow as this, while she was gathering flowers, *the Fair Maid—Prosperina*—daughter of Demeter—the Earth—was carried off by Pluto—the King of Hades—dark regions below the earth.

plovers.....flight, plovers hanging in the air above him, flying in baffling, intricate circles that cut into each other. The plover is a pretty little bird. It flies a few yards, then stops and then flies again. Further, it gets away from a place, circles over land and sea and returns again to the place from which it took off.

until it made.....white, he looked at them as they circled high up in sunlight, appearing like brilliant masses of dark and white, swinging and swaying, and he felt giddy. He was overwhelmed by the sight.

Till he felt.....slipping, he heard those chattering, cawing sounds till he thought that he would fall into a swoon. He thought he was losing consciousness.

gripped.....tight, he clutched the rattle hard, determined to frighten the birds with its sound. *Corn-crake rattle* is a rattle which produces a sound like the note of a corncrake. The *corncrake* is a bird that is continually saying " crek-crek ".

At work.....play, engaged in learning the various lessons—the work assigned to him by the teacher—all that seemed unreal—a make-believe like the parts of robbers and kings which children play. As compared with the work of scaring away birds—the reality of his present experience—the work at school was a mere pretence. What a fight he had with the birds and how he had put them to flight !

Although.....fool, all the same, he had enjoyed immensely his life at school with its noise and pushing and fighting, and he hadn't been worried at all when his teacher, looking stern and speaking in a rough voice, had addressed him as a blockhead and a fool. *Grim-and-Gruff* is the name given to the teacher by his students, because he was always strict and spoke in a rough voice.

Ginger Jim.. .....caned, Ginger Jim had a freckled face—a face covered all over with yellowish-brown spots, and he seemed serious at all times. It may be that he owed his nickname—Ginger Jim—to these two things. Jim cast a glance at dunderhead closing one of his eyes and then immediately fixed them on the book. He had looked away from his book without being caught, but caught he was, and caned for his inability to control his laughter—at his own triumph.

Steaming, giving out vapour—being warm inside—as the rain-drops fell on it.

The blotchy stain.....reach, there was a patch—a dab of ink near the clock. This splash of ink seemed to his fancy a map of *Dead Man's Rock* which is situated

in Tiger Island Bay. He could see in the map the line of rocks barring the way to the island. Ships sailing into the bay with the object of carrying off the large box which contained the treasure of Captain Cut-Throat-Kit—broke on the rocks and sank. He knew that the large heavy box containing the treasure was buried under the bones of Black Bill which lie under the purple pepper tree. To discover the treasure one has to follow (he was aware) the indications given by cherry-stones which are scattered along the way—smooth as they have been sucked dry. The way lies along mounds of yellow sands leading up from the shore in a zig-zag line. One makes one's way to the spot holding a pistol in each hand and a short sword between one's teeth.

The splash of ink is to the boy's fancy a map of the Treasure Island. Round such a map Stevenson's fancy played when he wrote his famous story of adventure, entitled *The Treasure Island* for his young stepson—Lloyd Osbourne. The boy in our poem has read Stevenson's book. He knew how—alone of all boys in his class—he pictured the splash of ink as a map of the treasure island. Standing in the field, he recalls the splash of ink and his own fancy that it was a map of the Treasure Island. This in its turn suggests the story of the treasure-hunt in Stevenson's book. The boy remembers the various incidents in the story and accompanies in imagination Silver and his companions as they make their way to the spot where the treasure lies buried. The details are slightly altered. *Dead Man's Rock* is the place on the Island where the treasure is buried. Instead of *Treasure Island* we have *Tiger Island.* The treasure-chest belongs to *Cut-Throat-Kit* who stands for Captain Flint who cuts the throats of six of the crew who accompanied him to the spot where the treasure was buried. Black Bill is one of these six sailors. In Stevenson's story the skeleton of a sailor is shown in the map of the island. There is, again, in Stevenson's story a tall tree rising two hundred feet in the air under the shadow of which the treasure is to be found. From the name of the rock, it seems that the boy has also read Q's (Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch) romance, entitled *The Dead Man's Rock.* In Q's story, there is a treasure (a large ruby and other jewels and coins) buried close to a rock which rises high and clear along a terrible coast. It is a gloomy column of rock, says Q, a fragment broken off from a cliff. Perhaps the two stories have got mixed up in the boy's imagination. It may be, again, that there is a third story to which Mr. Gibson is indebted for the details mentioned in the poem. As he thinks of all these details, the boy forgets the field of corn and the birds who are eating up the corn. Suddenly he wakes up.

Plumping, quietly coming down (on the fat ears of the corn).

A man must mind.....wages, one must be alert and watchful and keep one's mind from wandering to far-off Treasure Islands described in story-books, if one wishes to be paid for one's work.

He'd take.....job, he would offer to do the work of a grown-up person.

Turning.....true, turning up with his plough the rich, red earth, shining as it is wet, leaving behind long, clear straight lines of the dug-up soil.

THE PLOUGH

He sniffed the clean and eager smell
Of crushed wild garlic as he thrust
Beneath the sallows; and a spell
He stood there munching a thick crust—
The fresh tang giving keener zest
To bread and cheese—and watched a pair
Of wagtails preening wing and breast,
Then running—flirting tails in air,
And pied plumes sleeked to silky sheen—
Chasing each other in and out
The wet wild garlic's white and green.

And then remembering, with a shout,
And rattle whirring, he ran back
Again into the Fair Maid's Mead
To scare the rascal thieves and black
That flocked from far and near to feed
Upon the sprouting grain. As one
They rose with clapping rustling wings—
Rooks, starlings, pigeons, in the sun
Circling about him in wide rings,
And plovers hovering over him
In mazy interweaving flight—
Until it made his young wits swim
To see them up against the light,
A dazzling dance of black and white
Against the clear blue April sky—
Wings on wings in flashing flight
Swooping low and soaring high,

Swooping, soaring, fluttering, flapping,
Tossing, tumbling, swerving, dipping,
Chattering, cawing, creaking, clapping,
Till he felt his senses slipping,
And gripped his corncrake rattle tight
And flourished it above his head
Till every bird was out of sight ;
And laughed when all had flown and fled,
To think that he, and all alone,
Could put so many thieves to rout.

Then sitting down upon a stone
He wondered if the school were out—
The school where, only yesterday,
He'd sat at work amongst his mates—
At work that now seemed children's play,
With pens and pencils, books and slates ;
Although he'd liked it well enough,
The hum and scuffling of the school,
And hadn't cared when Grim-and-Gruff
Would call him dunderhead and fool.

And he could see them sitting there,
His class-mates, in the lime-washed room,
With fingers inked and towzled hair—
Bill Baxter with red cheeks abloom,
And bright black eyes ; and Ginger Jim
With freckled face and solemn look,
Who'd wink a pale blue eye at him,
Then sit intent upon his book,
While, caught a-giggle, he was caned.

He'd liked that room, he'd liked it all—
The window steaming when it rained :
The sunlight dancing on the wall
Among the glossy charts and maps ;

The blotchy stain beside the clock
That only he of all the chaps
Knew for a chart of Dead Man's Rock
That lies in Tiger Island Bay—
The reef on which the schooners split
And founder, that would bear away
The treasure-chest of Cut-Throat-Kit,
That's buried under Black Bill's bones
Beneath the purple pepper-tree...
A trail of clean-sucked cherry-stones,
Which you must follow carefully,
Across the dunes of yellow sand
Leads winding upward from the beach
Till, with a pistol in each hand,
And cutlass 'twixt your teeth, you reach...

Plumping their fat crops peacefully
Were plovers, pigeons, starlings, rooks,
Feeding on every side while he
Was in the land of storybooks.
He raised his rattle with a shout
And scattered them with yell and crake...
A man must mind what he's about
And keep his silly wits awake,
Not go wool-gathering, if he'd earn
His wages. And soon, no schoolboy now,
He'd take on a man's job, and learn
To build a rick, and drive the plough,
Like father.....
Up against the sky,
Beyond the spinney and the stream,
With easy stride and steady eye
He saw his father drive his team
Turning the red marl gleaming wet

Into long furrows clean and true;
And dreaming there, he longed to set
His young hand to the ploughshare too.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read Mr. Gibson's *Snug in the Easy Chair, The Doctor, Ice-cart and The Brothers.*
2. Do you agree with Grim-and-Gruff that the boy-hero of this poem is a dunderhead and fool? Whether you agree or do not, give reasons for your view
3. Imagine the boy falling into a reverie as he watches his father ploughing the land. He recalls in a dream the cricket-match in which he played for the school and enabled it to win a decisive victory against formidable opponents. Describe his day-dream.
4. Mr. Gibson observes things closely, he describes them accurately; he writes at all times with his eye on the object. The description of the wagtails, preening wing and breast, then running, flirting tails in air with their pied plumes—this is one example of his mastery of description. Find others.
5. "And *p*ied *p*lumes sleeked to *s*ilky *s*heen." There are two alliterative pairs of words here—*p*ied *p*lumes and *s*ilky *s*heen. *Sleeked* adds further to the music of the line. Quote other instances where Mr. Gibson has employed alliterative pairs of words.
6. "The *w*et *w*ild *g*arlic's *w*hite and *g*reen." Apart from the alliteration of *w* and *g* here, Mr. Gibson's love of colour is obvious in *white* and *green.* You will find a better instance of it later in the poem. Look for it.
7. "Pl*u*mp*i*ng the*i*r f*a*t cr*o*ps p*e*acef*u*lly." Observe how Mr. Gibson gets a musical effect here by varying the vowels. On the other hand—"That l*ie*s in T*i*ger *I*sland bay"—is an example of a line where the musical effect is due to the repetition of the same vowel sound. Find other examples of these two kinds of *vowel music.*
8. *Swooping, soaring, fluttering, flapping,*—this is an example of Onomatopoeia—i. e.—the words suggest their sense by their sound. Collect other examples of onomatopoeia in the poem.
9. The poem is called a dramatic reverie, because the boy engaged to frighten away birds falls into a reverie now and again, and is awakened out of it when he sees the birds settling on the crops and eating them up peacefully. What elements of dramatic writing are present in such a situation as this? How does Mr. Gibson turn it to good account?
10. Has this poem an apt and expressive title?

SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the writer of this fine story, is a distinguished professor of English Literature. He is an anthologist, a poet, a novelist, a short story writer and a critic. He was born in Cornwall in 1863 and was educated at Oxford. In 1910 he was knighted, and two years afterwards, he became King Edward VII Professor of English Literature at Cambridge. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is known familiarly as 'Q', and has published a number of books, such as *Troy Town*, *On the Art of Writing* (1916), *Shakespeare's Workmanship* (1917) and many others. The story in the book is taken from a little volume in the *King's Treasuries*, published by Messrs. Dent. It is entitled *Selected Stories* by 'Q'.

The Czarina's Violet is a delightful specimen of the story-teller's accomplished craft. The narrative is clear, the dialogue sparkles throughout, the characters are deftly sketched. Every word is in place, every detail tells. Even when 'Q' is dwelling on an amusing situation—intent on getting all the fun he can out of it—he does not forget that economy of style is the highest distinction of a short story. The little violet which the Czarina discovered is the centre of the story, and 'Q's' humour plays round it like a lambent flame, now shrewd, now ironical, now satirical. The story would have been more effective, if 'Q' had refrained from giving the moral and the end. As it is, 'Q's' anger against militarism and the men who believe in rifles and bayonets has got the better of his artistic instinct. The contrast between the flower which seems so frail, andi ts enemies, the soldiers and engineers, who are apparently so strong, is pointedly—almost harshly—drawn. He makes an elaborate effort—harnesses even his muse–to drive home the moral that a frail flower has in it the secret of immortal life and continues to flourish, when armies and artillery are dead and sunk in oblivion. Let no one regret the doom which overtakes these last. Let us rejoice in the flowers and children that are left.

I. *Textual Notes.*

wished to be at peace, wished to remove all causes of enmity and win the goodwill of the Czar of Russia. The Czar is the Emperor of Russia ; the Czarina is his wife.

It makes the settling .....quarrelling, when they have no enemies on earth, they die happy in the knowledge that they have lived well on earth, at peace with everyone, extending their goodwill to all. They can say to their Maker : "You gave me my life ; I have lived it to good purpose." Thus the account of earthly life is rendered—earthly affairs are *settled up*—concluded satisfactorily. Men say "There died (went) one who knew that people who quarrel with their fellowmen are silly."

Prince Bismarck (1815-1898), the creator of modern Germany. Bismarck was Chancellor of the German Empire—Prussian Premier. He defeated Austrias first and then France, but he wanted to be on friendly terms with Russia.

The Lord Chamberlain was up, the Lord Chamberlain was awake. The Lord Chamberlain is the officer who manages the king's household.

raising his rifle to the present.....motions, raising the rifle five times, holding it up clearly and in the correct position by way of respectfully saluting the honoured guest.

nice points, delicate, difficult matters in regard to which it would not be easy to reach an agreement satisfactory to both parties.

their uniform clashes in colour.....petunias, the colour of the uniform (the dress) of the sentries was not in harmony with the colour of the petunias—flowers of white purple or violet colour.

There is more wealth.....country, people in this country have more money than artistic instinct. They lay out fine gardens and post guards all round the palace, but they have little sense of beauty. They are not careful to give their soldiers a uniform, of which the colour is in harmony with the colour of the flowers.

Oh, confound it, how very troublesome, annoying it is—said in reference to the soldier whom the Chancellor suddenly sees standing erect and watchful in the centre of the grass-plot.

he had never been.....success, he had never neglected, avoided, shirked the difficulties in his way. If he came across a difficulty, something stiff, baffling and mysterious, he set about getting round the difficulty and solving the mystery. People who run away from their difficulties, or shut their eyes and pretend not to see them are ultimately beaten by their difficulties Those who face difficulties courageously and conquer them are masters of their destiny. Hence this readiness to face difficulties is described as the secret of his success—the cause of his success.

accurate as clockwork, exactly, with machine-like precision—after the manner of a clock, showing time and striking hours regularly with its mechanism of springs and wheels.

a Finn who had not learnt Court address, a soldier from Finland who had not yet mastered the etiquette of court—how to speak humbly, deferentially, courteously in the presence of persons nobly born or holding high office in the state. Finland is in the extreme north-west of Europe and formed part of the Russian Empire. The Finn had not been long in military service, for he answers Bismarck bluntly, without employing the formal 'Sir' or 'Your Honour', that he has to obey his officer (sergeant); he knows no more.

the Czar began to wonder.....first class, the Czar could not understand how a man who was unable to fix his attention on the topics that were being discussed had managed to build up such a big name for himself as a statesman of the front rank. He expected Prince Bismarck to be keen and alert. On the other hand, he saw that his mind had wandered away far from the topics that were being discussed. He failed to see how such a dreamy, moony fellow had become famous all over Europe as a practical statesman.

If it be a question...Poland, if the matter we have to discuss is the disposition of my troops in Poland—the way in which I distribute them—assign them their several places in Poland. Poland (a country in Europe) was then under Russian government.

sitting up...jerk, sitting up with a sharp, sudden movement, bringing himself into the sitting posture violently as he realized the blunder he had made.

it has been weighing on my mind, it has been troubling me ; I have felt it as a burden on my mind.

study our guest's comfort, consider carefully what will add to his comfort, make him feel happy and quite at ease.

archery ground, ground set apart for practice of archery, equipped with targets and other things.

suggested the Czar brightly, the Czar thought it was a clever suggestion, that it would solve the puzzle at once.

disposing the sentinels .....deceased, in the arrangements he had in regard to the posting of sentries at various places, he had strictly adhered to the plan prepared by his predecessor in office—a distinguished colonel who had died since. The plan had been sanctioned by the ministers who were in charge of the army in those days. And these latter had consulted the ministers who were in charge of home affairs. *Field Officer* is a colonel. *War Ministry,* ministers who preside over the War-Office.

Ministry of the Interior, ministers who are responsible for home affairs.

A pretty to-do there was.....minister, when the Czar's written message (despatch) reached the Minister for War, it was the cause of considerable excitement and activity at the War-Office. There was a great fuss (pretty to-do) over it ?

the oldest Field-Marshals he could.....notice, the most senior commanders whom he could get together by sending them hurried, hasty invitations.

tumbled over.....baskets, fell over one another in their eager search for the precious paper which would solve the puzzle. They searched for it in compartments

(pigeon-holes), in boxes of official papers (despatch boxes), in dossiers (among documents bearing on single incident, records of a person's past history), in waste-paper-baskets.

the dust.....while, the dust which they raised as they pulled out the old documents and turned them over was awful. It got into their nostrils and made them sneeze all the time they were engaged in the search.

tracing out.....bed-guilt, with his fingers he drew a sketch on the design of the coverlet of the bed indicating the respective positions of the Russian and Turkish armies.

waving his hands.....alphabet, the Minister waved his hands to indicate that the Field Marshal's talk was beside the point. He talked rapidly with the Field Marshal by making signs on his fingers—which is the deaf-and-dumb alphabet.

there were the bearings shown.....plan, the positions occupied by the various guards were shown on the map prepared by the colonel for the posting of the palace guards.

Discipline was.....days, discipline in my days—when I was in charge of the army—was very strict—punishment might continue for years.

That introduces a new factor.....leap years, the circumstance that the soldier is relieved three times a day—his place being taken by another—brings in a fresh element into our calculations. There are four soldiers doing duty on the spot every day. How many soldiers will there be during a year? That is the sum the old Field Marshal is trying to work out. He trips at the first step—Fours into twenty-four goes eight—recover himself and says "no, six". Then he thinks of the leap years (years when February has 29 days). The Minister's patience is worn out by now and he leaves the old Field Marshal to finish the calculation (reckon it out).

a whole corps.....clue, an army of engineers had been examining the grass plot—every inch of it—to discover some circumstance which would lead to the solution of the mystery. But they had discovered nothing.

The Czar was.....treaty, the Czar was so keen on getting to the bottom of this mystery—finding out the solution—that he had forgotten the treaty altogether—and yet that was the chief purpose of Bismarck's visit.

He offered the sum of one thousand roubles.....true solution, the Czar offered a prize of one thousand roubles and he declared that the person explaining the puzzle would not be punished, even if there were something in the explanation which was offensive to himself or his family. A rouble is worth 2s. 1½d., though he value of the coin has varied at different times.

body was almost two-double, her body had been bent twice over—a bow bent twice.

Dear me ! an exclamation, expressing surprise.

a soldier standing guard, a soldier keeping watch.

everyone is wild.....guarding, everyone is intensely excited, wishing to know what it is that the soldier is guarding.

mercy on us, short for, God have mercy on us, another expression of surprise.

what forgetful heads.....days, how very forgetful we are in these days ! We don't remember things well in these days.

dropped a curtsey, saluted the Czar.

held a great contest in archery, held a great competition to decide who—among the ladies—was the best archer. Of course, she who would have the largest number of hits to her credit would be adjudged the best archer.

There is nothing like archery.....wrist, it is when one is shooting arrows at a target that one's pretty arm and wrist are seen at their best—in their most charming aspect. Archery sets them off.

When they had shot.....change ends, when they had all discharged the first volley (series) of arrows at the targets (butts), they rushed forward to see how many of their arrows had hit the target in the centre. Every arrow that found the centre of the target (every hit) was a proof of their skill. They rushed forward, again, to change ends, i. e., to go to the other extreme of the archery ground and shoot another flight of arrows.

omen of luck, sign of good fortune—the first violet of the year in bloom which the Czarina had seen—this was regarded as a hint of coming good fortune.

It was not a comfortable position.....end, the spot which the soldier was ordered to guard made him feel nervous ; as he stood direct in the line of the flying arrows, he was afraid lest one of the arrows should hit him. The Czarina observed him giving a start of pain and fear as one of the arrows flew past him, almost touching him. She stopped the contest at once.

But the guard.....folks, but the soldier continued to do duty at the spot, asking people walking about on the grass plot to keep clear of the flower.

the twenty-second gardener's.....world, the gardener was forty-sixth on the list of royal gardeners when he married the little maid-servant. In five or six years he had been promoted to the twenty-second place. He had been making rapid headway. *had been but*, was only ; *but*, only.

the violet.....it, the first soldier who was placed on duty at the spot where the flower was discovered might have guarded it. Many others who succeeded him in course of time had no notion of their duty ; as they walked to and fro with their heavy boots they trampled on the flower instead of protecting it. Hence as soon as the guard was ordered off the spot, the flower showed itself.

red tape, official routine ; excessive respect for formal, established ways. Because a soldier was ordered to guard a spot once, he or his substitute must do duty there for all time.

Moral : Prince ! .....come ! O King, your armies—cavalry and infantry cannot kill a violet, nor can your engineers pull it up by its roots, nor again can your guns blow it off. The flower challenges you to do your worst. Dismiss, O Prince, all this military pomp—soldiers marching with drums beating and flutes playing—let them pass, let us welcome little children instead. Hard, brutal strength cannot prevail against beauty and innocence. In fact, the princes of the earth would do well to renounce all love of military glory and cultivate a little love for children, their innocence and beauty.

II—*Grammar and Composition.*

1. Change into indirect speech :

" Dear me !" said the old nurse : " there go the heralds' trumpets, down in the city. His Imperial Majesty must be sending out some proclamation or other. I do hope he is not declaring war against anybody."

" Why, haven't you heard ? " said the little maid servant ; " It's about the soldier."

" What soldier?"

" The soldier in the grass plot."

" Why the one where they used to shoot with bows and arrows. There's a soldier almost in the middle of it, standing guard, and everyone is wild to know what he is guarding."

" But everyone ought to know that," said the old nurse.

2. In regard to the Czarina, the old nurse says that she was one of the *skilfullest* of archers. As comparatives and superlatives of adjectives of two syllables are formed by using *more* and *most* before the positive form, superlative of *skilful* should be *most skilful*. However, Mr. Fowler says that *skilful* along with other adjectives ending in—*ful*,—*ing*,—*able*,—*ed*, and—*id* form their superlative in—*est*, while no-one would think of making a comparative in—*er* from them. The general rule is that adjectives of two syllables—particularly those ending in *le* and *y* form their comparative and superlative with the addition of—*er* and—*est*. Bearing

these rules in mind, form the comparative and superlative of the following adjectives : *clear, famous, early, eager, pretty, inefficient, heavy.*

3. 'Up' is used in three different senses in the following sentences :

(i) The Czar had gone to bed. But the Lord Chamberlain was *up.*

(ii) It makes the settling *up* of their worldly affairs so much easier.

(iii) "I beg your pardon," cried Prince Bismarck, sitting *up* with a jerk. Make sentences of your own to show that you understand these various uses of *up.*

4. Fill up the blanks in the following sentences employing words and phrases which 'Q' has used in his *Czarina's Violet.*

(i) M. Briand has made for himself———.

(ii) The practice of buying and selling Negroes continued———.

(iii) It is the duty of a host———.

(iv) When the Round Table Conference was opened by the King himself, I witnessed a sight———.

5. Write a short story of one paragraph, introducing into it *pretty wrist, pretty to-do, pretty marriage portion, show off, warn off, get off.* Begin—"Little Kusum was a pretty child, but she was very vain. She met a tramp on the road."

III—*Appreciation.*

1. (i) "But *early* as Prince Bismarck was, the Czar's Guards were *earlier.*" Observe how point and precision are given to this sentence by repeating *early* in the comparative form. The words *early* and *earlier* are again finely placed—at the beginning and the end of the sentence respectively. It makes the sentence smart and alert.

(ii) Notice, again, how the repetition of *discipline* with an added signification gives point, precision and finish to the Field Marshal's reply " *Discipline* was *discipline* in my days ".

(iii) Observe how the word *ever* is finely placed in the nurse's remark " she had *ever* a soft heart, even for the humblest". Quote expressions similar to these, or form new ones on the same analogy.

2. 'Q' employs irony throughout this story. In *irony* the writer states the opposite of what he means. But his tone and the context in which the words are uttered or written suggest the real meaning of the speaker or the writer. "Let us go and ask him ! " suggested the Czar *brightly.* Here the word *brightly* is used ironically. What is meant is, the suggestion of the Czar was not at all clever or bright. It was a dull, commonplace suggestion. Give three other examples of irony.

3. 'Q' is a master of description. "A pretty to-do there was," he says, "when this message reached the minister." The Minister for War himself sat for two hours in consultation with all the oldest Field Marshals he could summon at short notice : and as for the Secretaries and Clerks of the Department they tumbled over one another as they hunted through pigeon-holes, dived into despatch boxes, dossiers, waste-paper baskets. The dust was terrific ; it kept them sneezing all the while. This description is admirable in the first place, because it is exceedingly *clear.* As the facts and details are employed to make the confusion in the office clear to our mind. Observe, again, how the description is full of *movement*—the clerks *tumbled* over one another; they *hunted* through pigeon-holes. Further, we notice the details; *pigeon-holes, despatch boxes, dossiers, waste-paper baskets*—every one of these details carries conviction because it is *realistic*—true to life. Finally, there is *feeling* in it. The picture of the dust flying about and the sneezing clerks stays in our mind. In the account of the Czarina's discovery of the violet given by the old nurse, we have another passage of masterly description. Analyse the passage, mentioning those qualities of the description which make it so effective.

4. 'Q' portrays very skilfully the character of the old nurse. She is like the old nurse with whom all of us are familiar. What aspects of her character are revealed in the following sentences ?

(i) " Mercy on us, what forgetful heads we do wear in these days ?"

(ii) " My child, that—or a part of it—would make you a very pretty marriage-portion, would it not ? "

(iii) She being one of the skilfullest—such a beautiful arm and wrist she had too.

(iv) And there, no doubt, he has remained since.

5 'Q' begins his story with "Once upon a time;" he ends it with a moral. It is a method of story-telling as old as the world. And yet in a way it is as effective as any other. Argue in favour of this opinion.

THE CZARINA'S VIOLET

ONCE upon a time the German Emperor wished to be at peace with the Czar of Russia. He was at peace already—but he wished to be more so ; because he was old, and old men desire to see peace all around them. It makes the settling up of their worldly affairs so much easier ; and when they die people say: " *There* went one who saw the folly of quarrelling ! "

But unfortunately he was so infirm with age that he could not risk the journey to St. Petersburg. So in his place, with a letter of apology, he sent his Chancellor—who was no other than the famous Prince Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck arrived at St. Petersburg late at night. When he reached the Palace, the Czar had gone to bed. But the Lord Chamberlain was up, and gave him supper, after which he was shown to a magnificent bedroom with a bright fire burning—for Russia is a cold country.

Next morning he awoke to find the sun shining; and being an early riser—to which habit he was wont to attribute much of his success in life—he lost no time in putting on his clothes, to take a walk in the park.

But early as Prince Bismarck was, the Czar's Guards were earlier. At every corner of the great palace, at the point where every two alleys divided, and at intervals along every well-kept avenue, he found a tall soldier planted. As he passed, each soldier saluted, raising his rifle to the "present" in five distinct and accurate motions. And this annoyed Prince Bismarck, because the birds were singing all the time, and the dew sparkling on the grass, and moreover, he wanted to be alone to collect his thoughts; for the Czar would certainly send for him after breakfast, and there were some nice points to be discussed before the Treaty could be agreed on.

"These Guards are a nuisance," said Prince Bismarck to himself. "Moreover their uniform clashes in colour with the petunias. There is more wealth than taste in this country."

He walked on and on, until at length it really seemed that he was free of their attentions. For he came to an avenue of pine trees along which no sentries were visible;

and at the end it opened upon a level stretch of turf, the like of which he had never seen for smoothness or beauty.

"This is better," he began. But "Oh, confound it!" he went on, as his eyes fell on yet another soldier who stood stiffly, almost (but not quite) in the centre of the grass plot.

He was moving on impatiently, when it struck him as curious that a soldier should be posted just there. He wanted to be alone, to compose his opening remarks to the Czar; yet in all his life he had never been able to pass by anything he did not understand—which was another secret of his success. So he went up to the soldier, who presented arms in five distinct motions accurate as clockwork.

"Excuse me, my man," said Prince Bismarck; "but what are you guarding here?"

"How should I know;" said the soldier, who happened to be a Finn, and had not yet learnt Court address.

"But this is curious," said Bismarck, looking about him. "If you were standing guard by the walk, now—or even in the centre of this piece of turf—though I don't see what purpose that would serve—"

"I stand where I am told to stand," answered the soldier, somewhat angry at being criticised by a stranger.

"And who told you to stand here?"

"Why, the sergeant, to be sure."

This was all Prince Bismarck could learn. He walked on. But, as he returned to the palace, there was the soldier still posted, as patient as ever, and guarding nothing at all.

After breakfast he was sent for and held a long conversation with the Czar, who, towards the end of it,

began to wonder how a man so absent-minded had contrived to make himself a European reputation of the first class.

"I am afraid," said the Czar at length, very politely, "I have the misfortune not to make my point clear. If it be a question of how I station my soldiers in Poland—"

"In the middle of grass-plots!" interrupted Prince Bismarck.

The Czar started.

"I—I humbly beg your Imperial Majesty's pardon!" cried Prince Bismarck, recollecting himself and sitting up with a jerk. "The fact is, I saw something this morning which so puzzled me that it has been weighing on my mind ever since."

"Indeed?" said the Czar. "May one ask what this was?—for we desire to study our guest's comfort in everything."

Bismarck told him.

The Czar frowned, for he was considering. "Beyond the pine avenue, you say? That must be the old archery-ground...Why, yes! Now I come to think of it, there *is* a guardsman just in that place. I must have passed him hundreds of times: but it never occurred to me to wonder what he was doing there. Let us go and ask him!" suggested the Czar brightly. "We can let the Treaty wait until this afternoon."

They walked out to the archery-ground together. The guard had been relieved; but there stood a soldier, though a different one, on precisely the same spot; and he saluted precisely as all the others had saluted.

"Why are you standing here?" demanded the Czar.

The soldier trembled a good deal, but confessed that he did not know. The sergeant was sent for, but he knew as little as the soldier. He went in turn to summon his captain, who could only say that every sentinel was posted under the Colonel's directions. This meant sending for the Colonel of the Guard.

The Colonel explained that in disposing the sentinels he rigidly followed a plan drawn up by his predecessor (an eminent Field Officer, since deceased), and approved by the War Ministry of that day, after consultation with the Ministry of the Interior.

"Do you tell me that you have never shifted a single one, in all this time?" asked the Czar.

"May it please you, sire, not one in all these twelve years," answered the Colonel of the Guard with evident pride. He mentioned the length of his service, laying a little stress upon it, because the promotion lists had overlooked his name, and he had almost begun to think his merits forgotten. "Not a single man, sire, by so much as a foot!" said the Colonel of the Guard.

"We will look into this after luncheon," said the Czar somewhat hastily—for he did not wish Prince Bismarck to think his army at any point inefficient. "Meanwhile let a despatch be sent to the Minister for War. I wish to be informed *why* this man is standing on this grass plot."

A pretty to-do there was when this message reached the Ministry! The Minister for War himself sat for two hours in consultation with all the oldest Field Marshals he could summon at short notice: and as for the Secretaries and Clerks of the department, they tumbled over one another as they hunted through pigeon holes, dived into despatch boxes, dossiers, waste-paper baskets. The dust was terrific; it kept them sneezing all the while.

The Senior Field Marshal of the Empire was bed-ridden, besides being very deaf. The Minister had to take a cab and call upon him.

"Yes, yes," said the Senior Field Marshal, misunderstanding. "The Emperor wants to know exactly how I managed to beat the Turks, fifty-five years ago. Well, that is satisfactory, because none of the histories describe it accurately."

As a matter of fact, it was not at all certain that he *had* beaten the Turks. The Turkish histories in particular were quite positive that, on the contrary, he had been beaten. But he began to tell the Minister just how it happened, from the very start, tracing out the position of the two armies on the pattern of the bed-quilt.

"But," protested the Minister, waving his hands and then talking rapidly on his fingers by the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. "The Emperor does not want to know about the Turks. He wants to know why a soldier is on guard in the old archery-ground precisely thirty-seven paces south-west-by-south from the spot where the southernmost target used to stand,"—for these were the bearings shown on the Colonel of the Guard's sentry-plan.

"Oh!" said the Senior Field Marshal, not concealing his disappointment. "Well, my memory is not what it used to be; but I dare say he was put there, to start with, as a punishment."

"But he has been there for years and years and years!" gesticulated the Minister.

"I can quite believe it," said the Senior Field Marshal. "Discipline was discipline in my days."

"And moreover, it is not the same soldier! The guard is relieved every four hours."

"To be sure" said the Senior Field Marshal.

"That introduces a new factor into our calculations. Fours into twenty-four goes eight—no, six...six times three hundred and sixty-five, not counting leap years—"

The Minister left him to reckon it out and drove back to the War Office in deep dejection of spirits. Towards the close of the day he was obliged to present himself at the Palace and admit, with tears in his eyes, that all his investigations had been in vain. No one in the Army could tell, nor was there any record to show, why the soldier stood on the grass plot.

Meanwhile, and all through the afternoon, a whole corps of Engineers had been examining the turf inch by inch, and they could report no clue.

The Czar by this time was so eager to fathom the mystery that he had forgotten all about the Treaty; and so, indeed, had Prince Bismarck. Next day it was the same. The Lord Chamberlain had sent for all the household and examined them one by one, to no effect. The servants, as they passed and repassed in the corridors, would halt and ask one another "But how did the soldier come on the grass plot?"

On the third day the Czar sent round the heralds with a proclamation. He offered the sum of one thousand roubles and a free pardon to anyone who would come forward with the true solution.

In a top attic of the Palace an old woman sat spinning linen for the imperial table-cloths. She was forgotten by everybody save by the little maid-servant whose duty it was to bring her meals, and she had bent over the spinning-wheel, so long that her body was almost two-double. But in her time she had been nurse to a former Czarina—to the present Czar's grandmother in fact.

"Dear me!" said the old Nurse: "There go the heralds' trumpets, down in the city. His Imperial Majesty must be sending out some proclamation or other. I do hope he is not declaring war against anybody?"

"Why, haven't you heard?" said the little maid-servant; "It's about the soldier."

"What soldier?"

"The soldier in the grass plot."

"What grass plot?"

"Why the one where they used to shoot with bows and arrows. There's a soldier almost in the middle of it, standing guard, and everyone is wild to know what he is guarding."

"But everyone *ought* to know that," said the old nurse. "Mercy on us, what forgetful heads we do wear in these days!"

"But *nobody* knows!" cried the little maidservant, staring at her; "And the Czar is offering a thousand roubles to anyone who can tell him!"

"My child" said the Nurse, smiling on her; "that—or a part of it—would make you a very pretty marriage-portion, would it not? Well, you are a good child. Take my arm and lead me downstairs to His Imperial Majesty."

So the little maid servant led her downstairs, and when they came into the Czar's presence the old Nurse dropped a curtsey and said:—

"May it please your Imperial Majesty, I can tell you all about the soldier on the grass plot. Years and years ago when the Czarina, your Majesty's grandmother, was a bride, she held a great contest of archery; for the court ladies were famous archers in those days—she being one

of the skilfullest—such a beautiful arm and wrist as she had, too! There is nothing like archery to show off a pretty arm and wrist.

"Well, there the ladies were assembled, one fine spring afternoon, and when they had shot their first flight of arrows at the butts, they were all hurrying forward to count their hits and change ends. But the Czarina stopped suddenly and called on them all to stop. Then she dropped on her knees and they all gathered about her; for there, almost in the middle of the turf, she had happened on the first violet of the year.

"The Czar, your Imperial Majesty's grandfather, came on the ground as they were all kneeling about her in a ring and admiring it. Many declared it to be an omen of luck, for the Czarina was beginning to hope for a baby—who in time arrived indeed, and in time became your Imperial Majesty's father. The Czar who adored his young wife, at once sent for a Guard and stationed him beside the violet to warn the ladies not to trample upon it as they passed to and from the butts. It was not a very comfortable position for the poor man, there, almost in the line of fire, and the Czarina, seeing him wince once or twice as an arrow passed him by rather too closely, called the contest at an end; she had ever a soft heart, even for the humblest. But the Guard remained to warn off the common folks; and there, no doubt, he has remained ever since."

"But what about the violet?" asked the Czar.

They went and searched. There was not a trace of it. The flower had long since disappeared.

Yet not for ever. The Guard was withdrawn; and in time he in his turn was almost forgotten, and the spot where he had stood. But one day the twenty-second

gardener's five-year-old daughter (he had been but the forty-sixth gardener when he married the little maid-servant—so, you see, they were rising rapidly in the world) came running to her mother with a flower she had discovered while playing on the old archery ground.

"See mother! The first violet of the year!"

So the violet had come to life again when the heavy boots of the sentries were no longer there to trample it. But this part of the tale never reached the Palace, where, however, when they have occasion to talk of red tape, they still use a phrase of which few remember the origin: "*But how shall we get the soldier off the Grass plot?*"

MORAL

Prince! Your armies, and foot,
Cannot kill a violet.
Call your engineers to root it.
Your artillery to shoot it;
See, the flower defies you yet.
Drum, drum, fife and drum—
Pass and let the children come!

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. How will you turn this story into a little one-act play? And if you were giving a representation of the play, which part in the play would you choose for yourself?

2. 'Q' laughs at 'red tape' in this story. Read Dickens's *Little Dorrit* in which Dickens exposes the absurdity of 'Red Tape'.

3. The Chancellor suggests that his success has been due to his habit of early rising, and secondly, to the fact that "All his life he had never been able to pass by anything he did not understand". In what way, do you think, would these two things help a man to success in life?

4. Sketch briefly the character of Prince Bismarck.

5. Compare the Russian Government of Bismarck's day with the present-day Soviet Government.

SHAKESPEARE

A Midsummer Night's Dream was written in 1594-95. Shakespeare introduces fairies in this play, but the dreamland of fairies is not far removed from the place where Bottom and his companions meet to settle the parts they will play in the tragedy of Pyramis and Thisbe. They have selected this tragedy for presentation on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Athens—Theseus—to Hippolyta. In this comic scene, Shakespeare makes fun of the clumsy attempts of these clowns to emulate their betters. Nick Bottom is the hero of the scene. He is constantly blundering in his use of words. He would appropriate all the parts. He would be Pyramis and Thisbe and roar in the lion's part in so lovely a style that the Duke will say "Let him roar again". He is like a big grown-up child. His frequent interruptions are very like those of a child. Bottom is portrayed true to life; he is altogether human, and yet irresistibly ridiculous. His childish passion for acting every part, his wild gesticulations and the verses which he rolls out—"The raging rocks/ And shivering shocks"—must have given no end of delight to an Elizabethan audience. Quince, on the other hand, is self-possessed and a man of decision. The others just fill in the picture. Shakespeare is—it is suspected—glancing at the rude dramatic performances—the plays and pageants presented by the trading companies of his day.

I. *Textual Notes.*

Quince is a carpenter, *Snug* is a joiner—one who makes furniture and other woodwork lighter than the carpenter's, *Bottom* is a weaver, *Flute* is a mender of bellows, *Snout* is a tinker, mending kettles and other pots, *Starveling* is a tailor.

company, Bottom and others who have decided to present a play.

you were best, to you it were best, it would be the best thing for you to do.

generally, he means particularly, severally—one by one, *scrip scroll*, piece of paper, roll of paper.

which is thought, who is considered fit— *which* for *who.*

Interlude, a short dramatic performance between the acts of a play.

treats on, treats of. *grow to a point*, reach the end.

Marry, short form of Virgin Mary.

Pyramis and Thisbe (Pronounce—thiz-bē), Thisbe—a Babylonian maid who loved her neighbour, Pyramis. As the parents of the lovers were opposed to their marriage, they conversed with each other through a hole in the garden wall. Once they agreed to meet each other close to a tomb. Thisbe appeared first and, seeing a lion near the tomb, was so frightened that she dropped her robe behind her when she ran away. The lion tore the robe and stained it with blood.

Pyramis, who arrived soon after, saw the robe and, thinking that Thisbe had been killed, he put an end to his own life. On returning to the place, Thisbe found the dead body of her love and killed herself. They call it a lamentable comedy—a good piece of work and a merry one. They are not clear as to the precise meaning of comedy and tragedy.

spread yourselves, stand apart from each other.

most gallant, most gallantly, bravely.

let the audience.....measure, let the audience look after their eyes, for I will make them shed plenty of tears—as the skies pour down water in a storm, so tears will pour from their eyes as they see me playing my pathetic part. He contradicts himself immediately and says he will mourn to a certain extent (condole in some measure).

chief humour, strongest desire. *Ercles*, Hercules. *To tear a cat in*, make a bombastic speech. Perhaps he is thinking of the heroism of Hercules when he killed the Nemean lion.

to make all split, to fill everyone with extreme admiration, to such an extent that they would appear to burst with admiration.

The raging.....Fates, this is the right style of Hercules, the bombast which a tyrant mouths out. It is all sound and fury. One should not look for any sense in it. *Phibbus' car* is the chariot of Apollo—the sun-god—which he is said to drive through the heavens.

condoling, gentle, soft in speech.

wandering knight, a knight in quest of adventures.

An I may, if I may.

monstrous, extremely, exceedingly. *Thisne*, an endearing, affectionate way of pronouncing Thisbe.

here is a play fitted, every part in the play is provided for—everything is arranged nicely.

fright the ladies.....us, drive the ladies mad with fear, and being unbalanced in mind, owing to fear, they will order our execution.

sucking dove, young dove. A dove is not a mammal. It does not suck.

proper, handsome.

hold or cut the bow-strings, whether the bow-strings cut—snap—or hold, whatever happens.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Act I, Scene II

Athens. Quince's *House.* *Enter*: Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

Quin.—Is all our company here?

Bot.—You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin.—Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot.—First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on, then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin.—Marry, our play is, the most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot.—A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters spread yourselves.

Quin.—Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot.—Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin.—You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot.—What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin.—A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot.—That will ask some tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
  Of prison gates ;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
  The foolish Fates.

This was lofty ! Now name the rest of players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein ; a lover is more condoling.

Quin.—Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu.—What is Thisby ? a wandering knight ?

Quin.—It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu.—Nay, faith, let not me play a woman ; I have a beard coming.

Quin.—That's all one ; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot.—An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, 'Thisne, Thisne'; 'Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear ! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear ! '

Quin.—No, no ; you must play Pyramus : and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot.—Well, proceed.

Quin.—Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout.—Here, Peter Quince.

Quin.—You, Pyramus' father: myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner; you, the lion's part: and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug.—Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin.—You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot.—Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say 'Let him roar again, let him roar again'.

Quin.—An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All—That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot.—I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin.—You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot.—Enough; hold or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read the story of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in *Shakespeare's Stories* by Constance and Mary Maud (Edward Arnold).
2. When Quince has informed everyone that the play is a lamentable comedy, Bottom remarks that it is "a very good piece of work and a merry". On being told, however, that he is to act the part of Pyramus, he asks "What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant? This is convincing proof of his ignorance

Explain how the following speeches add further to our knowledge of his character :

(i) I could play Ercles rarely.

(ii) This was lofty !

(iii) I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

3. In a drama the speeches of characters must be suited to their stations in life, their upbringing and education. A king must not be made to talk like a clown and a clown must not adopt the royal style of speech. Does Shakespeare show in this scene that he is a master of the art of devising appropriate speeches for his characters ? Give reasons.

4. When Bottom says "I'll roar you gently as any sucking dove", we laugh. This is due to the absurdity of the statement. Bottom does not know that a lion flying at the throat of his victim does not roar like a sucking dove and, further, that a dove does not suck. We laugh at Bottom, but he is unconscious of the merriment he causes. Quote two other absurd statements of Bottom.

5. Bottom, Flute, Snout, Starveling, Snug—what is Shakespeare's purpose in giving these names to the artisans who wish to present *Pyramis and Thisbe* ?

6. Bottom is also unconsciously humorous in his confusion of words. Thus when he says, he will *aggravate* his voice so that he will roar gently, he means he will *lower* his voice. This is known as a malapropism. Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *The Rivals* is constantly confusing words. When she says *reprehend* she means *apprehend.* Substitute the right words for the wrong ones in the following sentences :—

(i) "A lion—among ladies—is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living".

(ii) You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit men for the constable of the watch.

(iii) Observe me, Sir Anthony—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning.

KALIDASA

Śakuntala is the greatest play of Kalidasa who flourished perhaps in the first century B. C., or in the sixth century A. D. We have no certain knowledge of this, nor have we any certain knowledge of the events of his life. This is doubtless a matter for regret, but it need not affect materially our enjoyment of his works.

In *Śakuntala* the ring which King Dushyanta gives to the heroine is the pivot of the play. Owing to the curse of Durvasa, whom Śakuntala had unwittingly offended, the king is unable to recall the incident of his marriage to Śakuntala, and the ring which would have stimulated the king's recollection has slipped from the heroine's finger without her being aware of her loss. The result is, Śakuntala is unable to prove her identity when the king talks to her as a perfect stranger. Disowned by the king, she seeks refuge with her mother. After a few years, however, the ring is discovered accidentally and restored to the king. Directly he sees the ring, he recalls the incident of his marriage to Śakuntala, and is seized with remorse for his repudiation of Śakuntala's claim to be his lawful wife.

In the first scene of the sixth act, Kalidasa tells the story of the discovery of the ring by a fisherman. The fisherman says that he found the ring embedded in the stomach of a fish. The constables and the superintendent of police laugh at this explanation. When the ring is shown to the king, however, he orders the release of the fisherman and rewards him handsomely. The conversation between the constables, the superintendent and the fisherman shows what a close observer of humanity was Kalidasa and how profoundly he understood human beings from the king at the top to the fisherman whose very means of livelihood is flung at him as a reproach. The constables who bully and brow-beat the fisherman and gloat over the prospect of killing their victim are not more vividly portrayed than the fisherman with his honesty, his obstinate confidence in the truth of his words, his subtle sense of humour and the genial irony of his speech, when the superintendent and the constables—seeing that fortune had turned in his favour—are eager to make friends with him It is a transcript from reality—a scene taken straight from life. Nowhere does Kalidasa resemble Shakespeare so closely as in a scene like this where he is holding the mirror up to life. Social conditions change, theft is no longer punished with death, kings have lost some of their glory, but human nature has not changed very much since Kalidasa wrote, and, in the constables and the superintendent of police, we recognize the constables and the superintendent of police of our time. It is such work as this which is eternally fresh.

I—*Textual Notes.*

Śachi's sacred pool, named after Śachi, the wife of Indra. As Śakuntala bent low to salute the waters of this holy pool, the ring slipped off and fell into the pool.

Smells so fishy, smells unmistakably, offensively of fish.

We must.....head, the person condemned to death was garlanded before he was taken to the place of execution. These are the honours the policeman refers to.

for all.....control, in spite of his customary self-possession—his habit of never allowing his feelings to appear in his face.

contain, restrain.

ŚAKUNTALA

Act VI, Scene I

A Street

(*Enter the King's brother-in-law as Superintendent of the City Police; and with him two Constables dragging in a poor Fisherman, who has his hands tied behind his back.*)

1st Police—(*Cuffing the Fisherman*) Now, thief, tell us where you found this ring. The King's own signet-ring! See, here is the name engraved on the setting of the splendid jewel.

Fisher—(*With a gesture of fear*) Mercy, your Honour. I did not steal the ring; indeed, I did not.

1st Police—No doubt the King took you for a famous Brahmin, and made you a present of it!

Fisher—Hear me, Sirs. I am a poor fisherman, and I live on the banks of the Ganges, close by Sachi's sacred pool.

Police—You rogue, who asked you where you lived or who your ancestors were?

Sup.—Let him tell his story forthright, Suchaka. Don't interrupt him.

Both—As you please, Sir. Go on, then, fellow, and say what you have to say.

Fisher—I am but a poor man, who supports his family by catching fish with nets, hooks, and such things.

Sup.—(*laughing*) Truly a noble occupation !

Fisher—Don't speak like that, master. A man can't give up the trade he was born to (as the saying is) even though it has a bad name. Even a butcher might have a tender heart.

Sup.—Well, go on with your story.

Fisher—One day I was cutting open a big carp, and in its maw, all sparkling with the jewel, was that ring. Then, just when I was trying to sell it, your honours took me up. That is how I came by the ring. I tell you the simple truth. Now kill me or let me go.

Sup.—(*Smelling the ring*) It's a queer story Januka, but there is no doubt of the fellow's trade ; he smells so fishy ; and so does the ring. We must go further into this matter. We must take it to the King.

2nd Police—Very good, Sir. (*To the Fisherman*) Rascal move on.

Sup.—Now, Suchaka, take good care your prisoner does not escape, while I go and lay the whole story of the finding of this ring before the King himself. I will soon return.

2nd Police—Go, Sir, by all means ; and may the King be gracious to you.

(*Exit Superintendent*)

1st Police—Suchaka, the Chief is a long time about his business.

2nd Police—Aye, kings are not to be seen at any hour of the day.

1st Police—My fingers itch to strike the first blow at this royal victim here. We must kill him with all due honours. I long to begin binding the flowers round his head.

(*Pretends to strike a blow at the Fisherman*)

Fisher—Your honour will surely not put an innocent man to a cruel death.

2nd Police—There's our Chief coming at last. See! He has a paper in his hand. We shall soon know what the King has ordered; so prepare, my fine fellow, either to become food for the vultures, or to make the acquaintance of some hungry jackal.

Sup.—(*Entering*) Suchaka! Set the Fisherman free. His story about the ring is all true.

1st Police—As you please, Sir. There's a dead man revived for you. (*He releases the Fisherman*)

Fisher—(*Bowing low to the Superintendent*) What think you of my trade now, Master?

Sup.—Here is a purse, my good man; the King desired me to present it to you. It contains the full value of the ring.

(*Gives him the money*)

Fisher—(*Taking it and bowing*) His Majesty does me too great honour.

1st Police—Indeed he does. It's as if he had snatched you from the gallows to seat you on his royal elephant.

2nd Police—Master, the King must set great value on that ring, or he would not have sent such a present to a fellow like this.

Sup.—I don't think he prizes it for its costly jewel so much as because it reminds him of some one he loves. The moment it was shown to him, for all his habit of control, he could not contain his emotion.

1st Police—Then you have done him a great service.

2nd Police—All to benefit this husband of a fishwife.

(Looks enviously at the Fisherman)

Fisher—Here's half the money for you, gentlemen. It will serve to buy the flowers you spoke of.

Sup.—My good fisherman, you are an excellent fellow, and I have quite a liking for you. Let us seal our new friendship over a glass of good wine. Let's to the next wineshop.

All—With all my heart.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read *Śakuntala*—the story of the play in prose—by H. C. (Longmans Green & Co.)
2. What do you gather of the method of administering justice in those early days? How does it compare with our modern method of dealing with criminals?
3. Does the fisherman state in his own way the modern doctrine of the sacredness of all work? Write a short dialogue between a so-called untouchable—a cobbler—and an orthodox Brahmin—on the sacredness of all human work (All labour is divine).
4. Why does the constable say that "Kings are not to be seen at any hour of the day"? Describe a day in a King's life.
5. "Truly a noble occupation!" remarks the Superintendent. This is an example of *irony*—a figure of speech in which the opposite of what is said is intended. The superintendent regards it as a mean, ignoble occupation. How many times is irony employed in this scene, and in which speech is it most effectively employed?
6. Quote expressions similar to the following:—
   (i) Prepare, my fine fellow, to become food for the vultures.
   (ii) There's a dead man revived for you.
   (iii) He has snatched you from the gallows to seat you on an elephant.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Kenilworth, from which the extract in the text is taken, is a historical novel. It describes the gay, glorious days of Queen Elizabeth and the courtiers and favourites who hovered round her, basking one moment in the sunshine of her favour, but cowering in fear of death the next. The Earl of Leicester was among the Queen's principal favourites, and the Earl of Sussex came just a little way behind him. Kenilworth is the name of a castle which was owned by the Earl of Leicester. Scott describes in the novel the magnificence and splendour of the occasion when the Earl of Leicester entertained his Royal Mistress at his castle.

Sir Walter Scott who wrote *Kenilworth* was born in 1771. Though Scott received the ordinary school and collegiate education, he followed his natural bent, read old ballads, listened to old tales, hunted up and devoured old MSS. He is famous as a poet and a novelist, and, in his entire freedom from petty jealousy, he has had few equals. He is the most lovable of English authors. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published in 1805, it was followed by *Marmion* (1808) and *The Lady of the Lake* (1810). These poems had made Scott famous when he turned to the writing of novels. *Waverley*, his first novel, was published, anonymously in 1814. Others followed in quick succession—*Ivanhoe*, 1819, *Abbot* 1820, *Kenilworth*, 1821. Towards the close of his life, Scott was overwhelmed by misfortune. He had to pay off an enormous debt. He strained every nerve, wrote night and day to acquire the money necessary to meet liabilities amounting to £130,000. His health broke down under the strain and he died in 1832.

The passage selected for study occurs in the 15th chapter of *Kenilworth*. Raleigh, a young follower of the Earl of Sussex, had refused to admit Dr. Masters who had been sent by the Queen to attend on the Earl of Sussex as he was suffering from a serious illness and his life was in danger. The Earl was asleep when Dr. Masters arrived, and Raleigh had simply carried out the orders of the physician in attendance who had said that it would be fatal to awaken the Earl from his sleep. When the Earl awoke, however, he knew that the refusal to admit Dr. Masters would be regarded as a grave affront by the Queen. Raleigh and Blount were sent to make suitable apologies to the Queen. But the young man who was sent out as a victim attracted the attention of the Queen by his handsome presence, his resource and ability. He who went out as a victim returned as a conqueror. The scene in which Scott describes Raleigh's adventure is one of the best in the novel. Raleigh's ambition, his self-confidence, above all, the gaiety of his disposition, the romantic, poetic element in his character—all these are portrayed with an ease and skill which show Scott at his best. Nor is the portraiture of the Queen less delightful. Whatever she does, Queen Elizabeth never loses her dignity. Blount

helps to set off Raleigh. He is all that Raleigh is not, being rough in speech and manners and, though brave enough on the field, he has no ambition to shine at court.

I.—*Textual Notes.*

The Earl of Sussex, a nobleman who had been most serviceable to the Queen, says Scott. He enjoyed the Queen's favour, but not to the extent that Leicester did. Raleigh is *the zealous young follower* who refused to admit Dr. Masters. Dr. Masters was the Queen's Physician, and yet he was turned off at the gate. This was the *repulse*, check, affront, rebuff he had received.

Master of the horse, an official in the household of the Earl of Sussex, head of the cavalry, so to speak.

Palace of Greenwich, (Pronounce, grĭ -nĭj), a favourite residence of royalty. Queen Elizabeth was born in Greenwich Palace. Greenwich is on the Thames, a town in Kent, 5 miles south-east of St. Paul's, London. Now a district of Greater London.

cartel, written challenge to duel.

done his errand indifferently well, almost equivalent to—should have done the work satisfactorily, roughly speaking. He is a plain, blunt soldier and well qualified to deliver a letter of defiance.

all words.....brain, all words addressed to the Queen must be polished, exceedingly polite, or they must be coaxing and sweet—words of flattery. This was like making a confection; he knew he had not the skill (the wit and wisdom necessary) for making such confections.

neat brain.....flashy fireworks, (your) nimble, active brain which inspires in you such fine hopes of glory and greatness.

braveries, rich, gorgeous clothes.

here is a coil.....cloak, here is great excitement about a trifle— a *doublet* (a close-fitting garment worn by men) and a cloak—a lot of noise about nothing—much ado about nothing.

princely bosom, magnificent stream, ample, spacious surface of the stream. During the reign of Elizabeth; and long after, the Thames was used as a great highway running through London from west to east.

caitiffs, low, worthless persons. *dog's wages*, stern reproach, for he knows that the Queen will be angry with him for making a fool of himself in delivering the earl's message.

halberd, combined spear and battle-axe.

sergeant porters, sergeants who were gate-keepers.

it was.....commands, disregard of the orders even in the least little matter would result in his dismissal.

tittle, trifling point.

face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes.....them, meet boldly ten rough, uncivilized Irish soldiers and fight courageously with them, so far as your own part in the fight was concerned. *shag-headed kernes*, Irish so'diers with rough, unkempt hair.

Gentlemen Pensioners, a bodyguard of gentlemen.

a striking and commanding physiognomy, impressive, dignified face—features of the face.

Lord Hunsdon, son of Anne Boleyn's sister.

so as to ensure .....dry-shod, so as to make certain of the Queen's walking across the spot without spoiling her boots.

coxcomb, vain, feather-headed young man.

drap-de-bure, dark, coarse woollen cloth—the cloak which was proof against all stains and spots.

cavalier, the young man who seemed a courtier, a gentleman, a soldier.

an augury of no small consequence, an important indication of future good fortune.

brought aft.....presence, brought to the back part of the boat.

measure out your bounties, judge the gift, declare if it is appropriate or inappropriate, adequate or inadequate.

unchristian excess.....abridged, indulgence in sensual pleasure will be checked as it is against the teaching of Christian religion.

II.—*Grammar and Composition.*

1. Change into direct speech :

   He commanded Blount instantly to take boat and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

2. Analyse the following sentence :

   So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at the moment, have been thought respectful to approach.

3. Break up the following into simple sentences :

   After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself,

then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy.

4. What is the force of *shall* and *shalt* in the following sentences ?

(i) He *shall* have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou *shalt* have a suit and that of the newest cut.

(ii) Why does the Queen say 'in *our* service' ?

III—*Appreciation :*

1. Substitute modern words and expressions which would be as effective in the context as Scott's words and expressions :

(1) Here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak !
(2) To guide three such poor caitiffs as thyself and me and Tracy.
(3) I expect but dog's wages for my trouble.
(4) It must be some perilous cause, puts her Grace in motion thus untimeously.

2. Avoid repeating *instantly* in the following sentence by replacing *instantly* by some other word.

He smiled, but instantly recollecting himself, commanded Blount instantly to take boat.

3. Write a short paragraph, describing Raleigh's person, using among others, the words and phrases given below :

princely, striking, rich attire, noble countenance, well-proportioned, graceful agility.

4. "To give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction." What figure of speech is this ? Express the idea in three or four sentences so as to bring out the Queen's meaning clearly.

RALEIGH AND QUEEN ELIZABETH

When the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount,

his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

"A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs, "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious Sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionary matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain. —Come with me, Tracy, and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that are the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices."

"Never fear, never fear," exclaimed the youth, "it is I will help you through—let me but fetch my cloak."

"Why thou hast it on thy shoulders," said Blount, "the lad is mazed."

"No, no, this is Tracy's old mantle," answered Walter; "I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should."

"Why," said Blount, "thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter."

"I know that," said the youth; "but I am resolved I will have my own cloak, ay, and brush my doublet to boot, ere I stir forth with you."

"Well, well," said Blount, "here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak—get thyself ready, a God's name!"

They were seen launched upon the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour.

"There are two things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount,—"the sun in heaven, and Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb-tide."

"And this is all thou think'st—all thou carest—all thou deem'st the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs, as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go; and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble—and by my honour," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace-gate to the river side and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion thus untimeously. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at the moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentleman used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign

was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served however, to display to the best advantage his well proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the

gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drap-de-bure, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession.

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

The young cavalier was guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect, a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood-tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household.

At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore-part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The muddied cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege-man's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose——"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy

parents may be——It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her, that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. What is your opinion of the Queen—so far as you can judge from this scene? Do you agree with Scott's description of her as "at once a high-minded sovereign and a female of passionate feelings"?
2. Compare Raleigh's view of the sun and the Thames with Blount's to show the difference between a poetic mind alive to the beauty of the earth and another which is dull and prosaic.
3. Set out all the evidence you can collect from this scene to prove that Scott has portrayed the times of Elizabeth with great minuteness and care.
4. Read Kenilworth through, marking the various steps by which Raleigh rises in the Queen's favour and write a short sketch of his career.
5. Write a short essay on "The Perils and Joys of Ambition".
6. Read Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Talisman*, Thackeray's *Henry Esmond* and George Eliot's *Romola*. Compare Scott with some eminent novelist in the vernacular—Mr. Hari Narayan Apte, for example—who has recreated the historic past of your country.

H. L. HAVELL

Alcestis is a story from a Greek tragedy of that name written by Euripides. Euripides lived long ago, before the birth of Christ, and out of nearly one hundred dramas which he wrote, only ninteen have come down to us. Euripides was a friend of Socrates and in the dramas which he wrote, he loved to represent men and women as we see them moving about us. *Alcestis* was written when Euripides was 42 years old. Admetus and Alcestis, the two principal characters in this Play, are exactly like the men and women we know. Euripides was born in B. C. 480 and he died in 406 B. C. The story in the original Greek Play has been rendered into English by Mr. H. L. Havell who is a Reader in English in the University of Halle. He has written other books, such as *Stories from Greek History, Stories from the Odyssey, Stories from the Iliad.*

The story of Alcestis appeals to us by its pathos. The young wife sacrificing her life to save and prolong the life of her husband gives half its beauty to this story. The sacrifice is all the more touching, because she loves dearly the world which she is about to leave, her husband and her children, her children even more than her husband. The other element in the story which attracts us is the heroism of Hercules who fights with Death and brings back the dead Alcestis. We may not like Hercules when he is 'gorging and swilling', but we cannot help admiring him when he knows that Alcestis is dead and says to himself, "Now up my soul! We must go wrestle a round with Death and bring back the brave lady to the arms of her lord". If the hospitality of Admetus is noble, the return which Hercules makes to him is nobler still.

The story, then, is tender and pathetic. Alcestis, the heroine, is lovable and though we hate Admetus and his father for their intense selfishness, we must remember that all of us are just as bad. In nothing else is Admetus so human as in his desire to live longer and to have his wife at the same time. The large majority of human beings like to have it both ways. We would eat our cake and have it. Mr. Havell tells the story admirably. He gets as much of the beauty of the original into the translation as he can. The style in which he writes is suited to the lofty, dignified subject of the drama.

1.—*Textual Notes.*

Aesculapius (Pronounce—eskūlāpius), god of medicine, son of Apollo.

Apollo, son of Zeus, the Greek god of light. He is also the god of music and song, the god of prophecy and the god who punishes.

Cyclopes (Pronounce—siklopez), giants with circular eyes. Everyone of these giants had only one eye in the centre of the forehead. They furnished Zeus with his thunderbolts and lightnings.

Zeus (Pronounce—zyoos), the father of gods and men, the most powerful of gods. He is the supreme ruler of heaven.

Pherae (Pronounce—fĕrē), a city in Thessaly.

Thessaly, a large division of Greece in the north-east. Its cities, mountains and villages were famous in Greek legend.

I go to cut the lock .....tomb, this refers to the practice of cutting a few hairs from the forehead of a victim. Here the victim is Alcestis, so—Death says—he will cut the lock from her forehead and consecrate her—set her apart as a sacred victim—one claimed by Death.

no lustral water, vessels filled with water were placed close to the dead body. People who entered the house sprinkled themselves with this water. Such was the Greek custom. Hence *lustral water* is water used for ceremonial purification.

The guardian spirit of the house, the goddess of the hearth; the hearth being regarded as the centre of domestic life. Hestia was the goddess of domestic life and dwelt in the inner part of every house.

the fever of her mysterious sickness.....together, as she approaches death, she gets delirious as a result of the mysterious fever which attacks her. She sees the events and scenes of her present, past and future life passing before her fitfully. Further, the various scenes and events are all mixed up. The sickness is *mysterious*, because she is not dying a natural death.

Iolcus (Pronounce—ĭĕlcus), a city in Thessaly. Alcestis spent her childhood there, because she was the daughter of Pelias who ruled over Iolcus.

Charon (Pronounce—karon), the boatman who conveyed in his boat the souls of the dead across the rivers of the lower world.

the winged minister of death, the Angel of Death flying on wings and dealing death to mortals—cf. Byron—"For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed"—*Destruction of Sennacherib*.

Oh, dark, dark, dark, suggested by Milton's 'O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon' (*Samson Agonistes*),

his whole life..... .....memory, during the remaining years of his life, he will weep over the loss of his wife every day. It will be *one long regret*—sorrow stretching unbroken over the remaining years of his life. *a sacrifice*, sorrow is like a sacrifice offered to the memory of his wife, just as other sacrifices are offered to the gods.

Dear departed saint, suggested by Milton's reference to his wife in the famous sonnet "Methought I saw my late espoused saint".

Orpheus (Pronounce—ŏr'fŭs), son of Apollo who presented him with a lyre. The Muses instructed him in the use of this lyre and to such excellent purpose, that wild beasts, trees, and rocks were enchanted with the sound of his golden harp. On the death of his wife, he descended into the lower world and played on his harp so sweetly that the tormented spirits forgot their pain for a while. And Dis—the god of the lower world—allowed his wife to accompany him to the earth.

stern gaoler, Dis (Pluto), the pitiless ruler of the lower region who will never allow a departed spirit to return to earth.

shadowy shore, dark region, for the sun does not shine in the lower world.

Thrace, the whole of the region north of Greece.

Hercules (Pronounce—hĕr'kūlēz), the son of Zeus, the greatest hero of Greek legend. Hercules was promised immortality on condition that he would serve Eurystheus for twelve years. Eurystheus (Pronounce—euristhyoos) imposed upon him various tasks.

Diomede (Pronounce—dĭŏmēde), a king of Thrace who owned the four mares who fed on human flesh. Hercules killed Diomede and cast his dead body before the mares.

Pheres, father of Admetus. He founded the city of Pherae.

no three to six.....the pure blood of Bacchus, as a rule, water was mixed with wine in the proportion of six to three. Hercules doesn't want such diluted wine. He asks for the pure blood of Bacchus, strong, undiluted wine, red like blood. Wine is described as the pure blood of Bacchus, because Bacchus is the god of wine.

Larissa (Pronounce—lä-rēs-ä), twenty-five miles from Pherae.

Maid, Proserpine, whom Dis (Pluto) carried off while she was gathering flowers in the fields of Enna.

some mocking vision.....woe, this is some deceitful, false vision of my wife which the gods have sent to inspire hope in me and defeat the hope, thus filling the cup of my misery to the brim—making me completely miserable.

II.—*Grammar and Composition.*

(a) Change the following from direct to indirect speech:

"If I deceived thee," answers Admetus, "I did it in kindness, and to save my house from reproach. But for this maiden, I beseech thee to find a home for her in some other friend's house. How can I receive guests at this time of mourning? And how can she dwell here in honour, now that my wife is dead?"

(b) (1) Express negatively the thought in the following sentence: "I have thrown away everything—my honour, my manhood, my good name."

(2) Transform the sentence given below into a series of questions: "Uninvited hast thou come to this funeral—unsummoned and unwelcome."

(3) Change the following exclamations into simple assertions:

(i) Would that I had never married!

(ii) What a change from that merry troop of wedding guests to this throng of mourning faces!

III.—*Appreciation:*

(i) There is a ring of finality in a word which is repeated thrice. It is alike satisfying to the writer, and the reader. *Oh dark, dark, dark,* is an example. Give another instance of the same device from the story of Alcestis.

(ii) *Red with weeping* is a picturesque phrase. *Lofty portal of the palace* suggests by its sound the strength and solidity of the gates. There is alliteration in it—the same letters are repeated—***l, t, p.*** Collect other examples of words and phrases which seem to paint for the eye or suggest there sense by their sound.

(iii) *The house is silent as the grave* is a simile. It expresses the likeness fully. "*All my life is an intense upward striving on a rugged road.*" This is a metaphor which is defined as a condensed simile. Make a list of the similes and metaphors in *Alcestis.*

(iv) "All men must die some day" is an example of a short, pithy saying. Give four examples of such pithy sayings.

ALCESTIS

ÆSCULAPIUS was a famous physician, endowed with more than mortal skill by his father Apollo. But he was tempted by gold to transgress the lawful bounds of his art, and bring back the dead to life; and Zeus in anger smote him with his thunderbolt, and slew him. Apollo was sore

grieved at the loss of his son, and in revenge he killed the Cyclopes, who forged the thunderbolts for Zeus; and as a punishment he was condemned to serve for a whole year as a herdsman to Admetus, King of Pherae, in Thessaly. The divine herdsman was treated with all due reverence and courtesy by his mortal master who at the end of the year was rewarded by a peculiar privilege. Being on the point of death he was granted exemption from his doom, and a double period of years, on condition that he could find another to die for him. Among all his friends and relations one only was found who was willing to make the sacrifice for him. This was Alcestis, his wife.

I

The hour is come, and Apollo is about to leave the house where he has worked out his penance under the gentle prince; for the pale shadow of death is stealing over that once happy home, and the young god of light and joy flies from the approach of disease and decay. As he crosses the threshold a pale, spectral figure stands in the way, holding in his hand a drawn sword. A chill, damp air, as from a tomb, invades the warm glow of noon: and the very sun grows dim in that awful presence. "Who art thou?" demands Apollo, stepping back a pace. "My name is Death," answers the spectre in a hollow voice; "I have come to take my own. But what doest thou here, and why art thou armed with that silver bow? Hast thou come to cheat me again of my due?" "Fear nothing," answers Apollo; "I would win thee by persuasion, not by force." "Win me to what?" asks the grisly power. "To give up my prey? Nevermore!" "No; but to take the old and spare the young," replies Apollo. "That may not be," says the shade; "Alcestis is mine, and I am come to take her. Moreover," he adds, with a ghastly smile, "I love to take

the young in their beauty and their bloom." "Abhorrèd monster!" cries Apollo, with a look of loathing, "thou shalt yet be foiled. There is one who shall snatch from thee thy prize, and wring from thee by force the favour which thou refusest to my prayer." "Rail as thou wilt," replies Death; "thou shalt not save the woman from her fate. I go to cut the lock from her forehead, and consecrate her for the tomb." "Go, then," says Apollo; "I will not dispute with thee further, for I know that thy errand shall be in vain." With this last warning he departed; and the King of Terrors glides with noiseless step into the house.

II

Over all the palace of Admetus a death-like stillness dwells, broken only by the anxious whispers of a little group of persons standing before the doors. They are citizens of Pherae, and friends of Admetus, who have come to inquire about the health of the beloved lady, Alcestis. "I fear we come too late," says one, a venerable elder who had nursed the princess on his knees when she was a little child. "The house is silent as the grave; she must have passed away already." "Nay, father, that cannot be," says a bearded warrior in the prime of life, the son of him who spoke first; "if she were dead, we should have heard the voice of mourning; and see," he adds, pointing to the vacant threshold, "no lustral water for the hands, no lock of hair before the doors, as is the custom in a house where death has been." "Yet this is the day," observes another, who boasts some skill as a prophet, "when it was appointed for her to die." A murmur of sorrow and sympathy goes round the little group, with broken cries of "Dear Lady!" "Kind friend!" "Devoted wife!"

At this moment the door opens, and a young girl, one of the handmaidens of Alcestis, is seen descending the broad

marble steps. "No; she is not dead yet," she says in answer to the eager inquiries of the visitors, who now perceive that her eyes are red with weeping; "but she is sinking fast." Then she describes the behaviour of Alcestis when she felt that the hand of death was upon her. "Having made her toilet with more than usual care she arrayed herself in her best attire, and, standing before the family altar, put up this solemn prayer to the guardian spirit of the house; 'Lady, my hour is come, and with my last breath I entreat thee to watch over my orphan children. Let them not die untimely like their mother, but reach the full measure of their days, crowned with every blessing that life can give.' After that she went from room to room, decking the altar of every household deity with sprays of myrtle. Not a tear, not a sigh, escaped from her till she came to the chamber where she had slept through all her wedded life. Then she flung herself on the bed, and drenched the pillow with a shower of tears. 'Farewell, my happy home!' she cried: 'farewell, husband of my youth! I have given my life for thee; and thou wilt find another to love thee, not more faithful but happier, I trust, than me.' She kissed the pillow, with a fresh burst of weeping, and rose to depart; but twice and thrice she turned upon the threshold, and threw herself again on the bed. As she did this for the third time she felt the soft pressure of little arms round her neck and the glow of warm kisses on her cheek, and, looking up, she found her little son and daughter clinging to her, speechless with grief. She clasped them to her heart with murmured words of comfort, and led them to the room where the whole household was assembled to take their last adieu of their gentle mistress. For everyone she had a word of kindness and a warm clasp of the hand."

"But see," says the maiden, breaking off in her narrative,

and pointing to the open doorway, "here she comes, leaning on her husband's arm, to take her last look at the sky."

Half led, half supported, by her husband, Alcestis appears at the lofty portal of the palace. Her failing eyes are dazzled by the sunshine, and the fever of her mysterious sickness brings broken visions before her dying sense, in which present, past, and future are mingled together. "Sunshine and whirling clouds," she murmurs, with wandering gaze turned towards the sky; "Iolcus, dear home of my happy girlhood! that little chamber....." Here she breaks off, and murmurs inaudibly. Then in louder tones: "See, see; 'tis Charon in his two-oared skiff! I hear him call: *Make haste!* *Why lingerest thou?* *I cannot wait.* He is angry—he calls again." Another vision succeeds, and now she cries, in accents of terror: "He comes! he comes!—the winged minister of death; he glares at me with baleful eyes, dreadful shape! Unhand me; I will not go." And she struggles in that invisible grasp. "Oh, dark, dark, dark!" she falters again after a long pause! "the sun has gone out—my day is done." And she sinks back in a swoon. She is borne to a couch, where she lies for some time insensible, and her maidens minister to her.

During the preceding scene the visitors from Pheræ have been admitted, and to them Admetus pours out his sorrow and remorse. He is coward enough to let his wife die for him, though he loves her, next to himself, better than all the world. While he is busy cursing his fate, and calling on gods and men to witness how hardly he is dealt with, Alcestis shows signs of returning consciousness; and all ears are now alert to catch her next words.

"Draw near; my husband," she says; and her voice is now firm, though very weak and low. "Listen to my last words. I have given my life for thee because I loved thee

better than life – I, who am still in the bloom of my youth and might have lived many happy years, if I could have been false to thee. Thy father and thy mother failed thee in thy sore need, though they were already on the verge of the grave ; they had but little to lose, and I, who have so much, have given what they refused. Therefore I charge thee, be true to my memory and remember thy duty to these motherless children. Let no other woman drive my image from thy heart, and trust not these helpless babes to a stepmother's unloving hands."

Admetus replies with fervent protestations of fidelity ; no beauty, no wealth, no rank, will ever, he avers, have power to shake his constancy to her who has given her life for him. His whole life shall be one long regret—a sacrifice of sorrow to one dear memory. From the hour when she breathes her last he will never put off the sable weeds of woe, never suffer a sound of joy or mirth to be heard in his house. Skilled artists shall make an image of her, just as she was in life, and he will lay it on a couch, and worship that cold counterfeit with kisses and soft words of love, for the sake of his dear departed saint So shall his days be passed, every thought consecrated to one cherished name ; and every night all his dreams shall be of her. "Oh that I had the harp and the tongue of Orpheus," he cries, "that I might follow thee to the home of the dead, and charm the stern gaoler with my song to give thee back to life ! But since that cannot be, I will keep warm my love for thee here ; and when this long penance is past, I will join thee on the shadowy shore, and there we will dwell together, never to be parted again."

"You hear him, children ?" says Alcestis to the little ones, who stand sobbing by her side. "You are witnesses to his promise that he will never wed again." "Never, never," repeats Admetus, "I swear it." "Then take them

to thy heart," says Alcestis, "and remember that thou art now to be father and mother to them."

She is now sinking fast, and her eyes are growing dim and heavy. Perceiving this, Admetus loses all self-control; he clasps her convulsively in his arms, crying: "I cannot live without thee; thou shalt not die. Look at me—speak to me." But it is too late; he cannot save her now, even at the cost of his own life. With one gentle sigh, and one look of unutterable tenderness, that faithful spirit has passed away.

For a long time Admetus stands dumb and motionless in his sorrow, and nothing is heard but the sobs of the children and the whispered words of those who are gathered round the chief mourners. Then the couch with its sad burden is carried to an inner apartment, to await the hour of burial. And Admetus dismisses his friends from the city, after making proclamation of a general mourning to be observed by all the citizens of Pheræ for the space of a month.

III

While the whole house is busy preparing for the funeral, which is to surpass in magnificence any that has yet been held in the land, a solitary wayfarer is seen ascending the steep road which leads to the palace of Admetus. He is a man of gigantic stature, with limbs cast in a grand heroic mould; his vast frame is wrapped in a lion's hide; and in his hand he bears a mighty club. Pausing before the entrance he inquires of those who are loitering near if Admetus is at home. "He is in the house," replies a servant who was just come out to give some directions about the funeral. "Who art thou, friend, and what seekest thou of our King?" "I am Hercules," replies the stranger; and at the sound of that magic name every voice is hushed,

every eye is fixed intently on the speaker. "I am on my way to Thrace, to fetch the horses of Diomede for my cousin Eurystheus." "'Tis no easy task which thou hast taken in hand," remarks one of the bystanders. "I was not born for easy tasks," says Hercules; "all my life is an intense upward striving on a rugged road. But what makes this particular labour so hard?" "Knowest thou not, then," answers the man in surprise, "the nature of these savage beasts? Their mangers are always wet with recent blood, for they feed on human flesh." "Well, I will find a bridle for them," rejoins the hero, smiling grimly. "But methinks I see thy master coming hither"

As he speaks Admetus appears on the scene. His hair is cropped close, in sign of mourning, and he is dressed all in black. "Hail! noble scion of a race divine," he says, recognising Hercules at once. "And hail to thee, noble King of Thessaly!" returns Hercules. "But I see thou art in mourning. May I ask the cause?" Admetus fences with the question. He will not tell his guest that Alcestis is dead, lest this should be construed into a plea for refusing hospitality to a visitor. So he replies evasively that a woman of his household has died. Hercules at once declares his intention of proceeding to another house; but Admetus presses him warmly to stay, and after some friendly dispute Hercules consents, and is conducted to the guest-chamber in a remote part of the palace, where the sound of lamentation cannot reach his ears. Here he is feasted sumptuously, while Admetus retires to make the last preparations for the burial of his wife.

All is now ready and the sorrowful procession is about to start from the house, when Pheres, the father of Admetus, joins the company of mourners, with attendants bearing rich offerings to the dead. Greeting Admetus, he condoles with him for the loss, pronounces a high eulogy on that peerless

wife, and proffers his gifts. But Admetus repulses him with scorn and anger. "Uninvited," he says, "hast thou come to the funeral—unsummoned and unwelcome. Go, take thy gifts elsewhere—she shall have none of them. Thou didst stand aloof and leave me to my fate when Death was aiming his dart at me, and thou comest hither with thy false-mourning face. To prolong thy feeble existence for a few wretched years thou hast suffered the young to die for me and I count thee as the murderer of my wife."

Pheres is amazed, as well he may be, at this strange passion of selfishness. He answers the reproaches of his son with interest. "A fair return," he replies bitterly, "art thou making for all the benefits which I have heaped upon thee. I have reared thee as a prince and endowed thee with a fine estate, and now thou revilest me because I would not yield up my life for thy sake. I am old, it is true, and but few years of life remain to me, but, therefore, are they all the sweeter. Dost thou think that this life is dear to thee alone—thou who hast played the coward, and flung honour and duty to the winds to save thyself? Thou hast found a fair device to prolong thy days. When Death gapes for thee again, doubtless thou wilt fling another wife into his maw, and steal another lease of life."

For some time father and son continue to wrangle over the corpse of the martyred wife; then their friends interpose, shocked at such an indecent display, and put an end to this unseemly brawl. Pheres retires in high dudgeon, taking his gifts with him, and the procession proceeds.

IV

Meanwhile Hercules, all unconscious of the great loss which has befallen his friend and host, is holding a solitary revel, and making merry with the good things set before him. The butler, a grave and dignified domestic, is

scandalised by the indecency of his behaviour. "Look at the fellow!" he whispers indignantly to one of his underlings—"some highway robber, I should think—coming to my master's house at a time like this, and gorging and swilling as if he were in a tavern. And we have to stay at home, and wait upon him, while my dear mistress is carried to her last resting place. A kind lady she was, like a mother to her servants, shielding them and taking their part when they were in trouble with the master. And now I cannot take my last look at her or drop a last tear into her coffin." And the faithful old man sobs aloud.

But his lamentations are rudely interrupted by a loud voice from the table; and he hastens to obey the summons, having received strict orders from Admetus to supply all the wants of this ravenous guest. "Fellow, more wine!" shouts Hercules. "Seest thou not that my cup is empty? And hark you, no three to six, no watery mixtures for me, but the pure blood of Bacchus." The butler obeys, pouring out the rich, red vintage with a visage as solemn as a mute. Hercules tosses it off, calls for another bumper and, being now warm with his repeated libations, strikes up a jolly song, in a voice like the bellowing of the north wind. This is too much for the feelings of the respectable butler, and he allows his displeasure to appear plainly on his face. "How now?" cries Hercules, breaking off his song. "What means that solemn look? Is this the way in which you treat your master's guests?" "Your pardon, sir," answers the man. "There is death in the house, and I was thinking of our loss." "Ay," replies Hercules; "I heard something of that from the Lord Admetus—some stranger who was dwelling in his house had died, he said. But what of that? All men must die some day. Who knows if we ourselves shall be alive to-morrow? Away with care! Sit down, and take a cup with me, and I will sing thee another song

to drive away this black humour." "Alas! sir, I cannot drink with thee," says the butler; "my heart is too heavy."

Hercules begins to perceive that something has been kept from him. Such grief as the old servant expresses implies a much nearer and dearer loss than that of which he has heard. He questions the man closely, and at last wrings from him the truth: while he has been filling himself with meat and wine, the whole family of Admetus has been paying the last sad tribute of sorrow by the open grave of Alcestis. Instantly his mood changes. He shakes off the fumes of the wine which he has swallowed, tears the myrtle wreath from his head, and, springing from his seat, demands to know the place where Alcestis is buried. "By the wayside, in the suburbs," answers the butler, "where the road runs to Larissa."

"Now up, my soul!" cries Hercules, no longer a drunkard, but the true son of Zeus. "We must go wrestle a round with Death, and bring back the brave lady to the arms of her lord. I shall find that goblin at the tomb drinking the fresh blood of the victims. Then shall he give up to me his prize, or his sides shall crack for it, for I will never let go my grasp until he has restored his prey to me. And if I do not find him there, I will go down to the sunless realm of the Maid and her King, and methinks I shall persuade them and bring her back. Nobly has Admetus behaved to me in the hour of his bitter loss, and nobly he shall be rewarded."

V

Admetus is weak and selfish, but not heartless. His affection for Alcestis is pure and tender, and now that he has lost her he is quite broken-hearted. At the funeral he was with difficulty restrained from throwing himself into the

grave, and when the ceremony was over his friends were obliged to carry him, almost by force, back to the house.

"Woe, woe is me!" he cries as he crosses the threshold of his widowed home. "Would that I had never been born! The light is gone out of my life, and I shall never know an hour of joy again." His friends gather round him with commonplace topics of consolation: what must be, must: gods and men alike have to bow to the iron law of necessity; other men have lost their wives—let him be thankful that he saved his own life. But he will not be comforted. "Would that I had never married!" he moans, looking round the room, where every object reminds him of *her*, and pierces him with a fresh pang. "If the single life knows no happiness, it knows no sorrow either." Then he thinks of the day when he brought his young wife home, amid the blazing of torches and the glad sounds of the loud hymeneal anthem. "What a change," says he, with a bitter sigh, "from that merry troop of wedding guests to this throng of mourning faces! Instead of the bride-groom's white robes, this sable dress; instead of the marriage hymn, this funeral dirge!"

And now a dark picture of the future rises before him, wringing from him a wilder burst of anguish. "I am full of woes," he wails, "I have no room for more. Whither shall I go, or to whom shall I turn, for comfort? Shall I seek it in my own home, in the empty chair where once she sat; in the tear-stained faces of my children, in the eyes of my servants, turned on me in mute reproach? Shall I seek it abroad, in the busy haunts of men, where every wife and mother will point the finger of scorn at me and cry aloud the tale of my shame? Oh, base, base, base! I have thrown away everything—my honour, my manhood, my good name—and henceforth I must live in utter wretchedness and infamy." Here the unhappy man breaks off, overcome by

his emotions, and, hiding his face, abandons himself to the extremity of grief. His sorrow, though loud, is sincere : he has learnt at last that life itself may be purchased at too high a price.

VI

In the midst of this scene of hopeless desolation and misery Hercules suddenly reappears, bringing with him a woman, closely-veiled. After gently upbraiding Admetus for the deception which had led him to make so untimely a display of merriment, he proceeds to explain the reason of his sudden return. " I come," he says, " to ask shelter and protection for this maiden, whom I have just now won as a prize in a wrestling match. When I come back from Thrace I will turn aside at Phera, and claim her again ; or if aught untoward befall me (which heaven forbid !) let her remain here and be thy handmaid."

" If I deceived thee," answers Admetus, " I did it in kindness, and to save my house from reproach. But as for this maiden, I beseech thee to find a home for her in some other friend's house. How can I receive guests at this time of mourning ? And how can she dwell here in honour, now that my wife is dead ? How shall I guard her, or myself, from the tongue of slander ? This is no place for a maiden of gentle birth and nurture, as I perceive her to be."

Up to this point Admetus has hardly looked at the veiled figure. He is absorbed in the sense of his own loss, and his eyes are dim with weeping. But now, happening to glance in her direction, he starts violently, and roused from his attitude of listless apathy, exclaims with great excitement : " This is the very form and fashion of my wife Alcestis ; surely it is some mocking vision, which the gods have sent, to fill up the measure of my woe. Take her, I implore thee,

from my sight ; every look is a new stab to my wounded heart !"

" Thy wound is green, " says Hercules compassionately ; " wait for the great healer, Time. " " There is but one who can make me whole," answers Admetus, " the great healer, Death." " Thou wilt find comfort in another woman's love." " Peace ! let me not hear that impious word again." " What, waste thy days in worship of the dead ? " " My heart is in the grave : there let it dwell."

" I praise thy constancy," replies Hercules, " though I fear the world will give it another name. But come now, let me pray to take this lady into thy house ; believe me, I have my own reasons for urging this request." " Well, have it as thou wilt," says Admetus overcome by this importunity. " Take the maiden with you into the women's quarters," he adds, addressing the handmaidens of Alcestis. " No, no, " interposes Hercules ; " I must give her into thy hands—no other shall touch her." And, taking the maiden by the hand, he leads her up to Admetus, who stands with averted face, and arms outstretched as if to ward off some deadly thing. But Hercules will take no denial ; he seizes the reluctant fingers of Admetus and closes them round the slender right hand of the silent figure. " Now take her, and keep her," he cries, removing the veil which hides her face : " she is thy very own. Is she at all like thy wife ?" " What is this ?" gasps Admetus, gazing in wonder on those well-loved features, from which the shadow of death has hardly passed. " Am I mocked ? Do I dream ? Is this some phantom sent to drive me mad ?" " No phantom," answers Hercules, " but thy true wife, whom I rescued with these hands from the icy clutch of Death. I lay in wait for him by the tomb, and when he came for his booty I fell upon him, and overcame him ; and there thou holdest the spoils of my victory in thine arms."

All this time Alcestis has lain pale and drooping in her husband's embrace, without uttering a word. "Why does she not speak?" asks Admetus, gazing anxiously on her face. "Thou shalt not hear her voice," replies Hercules, "till all due rites have been paid to the nether powers and she has been cleansed from the stain of death. After that, three days must pass, and then her tongue shall be loosed. But fare thee well; I may not tarry longer here; northward lies my path, and a hard struggle awaits me at my journey's end." And, declining a pressing invitation from Admetus to stay and take part in the great feast of thanksgiving which is to follow, the great hero bids adieu to his kind host, promising to pay him another visit on his return from Thrace.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Compare Alcestis with Savitri. In spite of a general resemblance, the two women differ widely from each other. Show how.

2. Tell the story of Yayâti in Indian mythology which is very much like the story of Alcestis.

3. How far is it true to say of Alcestis—as Professor Murray has said—that the effect of gracious loveliness which Alcestis certainly makes is not so much due to any words of her as to what the Handmaid and the Serving Man say of her?

4. Who is the Indian counterpart of the Greek Hercules? Enumerate some of his heroic exploits, preferably an exploit which resembles the exploit of Hercules in this story.

5. Write short paragraphs on (a) Hospitality as a sacred duty; (b) One good turn deserves another.

6. Read (1) Toru Dutt's *Savitri*; (2) Matthew Arnold's *Balder Dead*; (3) *A Story of the Springtime* and *The Story of a Singer* (Legends of Greece and Rome, D. C. Heath & Co.).

CHARLES DICKENS

[Mr. Jingle is one of the many diverting figures in Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*. Dickens introduces him early, in the second chapter of the novel, where he holds the stage and draws all interest to himself. *Pickwick Papers* appeared in parts in 1837-39 and the author was immediately recognized as one of the greatest novelists of the time. It has been described as a library of humour and Mr. Jingle is among those interesting persons in the novel who enrich the library with their endless capacity for provoking laughter. Charles Dickens was born in 1812. He did not receive any regular education and suffered many hardships in his childhood. However, he had leisure for reading, which he turned to good account and his kind uncle took him to the theatre. Later, he learnt short-hand and became parliamentary reporter in 1835. The publication of *Pickwick Papers* was a turning point in Dickens's life. He wrote many novels afterwards, which added to his renown. Among these, *Oliver Twist*, *David Copperfield*, *A Tale of Two Cities* may be mentioned. Dickens also gave readings from his novels which proved an enormous success. But the exertion undermined his strength and he died in 1870.

Mr. Jingle is introduced at a critical moment. The cabman takes Mr. Pickwick and his friends to be informers and is about to thrash them when Mr. Jingle presents himself dramatically and saves them from complete disaster. Mr. Jingle's dress, the torrent of his jerky, alert speech, his picturesque and varied experiences, his self-confidence and omniscience sweep the Pickwickians off their feet and they are felt to be equally irresistible by every reader of Dickens. Of course, the humorous effect is largely due to the oddity of dress and speech and the fanciful experiences with which the stranger regales Mr. Pickwick and his companions. It is humour of the farcical kind; nevertheless, Mr. Jingle would be an honour to any stage in the world.]

I.—*Textual Notes.*

punctual servant of all work, one who appears just when he is expected and like a servant actively sets about doing his duties. The sun rises regularly and is helpful to human beings in a variety of ways. Hence he is compared humorously to a servant of all work.

St. Martin's-le-Grand, a monastery and church formerly in London. The site is occupied now by the General Post Office.

Golden Cross, an inn of that name, the starting place of coaches.

bob's vorth, a fare worth only a shilling. *bob*, a shilling. *vorth*, *v* for *w* is frequently substituted in their speeches by the lower classes in England.

eyeing him askant, looking at him sideways, suspiciously.

sparring away like clockwork, moving his fists rapidly, going through the motions of attack like the circling wheels in a clock.

four on you, four of you (on=of). *lark*, great fun.

go to vork, attack your opponent. *vork*=work.

arter aggerawatin'..... him, after forcing me to attack him, provoking me to attack. (*arter*=after; *aggerawatin'*=aggravating).

I'll give it him, I will thrash him soundly.

began to canvass.....committed, began to discuss with great enthusiasm the suggestion of the pastry-vendor (seller of pastry) whether it would not be proper to carry out the suggestion to put the Pickwickians under the pump and drench them in water—punish them for spying, and one cannot say how the Pickwickians would have been handled by the mob, what personal injury they would have suffered.

had not.....newcomer, if the quarrel had not been stopped by a stranger who intervened on behalf of the Pickwickians.

infallible process.....members, the unfailing method of thrusting aside with one's elbows the faces of those who compose the crowd.

confounded odd, exceedingly awkward.

in the days of swallow-tails, about 1786, the wide skirted coat gave way to the swallow-tailed coat—a dress coat with pointed, tapering ends.

buttoned closely.....back, so tightly was the coat buttoned up to the chin on the front side that it seemed as if the back of the coat would burst—break—be torn—every moment.

old stock, a kind of stiff band worn round the neck.

shiny patches, places where the trousers were worn out and instead of the original dark colour, there were bright—white spots.

an indescribable air.....man, there was something about him which suggested a jolly impudence and absolute self-possession. But one could not have stated it in clear, unmistakable words.

handled his fives well, used his fists well.

jemmy, great coat, *'cod*, a common oath. *Punch*, strike with a fist on the head. *gammon*, nonsense. *five*, five pound note. *Brummagem*, cheap, showy, imitative. The bad silver which he has, is compared to showy cheap buttons manufactured in Birmingham (Brummagem). *No go*, will be no use, will fail, no one will accept.

Rochester, twenty miles south-east of London.

Looking at Whitehall.....either, Charles I lived in the palace of Whitehall and was executed outside Whitehall.

He didn't keep a sharp look-out, was not sufficiently prudent, otherwise he would have avoided the Civil War and preserved his head on his shoulders.

Revolution of July, the revolution occurred in France in July 1830, when after a three days' battle Charles X was sent into exile. Mr. Jingle met Mr. Pickwick in 1827. As Dickens pointed out, Mr. Jingle is talking prophetically.

Mars by day.....lyre, fight during the day and write poetry at night. Mars is the God of War; Apollo is the God of Song. He worshipped Mars by day, was a soldier; he worshipped Apollo at night, was a poet. *bang,* fire; *field-piece,* gun; *twang,* sound; *lyre,* an instrument like the harp on which the Greek poets played as they sang their poems. *Twang the lyre,* therefore, means—compose poetry.

Don, Donna, the first is a title prefixed in Spain to the names of gentlemen, the second, to the names of ladies.

Stomach pump, a kind of syringe for emptying stomach.

In this strain.....parenthesis, in this style (he continued to talk) with an interruption now and then when he stopped to drink a glass of ale.

fine old castle, a ruined Norman castle in Rochester.
Sarcophagus, stone coffin, adorned with sculpture or inscription.
rum fellows, queer people.

II.—Grammar and Composition.

1. Change the following into indirect speech:
"You rendered us a very important service this morning, sir," said he; "will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favour of your company at dinner?"
"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! what time?"
"Let me see," replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, "it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?"

2. Rewrite in correct English:
(i) He falls down when he is took out of the cab.
(ii) Would anybody believe as an informer would go about in a man's cab?

3. Insert capital letters and punctuation marks where necessary:
The sudden disappearance of don bolaro fizzgig was the talk of the whole city and though they searched for his body everywhere they were unable to

discover it suddenly the public fountain ceased playing and when the water was drawn off the grandee was discovered sticking head first in the main pipe.

3. Change the construction of the sentences which follow, using the passive voice:

(i) That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

(ii) His scanty trousers displayed those shiny patches which bespeak long service.

(iii) You rendered us a very important service this morning.

III.—Appreciation.

1. "Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand, Goswell Street extended on his left." Is the repetition of Goswell Street justified here? Give reasons.

2. "And having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes." This is an example of Irony—a figure of speech—in which the meaning of the writer is contrary to what is expressed by his words. Thus *beautiful reflection* means here a *worthless thought*, sentiment. Collect the other examples of irony which are scattered throughout this passage.

3. Dickens sets down very clearly the grotesque and the ridiculous elements in the clothes of a person, and he is equally definite in his description of the oddities of speech and behaviour of the characters he introduces. He describes the waterman as a strange specimen of the human race in a *sackcloth* coat and apron of the same, with a *brass* label and a *number* round his neck. Show how he employs the same vivid, concrete, picturesque method in his description of Mr. Jingle.

4. A great deal of Dicken's humour depends on the exact reproduction of the quaint speech and habits of low, vulgar characters. Can this be said of the present passage?

MR. JINGLE TO THE RESCUE

That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven,

when Mr. Samuel Pickwick burst like another sun from his slumbers, threw open his chamber window and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell Street was at his feet, Goswell Street was on his right hand—as far as the eye could reach, Goswell Street extended on his left; and the opposite side of the Goswell Street was over the way. "Such," thought Mr. Pickwick, "are the narrow views of those philosophers who, content with examining the things that lie before them, look not to the truths which are hidden beyond. As well might I be content to gaze on Goswell Street for ever, without one effort to penetrate to the hidden countries which on every side surround it." And having given vent to this beautiful reflection, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to put himself into his clothes, and his clothes into his portmanteau. Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing, and coffee-imbibing was soon performed; and in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great-coat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same, who with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. "Here you are, sir. Now then, fust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's vorth, Tommy," cried the driver, sulkily,

for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, searching for further information.

"Two or three veeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwil when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his veakness."

"On account of his weakness!" reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down; and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on, so ven he *does* move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it."

Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down

jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick. Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader, crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on!" said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork. "Come on—all four on you."

"Here's a lark!" shouted half-a-dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to vork, Sam,"—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman; "what did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for, then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

"Would anybody believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd, "would anybody believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain" (a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick—it was the note-book).

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first; "and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on!" and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard of his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put 'em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vendor's proposition; and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed had not the affray been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new-comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from a coach-yard.

"Informers!" shouted the crowd again.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it.

"Ain't you, though,—ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd by the infallible process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

The learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lugging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and talking the whole way. "Here, No. 924, take your fare, and take yourself off —respectable gentleman,—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir,—where's your friends?—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down upon your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavour—confounded rascals." And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travellers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

"Here, waiter!" shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, "glasses round,—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty,—eye damaged sir? Waiter? raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye.—Nothing like raw-beef steak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—confounded odd standing in the open street half-an-hour with your eye against a lamp-post—eh,—very good—ha! ha!" And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed at a draught full half-a-pint of the reeking brandy and water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

While his three companions were busily engaged in proffering their thanks to their new acquaintance, Mr. Pickwick had leisure to examine his costume and appearance.

He was about the middle height, but the thinness of his body, and the length of his legs, gave him the appearance of being much taller. The green coat had been a smart dress garment in the days of swallow-tails, but had evidently in those times adorned a much shorter man than the stranger, for the soiled and faded sleeves scarcely reached to his wrists. It was buttoned closely up to his chin. at the imminent hazard of splitting the back; and an old stock, without a vestige of shirt collar, ornamented his neck. His scanty black trousers displayed here and there those shiny patches which bespeak long service, and were strapped very tightly over a pair of patched and mended shoes, as if to conceal the dirty white stockings, which were nevertheless distinctly visible. His long black hair escaped in negligent waves from beneath each side of his old pinched-up hat; and glimpses of his bare wrists might be observed between the tops of his gloves, and the cuffs of his coat sleeves. His face was thin and haggard; but an indescribable air of jaunty impudence and perfect self-possession pervaded the whole man.

Such was the individual on whom Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles (which he had fortunately recovered), and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return in chosen terms his warmest thanks for his recent assistance.

"Never mind," said the stranger. cutting the address very short, "said enough,—no more; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well: but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—hang me—punch his head,—'cod I would,—pig's whisper—pieman too,—no gammon."

This coherent speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that "The Commodore" was on the point of starting.

"Commodore!" said the stranger starting up, "my coach,—place booked,—one outside—leave you to pay for the brandy and water,—want a change for a five,—bad silver—Brummagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh?" and he shook his head most knowingly.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their first halting-place too; and having intimated to their new-found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together.

"Up with you," said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the coachman.

"Who—I? Brown paper parcel here, that's all,—other luggage gone by water,—packing cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, confounded heavy," replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket as much as he could of the brown paper parcel, which presented most suspicious indications of containing one shirt and a handkerchief.

"Heads, heads—take care of your heads!" cried the loquacious stranger, as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking! Looking at Whitehall, sir?—fine place—little window—somebody else's head off

there, eh, sir ?—he didn't keep a sharp look-out enough either—eh, sir, eh ? "

"I am ruminating," said Mr. Pickwick, "on the strange mutability of human affairs."

"Ah ! I see—in at the palace door one day, out at the window the next. Philosopher, sir ? "

"An observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir ? "

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem,—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—Mars by day, Apollo by night,—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at the glorious scene, sir ? " said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present ! think I was ; fired a musket,—fired with an idea,—rushed into wine shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportsman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir,—fine pursuit.—Dogs, sir ? "

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah ! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my own once—Pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog—stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go ; stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto—would't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Game-keeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this enclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very."

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal.—Fine girl, sir" (to Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had been bestowing sundry anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady by roadside).

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair—black eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful."

"You have been in Spain, sir?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Lived there—ages."

"Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests; thousands. Don Bolaro Fizzgig—Grandee—only daughter—Donna Christina—splendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—prussic acid—stomach pump in my portmanteau—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstasies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, on whom the description of her charms had produced a powerful impression.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old cambric handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—

workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again, as well as ever."

"Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass, deeply affected.

"Certainly, sir, certainly—fifty more if you like to hear 'em—strange life mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular."

In this strain, with an occasional glass of ale, by way of parenthesis, when the coach changed horses, did the stranger proceed, until they reached Rochester Bridge by which time the note-books, both of Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Snodgrass, were completely filled with selections from his adventures.

"Magnificent ruin": said Mr. Augustus Snodgrass, with all the poetic fervour that distinguished him, when they came in sight of the fine old castle.

"What a study for an antiquarian" were the very words which fell from Mr. Pickwick's mouth, as he applied his telescope to his eye.

"Ah! fine place," said the stranger, "glorious pile—frowning walls—tottering arches—dark nooks—crumbling staircases—old cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theatres, and all sorts of old fellows, with great red faces, and broken noses, turning up every day—buff jerkins too—match-locks—Sarcophagus—fine place—old legends too—strange stories; capital;" and the stranger continued to soliloquise until they reached the Bull Inn, in the High Street, where the coach stopped.

"Do you remain here, sir?" inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

"Here—not I—but you'd better—good house—nice beds —Wright's next house, dear—very dear—half-a-crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee-room—rum fellows—very."

Mr. Winkle turned to Mr. Pickwick, and murmured a few words; a whisper passed from Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Snodgrass, from Mr. Snodgrass to Tupman, and nods of assent were exchanged. Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

"You rendered us a very important service this morning, sir," said he; "will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favour of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital thing! what time?"

"Let me see," replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, "it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?"

"Suit me excellently," said the stranger, "five precisely—till then—care of yourselves"; and lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, and carelessly replacing it very much on one side, the stranger, with half the brown paper parcel sticking out of his pocket, walked briskly up the yard, and turned into the High Street.

"Evidently a traveller in many countries, and a close observer of men and things," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to see his poem," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to have seen that dog," said Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman said nothing; but he thought of Donna Christina, the stomach pump, and the fountain; and his eyes filled with tears.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Write out in full the short, jerky sentences in which Mr. Jingle tells the story of Ponto, the wise dog.
2. How does a cabman in India—the victoriawallah or the tongawallah—compare with a cabman in England in his dress, speech, manners and impudent humour, above all in his habit of quarrelling with his fare ?
3. Describe an imaginary meeting with an actor who makes no distinction between the stage and real life and constantly talks as though he were on the stage, employing in ordinary speech the language of the theatre.
4. Read *Pickwick Papers* and give a short account of the Fat Boy, Sam Weller, and Mr. Pickwick's Antiquarian discovery.
5. Write a short paragraph on informers and spies, and in another paragraph give the reasons why people hate informers and spies.
6. Read *Don Quixote* by Cervantes and *The Return of Don Quixote* by Chesterton.

   Compare the humour of Dickens with the humour of these two writers.

W. M. THACKERAY

[Thackeray gives an account of the fight between Cuff and Dobbin in the fifth chapter of *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* is one of the best-known novels of Thackeray. It was the publication of *Vanity Fair* in 1847-48 that gave Thackeray an assured position among the English novelists of the day. William Makepiece Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811, but as his father died in 1816, young Thackeray was sent to England for education. Neither at school, nor when he was at Cambridge, did Thackeray distinguish himself as a student. He made his name as the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* and as the author of *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* was followed by *Henry Esmond*, *The Newcomes* and other novels. Thackeray wrote some delightful verses and he lectured on *The Four Georges* in England and America. He died in 1863.

Thackeray was very sensitive to cruelty and in his description of Dobbin's suffering, he is very probably recalling his own unhappy days at school. Again, in the description of the fight between Cuff and Dobbin, Thackeray's sympathies are with Dobbin, because he hated the tyranny of the bigger boys in Public Schools which was countenanced by many of his contemporaries. Cuff who is made to bite the

dust was a typical figure in the Public Schools of Thackeray's time. These bullies thrashed the younger boys and made them fag for their own petty ends. Thackeray gives a lively account of the fight. He describes vividly the prevailing atmosphere of snobbery at Dr. Swishtail's school, the unmerited contempt with which the grocer's boy was treated by his schoolfellows who came from the so-called higher and respectable classes. Most ingeniously does he lead up to the climax of the fight, and the irony of the situation in which little Osborne who had 'peached upon' Dobbin is championed by the grocer's boy is finely imagined. The story of the fight loses nothing in Thackeray's telling of it, for he writes in a style which is inimitable in the aptness of its words and the subtle music with which it charms the ear of the reader.]

I.—Textual Notes.

unexpected issue of the contest, the result of the fight which was contrary to the general expectation that Cuff would beat Dobbin.

heigh-ho, gee-ho, cries of encouragement to animals—such as the horse—"go on, go faster." They were prefixed to Dobbin's name to indicate his heaviness, his dullness.

puerile contempt, boyish contempt.

scraggy corduroys.....bursting, thin trousers, through the seams of which (the lines of sewing) his strong big bones showed themselves, seemed to push themselves out.

a representative.....plums, he was typical of these commodities—candles, mottled soaps (soap marked with spots) just as the other young boys represented landed property, hereditary wealth and rank.

poaching excursion.....polonies, stolen visit to London to buy almond toffee (hard bake) and minced, cooked pork (polonies). The boy went to London without the permission of Dr. Swishtail; hence *poaching excursion*, a stealthy visit.

Sugar is ris', the price of sugar has gone up.

mutton-candles, candles made of mutton-fat.

usher and all, everybody laughed including the usher, assistant teacher.

was taken down continually, was humiliated; they pointed fingers of scorn at him, describing him constantly as a dunce.

chief and dandy, was the model of fashion, the best boy in the school whom everybody imitated and obeyed.

smuggled wine, brought wine stealthily into school (seminary) in defiance of the orders of Dr. Swishtail.

gold repeater, a gold watch striking the hours over again when required.

opera, dramatic performance in which music plays an important part.

preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble, holding the opinion that Kean was a better actor than Kemble. Both Kean (1787–1853) and Kemble (1757–1853) were tragedians and played the parts of Richard III, Hamlet and Othello.

knock off forty Latin verses, compose on the spot with the greatest ease forty lines of Latin poetry.

blundering over a home letter, trying to write a letter to his mother at home, finding it very difficult to express himself, making many mistakes.

readth letterth, reads letters. *thmash you*, smash you, strike you down, beat you soundly.

looking so wicked, looking so determined and fierce, resolved to attack.

spelling over a favourite copy of The Arabian Nights, trying to make out the words with difficulty letter by letter.

Sindbad.....diamonds, Sindbad made seven voyages. In his second voyage he found himself in the Valley of Diamonds. Merchants threw joints of meat into this valley, to which the diamonds stuck. Eagles descending into the valley picked up these joints of meat and flew up to their nests with them. But the merchants frightened the eagles from their nests and carried off the diamonds.

Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou, the fairy brings Ahmed to her Cavern and, after offering him a cordial welcome leads him to her palace. She gives him a tent which would cover a whole army, and yet it was so small, one could carry it in one's pocket. Besides this, she gives him an apple which is a cure for all diseases.

peached upon. told his school-fellows the story of the grocer's cart which went so heavily against Dobbin ; *peaching* is informing against a person, betraying a person.

bore no malice, did not cherish any ill-will.

a pint of rum-shrub, a pint is one-eighth of a gallon. *rum shrub* is a drink made of fruit-juice and spirit.

to brave all.....spies, to face boldly all the watchmen, door-keepers and porters who are the spies of Dr. Swishtail. The Doctor has instructed them to keep a sharp look-out and catch any boys who may be going off on unlawful errands. *outlying spies*, watchmen posted on the outside, beyond the main building.

the roc, the roc is an enormous white bird. It was so strong that it could lift up an elephant. Sindbad got out of the Valley of Diamonds by clinging to its claws.

whisked.....clouds, swept away high up till he (Sindbad) became invisible in the clouds. That is, Dobbin was brought down suddenly from the world of imagination to the world of reality.

bully, oppress, persecute, frighten into submission.

looked up.....him, looked at Dobbin, surprised, hardly believing that it was Dobbin who had so unexpectedly advanced to protect him.

Fancy brazen.....meeting, just imagine what Goliath must have felt when David wished to fight with him. Goliath was a giant all armed in brass—a brazen helmet, a brazen coat of mail. David, who was a mere boy, challenged him and slew him with a stone from a sling.

rencontre, duel, meeting.

make your.....that, prepare yourself for death—certain defeat—as a man prepares himself for death by making his will and telling his friends what his wishes are. Make all these preparations—Cuff seemed to say—between now and the time of our meeting.

bottle-holder, supporter, attendant of a fighter, whose duty it is to encourage his man.

go it, Figs, advance boldly and attack—a cry of encouragement.

rounds of the fight, stages of the fight. *the scientific Cuff*, one who had received regular training in fighting. *planted*, delivered his blows accurately, landed them most effectively.

floored.....three times running, knocked down Dobbin—the unfortunate champion—three times successively (running).

everybody.....knee, everybody was eager to admire and admit humbly the superiority of Cuff—go down on his knees before him and think it a great honour.

What a licking, what a severe thrashing, beating!

picking up his man, helping Dobbin—who had fallen—to rise.

Roman nose, hooked nose, aquiline, beaked nose.

made terrific play, used it to good purpose—inflicting severe injuries on his opponent with his left hand.

all abroad, completely bewildered.

reeling and groggy, advancing with uncertain steps, tottering.

Jack Spot's ball.....billiards. (As I have seen) a billiard player's ball drop straight into the pocket in a game of billiards. *Pocket* is the pouch (bag) at each corner and at each side of a billiard-table into which balls are driven. Jack Spot—says Professor Macmillan—is a natural name for a billiard-player as billiard balls are either spot (marked with a black spot) or plain.

II.—Grammar and Composition.

1. Combine into one complex sentence :

   (1) He smuggled wine in. (2) He fought town-boys. (3) He had his top-boots. (4) He used to hunt in the holidays. (5) He took snuff like the Doctor.

2. Break up into short, clear, simple sentences :

   His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his underlip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators.

3. " The rest of the school were pursuing their various sports." Why is the plural form of the verb used here ? Would it be correct to say : The school disperse at 4 p. m. Make similar sentences, using *mob, committee, government* with the plural form of the verb.

4. Express the sense of the following sentences without employing the superlatives :

   (i) Dobbin was the quietest, the clumsiest and the dullest of Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen.

   (ii) Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse where he passed a half holiday in bitterest sadness.

III.—Appreciation.

1. " He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour." Here ' off ' helps the author to express the brilliance of Cuff's achievement. Recall similar instances where ' off ' adds to the effect and use them in connexion with Mr. Reginald Cuff.

2. " Down came the stump with a great heavy thump." Observe how the inversion of the regular order of words—"The stump came down with a thump" —assists the writer to express his meaning vividly. " Thump " is what is called an onomatopoetic word—that is, a word which suggests its meaning by its sound—of which the sound resembles the action it expresses—such a word as *cuckoo.* Find other examples, where Dickens and Thackeray employ inversion and onomatopoetic words. *Down came the stump with a great heavy thump*—This sentence is like a line of poetry. Do you know why ?

3. What figures of speech are employed in the following sentences ?

   (1) " Well, sir, will you go ? " crowed the cock of the school.

   (2) Figs was as calm as a Quaker.

(3) The circle of young knaves who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

4. Thackeray dearly loves contrast and likes to depict white and black in turn. Give examples of this from the passage you have studied?

IV

A SCHOOL FIGHT

Cuff's fight with Dobbin and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city; and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage;" and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the play-ground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe.

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the Latin language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread, others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts was probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*!" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labour, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlour in Thames Street). "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

"Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down that letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the play-ground, spelling over a favourite copy of *The Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small.

"How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the play-ground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the bricks); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilled, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed; the Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds; and there was everyday life before honest William and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again.

Dobbin started up. I can't tell what his motive was. Whatever the motive, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff, don't bully that child any more; or I'll——".

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him; while Cuff's astonishment was hardly less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies; fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs;" and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and

you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs's left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under-lip bleeding profusely, gave the young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time. Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's

ball plump into the pocket at billiards ; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course ; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs's—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy ; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendency over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Contrast the life of an Indian boy at school with the life of an English boy in a public school.
2. Of two brothers at school, the elder brother—a big, hulking youth—despises and tortures a class-mate who comes from the 'untouchable' classes. When the younger brother champions the cause of his despised class-mate, the elder brother advances to punish him. Imagine the scene and describe the fight which follows.
3. What is the significance of the names—Dr. Swishtail, Cuff and Figs ? Suggest a similar name for Osborne.
4. Reproduce the contents, the grammar and spelling of the letter which Figs was writing to his mother when Mr. Reginald Cuff interrupted him.
5. The friendship of Osborne and Dobbin which began on the day of the fight lasted throughout their lives. Mention any other friendship which began in circumstances similar to this and lasted as long as this.
6. Look up chapter 5 (Part II) in *Tom Brown's School Days* and tell in your words the story of the fight which is described in the chapter.

7. Write short paragraphs on

   1. Snobbery; 2. Caste System; 3. Untouchability.

8. Read *Channings*, *Tom Brown's School Days*, Walpole's *Fortitude* (chapters 5–7, Book I).

SHAKESPEARE

[*As You Like It* is one of the best plays of Shakespeare. It is a romantic comedy and was written probably in 1599–1600. Duke Senior has been driven to the Forest of Arden. He has been deprived of his dominions by his younger brother, Frederick. In his exile, the banished duke is accompanied by a few loyal courtiers. His daughter Rosalind and the daughter of the usurping Duke, Celia, also follow him thither. In the meanwhile, Orlando, who has been ill-treated by his elder brother, arrives in the Forest of Arden. Adam, an old servant, who accompanies Orlando to the Forest is utterly exhausted by the time they reach the Forest. He is dying for want of food. Orlando, looking out for food, observes the Duke, Jaques and others sitting down to dinner. He demands food for himself, *i. e.*, for Adam. The Duke asks him to sit down and feed. When Orlando leaves to fetch the exhausted Adam, the Duke and Jaques comment on the situation. In the great speech which is put in the mouth of Jaques, it is not the voice of Jaques we hear, so much as the voice of Shakespeare himself. Not that the speech is dramatically inappropriate, for Jaques is a wise man, a philosopher who is content to comment on things. He does not take any part in the action of the play. In *All the World's a Stage* the main thought is the futility of human life, which is little better than a bit of play-acting. "We are such stuff as dreams are made on"; in the seven stages of man's life, every man plays seven parts and then passes into nothingness. Profound as is the moral of the passage, its poetry is far more attractive. The whole thought is presented in the form of one long metaphor and we have in it the charm of picture and sound, happy epithets, choice words and phrases. It is a sustained flight of imagination.]

Textual Notes.

This wide.....theatre, the world which is nothing but a big theatre.

more woeful pageants.....play, more pitiful, sadder spectacles than this pathetic scene in which we are playing our parts.

one man.....ages, and a man during his life-time plays a variety of parts. The seven stages of his life are the seven acts of a play. Each stage marks the end of one period, which is equivalent to one act of the drama.

mewling, crying feebly. *puking*, vomiting. *whining*, complaining.

sighing.....furnace, heaving deep sighs like a furnace.

with a woeful.....brow, having composed a song in honour of the lovely eyebrow of his mistress, the woman he loves. *Ballad* means any song.

bearded like the pard, having a beard like a leopard.

seeking.....mouth, anxious to win fame, which is empty like a bubble, by marching right in front of the cannon—*i. e.,* by risking his life.

justice.....lined, magistrate with his swelling, round belly, filled with capon. Capons—young cocks—were often given as presents to magistrates. *lined,* filled.

full of wise saws.....instances. always quoting prudent maxims and common, well-known arguments, illustrations.

shifts.....pantaloon, changes into—*i. e.,* the man reaches the sixth stage when he is a thin, lean dotard wearing slippers—at whom everybody laughs. *Pantaloon* was an old dotard in Italian comedy.

pouch, bag, purse.

His youthful.....shank, the trousers of his young days preserved with care have become exceedingly wide—a good deal too wide (a world too wide) for his thin legs.

big manly voice.....sound, and his strong, vigorous voice becoming sharp, piercing like that of a child, seems to sing and whistle—*his sound,* its sound; *his* in Shakespeare, is both masculine and neuter.

sans teeth, without teeth. *sans* a French word meaning 'without'.

venerable burden, the old servant Adam whom Orlando has brought on his back. Adam is so exhausted, he cannot walk, he cannot speak.

unkind, cruel—with something of the original sense of unnatural.

Thy tooth.....rude, your cruelty is not so hard to bear, though you are violent and cruel enough, because you do not show yourself, whereas ungrateful people present themselves boldly before us, not in the least ashamed of their ingratitude. Thus they add to our misery—add insult to injury.

sing.....holly, let us sing of the holly. The holly is an evergreen shrub which is gathered at Christmas to decorate churches. It is an emblem of mirth.

Freeze, freeze.....sky, grow colder and colder thou chill cold air.

bite so nigh, cut so to the quick.

warp, make the surface of water wrinkle.

Thy sting.....not, the pain you give is not so sharp as that caused by a friend who has forgotten one. The past participle is used very probably in an active sense.

If that you were, if you are.

all your fortunes, the whole of your history.

Duke S.—Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq.— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S.—Welcome. Set down your venerable burden.
And let him feed.

Orl.—I thank you most for him.

Adam.—So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S.—Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami.—Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

Duke S.—If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

(Exeunt)

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Read the story of *As You Like It* in *Shakespeare's Stories* by Constance and Mary Maud (Edward Arnold).

2. Like Jaques, Macbeth—in the famous soliloquy—"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow" (Act V. 5)—compares a human being to an actor playing his part on the stage of life. Which is the more pleasing passage? It will help you to arrive at a correct judgment if you remember that Jaques is a philosopher and a humorist, while Macbeth is a criminal whose success has become dust and ashes in his mouth.

3. State in one sentence the subject of Amiens's song—*Blow, blow, thou winter wind.* Tell a short story to illustrate the subject.

4. Comment on the simile in "creeping like snail unwillingly to school" and the metaphor in "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." Change the simile into a metaphor and the metaphor into a simile.

5. What figure of speech is used in the following lines?

"Thou bitter sky
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot."

6. Repetition helps a poet to emphasize an idea—to impress it firmly on the reader's mind—and secondly, it indicates continuity of action. Bearing this in mind, explain the use of repetition in the following:

(i) Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

(ii) Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

7. *Bearded like the pard* is a picture in words. *Justice in fair round belly with good capon lined* is another. Search for the finest word-picture in this passage and say why it is the finest.

8. *Mewling* and *puking* are words which imitate the sounds which an infant makes when it is crying. They are an example of onomatopoeia. Find a similar example.

9. "Creeping like snail unwillingly to school" is an example of consonantal music—the soft consonants l and n are repeated again and again. On the other hand, the line—"In fair round belly with good capon lined" is an example of vowel music—the vowels are most skillfully varied. Give one example each of consonantal and vowel music.

10. Observe Shakespeare's choice of words. He employs the right word in the right place. The soldier's oaths are *strange* because they have been picked up in foreign lands, the *shank* is *shrunk* because it is the thin, withered leg of an old man. The school-boy has a *shining morning face* because the face is lighted up by all the freshness and charm which belong to a grown-up child. Quote other examples to illustrate Shakespeare's mastery of words.

LORD MACAULAY

[This passage from Macaulay's Essay on Chatham is a brilliant sketch of the Great Commoner when he was at the height of his glory and power. Macaulay's Essay on Chatham appeared first in the Edinburgh Review in 1834. This and the other essays which Macaulay contributed to the Edinburgh Review are more popular than his History of England, because they are handy and compact in size, and the vividness and brilliance of their style captivate alike the young and the old.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in 1800. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and won a fellowship at Trinity in 1824. Two years afterwards, he was called to the bar, but owing to the failure of his father's business, he was compelled to add to his income by writing for the Reviews. In 1825, he contributed to the Edinburgh Review the well-known article on Milton which took the world literally by storm. The connexion with the Edinburgh Review so happily begun was continued for 20 years. It brought instant financial relief to Macaulay and, like Byron, he suddenly found himself famous. In 1830 Macaulay entered the House of Commons and fought strenuously for the passage of the Reform Bill. Later, in 1834, he was sent to India as the legal adviser of the Supreme Council. While in India, he drafted the Penal Code and was responsible for the introduction of the present system of

education. After his return to England, he began writing his History of England of which four volumes were published during his life time. Macaulay died in 1859.

In this sketch of the glorious days of Chatham's ministry, Macaulay gives a lively account of the achievements of English armies and the English Navy during 1757-1761. These achievements reflected as much credit on the nation as on the minister who was in power. Pitt assumed office at a time when the nation was plunged in gloom, but, by the magic of his personality and his ability in selecting the right men to command the various expeditions which he organized, he transformed the gloom into a blaze of glory. Where there was despair and defeat, he brought joy and pride in victory. The history of the nation during these four years—1757-1761—centres round Pitt. From him radiated all warmth, vigour, confidence, to him the nation turned for advice and he rose brilliantly to the occasion, justifying almost to the letter, the sublime confidence of those famous words—"I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." Green observes, "Never had England played so great a part in the history of mankind as in the year 1759. It was a year of triumphs in every part of the world. Though much was due to luck, much also might be claimed for the Great Commoner." "Pitt breathed his own lofty spirit into the country he served," it has been remarked, "as he communicated something of his own grandeur to the men who served him." "No man ever entered Mr. Pitt's closet who did not feel himself braver when he came out than when he went in." The instinct of the nation, says Harrison, justly attributed the rapid triumphs to the inspiration of the statesman who designed them.

Macaulay writes with vigour and animation. His imagination is kindled by the lofty theme and the inspiring personality of Pitt. Subject and style are in perfect harmony in this essay. For Macaulay loves presenting things in an emphatic, heightened style. He likes to put black and white together. He has a passion for antithesis and sharp contrasts. Further, he loves repetition and drives home his points by a succession of blows. Apart from his love of strong effects, Macaulay writes in a clear and direct style, and he shows the greatest skill in selecting and arranging his facts.]

I.—Textual Notes.

Early in April.....St. James's, this is the April of 1857. The Duke of Devonshire became Prime Minister in 1756. He gave Pitt high office in his administration, making him Secretary of State. But they were unable to carry on the administration as the Duke of Newcastle who was their opponent commanded the majority of votes in the House of Commons. Pitt was the hero of unrepresented counties and towns, but he was distrusted by the King, and was unable to get on with the Duke of Newcastle who became Prime Minister in 1754. For two years he was in

opposition. When the Duke resigned in 1756, owing to the discontent in the country, the Duke of Devonshire formed a ministry. But the Duke and Pitt—his colleague—were dismissed by the King, and Newcastle was invited to St. James's palace—the King's residence—to form a new ministry.

But it still glowed... flame, the discontent was fierce, though suppressed. Now, when Pitt was turned out of office, it showed itself in a clear, unmistakable manner. The fire was fierce enough under the ashes, now it flashed into a vivid flame.

The Common Council, the executive body of the municipality of London, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and other members of the Corporation.

freedom of the City, all the rights and privileges of a citizen of London. The City bestows such freedom on persons whom it loves, admires and honours.

All the greatest.....example, all other cities, having a municipal government, followed London and granted their freedom to Pitt.

Walpole, Horace, third son of Sir Robert Walpole. He wrote *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II*, *The Castle of Otranto* and other books. He is one of the best letter-writers of the age. Macaulay makes use of both the letters and the Memoirs in this essay on Chatham.

It rained gold boxes, gold caskets containing addresses, granting the freedom of various cities to Pitt were literally showered on him. Innumerable gold caskets in which addresses were enclosed were presented to Pitt.

the turning point, the critical stage when a wise decision would lead him straight to his goal, but an unwise one would land him in disaster.

circumstances which had.....year, the causes of the inefficient management of the affairs of England which had led to defeat and disgrace. *The preceding year* is the year 1756-57. It was the year of the Black Hole of Calcutta. In the same year arrived "the tidings of disasters on the Ohio and the St. Lawrence". Add to this the defeat inflicted by the French on the Duke of Cumberland. Finally, Minorca had fallen into French hands and everybody expected the French to invade England.

without borough interest, without the influence which many noble families had in arranging the elections in boroughs. These latter controlled elections to Parliament. They sent up to the Commons members of their own choice. The electors' wishes did not count.

pronounce sentence .....commons, insist on all his rivals being kept out of office. *the most powerful nobleman of the Whig party*, the Duke of Newcastle. *the ablest debater in the House of Commons*, Henry Fox; he was leader of the House of Commons in 1755.

might load him.....gold boxes, might result in voting him heaps of addresses written on polished, parchment paper and presented in golden caskets.

glazed, glassy, having a smooth, shining surface.

parchment, skin of sheep or goat prepared for writing.

unrivalled parliamentary interest, the unmatched power of influencing votes in the House of Commons.

had given him a kind of prescriptive right, a claim based—so to speak—on custom. Because he had held office for long, he thought he was justified in holding it longer.

ministerial boroughs, boroughs which obeyed the orders of ministers in electing members to parliament.

The public offices.....creatures, he had bestowed numerous appointments under government on persons who were entirely subservient to his will.

He had.....Europe, Pitt had nothing in common with those French philosophers—Diderot, Rousseau and others—who taught people their doctrines of universal brotherhood and love. He had none of this universal philanthropy. He loved his country and did not look beyond it.

City of the Violet Crown, Athens. Pindar, the Greek Poet, describes Athens as "violet-crowned".

City of the Seven Hills, Rome which was built on seven hills.

a strong oligarchical connexion, connexion with powerful noble families. *a great borough interest*, influence in the boroughs which had the privilege of sending members to parliament.

secret-service money, money expended in bribing members of parliament.

Where there is a free press.....governed, in a country where the newspapers are allowed to express themselves freely, the officials governing the land will always live in fear of the opinions of the people they govern, because every wrong or injustice of which they are guilty will be published in the press and severely criticized. It is not true, however; the press was not free at the time. Reporters were not even allowed to take notes in the House of Commons.

for want of.....hoarding, as Pitt was unable to command that particular type of influence which Newcastle had spent all his life in acquiring and increasing. It is the influence by which a parliamentary majority is obtained. By careful distribution of offices which are in the gift of the Prime Minister and by offering heavy bribes, Newcastle could persuade the members to vote for Government

measures. Pitt had no such influence, for such influence can be built up only by mean, degrading, underhand dealing. Pitt scorned corruption and was above all intrigue and double dealing.

took the treasury, became the First Lord of the Treasury who exercised all financial control. Newcastle wished to have control over the purse, otherwise he would be unable to obtain a majority in the House of Commons.

was silenced...Paymaster, was given the office of Paymaster and persuaded to keep quiet. The Paymaster's was a very profitable job. He paid the troops and held large sums in his hands.

characterized rather by vigour than by judgment, showed more energy than wisdom.

Aix (Pronounce—āks), a small island off the western coast of France. *Rochefort threatened* (Pronounce—rōshfŏr), a seaport of France. It was on the point of being taken. *St. Maloes* (Pronounce—saṅ mälo), a seaport of France, a strong fortress and an important commercial city.

Louisburg (Pronounce—lo͞ebėrg), a fortress on the coast of Cape Breton (Nova Scotia). It was besieged and taken by Amherst on July 26, 1758. *Cape Breton*, an island belonging to Nova Scotia.

Kensington Palace, is in Kensington, a western suburb of London. It is four miles from St. Paul's Church.

the war of the Grand Alliance, this is the war known as the War of the Spanish Succession. William III formed the Grand Alliance against the Spanish and French monarchies. England and Holland were the chief parties. There was the Emperor besides, and many German princes.

Goree (Pronounce—Gōrā), a small island belonging to France on the African coast. *Guadaloupe* (Pronounce—gwädlŏp), an island of the West Indies belonging to France. *Ticonderoga* (Pronounce—tikonderōga), a French town in New York, which was taken by the English under Amherst in 1759. *Niagara*, a French fort, at the head of Lake Erie. *The Toulon Squadron*, the French fleet coming from Toulon. *Toulon* (Pronounce—tölôn) on the French coast is the chief station of the Mediterranean fleet. *Boscawen* (1711–1761) (Pronounce—boskawen), English admiral who defeated the French fleet off Cape Lagos—(Pronounce—lāgös) on the Portuguese coast.

achievement of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, this achievement—the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm—the French general—is generally known as the Battle of Quebec (Sept. 13, 1759). Wolfe died in the hour of victory.

Envy and faction.....applause, even people who envied Pitt his supreme position and persons who belonged to the Tory party were compelled—driven—to praise their opponent—such was the splendour of his achievement.

The Brest fleet, the fleet coming from Brest, the principal naval port of France. *Hawke* (1705-1781), an English admiral who defeated the French off Quiberon (Pronounce : kebrôn), a small arm of the Bay of Biscay.

No British Seaman.....Byng, no British sailor was inclined to repeat the mistake which Byng had made. Byng had been guilty of an error of judgment. He failed to relieve Minorca which was threatened by the French. The court-martial, which tried him, found him guilty of *not having done his utmost.* Nevertheless, he was shot and his fate served as a warning to others.

I will answer for anything, I shall be responsible for the consequence.

Conquests equalling... . Cortez and Pizarro, conquests which were achieved as swiftly as Mexico and Peru were conquered by Cortez and Pizarro. And in mere grandeur of achievement, these conquests of the English completely eclipsed the daring subjugation of Mexico and Peru. *Cortez* (1485–1547) (Pronounce : kôrtez), a famous Spanish soldier, the conqueror of Mexico. *Pizarro* (1471–1541) (Pronounce : pizär̈ō), a Spanish soldier, the conqueror of Peru.

Chandernagore, a French possession which was taken by the English in 1757.

Pondicherry (Pronounce—pôndēsherē), capital of French possessions in India. It was captured by Coote in 1761.

The King of Prussia, this was Frederick II (1712–1786), surnamed 'The Great'. Maria Theresa who had succeeded her father—the Austrian Emperor (Charles VI)—had been robbed of Silesia by Frederick. With a view to recover the lost province, she formed an alliance with Russia and Austria. In the ensuing war, England sided with Prussia and helped the Prussian King by sending him large amounts of money, subsidies as they were called.

Vehemently.....ventured to do, Pitt had condemned strongly this practice of helping sovereigns on the continent with English money. Carteret was very friendly to Maria Theresa, and he was also keen on defending the Hanoverian possessions of George II. By pouring subsidy after subsidy into the exhausted treasury of the King of Prussia (as Green puts it) Pitt followed the example of Carteret and improved on it.

the mischiefs of the Hanoverian connexion, the trouble and expenditure to which England was put owing to the necessity of defending the King's possessions in Germany. When the Elector of Hanover became the King of England, England was saddled with the additional responsibility of defending Hanover. Pitt had opposed vehemently Carteret's proposal to send 16,000 English troops to defend Hanover.

he would conquer America ..... in Germany, he would help the Prussian King to beat France in the continental war. As a consequence of her defeat by Prussia, France would be unable to defend her possessions in America, and it would be easy for England to conquer them. Thus would America be conquered in Germany.

taking this line, arguing in this fashion.

took liberties with the House, treated the House with scant courtesy, somewhat rudely, not showing much consideration for their feelings.

reproach him with inconsistency, find fault with him for his present policy which was opposed to his earlier declarations—as in regard to the payment of subsidies.

gave their hearty ayes, cordially voted for granting subsidies. *Ay,* affirmative answer or vote.

a lively contemporary satire, a gay, interesting poem published when Pitt was in office, making fun of parliament for quietly voting whatever supplies Pitt asked for. A satire is a composition in prose or verse which attacks folly or vice.

make a fiddle-faddle, create trouble, unnecessary fuss.

about a Hessian.....saddle, in regard to German horsemen or their equipment. *Hesse* is in Germany. The meaning is: Parliament has ceased to complain of English money being sent by a German prince (Frederick II) in equipping his cavalry.

No more.....treasures, no complaints are made now of a minister spending English money on the continent in helping foreign princes and defending the foreign possessions of an English king (continental measures).

Ten millions.....it, the House of Commons votes ten millions and expresses complete confidence in the minister who asks for the money. Whatever he does must be right. It is impossible he (Pitt) should make a mistake.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick (Pronounce: brunzwik), Prince Ferdinand was a field-marshal in the Prussian army and defeated the French at Crevelt (a city in Prussia) and Minden (a city in Prussia, 35 miles from Hanover).

Guildhall, the council hall of the City of London. Statues of famous men are placed along the walls of this hall. The inscription on the monument in Guildhall was composed by Burke.

the cost of his victories.....them, as Pitt thought of the enormous sums spent in winning these triumphs, he felt more happy. The greater the cost of victory, the higher was his pleasure in the thought of the victory.

he loved to exaggerate.....direction, he delighted in making out these sums to be greater than they were, as he liked to think of the vast sums which the nation voted simply because he asked for them.

The price.....nation, the national debt rose from £70,000,000 to £150,000,000 during these years of Pitt's administration. *The price was long and severely felt,* that is, the nation was impoverished and miserable as a consequence of the enormous sums it had loaned to government. And yet the money which Pitt spent on his victories was nothing as compared to the amounts expended by his son during the Napoleonic struggle. And the only return he had for this huge expenditure was the treachery of the allies, defeat and disgrace. Coalition after coalition was broken up by Napoleon's victories. That is why Macaulay describes the younger Pitt as profuse (in expenditure) and incapable (incompetent).

The ardour of his soul had.....fire, he had infused his own burning passion for victory into all his countrymen.

every soldier.....Quebec, on the western side, steep rocks protected Quebec from attack. Wolfe brought his soldiers to the foot of the rocks and scaled them at night. The cannon had also to be dragged up the steep rocks—the Heights of Abraham as they are called. *inflamed,* inspired.

to play double or quits to the last, to take the risk of paying twice what one has lost (the stake) or nothing. Thus if a player has lost 3d., he plays again promising to pay 6d. if he loses a second time, but if he wins the second throw, he pays nothing.

Lord George Sackville, he failed to bring up the cavalry at Minden when he had been ordered by Ferdinand to do so. As a result of this, he was dismissed from the army.

The fops and intriguers.....vigour, the fashionable noblemen at the French court who achieved their ends by secret negotiations were confused and frightened out of their wits by the tremendous energy of Pitt.

A panic.....society, a confused fear—they were afraid of they knew not what—seized all classes of people.

Victory begot Victory, one victory led to another, for it inspired the victor with confidence and beat down the strength and courage of the defeated party.

The Great Commoner.....garters, the great representative of the people—the man who derived his power from the people. *The Great Commoner* was the name by which Pitt was often called. Such a Great Commoner might care very little for the honour of being a Knight of the Garter. Pitt's glory as a Commoner was far

greater than any artificial title or distinction which the King might have conferred on him by making him a peer or a Knight of the Garter.

drunk with, exceedingly excited, intoxicated, wild with.

Pelham, Henry Pelham, who was Prime Minister from 1748-1754. He was a lover of peace like Walpole and disliked all radical changes. Moreover, he was very conciliatory in his policy.

were tolerated, were allowed to worship in their own way.

The Church was drowsy and indulgent, the Church is the established Church. It was quiet. It did not actively persecute the Dissenters and Catholics.

A few years.....affairs, before very long a change came over the face of things. After the death of George II in 1760, his grandson succeeded him and he set himself strenuously to win back the influence of the King (which had been lost) in affairs of government. The unity brought about by Chatham and the national enthusiasm for glory on sea and land disappeared. By the time the struggle with America began, everything had changed for the worse.

convulsed by faction, torn by party-strife; *a throne assailed by the fiercest invective*, the king—George III—attacked vehemently, overwhelmed by a storm of abuse by Wilkes in *North Briton*; *a House of Commons hated*, because they refused to admit Wilkes's right to sit in the house though he was repeatedly sent to Parliament by the electors of Middlesex; *England set against Scotland*, because Bute who was of Scottish nationality was hated by the English as a prime favourite of the King. He was accused of unduly favouring the Scotch; *a rival legislature sitting beyond the Atlantic*, this is the American Congress which issued the *Declaration of Independence* on July 4, 1776; *English blood.....bayonets*, Englishmen wounding and killing Americans who were originally Englishmen and did not cease to be English only because they dwelt in America; *our armies capitulating*, this refers to the surrender of General Burgoyne in October, 1777 and the second capitulation of the British army under Lord Cornwallis in October, 1781; *our conquests.....own seas*, France and Spain declared war against England; Minorca was taken from England, and in the beginning of the war England lost her supremacy at sea.

melancholy, yet not inglorious close, the sad and yet dignified end of Pitt's life. He was in his seventieth year when he went to the House of Lords to protest against the recognition of American Independence. The Duke of Richmond replied. Pitt rose to answer him but fell back in a fit. This was on the 7th of April, 1778; he died on the 4th of May.

II.—Grammar and Composition.

1. "The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the City, and were suspended in St. Paul's Church amidst the roar of guns and

kettledrums and the shouts of an immense multitude." This is what is called a *loose* sentence—*i. e.*, a sentence in which the main proposition is stated first—The captured standards were borne in triumph, etc. The qualifications come afterwards—the roar of guns, etc. On the other hand, the following is an example of a *periodic* sentence: "Without rank, without fortune, without borough interest, hated by the King, hated by the aristocracy, he was a person of the first importance in the State" In this sentence, the qualifying adjuncts are placed first—Without rank, etc.: the main proposition comes afterwards—he was a person, etc. The interest in a periodic sentence is held in suspense till the close.

Convert the *periodic* sentence quoted above into a *loose* sentence. Give other examples of the loose and periodic sentences employed by Macaulay in this passage.

2. Macaulay builds up his paragraphs very carefully. He observes the rule of the unity of the paragraph—*i. e.*, he assembles sentences in a paragraph which are related to one main idea and this main idea is stated at the beginning of the paragraph. An example of this is the paragraph which begins with "In the meantime the nation exhibited all the signs of wealth and prosperity". Further, Macaulay knows that the sentences in a paragraph must follow each other naturally. Lastly, the various paragraphs are very carefully linked together. The final sentence in the preceding paragraph gives a hint of what is to come in the paragraph which follows.

   Examine the five paragraphs which follow the paragraph beginning with the sentence "This was the turning point of Pitt's life" and show how they follow each other in logical order.

3. Combine the following into a simple sentence:

   The Two French ships of the line struck. Four were destroyed. The rest hid themselves in the rivers of Brittany.

4. Analyse the following sentence:

   "Desiring then to be in power and feeling that his abilities and the public confidence were not alone sufficient to keep him in power against the wishes of the Court and of the aristocracy, he began to think of a coalition with Newcastle."

5. Use the following expressions in sentences of your own:

   silence a person; the odds are against; drunk with joy; zenith of glory.

6. Why does Macaulay use 'we' when speaking of himself—as in the following sentence—"We leave the Great Commoner in the zenith of his glory".

III.—Appreciation.

1. Macaulay dislikes the use of pronouns. He is very fond of repeating words and phrases. It is a device which he constantly uses. Repetition helps emphasis and it makes things vivid—especially is it useful in *contrast.* It seems as though the author were driving his point home by a succession of blows. " *Without* rank, *without* fortune, *without* borough interest, *hated* by the King, *hated* by the aristocracy, he was a person of the first importance in the state." This is one example of repetition. Take another : " *His* rank, *his* wealth, *his* unrivalled parliamentary interest would alone have made him important ", Express this without repeating 'his' and see how tame it sounds. All the kick is gone out of the sentence. Give other examples of repetition.

2. Macaulay delights in contrast—positively revels in it. He sees things in sharp opposition—dazzlingly white or enveloped in deep darkness. "Wherever the forces of the two nations met, they met with *disdainful confidence* on one side and with a *craven fear* on the other." This is one instance. Find a better example. Account for the deep impression produced on the reader's mind by such vivid contrasts.

3. Macaulay likes to balance word against word, phrase against phrase, clause against clause. Such a balanced arrangement of words and phrases makes his style clear and pointed and forceful. "He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills." This is an example of the balanced structure of sentences which Macaulay loves. Collect other examples. You will find an excellent example in the last paragraph of this passage.

4. Macaulay employs many figures of speech—metaphor, simile, antithesis, epigram. "The public offices swarmed with his creatures." Express the metaphor in this sentence in the form of a simile (a metaphor is only a condensed simile). "Throughout Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, and the Carnatic, the authority of the East India Company was more absolute than that of Akbar or Aurungzebe had ever been." This is the kind of comparison Macaulay employs. Make a list of the comparisons employed by Macaulay in this passage to show that most of his comparisons are plain and business-like.

5. Macaulay's fondness for the balanced arrangement of sentences almost prepares the way for antithesis and epigram. *Antithesis* is an arrangement of words which emphasizes contrast. " Neither of them had power enough *to support* himself. Each of them had power enough *to overturn* the other." This is an instance of antithesis. In an *epigram* there is a verbal contradiction. Any pungent saying

is also described as an epigram, "The child is father of man" is a well-known epigram. As commonly interpreted it means—"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." Are there any epigrams in the present passage?

V

THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF CHATHAM'S MINISTRY

Early in April, Pitt and all his friends were turned out and Newcastle was summoned to St. James's. But the public discontent was not extinguished. It had subsided when Pitt was called to power. But it still glowed under the embers; and it now burst at once into a flame. The stocks fell. The Common Council met. The freedom of the City was voted to Pitt. All the greatest corporate towns followed the example. "For some weeks," says Walpole, "it rained gold boxes."

This was the turning point of Pitt's life. It might have been expected that a man of so haughty and vehement a nature, treated so ungraciously by the Court, and supported so enthusiastically by the people, would have taken eagerly the first opportunity of showing his power and gratifying his resentment; and an opportunity was not wanting. The members for many counties and large towns had been instructed to vote for an inquiry into the circumstances which had produced the miscarriage of the preceding year. A motion for inquiry had been carried in the House of Commons, without opposition; and, a few days after Pitt's dismissal, the investigation commenced. Newcastle and his colleagues obtained a vote of acquittal; but the minority was so strong that they could not venture to ask for a vote of approbation, as they had at first intended; and it was thought by some shrewd observers that, if Pitt had exerted himself to the utmost

of his power, the inquiry might have ended in a censure, if not in an impeachment.

Pitt showed on this occasion a moderation and self-government which was not habitual to him. He had found by experience, that he could not stand alone. His eloquence and his popularity had done much, very much for him. Without rank, without fortune, without borough interest, hated by the King, hated by the aristocracy, he was a person of the first importance in the state. He had been suffered to form a ministry, and to pronounce sentence of exclusion on all his rivals, on the most powerful nobleman of the whig party, on the ablest debater in the House of Commons. And he now found that he had gone too far. The English Constitution was not, indeed, without a popular element. But other elements generally predominated. The confidence and admiration of the nation might make a statesman formidable at the head of an Opposition, might load him with framed and glazed parchments and gold boxes, might possibly, under very peculiar circumstances, such as those of the preceding year, raise him for a time to power. But, constituted as Parliament then was, the favourite of the people could not depend on a majority in the people's own house. The Duke of Newcastle, however contemptible in morals, manners and understanding, was a dangerous enemy. His rank, his wealth, his unrivalled parliamentary interest, would alone have made him important. But this was not all. The Whig aristocracy regarded him as their leader. His long possession of power had given him a kind of prescriptive right to possess it still. The House of Commons had been elected when he was at the head of affairs. The members of the ministerial boroughs had all been nominated by him. The public offices swarmed with his creatures.

Pitt desired power; and he desired it, we really believe, from high and generous motives. He was, in the strict sense of the word, a patriot. He had none of that philanthropy which the great French writers of his time preached to all the nations of Europe. He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, as a Roman loved the City of the Seven Hills. He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what the resources of the empire, vigorously employed, could effect; and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. "My Lord," he said to the Duke of Devonshire, "I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can."

Desiring, then, to be in power, and feeling that his abilities and the public confidence were not alone sufficient to keep him in power against the wishes of the Court and of the aristocracy, he began to think of a coalition with Newcastle.

Newcastle was equally disposed to a reconciliation. He, too, had profited by his recent experience. He had found that the Court and the aristocracy, though powerful, were not everything in the state. A strong oligarchical connexion, a great borough interest, ample patronage, and secret-service-money, might, in quiet times, be all that a Minister needed; but it was unsafe to trust wholly to such support in time of war, of discontent, and of agitation. The composition of the House of Commons was not wholly aristocratical; and, whatever be the composition of large deliberative assemblies, their spirit is always in some degree popular. Where there are free debates, eloquence must have admirers, and reason must make converts. Where there is a free press, the governors must live in constant awe of the opinions of the governed.

Thus these two men, so unlike in character, so lately mortal enemies, were necessary to each other. Newcastle had fallen in November, for want of that public confidence which Pitt possessed, and of that Parliamentary support which Pitt was better qualified than any man of his time to give. Pitt had fallen in April, for want of that species of influence which Newcastle had passed his whole life in acquiring and hoarding. Neither of them had power enough to support himself. Each of them had power enough to overturn the other. Their union would be irresistible. Neither the King nor any party in the state would be able to stand against them.

Newcastle took the Treasury. Pitt was Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons, and with the supreme direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Fox, the only man who could have given much annoyance to the new Government, was silenced with the office of Paymaster, which, during the continuance of that war, was probably the most lucrative place in the whole Government. He was poor, and the situation was tempting; yet it cannot but seem extraordinary that a man who had played a first part in politics, and whose abilities had been found not unequal to that part, who had sat in the cabinet, who had led the House of Commons, who had been twice entrusted by the King with the office of forming a ministry, who was regarded as the rival of Pitt, and who at one time seemed likely to be a successful rival, should have consented, for the sake of emolument, to take a subordinate place, and to give silent votes for all the measures of a government to the deliberations of which he was not summoned.

The first acts of the new administration were characterized rather by vigour than by judgment. Expeditions were

sent against different parts of the French coast with little success. The small island of Aix was taken, Rochefort threatened, a few ships burned in the harbour of St. Maloes, and a few guns and mortars brought home as trophies from the fortifications of Cherbourg. But soon conquests of a very different kind filled the kingdom with pride and rejoicing. A succession of victories undoubtedly brilliant, and, as it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the minister to whom the conduct of the war had been entrusted. In July, 1758, Louisburg fell. The whole island of Cape Breton was reduced. The fleet to which the court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed. The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the city, and were suspended in St. Paul's Church, amidst the roar of guns and kettle-drums, and the shouts of an immense multitude. Addresses of congratulation came in from all the great towns of England. Parliament met only to decree thanks and monuments, and to bestow, without one murmur, supplies more than double of those which had been given during the war of the Grand Alliance.

The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree. Next fell Guadaloupe; then Ticonderoga; then Niagara. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Boscawen off Cape Lagos. But the greatest exploit of the year was the achievement of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham. The news of his glorious death and of the fall of Quebec reached London in the very week in which the Houses met. All was joy and triumph. Envy and faction were forced to join in the general applause. Whigs and Tories vied with each other in extolling the genius and energy of Pitt. His colleagues were never talked of or thought of. The House of Commons, the nation, the colonies, our allies, our enemies, had their eyes fixed on him alone.

Scarcely had Parliament voted a monument to Wolfe when another great event called for fresh rejoicings. The Brest fleet, under the command of Conflans, had put out to sea. It was overtaken by an English squadron under Hawke. Conflans attempted to take shelter close under the French coast. The shore was rocky : the night was black : the wind was furious : the waves of the Bay of Biscay ran high. But Pitt had infused into every branch of the service a spirit which had long been unknown. No British seaman was disposed to err on the same side with Byng. The pilot told Hawke that the attack could not be made without the greatest danger. "You have done your duty in remonstrating," answered Hawke; "I will answer for everything. I command you to lay me alongside the French admiral." Two French ships of the line struck. Four were destroyed. The rest hid themselves in the rivers of Brittany.

The year 1760 came ; and still triumph followed triumph. Montreal was taken: the whole province of Canada was subjugated ; the French fleet underwent a succession of disasters in the seas of Europe and America.

In the meantime conquests equalling in rapidity, and far surpassing in magnitude, those of Cortes and Pizarro, had been achieved in the East. In the space of three years the English had founded a mighty empire. The French had been defeated in every part of India. Chandernagore had surrendered to Clive, Pondicherry to Coote. Throughout Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, and the Carnatic, the authority of the East India Company was more absolute than that of Akbar or Aurungzebe had ever been.

On the Continent of Europe the odds were against England. We had but one important ally, the King of Prussia ; and he was attacked, not only by France, but also by Russia and

Austria. Yet even on the Continent the energy of Pitt triumphed over all difficulties. Vehemently as he had condemned the practice of subsidising foreign princes, he now carried that practice farther than Carteret himself would have ventured to do. The active and able Sovereign of Prussia received such pecuniary assistance as enabled him to maintain the conflict on equal terms against his powerful enemies. On no subject had Pitt ever spoken with so much eloquence and ardour as on the mischiefs of the Hanoverian connexion. He now declared, not without much show of reason, that it would be unworthy of the English people to suffer their King to be deprived of his electoral dominions in an English quarrel. He assured his countrymen that they should be no losers, and that he would conquer America for them in Germany. By taking this line he conciliated the King, and lost no part of his influence with the nation. In Parliament, such was the ascendency which his eloquence, his success, his high situation, his pride, and his intrepidity had obtained for him, that he took liberties with the House of which there had been no example, and which have never since been imitated. No orator could there venture to reproach him with inconsistency. One unfortunate man made the attempt, and was so much disconcerted by the scornful demeanour of the Minister that he stammered, stopped, and sat down. Even the old Tory country gentlemen, to whom the very name of Hanover had been odious, gave their hearty Ayes to subsidy after subsidy. In a lively contemporary satire, much more lively indeed than delicate, this remarkable conversion is not unhappily described.

"No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About a Hessian horse or saddle.
No more of continental measures;
No more of wasting British treasures.

Ten millions, and a vote of credit,
'Tis right. He can't be wrong who did it."

The success of Pitt's continental measures was such as might have been expected from their vigour. When he came into power, Hanover was in imminent danger; and before he had been in office three months, the whole electorate was in the hands of France. But the face of affairs was speedily changed. The invaders were driven out. An army, partly English, partly Hanoverian, partly composed of soldiers furnished by the petty Princes of Germany, was placed under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The French were beaten in 1758 at Crevelt. In 1759 they received a still more complete and humiliating defeat at Minden.

In the meantime, the nation exhibited all the signs of wealth and prosperity. The merchants of London had never been more thriving. The importance of several great commercial and manufacturing towns, of Glasgow in particular, dates from this period. The fine inscription on the monument of Lord Chatham in Guildhall records the general opinion of the citizens of London, that under his administration commerce had been "united with and made to flourish by war".

It must be owned that these signs of prosperity were in some degree delusive. It must be owned that some of our conquests were rather splendid than useful. It must be owned that the expense of the war never entered into Pitt's consideration. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that the cost of his victories increased the pleasure with which he contemplated them. Unlike other men in his situation, he loved to exaggerate the sums which the nation was laying out under his direction. He was proud of the sacrifices and efforts which his eloquence and his

success had induced his countrymen to make. The price at which he purchased faithful service and complete victory, though far smaller than that which his son, the most profuse and incapable of war ministers, paid for treachery, defeat and shame, was long and severely felt by the nation.

Even as a war minister, Pitt is scarcely entitled to all the praise which his contemporaries lavished on him. We, perhaps from ignorance, cannot discern in his arrangements any appearance of profound or dexterous combination. Several of his expeditions, particularly those which were sent to the coast of France, were at once costly and absurd. Our Indian conquests, though they add to the splendour of the period during which he was at the head of affairs, were not planned by him. He had undoubtedly great energy, great determination, great means at his command. His temper was enterprising; and, situated as he was, he had only to follow his temper. The wealth of a rich nation, the valour of a brave nation, were ready to support him in every attempt.

In one respect, however, he deserved all the praise that he has ever received. The success of our arms was perhaps owing less to the skill of his dispositions than to the national resources and the national spirit. But that the national spirit rose to the emergency, that the national resources were contributed with unexampled cheerfulness, this was undoubtedly his work. The ardour of his soul had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships among the rocks of Brittany. The Minister, before he had been long in office, had imparted to the commanders whom he employed his own impetuous, adventurous, and defying character.

They, like him, were disposed to risk everything, to play double or quits to the last, to think nothing done while anything remained undone, to fail rather than not to attempt. For the errors of rashness there might be indulgence. For over-caution, for faults like those of Lord George Sackville, there was no mercy. In other times, and against other enemies, this mode of warfare might have failed. But the state of the French Government and of the French nation gave every advantage to Pitt. The fops and intriguers of Versailles were appalled and bewildered by his vigour. A panic spread through all ranks of society. Our enemies soon considered it as a settled thing that they were always to be beaten. Thus victory begot victory ; till, at last, wherever the forces of the two nations met, they met with disdainful confidence on one side, and with a craven fear on the other.

The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English history. He had conciliated the King ; he domineered over the House of Commons ; he was adored by the people ; he was admired by all Europe. He was the first Englishman of his time ; and he had made England the first country in the world. The Great Commoner, the name by which he was often designated, might look down with scorn on coronets and garters. The nation was drunk with joy and pride. The Parliament was as quiet as it had been under Pelham. The old party distinctions were almost effaced ; nor was their place yet supplied by distinctions of a still more important kind. A new generation of country squires and rectors had arisen who knew not the Stuarts. The Dissenters were tolerated ; the Catholics not cruelly persecuted. The Church was drowsy and indulgent. The great civil and religious conflict which began at the Reformation seemed to have terminated

in universal repose. Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Puritans, spoke with equal reverence of the constitution, and with equal enthusiasm of the talents, virtues, and services of the Minister.

A few years sufficed to change the whole aspect of affairs. A nation convulsed by faction, a throne assailed by the fiercest invective, a House of Commons hated and despised by the nation, England set against Scotland, Britain set against America, a rival legislature sitting beyond the Atlantic. English blood shed by English bayonets, our armies capitulating, our conquests wrested from us, our enemies hastening to take vengeance for past humiliation, our flag scarcely able to maintain itself in our own seas, such was the spectacle which Pitt lived to see. But the history of this great revolution requires far more space than we can at present bestow. We leave the Great Commoner in the zenith of his glory. It is not impossible that we may take some other opportunity of tracing his life to its melancholy, yet not inglorious, close.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. All great men have what is called magic of personality. Quote incidents in the lives of Shivajee and Napoleon to prove that they had this magic. Choose, if you like, any other hero of your own.

2. What were those events of the year 1759 which Horace Walpole had in mind when he said, "We are forced to ask every morning what victory there is for fear of missing one"!

3. Collect facts from Macaulay's essay in support of Green's statement that from the close of the Seven Years' War England was no longer a mere European power but towered over other nations as she was mistress of Northern America, the future mistress of India and claimed the empire of the seas as her own.

4. Compare the younger Pitt as a war-minister with his father in the light of Macaulay's remark that the price at which he—Chatham—purchased complete

victory was far smaller than that which his son paid for treachery, defeat and shame.

5. Imagine yourself listening to a speech delivered by Chatham when he announced the victories won by the English armies in North America. Describe the scene in the House of Commons.

6. Read
   (1) Harrison's Chatham, chapter ix (Twelve English Statesmen, Macmillan).
   (2) Green's History of England, Book viii, chapter iv, pp, 251–269. Book ix, chapter i, pp, 273–277.

7. Read Macaulay's Essay on Frederick the Great and write a short character-sketch of the King of Prussia.

8. Write short paragraph on
   (1) Where there are free debates, eloquence must have admirers and reason must make converts.
   (2) Where there is a free press, the governors must live in constant awe of the opinions of the governed.

9. Write a short essay on
   'Victory begets victory' or
   'Nothing succeeds like success.'

SAMUEL SMILES

[*The Influence of the Mother* is a passage selected from a book entitled '*Character*' which was published in 1871. In the second chapter of this book, the author writes about the influences at home which help shape the character of children. Among these latter, the most potent influence is that of the mother. Samuel Smiles, the author of the book, was born at Haddington (Scotland) in 1812. He studied medicine and practised as a physician for a few years in his native town. Afterwards he became a journalist. Smiles found favour with the public when he published his *Self-Help* in 1859. He followed it up by writing books on *Thrift* and *Duty*. He has also written biographies of many eminent, self-made men. Smiles died in 1904.

In the passage in the text, Smiles dwells on the blessings of a happy home. A happy home is a paradise on earth when it is presided over by an affectionate mother.

As a man's most impressionable years are spent in association with his mother, naturally he imitates the example of his mother. It is the mother who educates the child through his affections; hence the mother's example is far more powerful than that of the father. The early training which the child receives from his mother is lasting in its effect. In fact, the mother makes a child or mars him, ensures happiness for him or misery. All the great men of the world frankly own the debt they owe to their mothers. Whether the great man is a Napoleon or a Johnson, a poet or a painter—in every walk of life, the eminence of men is largely due to the inspiration they receive from their mothers. Even in matters of business, the early bias given by the mother bears fruit in later life. On the other hand, a bad mother like Byron's or Foote's may encourage in her son tendencies which are far from desirable, such as extravagance, waywardness, vehemence of passion. Smiles writes in a style which is simple and easy, and he illustrates all his points from lives of well-known men and women.

I.— *Textual Notes.*

Richter (Pronounce: rikhter), known as Jean Paul Richter (1763-1825). He wrote novels, essays, tales and political pamphlets. He is an eminent German author.

begins to colour and mould himself, begins to form favourable and unfavourable impressions and builds up his character, his personality.

Every new educator.....nurse, the child is educated by every person it meets. Each succeeding person influences it to a lesser degree than the one who preceded him. The whole of human life may be compared to a school. In such a comparison, the child which is educated by every person whom it meets in life is like a circumnavigator—a sailor who goes round the whole earth. Such a sailor is educated—learns something from every nation he visits. The child also learns something from every person it meets. But it learns less from each succeeding person. That is, it learns most from the first person who is its companion, viz., the nurse.

models, persons distinguished by various qualities, such as prudence, patience, selflessness—who would serve as examples for the child to imitate.

George Herbert (1593-1633) was a clergyman. He is a well known writer of religious poems.

Loadstone.....hearts, attracting all hearts to herself, even as the magnet attracts iron to itself.

loadstar.....eyes, the one person to whom all eyes turn for help and guidance—as the sailor in difficulty turns to the unchanging pole-star (loadstar) to ascertain the direction in which he is going.

imitation which Bacon.....globe of precepts, Bacon (in his essay on *Great Place*) compares imitation to a *globe* containing all the rules of good-conduct

in life. He employs *globe* in the sense of a round, complete compact vessel—so to speak—which is filled with all the rules and precepts of morality. His meaning is—by imitation it is possible for us to acquire the knowledge of morality. We imitate virtuous people, become moral and thus obtain unconsciously knowledge of the rules of moral behaviour.

the accumulation.....avalanche, snowflakes when they are collected in a big heap make up the avalanche—a heavy mass of snow, ice and earth driving down the mountain at great speed.

Cowley (1618–1667), an English essayist and poet. The simile referred to occurs in the essay entitled *On Myself.* He refers to his early study of poets like Horace and the ideas he had derived from them. "They were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree, which with the tree still grow proportionably."

Thus the mother.....children, in this way the mother may be said to have a second life in her children, because the children reproduce in every particular all her habits and ways. She may die physically, but figuratively she lives a second life, for her children are faithful copies of herself.

This maternal love.....race, the love of a mother for her children is God's care for human beings as it is manifested in the world from day to day. We hear of God's *providence,* his beneficent care of humanity. In the love of a mother for her children, this *providence* of God which is a mere idea becomes visible. It is seen in action from day to day.

Emerson (1803–1882), a celebrated American essayist, lecturer and poet. In his essay on *Civilization,* he remarks "I have thought a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women". The influence which good women exercise in a state enables us to understand more or less accurately the standard of civilization which the state has attained. For a good woman educates all that is delicate and poetic in her rough mate, teaches him to be courteous, kind and self-sacrificing.

Even the understanding.....affections, with love in her heart, the best of women understands things more quickly than with the help of logic or dry figures. Thus Mrs. Carlyle told her husband that *Sartor Resartus* was a work of genius. She needed not the help of logic—such arguments as beauty of subject-matter and beauty of style. In the same way, Florence Nightingale was convinced that the soldiers wounded on the field needed her help. It was her humanity more than logic which convinced her of the crying need of nursing soldiers on the field.

St. Augustine (354–430 A. D.) (Pronounce—augustin), was born at Thagaste in Numidia (Africa). He was educated at a grammar school, and later at the age of sixteen proceeded to the University of Carthage where he obtained the first place in the school of rhetoric in spite of his gay, dissipated way of life. His mother—Monica—was a Christian from her childhood. She was a woman of deep religious fervour.

Augustine's father became a Christian later in life. He himself was converted to Christianity and baptized by Bishop Ambrose in Milan in 387. The conversion was largely due to the influence of his mother. She went and stayed with him in Milan after the loss of her husband. Augustine became subsequently Bishop of Hippo. He is eminent as a theologian, a philosopher, a moralist, a stylist.

schools, of grammar and rhetoric.

highest good, faith in Christ and salvation of the soul.

wicked life, the life of gaiety and dissipation, when he was a student. He lived with a young woman without marrying her and had a son by her.

bread cast upon.....lost, labour which is thrown away, which bears no fruit. The reference is to Ecclesiastes xi, 1—*Cast thy bread upon the waters : for thou shalt find it after many days.* When the river Nile overflows its banks, rice-seed cast into the water takes root and grows subsequently into flourishing, vigorous plant. Here, of course, the seed does not take root—the labour is wasted.

the Reverend John Newton (1725–1807), he had very little education. He served on his father's ship for five years. Later he was a mate and master on slave-trading ships. He led a reckless, debauched life, but he was converted in 1748 and ten years later he became the curate of Olney in Buckinghamshire. While he was at Olney, he formed the memorable friendship with Cowper and they published the Olney hymns together in 1779.

John Randolph (1773–1833), he was a member of Congress and United States minister to Russia in 1830.

Our Father, who art in heaven, from the Lord's Prayer, the prayer composed by Christ for the use of his followers. "Our Father" are the opening words of the prayer.

Southey (1774–1843), author of the Life of Nelson and many long poems which are almost forgotten now.

Dr. Wolcot (1738–1819), he was physician-general of the island of Jamaica. Wolcot wrote coarse satires on George III, Boswell and the Royal Academy. His writings are witty, but he had no decency and no principle.

Gretry (1741–1815) (Pronounce : grā-trē), a French musical composer.

Nature's Chef d'oeuvre (Pronounce : shĕdêrvr), nature's masterpiece, the best work of nature.

good mothers.....mankind, good mothers help to infuse fresh life into mankind and enable them to go on living from one generation to another. The moral life of humanity is as its vital breath. And good mothers play a far more important part in the creation of this moral life than the fathers.

Izaak Walton (1593–1683), wrote a life of George Herbert and "The Complete Angler" (1653). He is known as the "Father of Angling".

Provençal (Pronounce—provānsál), belonging to Provence, an old province in the South-east of France.

Without woman.....cubs, men would be like wild, fierce cubs of wolves and other animals, were it not for women. Women teach them gentility, courtesy, kindliness.

" *to love the little platoon.....affections* ", it is by loving our home—our brothers, sisters and parents—that we learn to love our country and our countrymen. *Platoon* is literally a body of soldiers. Burke applies it here to the members of one's family. One's love of parents and brothers and sisters is the seed out of which the larger love of country and humanity grows.

morally dwarfed and deformed, wanting in self-control, selfish and vicious. The man who has reached his full height morally is a man of perfect self-control; the man who is morally whole is the man who loves all that is noble and righteous in life.

Mr. Tufnall, in Reports of Inspectors of Parochial School Unions in England and Wales, 1850. (Author's note.)

Joseph de Maistre (1754–1821), (Pronounce : mātr), a very great French writer, statesman and philosopher.

chefs-d'oeuvre, masterpieces in literature or art. *Iliad*, the famous poem of Homer. *Jerusalem Delivered*, an epic poem by Tasso, an Italian poet, describing the deliverance of Jerusalem from the unbelievers. It was published in 1581. *Hamlet*, the well-known Shakespearian tragedy. *Phoedre*, fables written by a Roman author who lived in the first century. Most of them are taken from Æsop.

Paradise Lost, Milton's Epic Poem, *Tartuffe* (Pronounce : tärtüffe), a comedy by Moliere, produced in 1667.

St. Peter's, the church of that name in Rome which was designed by Michaelangelo. *Messiah*, a sacred opera composed by Handel. *Apollo Belvidere*, a famous statue in the Pope's palace in Rome. *The Last Judgment*, a well-known painting by Michaelangelo.

have invented neither Algebra.....steam-engines, the credit for the invention of algebra cannot be assigned to any particular person. Galileo invented the telescope and the invention of steam-engine is ascribed to James Watt.

while acting as ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, Maistre acted as ambassador of the King of Sardinia at the court of St. Petersburg from 1802–1807. This was the most brilliant period of his literary and political life.

Rasselas was published in 1759. It was written, says Macaulay, to defray the charges of his mother's funeral and to pay some debts which she had left.

II.—*Grammar and Composition.*

1. (i) "They—the first twenty years of man's life—are by far the most pregnant *in* consequences." *Pregnant* is used here in the sense of fruitful in results. The proper preposition to employ is *with*—pregnant *with* consequences.

   (ii) "They *look up to her* for everything." *Look up to* means here depend on the mother exclusively—raise their eyes to her questioningly for help. If *look up* is used without 'to' it means to *call on* a person—look a person up.

   (iii) "The lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly *seen through.*"

   Make sentences to illustrate the use of *see through, look up, pregnant with.*

2. "Our Father, *who* art in heaven." In modern English this would be "Our Father *who* is in heaven "—*who* being a relative pronoun, having Father for its antecedent. The verb which agrees with *who* must be *is*, as father is a noun in the third person. Thus we have—"I, who *am* poor can sympathise with the sorrows of the poor "—" Thou who *art* rich can understand the temptations of the rich "—"He who *is* a Prime Minister realizes how heavy are the burdens of office"—'They, *who were* present at the scene, wept for pity'. In all these instances, the change in the verb indicates the person or number of the relative *who*. Construct examples to show that you understand the rule mentioned and illustrated above.

3. (*a*) Convert the following *loose* sentence into a periodic sentence—A *loose* sentence states the main idea first, the qualifications come afterwards. In a periodic sentence, the qualifications come first, the main idea is held back till towards the close.

   "She was a woman of rare excellence—full of resources, a good woman of business, an excellent manager, and possessed of much strength of character."

   (*b*) Change the following periodic sentence into a loose sentence. "The happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism of the world depends in a high degree upon the exercise of woman's power within her special kingdom of home."

   Will the change suggested make these sentences more effective and striking?

4. Analyse the paragraph given below and show how the various sentences expand and illustrate the main idea which is stated in the opening sentence:

   "By imitation of acts the character becomes slowly and imperceptibly but at length decidedly formed. The several acts may seem in themselves trivial; but

so are the continuous acts of daily life like snowflakes. They fall unperceived —each flake added to the pile produces no sensible change, and yet the accumulation of snowflakes makes the avalanche. So do repeated acts, one following another, at length become consolidated in habit, determine the action of the human being, for good or for evil, and, in a word, form character."

5. "The teaching of the friar who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeves was not worth much." This is a story in a sentence. Expand it into a paragraph, imagining the circumstances under which the theft was committed and the humiliation of the friar when it was discovered.

III.—*Appreciation :*

1. Smiles illustrates his points by a variety of metaphors, similes, analogies. *In the home the mother is the loadstar to all eyes*—this is a metaphor from navigation. *The home is the woman's domain*—this is a metaphor from politics. *The ideas implanted in the mind are like seeds dropped into the ground*—this is a simile from Nature. "*It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost*"—this is a simile from the Bible. An analogy implies parallelism ; it is an inference that two things resemble each other in all respects, because they are known to resemble each other in certain respects. *The good home is the best of schools*—is an analogy. Search for other similes, metaphors, analogies to substantiate the statement made above. Quote one sentence where the author piles up one metaphor over another.

2. "*One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.*" This is a very fine saying. It is a terse, pointed, finished way of putting things. A mass of sense is packed in a small space. Such polished, finished sayings arrest attention at once and stay in the mind without any effort on our part. Make a list of all such sayings which occur in this passage.

3. Smiles is fond of using three words in succession by way of driving his point home. When the first word used is strong, the second stronger than the first, the third strongest of all, we have *climax*—a figure of speech in which words are arranged in an ascending scale—*Days, weeks, months* or better, *I request you, I beg of you, I beseech you.* Of course, the effect of climax is achieved also by phrases, clauses, sentences arranged in an ascending order. Is such an order present in the sentences which are given below ?

   (i) His mother counselled him, entreated him, advised him.

   (ii) The training of his will, his energy and his self-control.

   (iii) Let the mother be idle, vicious and slattern.

   (iv) Let her home be pervaded by cavilling, petulence and discontent.

4 (a) Quote one example each of the effective use of contrast and repetition by Smiles.

(b) Quote expressions similar to, or construct others on the analogy of the following:

for good or for evil; the mother lives again in the children; gone to the dogs.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOTHER

The child cannot help imitating what he sees. Everything is to him a model—of manner, of gesture, of speech, of habit, of character. "For the child," says Richter, "the most important era of life is that of childhood, when he begins to colour and mould himself by companionship with others. Every new educator effects less than his predecessor; until at last, if we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by all the nations he has seen than by his nurse." Models are therefore of every importance in moulding the nature of the child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now, the model most constantly before every child's eye is the Mother.

One good mother, said George Herbert, is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is "loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes". Imitation of her is constant—imitation, which Bacon likens to "a globe of precepts". But example is far more than precept. It is instruction in action. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad examples the best of precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—

hypocrisy. Even children are judges of consistency, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeves was not worth much.

By imitation of acts the character becomes slowly and imperceptibly but at length decidedly formed. The several acts may seem in themselves trivial; but so are the continuous acts of daily life. Like snowflakes, they fall unperceived; each flake added to the pile produces no sensible change, and yet the accumulation of snowflakes makes the avalanche. So do repeated acts, one following another, at length become consolidated in habit, determine the action of the human being for good or for evil, and, in a word, form the character.

It is because the mother, far more than the father, influences the action and conduct of the child, that her good example is of so much greater importance in the home. It is easy to understand how this should be so. The home is the woman's domain—her kingdom, where she exercises entire control. Her power over the little subjects she rules there is absolute. They look up to her for everything. She is the example and model constantly before their eyes, whom they unconsciously observe and imitate.

Cowley, speaking of the influence of early example and of ideas early implanted in the mind, compares them to letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which grow and widen with age. The impressions then made, howsoever slight they may seem, are never effaced. The ideas then implanted in the mind are like seeds dropped into the ground, which lie there and germinate for a time, afterwards springing up in acts and thoughts and habits. Thus the mother lives again in her children. They

unconsciously mould themselves after her manner, her speech, her conduct, and her method of life. Her habits become theirs; and her character is visibly repeated in them.

This maternal love is the visible providence of our race. Its influence is constant and universal. It begins with the education of the human being at the outstart of life, and is prolonged by virtue of the powerful influence which every good mother exercises over her children through life. When launched into the world, each to take part in its labours, anxieties, and trials, they still turn to their mother for consolation, if not for counsel, in their times of trouble, and difficulty. The pure and good thoughts she has implanted in their minds when children continue to grow up into good acts long after she is dead; and when there is nothing but a memory of her left, her children rise up and call her blessed.

It is not saying too much to aver that the happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism of the world, depends in a very high degree upon the exercise of woman's power within her special kingdom of home. Indeed, Emerson says broadly and truly, that "a sufficient measure of civilization is the influence of good women". Posterity may be said to lie before us in the person of the child in the mother's lap. What that child will eventually become mainly depends upon the training and example which he has received from his first and most influential educator.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain; but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections.

And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe, and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

The respective influences of the father and the mother on the training and development of character are remarkably illustrated in the life of St. Augustine. While Augustine's father, a poor freeman of Thagaste, proud of his son's abilities, endeavoured to furnish his mind with the highest learning of the schools, and was extolled by his neighbours for the sacrifices he made with that object "beyond the ability of his means"—his mother Monica, on the other hand, sought to lead her son's mind in the direction of the highest good, and with pious care counselled him, entreated him, advised him to chastity, and, amidst much anguish and tribulation, because of his wicked life, never ceased to pray for him until her prayers were heard and answered. Thus her love at last triumphed, and the patience and goodness of the mother were rewarded, not only by the conversion of her gifted son, but also of her husband. Later in life, and after her husband's death, Monica, drawn by her affection, followed her son to Milan, to watch over him and there she died when he was in his thirty-third year. But it was in the earlier period of his life that her example and instruction made the deepest impression upon his mind, and determined his future character.

There are many similar instances of early impressions made upon a child's mind, springing up into good acts late in life, after an intervening period of selfishness and vice. Parents may do all that they can to develop

an upright and virtuous character in their children, and apparently in vain. It seems like bread cast upon the waters and lost. And yet sometimes it happens that long after the parents have gone to their rest—it may be twenty years or more—the good precept, the good example, set before their sons and daughters in childhood, at length springs up and bears fruit.

One of the most remarkable of such instances was that of the Reverend John Newton of Olney, the friend of Cowper the poet. It was long subsequent to the death of both his parents, and after leading a vicious life as a youth and as a seaman, that he became suddenly awakened to a sense of his depravity ; and then it was that the lessons which his mother had given him when a child sprang up vividly in his memory. Her voice came to him as it were from the dead, and led him gently back to virtue and goodness.

Another instance is that of John Randolph, the American statesman, who once said : " I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, ' Our Father, who art in heaven.' "

But such instances must, on the whole, be regarded as exceptional. As the character is biassed in early life, so it generally remains, gradually assuming its permanent form as manhood is reached. " Live as long as you may," said Southey, " the first twenty years are the longest half of your life," and they are by far the most pregnant in consequences. When the worn-out slanderer and voluptuary Dr. Wolcot lay on his death-bed, one of his friends asked if he could do anything to gratify him. " Yes," said the dying man eagerly, " give me back my youth." Give him but that,

and he would repent—he would reform. But it was all too late! His life had become bound and enthralled by the chains of habit.

Gretry, the musical composer, thought so highly of the importance of woman as an educator of character, that he described a good mother as 'Nature's *chef-d'œuvre*'. And he was right: for good mothers, far more than fathers, tend to the perpetual renovation of mankind, creating, as they do, the moral atmosphere of the home, which is the nutriment of man's moral being, as the physical atmosphere is of his corporeal frame. By good temper, suavity and kindness, directed by intelligence, woman surrounds the indwellers with a pervading atmosphere of cheerfulness, contentment and peace, suitable for the growth of the purest as of the manliest natures.

The poorest dwelling, presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful and cleanly woman, may thus be the abode of comfort, virtue and happiness: it may be the scene of every ennobling relation in family life; it may be endeared to a man by many delightful associations; furnishing a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from the storms of life, a sweet resting-place after labour, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity, and a joy at all times.

The good home is thus the best of schools, not only in youth, but in age. There young and old best learn cheerfulness, patience, self-control, and the spirit of service and of duty. Izaak Walton, speaking of George Herbert's mother, says she governed her family with judicious care, not rigidly nor sourly, "but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline them to spend much of their time in her company, which was to her great content".

The home is the true school of courtesy, of which woman is always the best practical instructor. "Without woman," says the Provencal proverb, "men were but ill-licked cubs." Philanthropy radiates from the home as from a centre. "To love the little platoon we belong to in society," said Burke "is the germ of all public affections". The wisest and the best have not been ashamed to own it to be their greatest joy and happiness to sit "behind the heads of children" in the inviolable circle of home. A life of purity and duty there is not the least effectual preparative for a life of public work and duty; and the man who loves his home will not the less fondly love and serve his country.

But while homes, which are the nurseries of character, may be the best of schools, they may also be the worst. Between childhood and manhood how incalculable is the mischief which ignorance in the home has the power to cause! Between the drawing of the first breath and the last, how vast is the moral suffering and disease occasioned by incompetent mothers and nurses! Commit a child to the care of a worthless, ignorant woman, and no culture in after life will remedy the evil you have done. Let the mother be idle, vicious and slattern; let her home be pervaded by cavilling, petulance, and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from, rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed—the cause of misery to themselves and to others.

Napoleon Buonaparte was accustomed to say that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depended entirely on the mother". He himself attributed his rise in life in a great measure to the training of his will, his energy, and his self-control by his mother at home. "Nobody had any command over him," says one of his biographers, "except

his mother, who found means, by a mixture of tenderness, severity, and justice, to make him love, respect, and obey her ; from her he learnt the virtue of obedience."

A curious illustration of the dependence of the character of children on that of the mother incidentally occurs in one of Mr. Tufnell's school reports. The truth, he observes, is so well established that it has even been made subservient to mercantile calculation. "I was informed," he says, "in a large factory, where many children were employed, that the managers before they engaged a boy always inquired into the mother's character, and if that was satisfactory they were tolerably certain that her children would conduct themselves creditably. *No attention was paid to the character of the father.*"

It has also been observed that in cases where the father has turned out badly—become a drunkard, and "gone to the dogs"—provided the mother is prudent and sensible, the family will be kept together, and the children probably make their way honourably in life: whereas in cases of the opposite sort, where the mother turns out badly, no matter how well conducted the father may be, the instances of after-success in life on the part of the children are comparatively rare.

The greater part of the influence exercised by women on the formation of character necessarily remains unknown. They accomplish their best work in the quiet seclusion of the home and the family, by sustained effort and patient perseverance in the path of duty. Their greatest triumphs, because private and domestic, are rarely recorded ; and it is not often, even in the biographies of distinguished men, that we hear of the share which their mothers have had in the formation of their character, and in giving them a bias towards goodness. Yet are they not on that account

without their reward. The influence they have exercised, though unrecorded, lives after them, and goes on propagating itself in consequences for ever.

We do not often hear of great women as we do of great men. It is of good women that we mostly hear ; and it is probable that, by determining the character of men and women for good, they are doing even greater work than if they were to paint great pictures, write great books, or compose great operas. "It is quite true," said Joseph de Maistre, "that women have produced, no *chefs-d'œuvre*. They have written no *Iliad*, nor *Jerusalem Delivered*, nor *Hamlet*, nor *Phædre*, nor *Paradise Lost;* nor *Tartuffe ;* they have designed no Church of St. Peter's, composed no *Messiah*, carved no *Apollo Belvidere*, painted no *Last Judgment* ; they have invented neither algebra, nor telescope, nor steam-engines ; but they have done something far greater and better than all this, for it is at their knees that upright and virtuous men and women have been trained—the most excellent productions in the world."

De Maistre, in his letters and writings, speaks of his own mother with immense love and reverence. Her noble character made all other women venerable in his eyes. He described her as his "sublime mother"—"an angel to whom God has lent a body for a brief season". To her he attributed the bent of his character, and all his bias towards good ; and when he had grown to mature years, while acting as ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg he referred to her noble example and precepts as the ruling influence in his life.

One of the most charming features in the character of Samuel Johnson, notwithstanding his rough and shaggy exterior, was the tenderness with which he invariably spoke of his mother—a woman of strong understanding, who

firmly implanted in his mind, as he himself acknowledged, his first impression of religion. He was accustomed, even in the time of his greatest difficulties, to contribute largely out of his slender means, to her comfort; and one of his last acts of filial duty was to write *Rasselas* for the purpose of paying her little debts and defraying her funeral charges.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Give a short account of Shivajee's mother and explain how she taught her boy early to be brave and strong and courageous in the cause of virtue, truth and religion.
2. If a mother is gentle, tender and loving, she is also capable of the highest heroism and courage. Quote the example of a Spartan Mother, or a Rajput, or a Roman Mother to prove this.
3. Write down some happy memories of your own mother.
4. Tell some stories of mothers in the world of Nature—animals, birds and other living creatures—showing the same affection for their young, the same readiness to die for them as human mothers.
5. Write an imaginary dialogue between a brother and a sister in which the brother argues that their father's affection is stronger, while the sister holds that their mother's affection is far more powerful.
6. Give examples of mothers who have abandoned their children to death, or sacrificed the happiness of children for their own selfish purposes.
7. Write a short essay on the following subjects: (1) "The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day." (2) "Example is far more than precept."
8. Read Wordsworth's 'The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman'. 'The Force of Prayer' and 'The Affliction of Margaret'. Read also Morris's 'Mother and Son' and Cowper's 'On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture'. Look up the classical stories of *Persephone* and *Medea*.

SHAKESPEARE

Twelfth Night is the gayest of Shakespeare's comedies. It was written probably in 1600. In the scene selected here, the clown—the fool attached to Olivia's household—finds himself in a fix. He has been playing truant and knows that his mistress, Olivia, would rebuke him severely for absenting himself without leave.

Olivia is a rich lady. She has recently lost her brother and rather likes to hug her grief. Maria is Olivia's attendant and companion. She is a clever, witty lady and tries to worm out of the fool the secret of his absence. But if Maria is witty, the fool is wittier and refuses to be drawn. When his mistress approaches, her brow is clouded and her words are sharp. It thunders and lightens. Undaunted, the clown faces the situation and neatly turns the tables on his mistress. She appreciates the joke, owns defeat, and takes the fool back into her favour. The fool in *Twelfth Night* is fond of punning. But there is more in him than punning—as this scene shows. He has the gift of genuine humour.

Textual Notes :

Nay.....excuse, apparently the clown has been asking Maria to plead with his mistress on his behalf and she replies "I will not open my mouth even to the extent of allowing a hair to enter—to make an excuse for you—unless you tell me where you have been idling away the time". *A *bristle* is a thick, stiff hair.

hang thee, when the fool played truant or offended in some other way, he was whipped. Maria is exaggerating when she says " My lady will hang thee".

not so, neither, the double negative, common in Shakespeare ; it does not make an affirmative. What the fool means is " not quite."

fellows, addressing the attendants.

dry, dull, dishonest, forgetful of his duty, neglecting it, ill-behaved. *Madonna,* an Italian word, the equivalent of *my lady* in English.

dexteriously, cleverly, skilfully, *idleness,* means of amusement.

the more fool, the greater fool.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Act I, Scene V

Olivia's *house.* Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar.—Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo.—Let her hang me : many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage.

Mar.—You are resolute, then ?

Clo.—Not so, neither.

Mar.—Peace ; here comes my lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

(*Exit*)

Enter Lady Olivia with Malvolio.

Clo.—God bless thee, lady !

Oli.—Take the fool away.

Clo.—Do you not hear, fellows ? Take away the lady.

Oli.—Go to, you're a dry fool ; I'll no more of you : besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo.—Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend : for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself ; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli.—Can you do it ?

Clo.—Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli.—Make your proof.

Clo.—I must catechize you for it, madonna : good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli.—Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo.—Good madonna, why mournest thou ?

Oli.—Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo.—I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli.—I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo.—The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Judging from this single performance of which you read here, what is your opinion of the fool?
2. What does the fool mean when he says "Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage"?
3. Quote expressions similar to "Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage", or make sentences of your own which will resemble the observation or the proverb quoted by the fool—such as "Many a timely warning prevents a serious crime".
4. Shakespeare plays upon the two senses of the word *dry*. Olivia applies it to the fool. A *dry fool* is in her view a fool who is wanting in the ability to amuse people by making clever jokes. The fool understands it in the sense of one who is thirsty. Such a play upon the two senses of a word is called a pun. Give two examples of punning from Shakespeare or some other dramatist.
5. Compare the fool here with the fool in Kalidasa's *Śakuntala*.
6. Describe a day in the life of a fool.
7. "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit" says the clown. What does he mean?

E. V. LUCAS

['*Birds and Their Enemies*' is taken from *Fireside and Sunshine*, a volume of essays which was published first in 1906. It is in its tenth edition now. Mr. Lucas writes on all kinds of subjects and never fails to charm. *Birds and Their Enemies* appears in the company of such subjects as *Clothes Old and New, Albums and Crackers, The Poetry of Catalogues.* Edward Verrall Lucas was born in 1868. He has written travel-books and edited Lamb's works. He writes authoritatively on art, is an essayist, and a humourist with a very kindly human personality which he communicates to all his writings.

In 'Birds and Their Enemies', Mr. Lucas tells us something about the ways of birds and the ways of their enemies. The imprudence of birds in building their nests invites the cruelty of their enemies—boys who rob their nests and cats who kill the newly-hatched young. Incidentally, Mr. Lucas talks about rabbits and their timidity, the fear which rats inspire in the author, and the poetry of the movements of squirrels. All this information is the fruit of personal observation, and Mr. Lucas weaves into the narrative his sympathies and antipathies, his comments on Fate and Providence in so delightful a fashion, that the whole of it reads like a fairy tale.

The ease of the style is not more remarkable than its simplicity. Never was natural history presented in a more attractive guise.]

I. Textual Notes.

The thrush, a singing bird—one of the finest of singing birds. It is about nine inches long. The wings and back are brown, the breast is yellowish. It builds its nest in a thick hedge. Here the thrush built in a box tree—a small plant used in garden borders.

noisy departure.....near, when someone approached very close to the nest, the bird rose out of the nest, uttering loud cries.

in danger it is.....away, it is better to keep quiet and say nothing when the enemy is close upon one than to rush off noisily from his presence. Excitement does not help one in difficulty so much as self-possession.

the long-tailed tits, these birds have very tiny beaks, small bodies and long tails. They are a cheery, chirping lot. The nest is made of moss and lichens and has a small opening. It is lined with feathers and 'the building operations' are continued over three weeks, though here they are finished in ten days.

ostentatiously, drawing pointed attention to it, intent on showing the place selected for building the nest.

lichen, a plant which covers up as with a layer trunks of trees, stones etc.

picked up casually.....for, whether collected by accident as they lay on the way, or forcibly plucked from the bodies of other birds with whom the tits fought for these feathers.

protective purposes, to hide it from view.

did not.....colour, did not at all resemble the surrounding colour ; if it had, it would have been lost in the surrounding colour. As the lichen was of a different colour, the nest was a marked object—attracted attention at once.

man is never.....birds, never are men so utterly unable to help—though entirely willing to help—as in their relations with birds. They cannot talk with birds, neither have they any other means of communication with birds.

only very strong people.....that, only hard-hearted people can practise such kindness. It is a surgeon's kindness. He is a little cruel at first and cuts away some diseased part of our body, to save us from death. He gives pain but with a view to restore us to health.

positively clamorous visibility, the nest which lay so clearly open to view that it seemed literally to call out to people, to be shouting at them.

Sunday afternoon.....parts, a bird-nesting expedition. Being free on Sunday afternoon, boys go in quest of nests and rob the nests of eggs and sometimes tear away the nests. Such an expedition is humorously described as a

foray—a raid by troops or robbers. In the same humorous vein, the author adds that Sunday afternoon is the most dangerous time for all creatures whom boys get at—dogs, cats, frogs, birds. If boys meet anyone of these creatures on a Sunday afternoon, they will torture them or throw stones at them, so that their lives are in danger.

reputation as a gentleman, gentleman worthy of the name are kind, and exert themselves to protect birds and beasts from the cruelty of their fellowmen. The long-tailed tits did not look upon Mr. Lucas as a gentleman as he made no effort to save their nest.

(*that extreme measure !*), unusual, almost inexplicable action. John would not stop work unless there was some very urgent reason for it. He loved his work too much to stop it now and again just to fool about.

beautiful natural processes, the hatching of birds, the rearing of the young.

depredators, plunderers, looters.

a kind of sense of duty.....it, believing (wrongly, of course) that it is his duty as a boy to seize a nest wherever he finds it. All boys do it. He is a boy. He must do it.

marks a nest down, carefully observes the nest and plans her attack.

I am not.....morning, I do not find fault with the cat. That would be silly. For the cat only followed her natural inclination to attack and kill birds. But I am angry with the cat because, as an instructor of the young, it has made my position very awkward.

oracle is the place where the ancient Greeks consulted their gods. Here it is used in the sense of teacher, instructor of great authority. As he explains, he told the young girl about the lovely, kindly, ways of nature. Now that the cat had killed the birds, it would be difficult for him to talk of the kindness of nature.

it comes naturally.....boys, even a little girl thinks instinctively—has no difficulty in deciding that boys must naturally commit such cruel acts as robbing the nests of birds or tearing them away. Cruelty is in their blood. They cannot help being cruel.

the odds are quite heavy, the chances are in favour of the conclusion—the evidence is almost convincing (that the cat was the murderer).

dishonoured thing, a person who is despised. Mr. Lucas was unable to answer the girl's questions. She ceased to feel any respect for him, thought that he was as ignorant as herself.

has its will of the mice, can catch as many mice as it likes and eat them.

The law of the survival of the fittest, the doctrine which asserts that in the struggle for existence those creatures survive (continue to exist) who have certain advantages over others who are fittest, those who can adapt themselves to their

surroundings. This is the law laid down by Darwin. As against this, Mr. Lucas argues that if fitness is the test, then a thrush is as fit to live as is a cat and a long-tailed tit again, as fit to live as a boy.

exchange.....birds, sacrifice for the friendship of a pair of these birds—the long-tailed tits—give over to death for the sake of the close friendship of these birds. This is, of course, a humorous exaggeration.

enlist and some day .....mauser bullet, will be enrolled as a soldier and die on the battle-field shot through the heart with a Mauser bullet—with a bullet from a Mauser rifle. *Mauser* (Pronounce—mowzer), the name of the inventor of the rifle.

A life for life, if one creature kills another, it will be in its turn eaten up by another creature. If a bird eats up a worm, it will in its turn be eaten up by a cat. Tit for tat is Nature's policy.

When.....same time, when men admitted mercy—kindliness—as a duty which they owed to the creatures of the earth, they also made room for plenty of doubts and fears. There is no end to this doctrine of mercy. If one feels pity for the birds which the cat eats, why should not one pity the worms which the bird eats. It is a long, endless chain.

in a solid phalanx—a little yellow cloud, keeping close together in a line—like soldiers marching in unbroken line. At a distance they look like a small cloud—yellow in colour.

mobilization, assembly of forces (soldiers). The word is applied strictly to the preparation of troops for active service.

contrary is the fact, though they are united, they are weak and timid.

the motive.....fear, their object in moving about all together is not to attack someone, but to protect themselves from rats.

weakly, twittering beaks.....necks, weak beaks with which they utter twittering sounds and necks that seem to hang foolishly, unable to bear themselves up firmly.

stimulation, encouragement.

a snake country, as in India, snakes abound in tropical regions. *tarantulas..... .....country*, large spiders whose bite was supposed to cause a dancing mania. Tarantulas abound in southern Europe and tarantism (the dancing malady) originated in southern Italy.

the rat idea.....on me, I am seized by a similar fear when I think of rats. Rats have the same power over me—the idea of a rat is terrifying to me.

Southey's ballad of Bishop Hatto, Southey (1774–1843) tells this story of this cruel bishop and how he was eaten up by rats. Hatto was Archbishop of Mainz on the Rhine. When there was famine in the land, the poor people crowded round his door asking for food. He ordered them to assemble in the barn and then set fire to

the barn. The next day thousands of rats invaded his palace. He retired to his tower on the Rhine, but the army of rats swam through the river and rushing up to the tower, attacked the Bishop and ate him up alive. The tower (castle) was called the Mice-tower, and it was situated on a green island in the river. Bishop Hatto lived about 970 A. D.

A personified sin..... thus, some ugly sin—such as avarice or cruelty might easily be represented as a living creature in the form of a rat.

We don't.....anything, we have no knowledge of the thoughts which pass through a rat's mind, whether it has any thoughts at all.

be hanged to them, I shouldn't worry about them in the least.

such is association, the power of association, the scratching that suggests the rat, the rat which inspires the fright.

association, ideas which form a chain—one leading on to another.

miniature things.....nut, little things—creatures—who find life difficult and puzzling—know not how to keep clear of misfortunes or avoid their enemies.

By a sudden movement, by some gesture of attack which took the cat by surprise.

A rabbit... .....iron, a rabbit which would regain its health and strength after it has been tortured by a cat would have a constitution of iron. The bodies of ordinary rabbits are soft, brittle stuff. Their nerves go to pieces when a cat attacks them. A rabbit that will survive a cat's attack must have a body of iron. There is no such rabbit.

The memory of the bright..... ...eyes, the recollection of the vivid light of fear in the little rabbit's eyes. Eyes glow in fear as well as in joy.

frolic, sportive, *curvet as she will*, curl herself as she likes, *and twist.....grace*, and bend her body into a thousand fanciful forms of arresting beauty.

beauty too superficial, their beauty is very much the beauty of the body; it does not penetrate beneath the surface. Their souls are wicked and cruel.

mongrel, of mixed breed, hence inferior.

Persians of the Orient, Persian cats with long hair, greatly esteemed as pets.

so I say to-day, I may change my mind later. The disgust may wear off.

rise properly, bring myself to appreciate, persuade myself to like thoroughly.

may well be gratified.....animals, men may be greatly pleased if at their approach little wild animals are seized by fear and start running all together. To have caused such a panic is evidence of man's superior strength. Hence the satisfaction.

no matter how succulent.....burrow, even if the grass is exceedingly juicy, they must run away in fear. Their fear of the approaching enemy is greater than their desire to feed. Secondly, they will start running for home, however *distant*—remote, far off—it might be.

One almost blushes.....every evening, one is almost ashamed to think of the immense distances—hard to be believed—which the rabbits cover as they run to the burrows every morning and evening when one leaves home and returns home. Every little footfall sets them running.

gather together pluck.....to brave it out, summon all their courage with a view to face the enemy boldly—the enemy is, of course, the approaching man.

their hearts fail.....home, their courage fails and they rush off towards their home.

it baulks the sportsman's aim, it defeats the aim of the sportsman by misleading him. The rabbit swerves—changes his direction again and again, which is very puzzling to the sportsman.

flashing scut, shining bit of a tail.

go off sadly, become worse, dull, stupid as they advance in years; lose the spirit of adventure and the ingenuity which they display in their early years.

One imagines.....warnings, one thinks that an old rabbit must be very wise and cautious—a mine of wisdom and prudence acquired by experience extending over a long life. But men who are familiar with his ways know that he is more stupid than the younger generation of rabbits. Hence as human beings think contemptuously of old rabbits, it follows that these rabbits should regard human beings as wicked and worthless beyond words (*a desperately bad character*). It is natural one should hate one's enemies.

grit, pluck. *daredevil*, recklessness. *composure*, presence of mind.

loops over the ground.....in pictures, runs in a curve, completing the circle and racing ahead, makes another curve and completes that circle, like the sea-serpent shown in pictures moving through the water, curving and coiling, moving sinuously. Apparently, Mr. Lucas refers to the picture of a sea-serpent given in a book by a Norwegian missionary (Hans Egede). There are other pictures, the one from Gould's *Mythical Monsters* is reproduced in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The sea-serpent is a monster in the sea having the form of a serpent. Perhaps the sea-serpent is merely the sea-snake travelling in the sea—swimming with its tail as shown in a cinema-show (pictures).

pauses.....to stone, stops climbing, as though a magician had suddenly ordered it to change itself into a stone.

But to say climbing is a mistake, because *climbing* and *running* imply effort. As the squirrel scampers up a tree there is no effort. It is perfectly natural and easy. Hence 'goes up' is the correct expression.

The squirrel of the artist, the picture of the squirrel as it is drawn by artists in books.

one remove, slightly different from. There is only the difference of a degree.

from saying grace, the attitude of prayer when one thanks God before beginning to eat one's dinner.

child in Stevenson's verse.....table, the child described by Stevenson in his poem, gentle and obedient while taking his meal. In a poem entitled *Whole Duty of Children*, Stevenson says that a child should "behave mannerly at table; at least as far as he is able."

voluble as fishwives, as vehement and ceaseless in talk as fishwives. *If you would.....repartee*, if you wish to see for yourself the squirrel's ability to answer back—how strong and persistent it is in reply.

as far removed.....animal, lying far and away, remote from our daily experience, and beyond our range of vision—away from the sights and scenes we see everyday. The squirrel—for all practical purposes—is as unknown to us and as much a stranger as any other English animal.

The lyrical swiftness.....creature apart, the rapidity of the movements of a squirrel have an enchanting, poetic quality which is something incredible and in addition to this there is their elusiveness—their skill in avoiding observation—in spite of the fact that there are a thousand squirrels in the wood—these things put the squirrel in a class apart. He is quite unlike other creatures.

The squirrel.....untameable, speaking generally, it is impossible to subdue the wild gaiety and wilfulness of the squirrel.

beside.....commonplace, as compared with the squirrel all four-footed animals that move about in the field are dull and uninteresting.

Even the hare.....aeronaut, even the hare, miraculously swift in movement as it is, is prosaic as compared to the squirrel that seems to sail triumphantly through the air.

The squirrel must be.....pin, it is only when the squirrel is seen perched among branches that one sees him in his gayest, most vivacious mood.

In bright merry pin, in gay, good humour.

a miracle of joyous.....life, a marvellous creature, throbbing with life and joy in every limb and feature.

a bird.....red fur, a bird with greater strength and energy, an image of poetry in red fur, a living embodiment of poetry in red fur.

as tradition alleges it, as people commonly believe.

in its velvet cloak.....Hamlet, covered up with its soft wings, the bat appeared like a ridiculous, little Hamlet. Young Hamlet—after the death of his father—went about with his chin on his chest, clothed in his 'inky cloak'. *Burlesque* is something which imitates and ridicules, a caricature, a travesty.

recontre.....with, pleasant as was this meeting with a bat with whom it is not easy to make friends.

as the grappling hooks.....surface, they tried to bring up the dead body of the cat with a grappling-iron (an instrument with four or five iron claws for holding fast), but the dead body of the cat being slippery, the hooks—as is explained later—failed to get a hold on it. *suicide,* the animal that seemed to have committed suicide.

if a cat were to.....arranged, if a cat were to think out carefully how to die so that the greatest trouble may be caused to its owners who were unkind to her.

the chain and winch..... by them, the chain and the machine by which the grappling-iron had been let down into the well were too slender for a person to descend into the well by hanging on to them. They would break under the weight of the person lowering himself down.

bats were materialised.....way, bats began to appear in a most unexpected fashion.

are instantly on the wing.....thoughts, start flying directly like the fancies that rush through one's mind in the early part of the night. No sooner do these fancies occur to one than they seem to vanish into thin air.

a little squeaky.....settle, a few short, shrill cries before they set off flying, as though there was a point to be decided in regard to the order in which they were to fly—just as there is the question of precedency at court—who should go first, who last etc.

are not unmixed blessing, are not wholly delightful. They have their drawbacks.

dandy bullfinches.....tree, two bullfinches dressed in gay, beautiful feathers—looking like a pair of young men dressed in the height of fashion, in a suit made by a tailor who is a perfect master of his art. Moreover, the manners of the bullfinches were perfect. The birds are described as dandies because they have a gay, brilliant plumage. The *damson* tree has small, dark, purple plums.

Spectator, a British weekly review started in 1828. In politics and literature it has established for itself a high tradition.

a woodcut, illustration in a book taken from an engraving made in wood. *Natural History,* a book describing Nature—animal life, bird life. *Black-letter Natural History,* history printed in old type which is like German type. *Implacable,* unforgiving, pitiless.

indict.....bill, accuse the black bird. The black bird is black all over, but his beak is yellow and pointed like a dagger.

my friend, Brother Benignus, the reference is to a poem by Katharine Tynan. In this poem, she tells the story of Brother Benignus (kindly, gentle Brother) who was an Abbot. He fed the blackbirds all the year round with corn, and in return for this kindness, the blackbirds refrained from eating the Abbot's cherries.

II. Grammar and Composition.

I. (i) "But *only* very strong people can be kind like that." Here *only*

modifies 'very strong'. It puts these very strong people in a class by themselves. They are capable of such kindness. None other.

(ii) "The ducklings, thrushes and tits are not the *only* miniature things that are finding life too hard a nut." Here *only* modifies miniature. The meaning of the sentence is ducklings, thrushes and tits—these three classes of smaller creatures—find life difficult. But there are other classes of smaller creatures who also find life difficult.

(iii) "I can *only* feel sorry for him." Here *only* modifies 'feel sorry' I can only pity him. I cannot admire him or love him.

The meaning of the sentence is determined by the position of 'only'. What change will have occurred in the meaning of the sentences if we say

(a) *Only* I can feel sorry for him.

(b) I can feel sorry for him *only*.

(c) But very strong people can be kind *only* like that.

2. (i) "It is too dark to see any other quarry." *Too* has—when rightly used—the sense of more than enough, beyond a certain limit or purpose. Here the darkness is beyond the limit when ordinary game can be seen clearly.

(ii) "Their rapacity is too continual, their cruelty too hideous, their beauty too superficial." Here again, the rapacity, cruelty and beauty are beyond the limit of tolerance.

(iii) The chain and winch were too light for it to be safe to descend by them; the depth was too great for the ladder to be of any use; Bobine was too slippery for the hoops to catch on. Express the sense of these sentences without using *too*.

3. (i) There is something very pathetic in the sight of these *fearful* little brothers and sisters *crowding* against each other.

(ii) Give me a *plain, blundering, faithful-hearted,* true-eyed dog.

(iii) Rabbits are *just* fools.

Replace the words italicized in the sentences given above by other words without altering the meaning.

4. Make a précis of the four paragraphs in which the author describes the squirrel and its ways. The opening sentence of the first paragraph is—"Our squirrels are less shy than the rabbits". Reduce the description to one-fifth of the original.

In making a précis, the first thing to note is the subject of the whole passage.

The second thing is to jot down the principal points discussed in the various paragraphs. The third thing is to summarize the passage, arranging all the statements in a strictly logical order. You must cut out everything that is not absolutely essential to your summary. Add nothing of your own, and omit nothing which is important. The words in your précis may be one-fifth, or one-third, or one-fourth of the original number of words.

5. Tell very briefly the story of a little girl who rescued her pet canary from a cat, making use of the following words and phrases without disturbing the sequence of your narrative:—odds are heavy against; in an agony of fear; ghastly game; fascinating grace; monstrous; pretty peculiarity.

III. Appreciation.

Mr. Lucas writes in an easy, conversational style. There is nothing ceremonious or formal in his manner. He talks direct to the reader, takes him into his confidence, employs colloquialisms and parentheses:

(i) Observe how he begins the essay—he speaks in the first person, "For the past two weeks I have been watching two nests in the garden". He ends on the same personal note: "And yet would I? Probably not. Rather would I try to emulate my friend Brother Benignus".

(ii) "She asked me the most direct questions on the matter, and I had no answers, and now I am a dishonoured thing." He confesses that he is disgraced in the eyes of the little girl. Again, he says—"Their fear of rats cannot be more intense than mine". Such confessions are made to an intimate friend. The reader is to Lucas an intimate friend.

(iii) "A thousand rabbits might play on the floor of my bed-room and be hanged to them." This phrase 'be hanged to them' used in an essay gives it a colloquial flavour. A similar effect is produced by—'I believe the *scoundrel* is a blackbird'. Then there is the description of boys as 'horrid boys' and of rabbits as 'just fools'.

(iv) Lucas uses parenthesis repeatedly. This is a device which emphasizes the conversational ease of the writing. "Providence surely (one cannot help thinking)"—is one example. "John, the old man had even stopped work (that extreme measure!)"—is another.

Collect other examples of these four features of Lucas's style discussed above.

2. Humour is a pervading element in this essay. Humour is due to the perception of some sort of incongruity, absurdity. When the writer exclaims in his mind—"Go back, go back, you little duffers" we perceive the absurdity of the remark being addressed to the rabbits and laugh. Again, when he describes the rat as 'a great, surly, wicked, intent grandfather', we laugh at the incongruity of a rat being described as a grandfather. Humour involves some kind of exaggeration. The process of building

a nest is described as 'building operations'; the ducklings keeping close together are described as 'a solid phalanx'. The humourist is ready to laugh at himself, as he laughs at others. For instance, the author describes himself as an oracle and a dishonoured thing. Sometimes the humour lies in a whimsical contradiction of our common belief. "I am not blaming the cat—that would be absurd," says Mr. Lucas. We should have expected him to blame the cat. He knocks our belief on the head. But the contradiction is only apparent—as is seen later. Finally, Mr. Lucas makes us laugh by introducing such fanciful things as the name *Bobine Pellicule* which he found on a packet of photographic films and bestowed it on the cat.

Find other examples of Mr. Lucas's humour.

3. Apart from humour, Mr. Lucas has the gift of poetic sensibility. Not only that. He has the gift of poetic expression. His description of the squirrel is very nearly a poem. He observes closely, and his delight in what he observes appears in every word of his description. In fact, the expression seems to dart and run and pause and watch, scamper and climb even as the squirrel does—so perfectly is it matched with the joy that Mr. Lucas feels in the movements of the squirrel. Notice, again, the beauty of the epithets—*outspread tail, wary, watchful, cocked, fearful.* The illustrations, he chooses, are not only apt, but felicitous. The squirrel, he writes, "pauses as suddenly as if an enchanter had bidden him turn to stone". Finally, there is the alliteration and the rhythm of his sentences. Some of these read like lines of verse. 'Nothing in nature is more .....squirrel' will serve as an instance. The repetition of n, m, l, w, r makes the sentences musical.

Analyse the two paragraphs which follow, beginning with 'The squirrel of the artist' with a view to give further proof of the poetic feeling of Mr. Lucas, his powers of observation and expression, his ability to fuse diction with feeling.

4. Mr. Lucas is a master of the ordinary devices of repetition and contrast. 'In death this small creature *punished* my hostility, and *punished* it increasingly every minute'. *Punished* is effectively repeated here. "A squirrel seems never to lose his head; a rabbit almost always does." A rabbit and a squirrel are vividly contrasted here. "They are voluble as fishwives" is a fine simile. But it is Mr. Lucas's quaintness, his fancifulness, his whimsical humour, which make his writings all his own. Who else but Mr. Lucas would think of comparing a bat with a burlesque Hamlet? The bats leaving a hole and flying instantly are compared to young night thoughts. When he thinks of snakes, he also remembers tarantulas.

Give other examples of Mr. Lucas's use of repetition and contrast; set down three striking similes employed by him, and collect three instances of his quaint fanciful way of describing things.

5. Judging from the essay you have read, what opinion have you formed of Lucas—the man?

BIRDS AND THEIR ENEMIES

For the past two weeks I have been watching two nests in the garden—a thrush's and a long-tailed tit's. The thrush built silently and unobserved in a box tree, the first news we had of the nest being the noisy departure of the old bird as some one moved too near. Providence surely (one cannot help thinking) having done so much for birds, might have gone a step further and gifted them with the knowledge that when in danger it is better to lie low than to bustle away. A day or so later the young birds hatched out.

The long-tailed tits worked entirely without secrecy. They sought their building site almost ostentatiously, and, having settled upon it, conveyed their materials thither under our very eyes. Lichen from the apple trees formed the outer wall, and the lining was chiefly feathers from other birds, but whether picked up casually or fought for I know not. The building operations lasted about ten days; and then came the eggs; and then, as I had foreseen from the beginning, the tragedy. For these foolish birds had set up their home in the hedge that runs by the foot-path, in itself a ridiculous enough thing, and then, nominally for protective purposes, I suppose, had used a lichen that did not in the least correspond with the surrounding colour. All this I could have told them, but man is never so helpless as in his relations with birds. Perhaps it would have been kinder to destroy the nest's foundations at once; but only very strong people can be kind like that. All that was done was to call a committee to inquire into a means of hiding in some way the positively clamorous visibility of the nest. We walked up and down the path re-arranging the branches. Finally we decided that such matters are best left to Fate.

Fate, however, does not seem to think much of birds, for when, after an absence of two or three days, I went to see the nest again, every trace of it had vanished. Some village boys on a Sunday afternoon foray (Sunday afternoon being the deadliest time for all accessible creatures in these parts) had torn the nest bodily from the hedge, and it is probably now on a neighbour's mantelpiece. So much for the toil of two weeks and the maternal solicitude of a week longer, and so much for my reputation as a gentleman among long-tailed tits.

I then went on to the thrush's nest, and behold ! it lay on the ground, under the box tree, with one young bird dead beside it. Later, John, the old man, told the story ; he had heard that morning an unusual noise in the direction of the nest, and had even stopped work (that extreme measure !) to see what it was ; he found nothing, but could now tell that a cat must have attacked the birds, and the old one have done her best to repulse it, but without success.

Two tragedies in as many days, two families destroyed, two beautiful natural processes brought to nothing !

Of the two depredators the cat is the more monstrous, because whereas a boy unthinkingly, by a kind of sense of duty as a boy, takes a nest whenever he finds it, a cat mercilessly and deliberately marks a nest down, watches the growth of the young birds, and strikes at the precise moment when they are as big as they can be before flying. I am not blaming the cat—that would be absurd. But I am vexed with her for making my position as an oracle (to the young) so difficult this morning. For the story is not yet all told. I have to add that when the young thrushes were still babies, and before the long-tailed tit had laid at all, a little girl was brought here, and I was glad to be able to show her the nests and say something about the beautiful ways of Nature. That was all right ; but this morning she

came in again and was for seeing how both broods had progressed, and I had, of course, to tell her of our losses. So far as the tits were concerned the case presented little difficulty, for it comes naturally to even a little girl to think but lightly of the enormities of "horrid boys" (as we called them). But the cat? We have the misfortune to keep a cat here, and to be very fond of it, and the odds are quite heavy that it was this identical cat that consumed the thrushes and destroyed the nest. Under that impression the little girl refused to take any notice of the cat, nor could she understand how we can possibly continue to give such a creature love and shelter. She asked me the most direct questions on the matter, and I had no answers, and now I am a dishonoured thing.

And truly the whole thing is rather a puzzle. Why should a cat that is properly fed, and has its will of the mice, eat the birds of the air? Why should boys be unable to permit a bird to hatch out its eggs in peace? The law of the survival of the fittest hardly applies, for surely a thrush is as fit as a cat, and a long-tailed tit as fit as a boy. I know a dozen boys at least whom I would willingly exchange for the intimacy of a pair of these birds. Of course, it is all right, really. We all prey on one another and all in turn are preyed upon. Probably those young thrushes had each eaten some scores of very estimable and life-loving worms; probably the tits had slain insects by the thousand, and equally probably our cat will one night be caught in a trap, and that village boy will enlist and some day fall on a battle-field with a Mauser bullet through his heart. A life for a life, says Nature. And yet one is puzzled still. When man opened the door to let humanity in, he let in a host of doubts and misgivings at the same time.

This is not our only tragedy. There is just now at the

farm a little brood of ducklings, who move about ever in a solid phalanx—a little yellow cloud which, though seven ducks compose it, you could at any time cover with a dinner napkin. I never saw such mobilisation. If unity were really strength, this company should be capable of anything. So one might think; and yet the contrary is the fact, for the motive which leads to this excessive gregariousness is no aggression but fear. Collectively, seven yellow ducklings with weakly, twittering beaks and foolishly limp necks, are no stronger than one; but collectively their courage is greater; and just now they need courage or stimulation very badly. Because of the rats. A day or so ago the little band numbered nine, then it numbered eight, now seven, and to-morrow there may be only six. Hence there is something very pathetic in the sight of these fearful little brothers and sisters crowding against each other in their broad-day passage from one side of the yard to the other. If they feel thus when the sun shines, how must their little hearts beat at night!

Their fear of rats cannot, I think, be more intense than mine. Rats are to me what snakes are to timid people in a snake country, or tarantulas in a tarantula country. The rat idea has a kindred hold on me, and has had ever since at school I first heard Southey's ballad of Bishop Hatto. The irresistibility of that army of rats swimming nearer and nearer to the castle in the river, and then up and up the stairs.....The rat is so terrible and so unclean. There is the story of the cornered rat that leaps for your throat....

I met a rat a short time ago. I was descending a little hill, and he was climbing it, both of us in the middle of the road. I stood still and permitted him to pass—a great, surly, wicked, intent grandfather. A personified sin might easily have been figured thus. And yet a rat's private life, a rat's

thoughts and conversation, may be far more wholesome than a rabbit's. (We don't really know anything.) Yet a thousand rabbits might play on the floor of my bed-room all night and be hanged to them, while if a single rat so much as scratched beneath the flooring, I would lose all sleep and all peace of mind. Such is association. Such is the rat idea. And such is the basis of my grief for those luckless ducklings.

The ducklings, thrushes, and tits are not the only miniature things that are finding life too hard a nut. Old John, on his way back from dinner the other day, found a cat in the midst of that ghastly game which cats play with their victims. The victim in this case was a baby rabbit. By a sudden movement John rescued the little creature and brought it to us. To transpose a box into a hutch was, as the novelists say, the work of an afternoon, and the rabbit was placed within it, together with some grass and some milk. But either the nervous shock, or the frequency with which callers came to the hutch to make inquiries, was too much for it, and the next morning its poor little body was cold. A rabbit that could recover from a cat's persecution would, indeed, have an organisation of iron.

The memory of the bright light of fear that inhabited that little rabbit's eyes has for the time being removed all my good feeling for cats. Our kitten may frolic and curvet as she will, and twist her tiny body into a thousand attitudes of a freakish and fascinating grace, but she leaves me without enthusiasm. I am tired of cats. Their rapacity is too continual, their cruelty too hideous, their beauty too superficial. Give me a plain, blundering, faithful-hearted, and true-eyed dog—a mongrel, even, if you will—before all the Persians of the Orient, or so I say to-day.

Not that one is profoundly in love with rabbits. Indeed, I cannot rise properly to the rabbit at all ; I can only feel

sorry for him. To respect him is impossible; his timidity goes beyond all bounds. Man may well be gratified to cause a stampede now and again among the smaller wild animals of his neighbourhood, but when the same stampede occurs every day among the same family, he deems it too much homage. Rooks can at enormous range distinguish between a walking stick and a gun, between friend and foe, between Saturday and Sunday. Even sparrows discriminate. But rabbits are just fools. A footstep on the ground three hundred yards away starts them for home, no matter how succulent the greenery or how distant the burrow. One almost blushes to think what incredible distances one's punctual and harmless out-going footfalls cause rabbits to run every morning, and one's returning steps every evening. In our case the warren is hard by the path, and the alarmed rabbit has therefore, in gaining safety, to approach the enemy. "Go back, go back, you little duffers! Finish your feeding and compose yourselves!" one mentally exclaims. But it is to no purpose—here they all come, hundreds of them, in an agony of fear.

A few rabbits attempt courage, but never a one achieves it. They sit up with alert ears and gather together pluck to brave it out; but by the time you are within fifty yards their hearts fail them, and they break for home. A frightened rabbit never runs straight; he swerves and swerves. This probably he has learned from experience or tradition, for it baulks the sportsman's aim. Nature never did a crueller thing than when she gave rabbits white tails: it makes it possible to shoot them long after it is too dark to see any other quarry. "Twinkletails" would be a pretty name for them. One often sees nothing of a rabbit but its flashing scut. Naturalists, I believe, are puzzled to account for it, except as an advantage to aiming man.

Young rabbits have far more enterprise than old. Indeed, rabbits go off sadly, almost as sadly as lambs, which take on stupidness steadily with years. A peculiarity of the young rabbit that is approached from a distance from its abode is to lie still in the fern or grass and sham death or coma. An old rabbit has not wit enough to do even that. One imagines the old rabbit a very treasure-house of counsel and warnings. Man must get a desperately bad character in the warrens.

Our squirrels are less shy than the rabbits. They have more audacity, more grit, more dare-devil. They let us approach within a few feet before moving, and then quick as birds, with tail outspread, they dart to a tree. More often than not it is not the nearest tree: they keep enough composure to select. A squirrel seems never to lose his head; a rabbit almost always does. When a squirrel runs he loops over the ground in the way the sea-serpent travels in pictures. Once the tree is gained, he scampers up a yard or two, on the side farthest from the enemy, and then pauses as suddenly as if an enchanter had bidden him to turn to stone. Nothing in nature is more motionless than a wary, watchful squirrel. He clings to the bark, with cocked head and fearful eyes, a matter of half a minute before climbing to the first fork of the boughs. But to say climbing is a mistake; it is not climbing; it is just running or, better still, going. A squirrel goes up a tree.

The squirrel of the artist sits on its hind quarters under the shelter of its tail, and nibbles at the nut which its fore-paws hold. The position is, indeed, only one remove from saying grace, and reminds one of the child in Stevenson's verse who behaves "mannerly at table". But one does not often catch them in this attitude in the woods. There the squirrel is usually seen making little furtive dashes among the dead leaves on the ground: a tiny red animal,

which, were it not for its tail-plume, might be taken at a distance for a rat. Now and then the nursery illustration is realised, but only seldom. Squirrels are very ready to be angry and they are incapable of disguising their feelings. They are voluble as fishwives. If you would test the squirrel's powers of repartee, you must drive one to the branches of an isolated tree and then rap the trunk with a stick. He will "answer back" as long as you stay there.

One pretty peculiarity touching the squirrel is that we do not associate it with age. We speak of a young rabbit or an old rabbit, a young horse, an old cow, a kitten or a cat, a puppy or a dog; but a squirrel no matter what its development, is just a squirrel: that is to say, an indescribably wonderful woodland creature, as far removed from our own life and ken as any English animal. The lyrical swiftness of the squirrel partakes of the miraculous; and this combined with his elusiveness,—though he is a thousand strong in the neighbouring wood,—makes him a creature apart. Thousands of persons in this country have never seen a squirrel.

The squirrel is in the main invincibly and joyously untameable, although many a man has kept one as a pet. Compared with a squirrel of the beech grove, the wildest rabbit is domesticated. But, indeed, beside the squirrel all the four-footed creatures of the field are pedestrian, commonplace. Even the hare, with its incredible celerities, is dull compared with this brilliant aeronaut. The squirrel must be emboughed if he is to show in brightest pin. On the ground he is swift and graceful, but his tail impedes instead of assisting him; in a tree, or in mid-air between two trees, he is a miracle of joyous pulsating life, a bird with an additional infusion of nervous fluid, a poem in red fur.

I must now return to the cat. Since where there is a cat there is death, and since you cannot have both birds and a cat, I said that the cat must go. (Her name, by the way, was Bobine Pellicule. We found it on a packet of photographic films, and deeming it too good to be lost, conferred it on her.) And I was the more certain she must go when that evening she caught a little bat and tortured it under a chair in the garden. It was rescued, and turned out to be of extraordinary friendliness,—neither scratching nor biting, as tradition alleges of it, but drinking milk, and crawling over our hands and across the table in its velvet cloak like a burlesque Hamlet. But agreeable as was this rencontre with an animal difficult to get upon terms with, I said again that Bobine must go.

Having said it again, I forgot the matter, leaving the manner of its departure to Fate. Fate settled it with a promptness and thoroughness that took the household by the throat; for the very next morning she jumped down the well. It is a deep well, and we have no Johnny Stout within call, and death must have been rapid. Nothing but remorse could follow upon such a tragedy, our original idea of getting rid of the cat being by gift. However, it was useless to mourn over so complete a disaster, and we reconciled ourselves to the inevitable, sorry but relieved. And then gradually we began to realise (as the grappling hooks failed to bring the suicide to the surface) that if a cat were to lay itself out to die with as much inconvenience to its unsympathetic owners as could possibly be arranged, it could not do anything better than just to drown itself in their well. The chain and winch were too light for it to be safe to descend by them; the depth was too great for a ladder to be of any use; Bobine was too slippery for the hoops to catch on. In death this small creature punished my hostility, and punished it increasingly every minute.

To return for a moment to the bats. Chancing to be dining one evening out of doors, I noticed that every now and then, as it grew more dusk, bats were materialised in the most extraordinary sudden way from a corner of the roof. Fetching the glasses, I discovered that our roof at that part was full of them, and they passed in and out under a raised tile. There is nothing swifter or quieter than the way in which bats leave a hole and are instantly on the wing—like young night thoughts. I say quieter, but as a matter of fact the attentive ear can hear a little squeaky argument before the flight, as though there was a question of precedence to settle. The bat which the cat played with must have rolled off the roof, having left the home too early.

Birds, of course, are not unmixed blessings. They certainly wake one very early; they pull thatch all to pieces; they eat the buds and they eat the fruit. A pair of dandy bullfinches with an irreproachable tailor and perfect manners completely stripped our damson tree of buds two springs ago. The cuckoo, too, is no credit to his race; his arrogance and want of a responsible sense are deplorable, and he sings the same song so many times over that one is ashamed of him. But worse than all are the birds that ruin flowers out of sheer wantonness—a wantonness equal to that of the boys who rob or destroy nests.

I was in the country on the first day of spring this year, and I went at once to a place in the orchard where there are five or six large primrose roots. The flowers were all out, as many as twenty to thirty on each root; but when I knelt down to see them I found that almost every head had been snipped off. This is a bird's doing, and I have never learned the purpose of the deed. Can there be some delicate flavour in the neck of the primrose, or is it wanton destructiveness? I believe the scoundrel is a blackbird.

I remember a letter to the *Spectator* some years ago, in which a correspondent quoted from the margin to a woodcut of a bulfinch in an old black-letter Natural History in the library at Hertford College, Oxford, this implacable note in seventeenth century handwriting; "A small fowle. He eateth my apple buds in Spring. Kill hym."

Similarly I would indict the blackbird for thus ruining the most beautiful of flowers with his gold dagger of a bill: "A bold black ravener. He decapitateth my primroses. Behead him." And yet would I? Probably not. More likely would I try to emulate my friend Brother Benignus.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. If English boys go about robbing nests of birds, Indian boys throw stones at lame dogs and frogs in a pond. Is cruelty common to boys all over the world?
2. Express as strongly as you can the annoyance caused by a sparrow which perches on your window-sill and chirps away as though it would never end and refuses to be driven off.
3. Owing to the constant quarrels between two pets, a dog and a cat, the master who owned them expelled the cat. Tell the story of the cat's revenge.
4. Does Mr. Lucas express truly our impression of the cuckoo's cry, or are the poets right who sing of the enchantment of the cuckoo's song?
5. Mention some of the singing birds in India whom you happen to know and the poems addressed to them in the vernacular or classical languages.
6. Write a poem on a squirrel, or at least a poetic description of a squirrel's movements.
7. Describe the day-dream of a parrot confined in a case.
8. Write a short essay on "We all prey on one another, and all in turn are preyed upon".
9. Read Wordsworth's poems to the *Cuckoo*, Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark*, Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*, Browning's *Home-thoughts from Abroad*, Brown's *Vespers*.

ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH (Mr. A. G. Gardiner)

[This essay 'On the Rule of the Road' is taken from *Leaves in the Wind.* Alpha of the Plough' is what is called a pen-name of the author, Mr. A. G. Gardiner. *Leaves in the Wind* is a collection of articles which Mr. Gardiner contributed to the *Star*—an evening Liberal paper—during the days of the great World-War. 'Essay' is much too high-sounding a title for these articles. They are really newspaper contributions of an informal, conversational kind. *Pebbles on the Shore, Windfalls, Many in Furrows* are companion volumes to *Leaves in the Wind.* Mr. Gardiner has written besides these, *The Pillars of Society, Prophets, Priests and Kings,* and other books. He was born in 1865 and is one of the most distinguished journalists of our day. From 1902 to 1919, he was the editor of the *Daily News.* He has written biographies of Sir William Harcourt and George Cadbury.

'On the Rule of the Road' discusses the question of individual freedom—the liberty which one ought to allow to oneself without disturbing the peace and pleasure of one's fellowmen. Mr. Gardiner begins with a story and he illustrates the argument by drawing upon his own experiences and his knowledge of books. He would have us reject the two extremes of anarchy and social tyranny. He bids us reconcile individual liberty with social liberty. That is the common-sense thesis of the essay. It is truth illumined by humour. Mr. Gardiner writes in an engaging, clear and direct style. There is nothing stiff, rigid or formal about it. He wins our way into our hearts and teaches us the deepest truths of life without the least sense of effort on his part and on ours. The wealth of illustration with which he drives his points home is as various as it is apt, and the sunlight of his humour plays over all this writing and makes it rich and warm and lovable.]

I. Textual Notes.

Arthur Ransome, has written many books on Russia—*Six Weeks in Russia* (1919); *The Crisis in Russia* (1921). He is a frequent contributor to *The Fortnightly Review, The English Review, The Manchester Guardian* and other journals.

messages from Petrograd, communications from Petrograd. This was earlier St. Petersburg. When war broke out between Russia and Germany in 1914, Petersburg was changed to Petrograd, as *burg* suggested the German origin of the word. In 1924, when Lenin was all powerful, the name was altered to Leningrad.

throwing the traffic.....herself, the carriages, bicycles and motor-cars—making an effort to avoid her—were thrown into disorder. Moreover, the lady herself was in considerable danger of being run over by the vehicles.

if liberty entitled.....chaos, if the meaning of liberty was that persons walking along the streets should make use of the middle of the road, the drivers of

cabs would claim the same liberty and go bowling along the pavement. The result of such liberty would be perfect confusion.

Everybody..... social anarchy, we should all of us be obstructing each other's way and none of us would ever succeed in reaching the place we set out for. We should be just pushing against each other. Thus complete freedom for an individual would lead to hopeless confusion in society.

the world getting liberty drunk, the world becoming mad with liberty; men and women behaving strangely as though their minds had been unhinged by liberty.

It means.....curtailed, the rule of the road means that one is willing to limit one's liberty so that the whole of society—all the members of the social union—may enjoy their liberty. The example which follows makes this clear.

Piccadilly Circus, a great thoroughfare in London between Hyde Park Corner and the Haymarket.

puts up his hand,.....liberty, raises his hand, bidding you stop. The policeman regulating traffic is a sign of the liberty which people enjoy; he is a friend of liberty, not an agent of tyranny.

pulled.....outraged, stopped by a policeman who delights in making a parade of his power by holding up your car at the junction. You feel that your liberty has been threatened—is in danger of being taken away from you.

Piccadilly circus.....at all, the great street would be turned into a whirlpool which you would find it impossible to cross. Traffic pouring into the street from all directions, unchecked and unregulated would result in hopeless confusion.

You have submitted.....reality, you have agreed to restrict your liberty, so that you may live in a social union where your liberty becomes a real blessing. The sort of liberty in which you do what you like and others do what they like would—as has been pointed out—lead to endless conflicts and quarrels. You would have no peace and no one else would have it. Such liberty is not worth having, for liberty without peace and order is not a blessing, but a curse.

Liberty is not.....interests, one's liberty is not entirely one's own business. It is an agreement into which we enter with society. It is an arrangement, a matter of give and take. We give up something and receive something in return. We surrender that part of our liberty where it clashes with another's liberty and receive in return the benefit of peace and order.

Strand, one of the chief thoroughfares of London, extending East and West from Fleet Street to Charing Cross.

dressing gown, loose gown worn while making toilet or when one in partly dressed. *a frock-coat* (long-skirted coat, not cut away in front), *sandals* (soles without uppers attached to feet by thongs) and a tall hat would be a funny combination.

prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....Shandygaff, like Ella Wheeler Wilcox more than Wordsworth, or champagne better than shandygaff (mixed drink of beer and ginger-beer). Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1855-1919), an American writer of verses. She is a poetess of little or no merit, but was very popular in her day.

conventional or odd, behave in the expected way, dress according to the established mode, or behave in an eccentric manner and dress in an eccentric style.

qualified, restricted, limited by the convenience, the likes and dislikes of other people.

trombone, a powerful instrument of the trumpet kind. *Helvellyn*, second highest mountain (3,118 ft.) in the Lake District in Cumberland.

I have to accommodate my liberty.....liberties, I have to adjust my liberty to the liberties enjoyed by others. I have to sacrifice part of my liberty to enable other people to enjoy their liberties.

settled down.....Blue-book, I decided that I would concentrate on the Blue-book and study it closely for an hour. *Blue-book*, official report of the British Parliament bound in blue covers, containing proceedings of the House, reports of government commissions, etc. A *Blue-book* is full of all sorts of dry facts and figures. One has to set one's teeth hard and master the contents of a Blue-book. *Swot*, hard study—in schoolboy language. *awful*, fearfully hard.

I think I could enjoy.....earthquake, I should not be disturbed even by an earthquake if I were reading *Tristram Shandy* or *Treasure Island*; I should be so completely absorbed in reading these books that it would be impossible for me to feel even the disturbance caused by an earthquake—great as it is. *Tristram Shandy* is a novel published by Sterne in 1759-67 in 9 volumes. *Treasure Island* was published by Stevenson in 1883. *Tristram Shandy* and *Treasure Island* are great favourites with all readers of fiction. Reading these novels, one feels that one is transported to another world.

Horne Tooke (1736-1812), the assumed name of John Horne. He was a politician and philologist, and wrote various political pamphlets.

a person of immense swagger, a person who gives himself airs—who shows by his manner and speech that he is a very important person. *Someone in particular*, a person of importance—someone holding high office in state, a man of great authority.

As I wrestled.....gale, as I was trying hard to master the clauses and sections of the bill published in the Blue-book, the gentleman talked loudly and ever more oudly till his voice seemed like the roar of a stormy wind.

submerged.....job, choked off all my attempts to continue the study of the Blue-book—made it impossible for me to study the Blue-book.

thundered on, discussed in a roaring, thundering voice.

French, John, Earl of Ypres (1852-1925). He distinguished himself in the Boer War (1899-1902) and commanded the British army in France when the World-War broke out. He resigned in December, 1915. When he was in command of the British army in France, he is supposed to have made mistakes.

Asquith, Herbert Henry, Earl of Oxford (1852-1928) was Prime Minister during the first period of the World-War (1914-1916). He is one of the most upright and illustrious of British Prime Ministers.

a very illuminating journey.....range, a journey during which he had made a considerable addition to his knowledge. His fellow-passenger had thrown light on many dark places in his mind. Evidently he was a man of immense learning—such would be the pleasant view of the man who had listened—this is, of course, the conviction of the loud talker.

had not the social sense.....man, was not aware that he owed a duty to other people, that he must sacrifice his delight in listening to his own voice to allow other people to pursue their own affairs. He was not fit to be the member of a club, for the member of a club must be ready to give and take, to watch and listen as well as to talk. He must be prepared to mix with all sorts of people, bad-tempered and sweet-tempered.

A reasonable.....social conduct, a certain amount of regard for the rights and feelings of other people is the very basis of good manners in society. One must respect other people's rights and feelings, otherwise one would be unfit for association with one's fellowmen.

has been better drilled.....social relationship, is more experienced in the daily exchange of rights and privileges in one's association with one's fellowmen. He knows it is his duty to suffer some inconvenience in life. He cannot have his way in everything.

broad current of the world.....conduct, in the wider, more general and impersonal spheres of human life—life in a school, life in a club—beyond the strictly limited, narrow sphere of family life. In these broader, larger spheres of human life—one learns the lesson of self-surrender—one brings one's conduct into harmony with the conduct of other people. One knows that one cannot be always in front of the ticket-office.

rights of small.....nationalities, rights of ordinary, uncomplaining citizens must be protected with the same zealous care as was shown in safeguarding the rights of small nations. England entered the World-War to protect Belgium's right of neutrality, because Germany had led her armies through Belgium and broken her promise to respect the neutrality of Belgian territory. The jealous care with which the rights of a *small* nationality like Belgium were protected should

also be manifested—says Mr. Gardiner—humorously—in regard to the rights of *small* individuals walking along the streets.

aggressive, bullying horn, arrogant, violent hooting of the horn.

something boiling up.....Belgium, anger stirring in my mind which was like the fury I felt when Germany invaded Belgium. Germany with her enormous army attacking poor little Belgium is compared to a huge, gigantic person attacking a small child and trampling it down under his iron heels.

uttering that hideous curse, blowing the horn violently, as though uttering some foul curse.

a hot gospeller.....Nietzsche, an enthusiastic follower of Nietzsche (1844–1900): (Pronounce—nēche). *Nietzsche* condemned weakness and humility. He worshipped strength and unashamed force. In building up the war mentality of Germany, he played an important part.

I find myself.....world, I cannot help asking myself what sort of a person the owner of the car must be who remains quiet while his chauffeur makes a hideous noise with the horn—which is like the grunting of a pig. I ask myself again, how is it that this fellow doesn't know he is an image of the Prussian spirit of violence and cruelty—an embodiment in flesh and blood of the Prussian spirit of savagery and brute force. And a display of this Prussian spirit of brutality—the German attack on Belgium—is a hideous sight in a world which boasts of its progress in refinement and humanity.

fills the street with "Keep.....Burning", the whole street is filled with the sound of the popular song "*Keep the Home Fires Burning*" as the gramophone gives it out loudly and lustily. "Keep the Home Fires Burning" is almost the same thing as *Charity begins at home;* the interests of your family must be foremost in your thoughts. They must receive your first consideration. The expression is, also, used in the wider sense of national interests.

similar banality, some such equally familiar and commonplace song.

blow.....violence, thrust most rudely the unwelcome sound of the trombone into his neighbour's ears, feeling almost a wicked delight in tormenting him.

it is as great an impertinence.....peace, it is as serious an offence if you disturb your neighbour's peace intentionally—knowing full well that he hates the sound of the trombone as it would be.....

There are cases.....compromise, there are instances where it is impossible to say which of the two individuals should be allowed to have his own way. Both parties claim liberty with reason and it is impossible to reconcile their claims.

West End square, in the aristocratic, western part of London—square is literally space enclosed by houses.

of romantic and picaresque tastes, having a liking for things which are poetic, beautiful, adventurous.

I would give much.....riddle, I should willingly pay a handsome price to hear Sancho Panza's solution of this delicate question. Sancho Panza is the squire who attends upon Don Quixote—the eccentric gentleman whose head is turned by reading romances of chivalry. Sancho Panza is shrewd and sensible. When the knight takes a windmill for a giant or a castle for an inn, he quietly explains that the windmill is a windmill and the solitary inn is just an inn and no castle.

I suppose the fact.....both, the truth is we (human beings) cannot be wholly anarchists or socialists in this complicated world of ours. The world is made up of all sorts of people. It is of a mixed order. We must be partly anarchists, partly socialists—encourage both these tendencies of our nature in equal proportion. An anarchist aims at complete individual liberty. He hates all government. A socialist is an enemy of individual liberty. He holds that the welfare of the community is everything. Individual liberty must be curtailed for the good of the community.

watch the bureaucrat.....other, see that a government official does not restrict our liberty and avoid the anarchist with equal care. If officials endeavour to restrict our liberty of action or speech by passing tyrannous laws, it is our duty to resist such laws. On the other hand, we must not encourage anarchists. They are out to destroy society.

a Marxist, a follower of Karl Marx (1818-1883), a German socialist who held that the labourer was not given the wage which was his due. The employers, he argued, made enormous profit out of the labour of poor workers.

Tolstoyan, a follower of Tolstoy (1828-1910) who was opposed to all restraint, coercion, violence. Hence he is mentioned here in opposition to Marx. Tolstoy is a distinguished Russian novelist and philosopher.

rugger or soccer, two ways in which football is played; in rugger or Rugby football, the ball may be carried ; *Soccer* or Association football is the form of the game in which the ball must not be touched with the hand.

shall be brought up as a primeval savage, shall receive no education, moral, intellectual or religious, shall grow up ignorant, without any notions of duty or morality like savages who lived in the early ages of the world.

Mr. Fagin's academy for pickpockets, Mr. Fagin's school for thieves. Fagin (Pronounce—fāgin), is an old Jew in Dickens's *Oliver Twist.* He teaches boys to pick the pockets of respectable gentlemen—remove handkerchiefs and pocket-books and other things stealthily. Fagin's academy (school) is a humorous description of

the old Jew's den where the Jew lived with the boys whom he employed as thieves.

make my child.....commonwealth, if the child is brought up as a savage, it would be a burden to the state, for the state has no use for such savages; if it is brought up as a pickpocket, it would be a danger to the state.

we pass judgment upon ourselves, we estimate the good and evil that is in us—show to ourselves whether we are selfish or unselfish, charitable or uncharitable.

The great moments of heroism.....journey, splendid opportunities which call for extraordinary courage or self-sacrifice on our part do not occur frequently. It is these comparatively small habits—the reason or unreason we show in our dealings with our fellowmen from day to day—which accompany us through life. They constitute a very large part of our life, and make it pleasant or unpleasant according as we are reasonable and sensible or unreasonable and selfish in our behaviour with our fellowmen.

II. Grammar and Composition.

1. "In all these and a thousand other details you and I please ourselves." Here Mr. Gardiner, addressing the reader, gives him the first place, he himself takes the second place. So in a sentence, where three persons are mentioned, from motives of politeness and courtesy, the speaker mentions himself last. On the other hand, when the speaker associates himself with others and employs the plural number, the pronouns follow each other in the natural order: "We, you and they must undertake the duty of disclosing the heavy news to the old mother of our friend."

Give three examples of your own to show that you understand this rule.

2. (i) If I *have* a fancy for dyeing my hair, I *shall follow* my fancy.
   (ii) If I *had asked* him to talk in a lower tone, he *would have thought* I was a very rude fellow.
   (iii) If I *went on* to the top of Helvellyn, *I could please* myself.

In these three sentences, the verb is in the subjunctive mood. It expresses a condition which leads to a consequence. The first sentence is an example of the present subjunctive. The verb in the conditional clause is in the present tense. The second and third sentences are examples of the past subjunctive. When the verb in the conditional clause is in the present tense, the verb in the clause expressing the consequence is in the future tense. When the verb is in the past perfect or past tense in the conditional clause, then too, the verb in the clause expressing the consequence is in the future tense. *Shall* and *should* in the first person and *will* and *would* in the second person are used in the clauses expressing the consequence. They (shall and should etc.) follow respectively on the present and past tense in the clauses expressing the condition.

Supply appropriate clauses of consequence in the following sentences :

(i) If I am conscientious in the performance of my duty ——— ——— ———

(ii) If Shakespeare had cared for fame ———

(iii) If Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo

(iv) If day had not been succeeded by night ——— ——— ———

3. (i) My poor attempts to *hang on* to my job proved fruitless. Here *hang on* means to cling to, to refuse to let go—something one is holding by one's hands. *On* suggests this something which one clutches hard, literally or metaphorically.

(ii) "The voice thundered on with themes." Here *on* suggests continuity. The voice continued to thunder.

(iii) "By what right do you go along our highways uttering that hideous curse on all who impede your path." Here *on* is used in the sense of *against*—directing a curse against someone.

(iv) "It is an impertinence for you to tresspass on their peace." Here *on* assists *tresspass* to express the sense of intruding on, disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood.

Write a short paragraph, illustrating the four uses of *on* mentioned above. Begin : The neighbourhood was so peaceful ——— ——— ———

4. Make a précis of the passage (four paragraphs) beginning with "*There is a danger of the world.....* and ending with.....*than of our own*".

5. The comma is the most important punctuation mark. It is used to separate (1) short co-ordinate sentences; (2) subordinate clauses from principal clauses; (3) words in opposition; (4) nominative of address; (5) direct quotations; (6) co-ordinate words, words having the same construction; (7) expressions like *however, perhaps, doubtless, finally, I suppose, to sum up, I am sorry to say.*

Bearing these rules in mind, insert commas in the following passage :

It is in the small matters of conduct in the observance of the rule of the road that we pass judgment upon ourselves and declare that we are civilised or uncivilised. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey. I hope my friend in the railway carriage will reflect on this. Then he will not cease I am sure to explain to his neighbour where French went wrong and where the Germans went ditto; but he will do it in a way that will permit me to read my Blue-book undisturbed.

6. Fill up the blanks in the following sentences, employing the words and phrases employed by Mr. Gardiner.

(i) As he walked up the street, flourishing his stick and talking loudly, I approached him and asked him quietly ——— ——— ———

(ii) The Depressed Classes in India suffering from number of disabilities——— world.

(iii) Why should people complain if one prefers cricket to football or——

(iv) The chief of the party decided that eating meat was a sin and his followers said ———————

1. This essay has a striking beginning. It arrests attention at once by Mr. Gardiner's gay reference to the jolly story of the old lady of Petrograd. In an essay—as in a battle—a good beginning is half the whole. It is by these stories and anecdotes in life and literature that Mr. Gardiner makes his writing piquant. Which other stories and anecdotes does he refer to in the course of this essay ?

2. Is the end of the essay as striking as the beginning ? Whether striking or not, it serves a very practical purpose. What is it ?

3. Like Mr. Lucas's *Birds and their Enemies*, this essay is also written in an easy, offhand, conversational style. Like Mr. Lucas, Mr. Gardiner also talks directly to the reader and admits him to his confidence—witness the sentence—" The truth is that I never do read Blue-books for pleasure, " or again, " You know the sort of stuff. I had heard it all before, oh, so often." Observe, further, the use of such words as *jolly, lot, fellow*. Find other examples which will bear out the statements made above.

4. As in Mr. Lucas's *Birds and their Enemies*, humour is a pervading element in Mr. Gardiner's *Rule of the Road*. Observe the humour of—" His voice rose like a gale—the voice thundered on ". Further, Mr. Gardiner is ready to laugh at himself even as he laughs at others. The illustrations he employs are penetrated by his genial humour. " It was like a barrel organ groaning out some banal song of long ago. " Set down other examples of Mr. Gardiner's humour.

5. The humour and the conversational ease of the writing are only a means to an end. The essay is, in truth, a skilfully argued thesis. Analyse it and arrange the material under three heads—introduction, body of the argument, conclusion.

ON THE RULE OF THE ROAD

That was a jolly story which Mr. Arthur Ransome told the other day in one of his messages from Petrograd. A stout old lady was walking with her basket down the middle of a street in Petrograd to the great confusion of the traffic and with no small peril to herself. It was pointed out to

her that the pavement was the place for foot-passengers, but she replied : "I'm going to walk where I like. We've got liberty now." It did not occur to the dear old lady that if liberty entitled the foot-passenger to walk down the middle of the road it also entitled the cab-driver to drive on the pavement, and that the end of such liberty would be universal chaos. Everybody would be getting in everybody else's way and nobody would get anywhere. Individual liberty would have become social anarchy.

There is a danger of the world getting liberty drunk in these days like the old lady with the basket, and it is just as well to remind ourselves of what the rule of the road means. It means that, in order that the liberties of all may be preserved, the liberties of everybody must be curtailed. When the policeman, say, at Piccadilly Circus steps into the middle of the road and puts up his hand, he is the symbol not of tyranny, but of liberty. You may not think so. You may, being in a hurry and seeing your motor-car pulled up by this insolence of office, feel that your liberty has been outraged. How dare this fellow interfere with your free use of the public highway ? Then, if you are a reasonable person, you will reflect that if he did not, incidentally, interfere with you he would interfere with no one, and the result would be that Piccadilly Circus would be a maelstrom that you would never cross at all. You have submitted to a curtailment of private liberty in order that you may enjoy a social order which makes your liberty a reality.

Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract. It is an accommodation of interests. In matters which do not touch anybody else's liberty, of course, I may be as free as I like. If I choose to go down the Strand in a dressing-gown, with long hair and bare feet, who shall say me nay ! You have liberty to laugh at me, but I have liberty to be indifferent to you. And if I have a fancy for dyeing my

hair, or waxing my moustache (which heaven forbid), or wearing a tall hat, frock-coat and sandals, or going to bed late or getting up early, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard with my mutton. I may like mustard with my mutton. And you will not ask me whether you may be a Protestant or a Catholic, whether you may marry the dark lady or the fair lady, whether you may prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Wordsworth, or champagne to shandygaff.

In all these and a thousand other details you and I please ourselves and ask no one's leave. We have a whole kingdom in which we rule alone, can do what we choose, be wise or ridiculous, harsh or easy, conventional or odd. But directly we step out of that kingdom our personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty. I might like to practise on the trombone from midnight till three in the morning. If I went on to the top of Helvellyn to do it I could please myself, but if I do it in my bedroom my family will object, and if I do it out in the streets the neighbours will remind me that my liberty to blow the trombone must not interfere with their liberty to sleep in quiet. There are a lot of people in the world, and I have to accommodate my liberty to their liberties.

We are all liable to forget this, and unfortunately we are much more conscious of the imperfections of others in this respect than of our own.

I got into a railway carriage at a country station the other morning and settled down for what the school boys would call an hour's "swot" at a Blue-book. I was not reading it for pleasure. The truth is that I never do read Blue-books for pleasure. I read them as a barrister reads a brief, for the very humble purpose of turning an honest penny out of them. Now, if you are reading a book for pleasure it doesn't matter what is going on around you. I think I could

enjoy "*Tristram Shandy*" or "*Treasure Island*" in the midst of an earthquake.

But when you are reading a thing as a task you need reasonable quiet, and that is what I didn't get, for at the next station in came a couple of men, one of whom talked to his friend for the rest of the journey in a loud and pompous voice. He was one of those people who remind one of that story of Horne Tooke who, meeting a person of immense swagger in the street, stopped him and said, "Excuse me, sir, but are you someone in particular?" This gentleman was someone in particular. As I wrestled with clauses and sections, his voice rose like a gale, and his family history, the deeds of his sons in the war, and his criticisms of the generals and the politicians submerged my poor attempts to hang on to my job. I shut up the Blue-book, looked out of the window, and listened wearily while the voice thundered on with themes like these; "Now what French ought to have done....." "The mistake the Germans made....." "If only Asquith had..." You know the sort of stuff. I had heard it all before, oh, so often. It was like a barrel organ groaning out some banal song of long ago.

If I had asked him to be good enough to talk in a lower tone I daresay he would have thought I was a very rude fellow. It did not occur to him that anybody could have anything better to do than to listen to him, and I have no doubt he left the carriage convinced that everybody in it had, thanks to him, had a very illuminating journey, and would carry away a pleasing impression of his encyclopædic range. He was obviously a well-intentioned person. The thing that was wrong with him was that he had not the social sense. He was not "a clubbable man".

A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of social conduct. It is commonly

alleged against women that in this respect they are less civilised than men, and I am bound to confess that in my experience it is the woman—the well-dressed woman—who thrusts herself in front of you at the ticket office. The man would not attempt it, partly because he knows the thing would not be tolerated from him, but also because he has been better drilled in the small give-and-take of social relationships. He has lived more in the broad current of the world, where you have to learn to accommodate yourself to the general standard of conduct, and his school life, his club life, and his games have in this respect given him a training that women are only now beginning to enjoy.

I believe that the rights of small people and quiet people are as important to preserve as the rights of small nationalities. When I hear the aggressive, bullying horn which some motorists deliberately use, I confess that I feel something boiling up in me which is very like what I felt when Germany came trampling like a bully over Belgium. By what right, my dear sir, do you go along our highways uttering that hideous curse on all who impede your path? Cannot you announce your coming like a gentleman? Cannot you take your turn? Are you someone in particular or are you simply a hot gospeller of the prophet Nietzsche? I find myself wondering what sort of a person it is who can sit behind that hog-like outrage without realising that he is the spirit of Prussia incarnate, and a very ugly spectacle in a civilised world.

And there is the more harmless person who has bought a very blatant gramophone, and on Sunday afternoon sets the thing going, opens the windows and fills the street with "Keep the Home Fires Burning" or some similar banality. What are the right limits of social behaviour in a matter of this sort? Let us take the trombone as an illustration again. Hazlitt said that a man who wanted to learn that

fearsome instrument was entitled to learn it in his own house, even though he was a nuisance to his neighbours, but it was his business to make the nuisance as slight as possible. He must practise in the attic, and shut the window. He had no right to sit in his front room, open the window, and blow his noise into his neighbours' ears with the maximum of violence. And so with the gramophone. If you like the gramophone you are entitled to have it, but you are interfering with the liberties of your neighbours if you don't do what you can to limit the noise to your own household. Your neighbours may not like "*Keep the Home Fires Burning*". They may prefer to have their Sunday afternoon undisturbed, and it is as great an impertinence for you to wilfully trespass on their peace as it would be to go, unasked, into their gardens and trample on their flower beds.

There are cases, of course, where the clash of liberties seems to defy compromise. My dear old friend X, who lives in a West End square and who is an amazing mixture of good nature and irascibility, flies into a passion when he hears a street piano, and rushes out to order it away. But near by lives a distinguished lady of romantic picaresque tastes, who dotes on street pianos, and attracts them as wasps are attracted to a jar of jam. Whose liberty in this case should surrender to the other? For the life of me I cannot say. It is as reasonable to like street pianos as to dislike them—and *vice versa*. I would give much to hear Sancho Panza's solution of such a nice riddle.

I suppose the fact is that we can be neither complete anarchists nor complete Socialists in this complex world—or rather we must be a judicious mixture of both. We have both liberties to preserve—our individual liberty and our social liberty. We must watch the bureaucrat on the one side and warn off the anarchist on the other. I am neither

a Marxist nor a Tolstoyan, but a compromise. I shall not permit any authority to say that my child must go to this school or that, shall specialise in science or arts, shall play rugger or soccer. These things are personal. But if I proceed to say that my child shall have no education at all, that he shall be brought up as a primeval savage, or at Mr. Fagin's academy for pickpockets, then Society will politely but firmly tell me that it has no use for primeval savages and a very stern objection to pickpockets and that my child must have a certain minimum of education whether I like it or not. I cannot have the liberty to be a nuisance to my neighbours or make my child a burden and a danger to the commonwealth.

It is in the small matters of conduct, in the observance of the rule of the road, that we pass judgment upon ourselves, and declare that we are civilised or uncivilised. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey. I hope my friend in the railway carriage will reflect on this. Then he will not cease, I am sure, to explain to his neighbour where French went wrong and where the Germans went ditto; but he will do it in a way that will permit me to read my Blue-book undisturbed.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Write an account of an imaginary quarrel you had with your neighbour when on the night before the examination he disturbed you with the lively music of his gramophone.
2. Tell the story of an accident due to a motor car which was being driven along the wrong side of the road.
3. Write a letter of thanks to the gentleman who dwells in the flat opposite for entertaining you with his fine singing when you were in a momentary fit of depression.

4. Mention other rules which you have to keep along the road of life so that you may live in peace with your fellowmen.
5. Attempt a fancy pen-portrait of Alpha of the Plough.
6. Read
   (1) Pebbles on the Shore.
   (2) Windfalls.
   (3) Many Furrows.

ROBERT LYND

[*The Money-Lenders* is one of the essays in a volume entitled *The Money-Box*, which was published in 1925. Mr. Robert Lynd, the author, is a charming writer who has much in common with Alpha of the Plough and E. V. Lucas. Like Mr. Lucas, Robert Lynd is also a journalist and a critic. He was born in Belfast in 1879 and was educated at Queen's College, Belfast. He is the Literary Editor of the *Daily News*, and also writes for the *New Statesman*. Apart from *The Money-Box*, Mr. Lynd has written *Old Masters and New*, *The Blue Lion*, *The Peal of Bells*, and many other books.

In *The Money-Lenders*, the author writes delightfully on the perils of lending money and the equally great, if not greater, perils of borrowing money. Both money-borrowers and money-lenders are artful and unscrupulous people who tell stories to innocent people and get money out of them. Mr. Lynd warns us against both these classes of people. He writes with an ease and attractive humour which are all his own. As Mr. Gardiner describes him, he is a wise and witty writer. The essay is like a conversation in which Mr. Lynd tells us about his own experiences and the experiences of others without the least touch of heaviness. His style reminds us of nothing so much as a clear, limpid stream that goes merrily, singing along its way.]

I.—Textual Notes.

it is the money-lender whose.....curb, we are constantly abusing the money-lender as hard-hearted and inhuman, and we endeavour to restrict his activities in various ways. Laws are passed to relieve the debtor from the clutches of the creditor, and co-operative societies offer to lend money to needy persons at a reasonable rate of interest.

he would be a made man for life, he would be freed once for all from worldly cares and anxieties. The question of how to make his living would trouble him no more.

In youth one.....northern towns, when one is young and inexperienced, one is ready to believe people who tell fairy stories of excellent appointments to which they are called in northern towns—if only someone will pay them their railway fare.

Is there not a story.....under arrest, Steele wrote to Addison asking for help, saying that he had not an inch of candle or a bushel of coals. Addison sent a hundred pounds. The next day, when Addison called on Steele, he found him drinking and feasting with his friends. The table, says Macaulay (who gives a lively account of the incident), is groaning under champagne, burgundy and pyramids of sweets. The hundred pounds borrowed from Addison had been spent (laid out) on this drinking party. Addison was naturally angry. He thought Steele had cheated him out of his money (fooled him) and had him (Steele) arrested by a bailiff.

I resent.....sentimentality, I am angry because my sentimentality has been tricked. They have made a false appeal to my *sentimentality*—my pity, my eagerness to relieve distress—and deceived me. I am put out by this more than by my loss of money.

it is our instinct.....half-a-crown, we are inclined to dismiss him, get rid of him by giving him a crown or half-a-crown. We do not think that, properly speaking (in decency), a beggar deserves more than a crown or half-a-crown.

Orkney and Shetland Tailors and Cutters' Standard, Orkney (Pronounce—ôrkni) a group of islands off the north coast of Scotland. *Shetland Islands,* are fifty miles north-east of *Orkney Islands.* Obviously this is a firm of ideal (standard) tailors and cutters, and Mr. Lynd, who invents the name, places it as far away as may be in the north.

reasonable confidence, fairly strong hope.

Thus we positively encourage.....dishonest, in this way we definitely urge people to tell lies. If they tell us that they are starving, we don't give them more than five shillings. On the other hand, if they tell us some lying tale about their having a job waiting for them in the north, we are willing to give them £5. They naturally think that lying is the surer mode of obtaining larger sums of money.

most people.....frauds, as a rule, people who approach strangers for loans are dishonest, unscrupulous cheats. They make it their busines to get money out of innocent people by telling them fairy tales of their distress.

Charing Cross, the well-known railway station—the terminus of the south-eastern railway. It is 1¼ miles west of St. Paul's, London. *Hampstead* is 4½ miles from St. Paul's.

Tube-fare, railway fare from Charing Cross to Hampstead, roughly speaking a distance of three miles. *Tube* is an underground electric railway. It is meant only for the conveyance of passengers. "Electric underground passenger railways exist in Great Britain almost wholly in the London area."

tell a specious story.....Hawick, tell him a story of your want of the fare to Hampstead or Hawick which is apparently true, an honest statement of your need. Hawick (Pronounce–hâ-ik) is 40 miles south of Edinburgh.

note of hand, a written promise to pay a certain amount within a certain period.

attractive advertisement, the very charming, tempting announcement of the money-lender that he was prepared to advance £50,000 without asking for any other security than a mere promise from the borrower that he would return the money within a certain period.

It had an air of generosity.....hearty, it seemed very generous; it revealed a spirit of benevolence, of charity that is reckless—cares not for consequences—whether the money is returned or no. It was concerned only to help the needy. This appealed to me at once. I was convinced instantly. *Devil may care* means reckless. *Philanthrophy* is desire to do good.

It would be unfair.....lamb, it would be unjust, improper to profit too much by the simplicity and innocence of this money-lender. It seemed from the offer of the money-lender that he was inexperienced, and Mr. Lynd would not ask for the whole amount offered. He would not cut off the whole of the fleece from the back of this lamb—the simple-minded money-lender. He would not take an undue advantage of his simplicity.

an odious little wretch.....possible, a dwarfish, villainous-looking person presented himself at my place and he offered such scandalous terms—proposed to lend me money on such and such security—the furniture in my flat, the promises of my friends. These proposals were so offensive to me that I dismissed the fellow at once.

money-lending was a mere business with him, advancing loans to needy persons was with him no better than a trade. As in trade, a shopkeeper tries to make the highest profit by selling his goods at a stiff price, so this money-lender was out to make the highest profit by lending money. There was no question of sympathy or benevolence here.

or of coming.....dearest friends, or of his right of demanding the money from my dearest friends. In the event of my failure to pay off the loan, the money-lender wished to realize the amount by seizing all my property; as an alternative to this, he wished my closest friends to stand surety for me—guarantee payment of the amount and the interest, if I failed to repay the loan and interest myself. The money-lender was not going to take any risk of losing his money.

I was.....advertisement, I was so bewildered by this new and unexpected proposal of the money-lender that I had not enough spirit, pluck to remind him of the terms of the advertisement—how he had offered to lend £50,000 on a note of hand, and was asking now for the right to seize my furniture, or recover the amount from my friends if I failed to repay the loan.

an ill-shaven sneer, like a contemptuous smile which spreads all over a face which is badly shaven. The smile becomes more odious because of the ill-shaven face. And there is nothing else in the face except this derisive smile. Mankind were the dupes of this money-lender, and he seemed to be always smiling at the incredible folly of human beings.

very nearly.....human nature, I ceased to believe in the goodness of human beings. I thought that there were only a few—if at all they existed—honest, virtuous people in the world. This was due to the shock he had received. From extreme belief, he passed to extreme disbelief.

were of.....youth, these dealings disturbed somewhat rudely my youthful belief that all men and women in the world were good-natured, sincere, kindly and honest. The poor woman whom he met—apparently so frank and honest—proved a downright cheat and humbug.

second cousins, descendants of one great-grandfather.

sentimental link, link of love.

bill, a written promise to a money-lender that the amount would be paid within the period mentioned in the document.

swimmingly, smoothly.

shamrock, a plant regarded as the national badge, symbol of Ireland. As a rule the plant has three leaves. The four-leaved shamrock which the old woman offered was an unusual specimen, worthy of being cherished with care. Hence Mr. Lynd refers to it as a *mascot*, a person or a thing which is supposed to bring good luck to the owner.

Arnold Bennett (1867-1931), a very famous novelist and journalist. His work was very much in demand. That is why Mr. Lynd says that he gets something between a shilling and a guinea a word.

Lord Carson (1854—), British politician and lawyer of great eminence.

Bond Street, a street in London noted for fashionable shops.

I admit.....to receive, I confess that one is not excited very much by such a letter after one has left behind the warm hopes and enthusiasms of youth. In youth one is flattered when one receives such a letter offering a loan of £50,000 on one's note of hand. As one reaches middle age, one learns by bitter experience that such circulars (advertisements) are traps laid to capture the innocent and unwary. Naturally, one is not very pleased to receive them.

If you want.....bills, if you wish to get rid of the evil practices in the post-office, you must begin your work of reformation by stopping the passage of bills through the post-office. It is when one receives a bill from a tradesman reminding

one of the dues that have to be paid that one is annoyed. So the first step in post office reform is to disallow the passage of such bills.

one shining merit, one great, outstanding advantage.

to discourage such model members of the community, to hurt their feelings by carrying on a campaign against them, rousing public opinion against money-lenders by denouncing them up and down as Lord Carson is doing. Money-lenders are ideal members of society, entirely law-abiding and peaceful. It is no part of prudence to hurl abuse at such ideal members of society.

are careful never.....the law, they will never think of doing any harm to their fellowmen except by advancing loans at a high rate of interest and prosecuting them if they fail to repay the loan. But they respect the law in all their dealings with their fellowmen. All their transactions are strictly legal (within the four corners of the law).

Lord Haldane (1856-1928), a distinguished statesman and philosopher, an eminent educationist, and an equally eminent lawyer.

go into the bankruptcy court.....South America, apply to the Bankruptcy Court as an insolvent person and get one's effects (property) distributed through the Court for the benefit of the creditors, or one might suffer imprisonment or leave England and run away to South America.

if he cannot afford.....fairyland, if he has not the ability to pay his debts, he knows that he has not the choice open to him to borrow money from a money-lender. That is like asking for a loan of £200 when one has to repay a loan of £100. Such a thing is possible only in dream-land, not in our practical world.

back.....millionaire, bet on the money-lender—back him as one backs a racehorse—support him—say confidently that he will win and be prepared to lose money if one's prediction proves untrue.

The money-lender combines.....boa-constrictor, the money-lender is a master of direct and indirect attack. Like the bull-dog he will fly at and get his teeth into the victim's throat, and he can, if there is need for it, crush life out of his victim by silent, steady pressure after the manner of the boa-constrictor—a large snake which is non-poisonous and kills its victim by compression.

II. Grammar and Composition.

1. (i) When I was younger, it was a common enough thing for a perfect stranger who had got hold of *one's* name to call in at the office and announce that if *one* lent him his railway-fare, he would be a made man for all his life.

   (ii) *One* does not feel foolish for having lent money, but *one* does feel foolish, if *one* has lent it for one purpose and if it is spent on another.

In both these sentences *one* is used as an indefinite pronoun. Its possessive is *one's*. Whenever *one* is used as an indefinite pronoun it is followed by *one* and the possessive is *one's* and not *his*. On the other hand, when *one* is a numeral pronoun the possessive is *his* or *her* or *its*. *One*, as an indefinite pronoun, is not followed by *he*—the definite demonstrative pronoun.

Insert the appropriate pronoun or possessive of the pronoun in the following sentences :

(i) One may pull a long face, all the same——must obey the orders——of——superiors.

(ii) If one wishes to succeed in life——must work hard.

(iii) One of the four gentlemen, as he walked along briskly, dropped——handkerchief.

(iv) One of those two lively girls while boarding the tram-car dropped——muff.

(v) One of those three trees has shed——leaves.

2. (i) He can with reasonable confidence ask for a sum large enough to pay *not only* for his railway-ticket, but for his meals on the train.

(ii) He will not lend you a pound unless he is sure that if you do not pay him back, he will get *not only* his pound, *but* considerably more.

(iii) He *not only* destroyed my faith in money-lenders, *but* he very nearly destroyed my faith in human nature.

In all these instances, *not only* and *but* add "one word or sentence to another and give emphasis to the second of the two".

Of a similar nature is the use of *not* followed by *but* in the sentences given below. Observe also the parallelism of construction.

(i) The money-lender is *not* really interested in your needs, *but* in your possessions.

(ii) He was thinking *not* of how much I wanted, *but* of how much he could get out of me.

Insert the appropriate conjunctional phrase or conjunction in the following sentences :

(i) I could——maintain myself comfortably——I gave away large sums in charity.

(ii) ——did he save himself from drowning——he brought safe ashore two of his friends.

(iii) Doctors are interested——in curing their patients——in getting money out of them.

(iv) Railways have in view always——the comfort and convenience of passengers——their own annual profits.

3. Recall the various forms of the subjunctive mood and complete the following sentences :

   (i) If a beggar asks for £10 - - - - - -

   (ii) If a borrower told you a lying tale of a fine job waiting for him in the north - - - - - - - - -

   (iii) If one lent money for a specific purpose - - - - - - - - -

   (iv) If I find that I cannot pay my debts - - - - -

   (v) If you discovered that the money-lender was aiming at your possessions - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

4. (i) Far more people have *suffered at* the hands of money-borrowers than of money-lenders.

   (ii) It was a common enough thing for a perfect stranger who had got hold of one's name *to call in at the office* and announce that he had just been given an excellent job.

   (iii) Addison in his *wrath at being fooled*, had Steele put under arrest.

   (iv) In order to *get at* his money, you must appeal not to his heart, but to his greed of gain.

   At appears in different combinations in these four sentences, and the sense varies. Illustrate these various uses of *at* in sentences of your own, or make one long sentence which will illustrate all these uses and make good sense.

5. A *semi-colon* is used to separate co-ordinate clauses—short sentences which are independent grammatically, but connected in sense. *A colon* suggests a longer pause. *A full-stop* appears at the end of a sentence and after abbreviations, such as—M.P., M.A., C.I.E. A *dash* is used to introduce a quotation or a parenthesis. A *question-mark* is put after direct questions and *a note of exclamation* after interjections and exclamations.

Insert the necessary punctuation marks in the following :

Walking a few days ago between an Englishman and a Frenchman into the suburbs of a city we were overtaken by a heavy shower of rain I was unprepared but they had each large coats which defended them from what seemed to me a perfect inundation the Englishman seeing me shrink from the weather accosted me thus Psha man what dost shrink at here take this coat I don't want it the Frenchman began to show his politeness in turn my dear friend cries he why don't you oblige me by making use of my coat you see how well it defends me from the rain.

III. Appreciation.

1. " It is, I suppose, a fact that far more people have suffered at the hands of money-borrowers than of money-lenders." This is a quiet beginning. The

author states what seems to him to be the truth of the matter—though it is not generally realized. He proceeds calmly to argue it out with the reader. On the other hand, he ends by saying—"The money-lender combines the genius of a bull-dog with that of a boa-constrictor. He is one of the most fascinating of the lower animals." What difference do you notice between the beginning and the end of the essay? What precisely is the effect of this last sentence?

2. Mr. Lynd adds sauce to his writing by telling us stories and anecdotes from life and literature, and drawing liberally on his own personal experiences. Quote or refer to these stories, anecdotes and personal experiences.
3. Give examples of Mr. Lynd's humour—especially of his readiness to laugh at himself.
4. There is a serene philosophy underlying the gay, light-hearted tone of this essay. Set down this philosophy in a short paragraph.
5. "What other profession can show the same immunity from crime? This is what is called a rhetorical question—a figure of speech in which a question is asked, not for information, but with a view to affirm or deny something strongly, as *Who does not know*, for *Everyone knows*. The other name of this figure of speech is Interrogation. Is there any other example of Interrogation in Mr. Lynd's *The Money-lenders*? Mr. Lynd is rather fond of one figure of speech. Which is that?
6. "We are likely to give more to a borrower who tells us a lie than to a borrower who tells us the truth?" This is an example of *paradox*—a statement which seems absurd at first sight. Mr. Lynd, however, reconciles us to the absurdity. Is there a second example of *paradox* in the essay? Search for it; your search will be rewarded with success?

THE MONEY-LENDERS

It is, I suppose, a fact that far more people have suffered at the hand of money-borrowers than of money-lenders. Yet it is the money-lender and not the money-borrower whose activities we are always denouncing and trying to curb. I doubt if there is a single law in existence against borrowing money. If there is, I have never heard of its being enforced. I have borrowed money so often myself that I do not complain of this, but I should like to see it made an offence against the law to borrow money from a person you have never seen before. When I was younger, it was a

common enough thing for a perfect stranger who had somehow or other got hold of one's name to call in at the office and announce that he had just been given an excellent job in a town in the far north of England, and that, if one lent him his railway-fare, he would be a made man for life. In youth one has an ardent faith in people with good jobs waiting for them in northern towns who are so friendless that they have to borrow the railway-fare from someone whom they have never met before. I have long since lost that faith, for never once did I receive so much as a post-card from the north of England explaining that, though the job was a good one, it would take years to save enough money to repay the price of the railway-ticket. That, indeed, was all I hoped for. I wanted to be sure that the man had really gone to the north of England. One does not feel foolish for having lent money that will never be paid back, but one does feel foolish if one has lent it for one purpose and if it is spent on another. Is there not a story of Addison's lending Steele some money to pay the rent, and of his anger on finding that Steele had laid it out on a drinking-party? So far as I can remember the story, Addison, in his wrath at being fooled, had Steele put under arrest. I should not like to proceed so far against the men who borrow the fare for imaginary railway-journeys. But I resent the fraud on my sentimentality. Yet I must in honesty confess that, if they had not told the story of the job in the distant town, they would not have got so much money from me. If a borrower tries to borrow money with no better excuse than that he is penniless, it is our instinct to put him off with five shillings or half-a-crown. A man, we feel, cannot in decency expect a perfect stranger to give him a pound or anything substantial merely because he is starving. On the other hand, if he can persuade us tha he has just been appointed assistant manager of the "Orkney

and Shetland Tailors' and Cutters' Standard," and that, if he does not set off by the next train, he will lose the job, he can with reasonable confidence ask for a sum large enough to pay not only for his railway-ticket but for his meals on the train. And, if he approaches the young and innocent, he will get it. Thus we positively encourage borrowers to be dishonest. We are likely to give more to a borrower who tells us a lie than to a borrower who tells us the truth. I do not know how guileless youth can be protected against the machinations of people who want money for railway fares. The only thing to do is to let them learn by experience that most people who borrow money from strangers are frauds. On the other hand, I know a man who, on finding himself without a penny in his pocket at Charing Cross, and yet under the necessity of getting to Hampstead within twenty minutes, went up to the first policeman he saw and asked him for the loan of his tube-fare. And the policeman gave it to him. That, I think, is one of the noblest incidents in the history of the London police force. It should also be counted to the credit of the borrower that he paid the money back.

Few money-lenders, unfortunately, lend their money in the spirit of the policeman. It is in vain that you will go into a money-lender's office and tell a specious story about your being in want of the fare to Hampstead or to Hawick. The money-lender is not really interested in your needs, but in your possessions. In order to get at his money you must appeal not to his heart but to his greed of gain. I should not mind his doing this if he took any risks in his business. But he will not lend you money if he thinks there is any risk in it. He will not lend you a pound unless he is sure that, if you do not pay him back, he will get not only his pound, but considerably more. Do not be misled by his offers of £ 50,000 on your note of hand.

I am not sure what a note of hand is, but the only money-lender whom I ever took at his word assured me that it meant my furniture. I will say this for him, that I never saw a more attractive advertisement. It had an air of generosity, of devil-may-care philanthropy, that went straight to my heart. I was myself young and generous at the time, and deciding that it would be unfair to shear so obvious a lamb, I wrote to him, asking not for £50,000, but for £50. Frankly, I thought my letter was a note of hand, and I looked forward to receiving a cheque by return of post. But, instead of this, a man whom I thought, and whom most people would think, an odious little wretch, called at my flat, and made such outrageous proposals that I got rid of him as quickly as possible. It was quite clear that he was thinking, not of how much I wanted, but of how much he could get out of me. So far as I could see, money-lending was a mere business with him, and he had no intention of parting with a penny, unless he could be sure either of his right to seize all I had or of coming down for his money on some of my dearest friends. I was so astounded by his change of front that I had not the heart even to remind him of the terms of his advertisement. His face was simply an ill-shaven sneer. He was the sort of man whom you would not have asked for a crust of bread if you were starving. To tell the truth, he not only destroyed my faith in money-lenders, but he very nearly destroyed my faith in human nature.

The only other dealings I ever had with money-lenders occurred about the same time, and they also were of a kind rather disturbing to the rosy optimism of youth. A poor woman called on me one day and reminded me that I had once known one of her second cousins. Having established this sentimental link between us, she told me that she had been behaving rather foolishly and, in order to pay her debts,

had had to borrow £20. She asked me if I would mind signing a bill for it as a matter of form. I assured her that I hadn't twenty pounds in the world. "It doesn't matter," she told me. "It's only a question of writing your signature. You'll never hear of it again." I accordingly put on my hat and went out with her to a money-lender's, where we both wrote our signatures, and she got the £20.

Everything went swimmingly for the first three or four weeks. I had an enthusiastic letter from her, in which she told me that she was paying off the debt in instalments and offered me a four-leaved shamrock. I wrote back, still more enthusiastically, for I was deeply moved by the offer of the four-leaved shamrock, but I said that I couldn't dream of taking such a precious mascot from her. She replied ecstatically, saying that she was still paying the instalments and that, if at any time she failed to do so, I was at liberty to tell her second cousin. I wrote back, almost on the verge of tears, assuring her that I had the utmost confidence in her, and telling her that I wouldn't dream of saying anything about the matter to her second cousin. A month later I had a letter from the money-lender, saying that the lady whose bill I had backed had fallen into arrears with her payments and asking me what I thought of doing about it. I wrote back urging him to write to her. I even wrote to her myself, expressing the hope that she was well, and explaining that the money-lender seemed to be getting anxious about his money. Some days later the letter came back marked, "Not known." I wrote again to the address that she had given me, and learned that she had gone away, leaving no address. Meanwhile the money-lender kept sending me letters and calling round on me, and, indeed, harassing me to such an extent that in the end I saw I should have no peace till I paid the money myself. In the result, I borrowed three

weeks' salary in advance from the office in which I worked and went round to the money-lender and bought back my signature. It was the highest price, I may say, that has ever been paid for anything I have written. Mr. Arnold Bennett, I believe, gets something between a shilling and a guinea a word. But those two words that I wrote were, even in the illiterate eyes of a money-lender, reckoned to be worth between six and seven pounds each.

In spite of my experiences, however, I am not in entire sympathy with Lord Carson's campaign against money-lenders. At least, I dislike some of the arguments that are being used against them. Some people seem to want to suppress money-lenders merely because they send them circulars through the post. I have seen a man raging when, on opening what looked like an interesting letter, he found that it was only a note from somebody in Bond Street, offering to lend him £ 50,000. I admit that, after one has passed the first flush of youth, it is a dullish sort of letter to receive, but I had much rather find a money-lender's circular in an envelope than a bill. If you want to purify the post, you should begin by prohibiting the transmission of bills. Money-lenders' circulars have the one shining merit that they are almost the only sort of letters that there is no need to answer. Apart from this, I am not sure that it is wise to discourage such model members of the community as the majority of money-lenders are. What other profession can show the same immunity from crime? Rarely do you hear of a money-lender committing murder. I do not think any respectable money-lender has ever been convicted of burglary. I doubt even if money-lenders run off with other people's wives as often as other people do. Most of them devote themselves quietly to their business, and are careful never to injure a fellow-creature except for purposes of gain and within the four corners of the law. I see that Lord

Haldane was courageous enough to say in the House of Lords that "the money-lender is not always the ruffianly person he is supposed to be". That is a tribute of a kind of which any profession might well be proud. Has Lord Haldane ever paid a similar tribute to the clergy or to the medical or legal profession ?

The money-lender, indeed, is a perfectly harmless person if you do not do business with him. And no one but a fool would do business with him. The wise man, if he finds that his debts are beyond his means, will go into the bankruptcy court or to jail or to South America rather than into the office of a money-lender. He knows that, if he cannot afford to pay his debts, he can afford much less to borrow the necessary money from a money-lender. One cannot pay one's debts by doubling them except, perhaps, in fairyland. No one, indeed, but a millionaire can afford to borrow money from a money-lender. And in the end I should back the money-lender to beat the millionaire. The money-lender combines the genius of a bull-dog with that of a boa-constrictor. He is one of the most fascinating of the lower animals.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Money-lenders in India are as artful as those in England. Illustrate this from what you have heard or read about the ways of money-lenders.
2. Compare money-lenders with money-borrowers. Whom do you regard as more odious—the money-lenders or the money-borrowers ?
3. Tell a story similar to the one Mr. Robert Lynd tells in which you are the victim of an imaginary tale of distress.
4. Describe a typical money-lender in India, of whom it might be said that he is an odious little wretch.
5. Write an imaginary dialogue between a money-lender and a money-borrower in which the two are trying to outwit each other.

6. Show how both the following statements are true :
   (1) Rarely is a money-lender convicted of murder.
   (2) More often is a money-lender himself robbed and murdered.
7. Read (1) Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*—at least the summary of the play in Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, (2) Galsworthy's *Pigeon*, (3) Life of Goldsmith by Austin Dobson.

A. A. MILNE

['The Diary Habit' appears in a collection of essays which Mr. Milne published under the title—*Not that it matters*—in 1919. More than Mr. Lynd, even more than Alpha of the Plough, Mr. Milne cultivates his vein of humour. He was born in 1882, was educated at Westminster School, and later at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was assistant editor of 'Punch' from 1906 to 1914. Milne has written humorous verse, comic plays and essays. Among his publications may be mentioned *The Dover Road* (1922), *If I may* (1920), *A Gallery of Children* (1925).

In the present essay, Mr. Milne argues that the diary habit is not common in the 20th century, because people have very few exciting events to record in diaries. He gets together a number of sensational, imaginary events which would make a page in one's diary throb with life. But in the absence of such exciting events, people might write about the experiences of their own souls, the storms that rise there and the peace which succeeds the storm. The essayist concludes by making fun of people who keep diaries with a view to achieve fame after death, or with the object of making use of the diary for writing one's autobiography.

Mr. Milne is the master of a style which is at once graceful and easy. His touch is light, and he maintains the humorous attitude throughout. Most striking of all is his power of invention—witness the pages of diaries, in the present selection, crowded with incidents which are all invented by Mr. Milne himself.]

I.—Textual Notes.

such little things, such unimportant, insignificant things, happenings, of which he has given one example, *viz.*, I wrote to the Daily Mail or Daily Express, denying that the habit of diary-keeping is becoming extinct. There is nothing exciting in this. Most people in the twentieth century—if they were to keep a diary—would have to record such trifling things.

was forced to.....police, was compelled to give my visiting card to the police. He was a gentleman, so the police only asked for his card. Another,

guilty of killing men—even if they were ruffians—would have been arrested on the spot. The visiting card would help the police in their inquiry into the shooting affair.

war would.....resulted, war would have broken out as a certain, inevitable consequence of the discovery of the treaty. The enemies of England and Switzerland would be offended by such a secret alliance and they would declare war on England and Switzerland. *Strand,* one of the chief thoroughfares of London, a fashionable quarter.

Serpentine, an ornamental sheet of water in Hyde Park, London. It was constructed during the reign of George II.

get knighted, be made a knight. The king bestows a knighthood on a man—raises him to the rank of a knight as a recognition of his exceptional merit.

A Man's Passion by *Theodora Popgood,* some sentimental romantic novel by a woman anxious to win fame as an author. The name of the novel as well as the name of the author—both are imaginary.

Beneath.....jealousy, under the outward show of friendship and love there may lie concealed—all unsuspected by us—the poisonous fang of a serpent, in the form of jealousy. People who seem to have great affection for us may—without our having any notion of it—cherish bitter feelings of jealousy towards us in their heart of hearts.

Mary writes.....for, apparently both had a small shop in some bazaar of fancy goods organized with a charitable purpose. Mary refused to help him; she thought that she would be endangering the success of her own stall if she helped to make the writer's stall attractive by articles of her own making. If the stall is attractive, it lures many customers, and the goods being sold, it succeeds in realizing all the cash it wants.

meditated.....lunch-time, was absorbed till the hour of lunch in thinking over the workings of my own mind, trying to understand them. *the inner cosmos* is the world of the mind within as opposed to the world outside which we see.

Shall I never.....nature, shall I never throw off the tyranny of my passions? The passions—anger, jealousy etc.—are the masters who enslave human beings, put fetters on them, bind them with chains, as slaves are bound by their masters. *bonds of nature* are the chains of nature, *viz.,* the chains with which our natural feelings—anger, jealousy etc.—bind us.

the better self.....capable, the nobler feelings, the virtuous inclinations which bid him conquer selfish love and anger. Am I destined never to let these virtuous feelings conquer and lift me to the great heights of unselfishness. Selfishness is narrow-mindedness, it is small, *petty.* Selflessness is lofty—like the peak of a mountain.

This has been.....spirit, this has been an extraordinarily happy day for the soul, inasmuch as the writer forgave Mary. The soul was exceedingly pleased by this act of unselfishness.

Bond Street, a well-known thoroughfare in London, noted for fashionable shops.

St. Paul's Cathedral, the famous church in London built by Wren in 1675. One is attacked by doubt in a church, which (doubt) is like a lion destroying one's faith in God.

it will show you what a wonderful memory, the writer of the autobiography says "I distinctly remember", but he is not making any effort to remember, he refers to the diary. Thus he is practising a fraud upon the public, trying to gain credit for a strong memory by deceitful means.

II. Grammar and Composition.

1. Insert appropriate prepositions in the following sentences:
   (a) On arriving ___ the station I found that the train had left.
   (b) I thanked him for his invitation, but informed him that I was unable to accept it as I never dined ___
   (c) He saw the child tumbling ___ the river and forthwith plunged ___ the stream and rescued it.
   (d) I was amazed ___ his audacity in declaring that he had a higher lyrical genius than that of Shelley.
2. Make sentences of your own to illustrate the use of the words and phrases given below:

   Hooligan, writing up, harmless pleasure, runaway, unique, make no apology, cosmos, have his eye on.

3. When we *deny* a statement or an assertion we *say* that it is untrue. On the other hand, when we *refuse,* we convey by our *action* or say that we have not *done,* or shall not *do* something. I *deny* that I accused you of lying; I *refuse* to serve on a salary of Rs. 100 per mensem.

   Illustrate in two sentences the difference between *deny* and *refuse.*
4. Give the following sentences an assertive form:
   (i) How little we know of our true friends!
   (ii) What, after all, is life?
   (iii) Ah, how petty!

III. Appreciation.

1. What figures of speech are used in the following sentences. Explain their application:

(i) Beneath the mask of outward affection, there may lurk unknown to us the serpent's tooth of jealousy.

(ii) What, after all, is life ?

2. Their publication may be demanded by the next generation, eager to know the inner life of the *great man* just dead. This is an example of irony—where the opposite of what is expressed is intended. *Great man* in the sentence above stands for a man of little or no importance. Find two other examples of irony.

3. Humour is the perception of something incongruous, absurd. " Attacked by a lion in Bond Street " is an example of humour. On the other hand, *wit* is a ' clever, ingenious playing with words '. " Attacked by the hair-dresser with a hard brush " is an example of wit. Quote other instances of Mr. Milne's wit and humour.

4. *The Diary Habit* is written in a personal, conversational, colloquial style. Throughout it gives the impression of a talk. Mr. Milne employs such words and expressions—*rotten, yes ; ah, how petty !* Are there any other features of the essay which give it the air of a conversation ? State them.

THE DIARY HABIT

A newspaper has been lamenting the decay of the diary-keeping habit, with the natural result that several correspondents have written to say that they have kept diaries all their lives. No doubt all these diaries now contain the entry, "wrote to the *Daily*—— to deny the assertion that the diary-keeping habit is on the wane". Of such little things are diaries made.

I suppose this is the reason why diaries are so rarely kept nowadays—that nothing ever happens to anybody. A diary would be worth writing up if it could be written like this:—

Monday.—" Another exciting day. Shot a couple of hooligans on my way to business and was forced to give my card to the police. On arriving at the office was surprised to find the building on fire, but was just in time to rescue the confidential treaty between England and Switzerland.

Had this been discovered by the public, war would infallibly have resulted. Went out to lunch and saw a runaway elephant in the Strand. Thought little of it at the time, but mentioned it to my wife in the evening. She agreed that it was worth recording."

Tuesday.—"Letter from solicitor informing me that I have come into £1,000,000 through the will of an Australian gold-digger named Tomkins. On referring to my diary I find that I saved his life two years ago by plunging into the Serpentine. This is very gratifying. Was late at the office as I had to look in at the Palace on the way, in order to get knighted, but managed to get a good deal of work done before I was interrupted by a madman with a razor, who demanded £100. Shot him after a desperate struggle. Tea at an A B C, where I met the Duke of——. Fell into the Thames on my way home, but swam ashore without difficulty."

Alas! we cannot do this. Our diaries are very prosaic, very dull indeed. They read like this:—

Monday.—"Felt inclined to stay in bed this morning and send an excuse to the office, but was all right after a bath and breakfast. Worked till 1-30 and had lunch. Afterwards worked till five, and had my hair cut on the way home. After dinner read *A Man's Passion* by Theodora Popgood. Rotten. Went to bed at eleven."

Tuesday.—"Had a letter from Jane. Did some good work in the morning, and at lunch met Henry, who asked me to play Golf with him on Saturday. Told him I was playing with Peter, but said I would like a game with him on the Saturday after. However, it turned out he was playing with William then, so we couldn't fix anything up. Bought a pair of shoes on my way home, but think they will be too tight. The man says, though, that they will stretch."

Wednesday.—"Played dominoes at lunch and won fivepence."

If this sort of diary is now falling into decay, the world is not losing much. But at least it is a harmless pleasure to some to enter up their day's doings each evening, and in years to come it may just possibly be of interest to the diarist to know that it was on Monday, 27th April, that he had his hair cut. Again, if in the future any question arose as to the exact date of Henry's decease, we should find in this diary proof that anyhow he was alive as late as Tuesday, 28th April. That might, though it probably won't, be of great importance. But there is another sort of diary which can never be of any importance at all. I make no apology for giving a third selection of extracts.

Monday.—"Rose at nine and came down to find a letter from Mary. How little we know our true friends! Beneath the mask of outward affection there may lurk unknown to us the serpent's tooth of jealousy. Mary writes that she can make nothing for my stall at the bazaar as she has her own stall to provide for. Ate my breakfast mechanically, my thoughts being far away. What, after all, is life? Meditated deeply on the inner cosmos till lunch-time. Afterwards I lay down for an hour and composed my mind. I was angry this morning with Mary. Ah, how petty! Shall I never be free from the bonds of my own nature? Is the better self within me never to rise to the sublime heights of selflessness of which it is capable? Rose at four and wrote to Mary, forgiving her. This has been a wonderful day for the spirit."

Yes: I suspect that a good many diaries record adventures of the mind and soul for lack of stirring adventures to the body. If they cannot say, "Attacked by a lion in Bond Street to-day," they can at least say, "Attacked by a doubt in St. Paul's Cathedral". Most people will prefer, in the

absence of the lion, to say nothing, or nothing more important than "Attacked by the hairdresser with a hard brush"; but there are others who must get pen to paper somehow, and who find that only in regard to their emotions have they anything unique to say.

But, of course, there is ever within the breasts of all diarists the hope that their diaries may some day be revealed to the world. They may be discovered by some future generation, amazed at the simple doings of the twentieth century, or their publication may be demanded by the next generation, eager to know the inner life of the great man just dead. Best of all, they may be made public by the writers themselves in their autobiographies.

Yes; the diarist must always have his eye on a possible autobiography. "I remember," he will write in that great work, having forgotten about all it, "I distinctly remember" —and here he will refer to his diary—"meeting X. at lunch one Sunday and saying to him....."

What he said will not be of much importance, but it will show you what a wonderful memory the distinguished author retains in his old age.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Write your diary of yesterday, and see how it compares with the account of a day's dull doings given by Mr. Milne.
2. Invent a series of sensational events which would match those assembled by Mr. Milne to make up an exciting page of a diary.
3. Mr. Milne gives one reason for the disinclination to keep diaries in these days. Suggest other reasons.
4. Compare a page in the diary of a clerk with a page in the diary of a Civil Surgeon.
5. On what grounds would you defend a proposal which would compel all senior students in a high school to keep a diary?

6. Mention diaries that have helped (1) a historian ; (2) the writer of a biography ; (3) the writer of an autobiography.
7. Write a short essay on :
   (1) The best diary is the honest record of a man's life.
   (2) The worst diary is that which is written with a view to future fame.
8. Read the Diary of Pepys. (School Edition, by C. J. Hall, A. & C. Black.)

G. K. GOKHALE

[Gopal Krishna Gokhale was hailed as 'the coming man' when he made his first brilliant speech criticizing the Budget statement submitted to the Imperial Legislative Council in 1902. He was then a professor at the Fergusson College, but was due to retire, as he had nearly fulfilled his pledge to serve the Deccan Education Society for twenty years. He felt himself free, therefore, to devote all his energies to politics and the service of his countrymen. For the last time—from June to October, 1902—he lectured in History and Economics to the senior classes in Fergusson College. On the 19th of September, 1902, the students of the college presented an address of farewell to him. It was in reply to this address that Professor Gokhale made the speech which is given below.

The late Mr. Gokhale was born in 1865 and graduated from Elphinstone College in 1884. Towards the close of 1886 he joined that noble band of workers who had established the Deccan Education Society and started the New English School and Fergusson College with a view to cheapen secondary education and bring it within the reach of the lower and middle classes in the presidency of Bombay. Before long Mr. Gokhale came into contact with the great patriot, Mr. M. G. Ranade. Under the competent guidance of Mr. Ranade, he mastered the puzzling problems of Indian finance and economics. Apart from his mastery of dry-as-dust blue-books and statistics which he could make as interesting as a fairy tale, Mr. Gokhale had a human side to his nature. He loved his college, he loved his students and his colleagues. The speech selected here reveals this winning, attractive side of his nature. The College is like a mother to him. He has given the best years of his life to its service. He is launching on the stormy sea of politics and may suffer shipwreck. But even if the whole world despises him, he is sure of one refuge. He will be eagerly welcomed back by his college. To his fellow-workers on the staff, he pays a warm and generous tribute. And he strikes a lofty note of idealism and love in the advice which he gives to his students. Finally, one notices the skill with which the ideas in the speech are arranged. They stand out like the pillars of a building. Mr. Gokhale was a master of the art of exposition. And if we admire the art of presentment, the lucidity of style deserves the same warm praise.]

I. Textual Notes.

severence of.....go through, breaking off association with friends and colleagues with whom one has worked for years is as severe a misfortune as one may be destined to undergo in one's life. It is as great a calamity as may befall one in life. *old ties*, connexions of long standing—association with professors on the staff and students of the college. *ordeal*, an experience which tests one's strength, patience and courage; hence *trying*, testing. *go through*, suffer, undergo.

through good report.....sunshine, when the institution was popular and people praised it warmly, and, again, when the institution was unpopular and people criticized it harshly. In days of *sunshine*—prosperity—and *storm*—adversity, misfortune.

I feel thankful.....enthusiasm, I am deeply grateful to God that he gave me health and strength to discharge the serious and heavy duties of a professor on the staff of the Fergusson College. As a life member I took a vow to serve the Deccan Education Society for twenty years. In the unthinking enthusiasm of youth, I gave the undertaking. I hardly knew what I was doing, for twenty years is a long period in one's life. There are many dangers and difficulties to be overcome; without God's help, it would be impossible to fulfil the pledge. Hence the deep gratitude he feels towards God for having assisted him to fulfil his pledge of twenty years' service.

You can easily understand.....work, you can easily imagine how exceedingly painful it must be to me to break off all association with an institution which I loved beyond anything else in life. It was an institution of which I found myself thinking almost in spite of myself—though I might have been engaged for the time being in other activities. Mr. Gokhale was president of the Poona Municipality. He was a member of the Legislative Council. He was actively associated with the Indian National Congress. These are the other fields in which he was destined to work.

without a long.....position, without considering the question of retirement—whether or no, he should say good-bye to Fergusson College—carefully and for days on end. He debated the question within himself day after day. The decision was not lightly taken.

I had no right.....indulgence, I was not justified in putting their patience to such a severe test. They showed every consideration for me and made every concession for me. Even then I felt I was not dealing fairly with my colleagues.

It is not a very conclusive one either, it is not any more convincing than the other.

fields that.....abundance, fields which produced a rich crop year after year.

strange fascination, unaccountable, mysterious charm. *fatal fascination*, the

attraction which the sea had for him—the temptation to take to a sea-faring life which was to end in his ruin, which was to prove disastrous to him.

I am giving up all.....life, I am throwing away all this comfort and security only to venture into public life, which is like a sea swept by many storms—across which one sails without knowing where one is going. The dangers which a politician has to face are compared to the storms at sea. If an Indian politician severely criticizes the system of administration, he invites the displeasure of Government officials, if he rebukes his own people, he is denounced for his lack of patriotism. Again, like a mariner drifting on the boundless ocean, the Indian politician works without a settled goal or objective. Mr. Gokhale himself settled this goal later. In his address as President of the National Congress in 1905, he said that the ultimate aim of all their activities was to achieve Dominion Status.

But I hear within me.....course, I hear someone in my mind ordering me to take this course—to devote myself wholly to politics. It is the voice of conscience. One is unable to see the speaker, but one hears the command clearly.

public life.....discouragements, the esteem of one's people is the only reward ; the fear of imprisonment, of humiliation and insult—these are the *trials*, the misfortunes ; the sense of wasted effort, the inability to make any impression on the Government, or bring about any change in the machinery of Government—these are the discouragements.

no one can.....end, because the goal of political activity had not been defined clearly.

a weather-beaten.....mariner, like a sailor exposed to all kinds of weather—fine, bright, or cloudy and dark. In public life the weather is fine, when one enjoys popular favour, it is the reverse when one is out of favour with one's countrymen. The sailor is *tempest-tost*, buffeted by the storm and forced out of his way. In public life the notices served on politicians, apologies demanded from them—these are the storms. The mariner is *ship-wrecked* when his ship strikes a rock and goes to pieces. A politician suffers shipwreck when all his hopes are disappointed and he is hated alike by his countrymen and government.

I can speak.....reserve, I can speak more frankly now. I can praise the institution warmly, as I am no longer actively associated with it. People will not readily accuse me of self-praise or compare me to a trader puffing his own goods.

Mr. Paranjpye, the first Indian senior wrangler. On his return from England, he became principal of Fergusson College (1902). Later he served as a Minister of Education under Sir George Lloyd (now Lord Lloyd). He is at present the Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University.

Mr. Rajwade, was professor of English and Sanskrit at Fergusson College. He is now on the Governing Body of the College.

surrounds this with.....own, invests this college with a distinction which cannot be claimed by any other institution. It is like the circle of glory round a saint's head.

represents an idea.....ideal, the institution stands for an idea. It is the practical, visible shape taken by an idea. As explained in the next sentence—it is the idea of working for some worldly—earthly end—such as spread of education—with a concentration and single-minded devotion which we see among religious-minded people and in societies formed for some religious end—such as the *Society of Jesus.* People who bind themselves by a vow to achieve such an end, must *put aside all thoughts of worldly interests*: they must turn their back on wealth, power, or fame for themselves. The ideal which the institution has in view is the ideal of self-help—that one must learn to do things for oneself, one must start and conduct educational institutions as efficiently as Government.

that loving solicitude.....faults, the affectionate consideration—the anxiety which we show—not to hurt our parents' feelings when we are referring to their defects—shortcomings.

II. Grammar and Composition.

1. "Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements." *Few* is used here in the sense of *not many, i. e.* negatively. If Mr. Gokhale had said *a few rewards, a few* would have meant *some. a certain number. Few* would be then what is called an affirmative adjective, Finally, *the few* means not many, but all there are. It has both an affirmative and a negative sense. An example is: "I gave him the few books I had", *viz.*, I had not many books, but I gave him all the books I had. We notice the same difference of meaning between *little, a little* and *the little.* On the other hand, if Mr. Gokhale had said—*many a trial and discouragement,* there would have been no change of meaning. *Many* in *many a* simply means many times over. *Many* flowers and *many a* flower mean the same thing. There is, however, a difference, because *many a* takes a single verb after it, whereas *many* requires a plural verb.

   Illustrate in sentences of your own the difference of meaning between *little, a little, the little,* and give examples of the use of, *many* and *many a.*

2. "Years ago, I remember to have read the story of a man *who* lived by the side of the sea, *who* had a nice cottage and fields that yielded him their abundance, and *who* was surrounded by a loving family." Break up this sentence into three separate sentences. Retain the first *who,* remove the other two.

3. Analyse the following sentence:—

   "He made a third attempt when the pitiless sea overwhelmed him."

4. (1) "I was not able to perform my duties in the college with that strict regularity with which my colleagues were performing *theirs.*"

(2) "Nowhere throughout the country is there an institution like this college of *ours.*"

Such possessive forms of pronouns as are used in the two sentences above do not have the apostrophe. It is wrong to insert the apostrophe before *s* as is done by some in "yours sincerely". The only difference between *our, your, their, my, thy, her* and *ours, theirs, mine, thine, hers* is that we use the former if a noun follows them, we use the latter if no noun follows them. Make sentences of your own illustrating the uses of *our, ours, my, mine, their, theirs.*

5. Fill in the blanks in the following :—

(i) When Warren Hastings was tried for various charges in England he had ——— a terrible ordeal.

(ii) With a single-minded devotion Abraham Lincolm ——— for the cause—the liberation of slaves—which was nearest his heart.

(iii) When Napoleon set out to conquer Russia, he ——— on a stormy and uncertain sea.

(iv) The zeal and enthusiasm of Chatham were ——— the nobility of the aim he had set before himself.

III. Appreciation.

(i) Mr. Gokhale's choice of epithets is at once varied, vivid and appropriate. *Fatal* in *fatal fascination* is an example. *Pitiless* in *pitiless sea* is another. Quote other examples of Mr. Gokhale's happy use of epithets.

(ii) Set down two similes and one striking metaphor which Mr. Gokhale employs in this speech.

(iii) Mr. Gokhale's use of English, said Mr. Fisher, was exact and brilliant and entirely free from redundancy. "All parting in life is sad, but where the heart's deepest feelings are involved, the *severance* of *old ties* and the necessity of *saying good-bye* is about as *trying* an *ordeal* as any that a man may be called upon *to go through.*" This is an example of the strength and purity of Mr. Gokhale's diction (choice and use of words). But he is not unmindful of propriety and adapts his style to the occasion. It is easy and conversational as in the sentence—"But one thing I know and it is this". Immediately after, he says "whether I am permitted to *press onwards* or whether I have to return a *weather-beaten, tempest-tost, shipwrecked* mariner my thoughts will be with this institution. Here the words are weighty and dignified. They are in harmony with the ideas they clothe.

Give other examples of Mr. Gokhale's mastery of diction.

(iv) After the manner of a great orator that he was, Mr. Gokhale uses words in pairs—"I *hope* and *trust*; men with whom it is a *pleasure* and *privilege* to work. Sometimes he uses a word and qualifies it directly by a stronger word, as in *I feel thankful, profoundly thankful.* The pairs of words serve to balance the sentence and the strong qualifying word expresses intensity of feeling. Look for other examples of such pairs of words and one instance where a fine climax is achieved by using three words.

(v) Does Mr. Gokhale's speech bear out the statement of a journalist that "Courage underlying a sweet reasonableness was the characteristic of the man and his speaking"?

FAREWELL TO FERGUSSON COLLEGE

Mr. Principal, Brother-Professors and Students of the College,—It is not possible for me to rise without deep emotion to reply to the address which has just been read, and to return thanks for the great, the overwhelming kindness with which you have treated me to-day. All parting in life is sad, but where the heart's deepest feelings are involved, the severance of old ties, and the necessity of saying good-bye, is about as trying an ordeal as any that a man can be called upon to go through. For eighteen years now, I have tried, according to the humble measure of my capacity, to give the best that was in me to this society. Through good report and through evil report, through sunshine and through storm, it has been my endeavour to work for this institution with a single aim to its welfare, till at last it has become impossible for me to think of myself as apart from this college. And now, when the time for my withdrawing myself from all active work in this institution has come, my heart is naturally stirred by conflicting emotions, in which a feeling of intense thankfulness is mingled with a feeling of deep sadness. I feel thankful, profoundly thankful, that it has pleased Providence to give it to me to discharge the solemn and onerous obligations of

a vow taken so many years ago under the influence of youthful enthusiasm, and that, no matter what happens to me in the future, I shall always be able to look back with pleasure and pride on this part of my career, and say to myself, "Thank God, I was permitted to fulfil my pledge." But, gentlemen, side by side with this feeling of thankfulness, there is a feeling of deep regret, that my active work for this great institution is now at an end. You can easily understand what a wrench it must be to me to thus tear myself away from an institution, to which my best work hitherto has been given, and which always has been first in my thoughts and affections, no matter in how many fields it was my lot to work. Some of you here may, perhaps, be tempted to ask, as other friends have already asked—why do you retire from the college, if you feel the parting so keenly? My answer to this question is, that my decision has not been arrived at without a long and anxious examination of the whole position. In the first place, my health is not now what it once was. During the last term, it was a matter of anxiety to me from week to week, and almost from day to day, how I should be able to finish my work without breaking down in the middle of the term. Even then, as many of you are aware, I was not able to perform my duties in the College with that strict regularity with which my colleagues were performing theirs, and one cannot help feeling that this is a very unsatisfactory position to be in, though never a word of complaint was heard from my colleagues. And I felt I had no right to put such a strain on their indulgence. You know the golden rule that when you sit down to a repast, it is always well to rise a little hungry, or when you go to a friend's house, you should rather leave before your time than overstay his hospitality even by a day. I know my colleagues do not think that the illustrations apply. All the same, having worked for

eighteen years more or less under high pressure I thought it was best for me to retire and leave the field to other workers. This, however, is not my sole reason for withdrawing from the college and some of you are apt to think that it is not a very conclusive one either, and I will frankly tell you that another reason has influenced me in making up my mind quite as much as this one. Years ago I remember to have read the story of a man, who lived by the side of the sea, who had a nice cottage and fields that yielded him their abundance, and who was surrounded by a loving family. The world thought that he was very happy. But to him the sea had a strange fascination. When it lay, gently heaving, like an infant asleep, it appealed to him; when it raged like an angry and roaring lion, it still appealed to him; till at last he could withstand the fatal fascination no longer. And so having disposed of everything and put his all into a boat, he launched it on the bosom of the sea. Twice was he beaten back by the waves—a warning he would not heed. He made a third attempt when the pitiless sea overwhelmed him. To a certain extent this seems to me to be my position to-day. Here I am with a settled position in this college, and having for my colleagues men with whom it is a pleasure and privilege to work, and whose generosity in overlooking my many faults and magnifying any little service I may have rendered, has often touched me deeply. And yet, I am giving up all this to embark on the stormy and uncertain sea of public life. But I hear within me a voice which urges me to take this course, and I can only ask you to believe me when I say that it is purely from a sense of duty to the best interests of our country, that I am seeking this position of greater freedom, but not necessarily of less responsibility. Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements. The prospect of work to be done is vast, and no one can say what is on the

other side—how all this work may end. But one thing is clear. Those who feel in the matter as I do must devote themselves to the work in a spirit of hope and faith, and seek only the satisfaction which comes of all disinterested exertions. This is not the place where I may speak of my future hopes or lines of work. But one thing I know, and it is this :—Whether I am permitted to press onwards and prove of some little use to the public in another capacity, or whether I have to return a weather-beaten, tempest-tost, shipwrecked mariner, my thoughts, as you have said in your address, will constantly be with this institution ; and, on the other hand, I shall always be sure of a warm and hospitable welcome within these walls, whenever I choose to come here. And, now, before concluding I wish to say one thing to the students of this college. I hope and trust that they will always be proud of this institution. I am about to leave you and so I can speak on this subject now with less reserve. I have been nearly all over India, and I have naturally felt special interest in the educational institutions of different places. Nowhere throughout the country is there an institution like this College of ours. There are other institutions better equipped, and also with older traditions ; but the self-sacrifice of men like my friends, Mr. Paranjpye and Mr. Rajwade, surrounds this college with a halo of glory all its own. The principal moral interest of this institution is in the fact that it represents an idea and embodies an ideal. The idea is that Indians of the present day can bind themselves together, and putting aside all thoughts of worldly interests work for a secular purpose with the zeal and enthusiasm which we generally find in the sphere of religion alone. The ideal is the ideal of self-help, that we may learn slowly but steadily to rely less and less upon others, however willing to bear our burdens, and more and more upon ourselves. I trust that you, the

students of this college, will keep this character of the institution steadily before your eyes—that your devotion to it, your enthusiasm for it, will be commensurate with the nobility and importance of its work, that even when you feel disposed to criticise it you will speak of it with that loving solicitude with which we mention a parent's faults, and that you will always do what lies in your power to further its interests and enlarge the sphere of its usefulness and influence. And now nothing remains for me but to say "good-bye". I know I have given but feeble utterance to the thoughts that are at this moment uppermost in my mind, but nothing that I can say will express them adequately. I wish you well—individually and collectively. In leaving you, as I am doing, I feel I am leaving the best work of my life behind me. I trust I may meet some of you hereafter as co-workers in other fields, that we may also occasionally meet within the walls of this college. God bless this college and bless you all.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Judging from this speech, what do you gather of Gokhale, the man behind his words ?
2. Mr. Gokhale speaks of Indians binding themselves together and working for a secular purpose with the zeal and enthusiasm which we find in the sphere of religion alone. He is referring to Fergusson College. Do you know of other institutions which work on the same principle and have set before themselves a similar aim ? Give a short account of such institutions.
3. " There are other institutions better equipped and also with older traditions." Mr. Gokhale, when he says this, is of course thinking of Elphinstone College, the Deccan College and other institutions in India. But Oxford and Cambridge are older still. Read Lord Morley's address *On the Study of Literature*, pages 195–197—*Studies of Literature* by Morley (Macmillan).
4. Write short paragraphs on

   (1) All parting in life is sad.

(2) Public life in this country has few rewards and many trials and discouragements.

5. In a poem entitled *Sea-Fever,* Mr. Masefield describes the romantic passion for the sea which was the undoing of the sailor in Mr. Gokhale's story. More pathetic, but not tragic—so far as the sailor is concerned—is Mr. Binyon's poem entitled *John Winter.* With the knowledge of a sailor's life derived from these two poems, try to account for the magic of the sea which tempts Mr. Gokhale's sailor to his doom.

NORMAN McKINNEL

[Mr. Norman McKinnel (1870–1932), the author of this play, was more famous as an actor than as a dramatist. Nevertheless, he wrote *The Bishop's Candlesticks,* and two other plays. *The Bishop's Candlesticks* is in its own way a masterly achievement. It is profoundly moral in essence, and yet the lesson it sets out to teach does not interfere with our enjoyment of the play. Mr. McKinnel has selected a thrilling situation. A convict robs the Bishop who has been kind to him. But the Bishop saves the convict from the police, makes him a present of the silver candlesticks which he had stolen, and shows him an unfrequented path which will take him straight to Paris. Short as it is, the play is full of excitement and action. Everyone must hold his breath as the convict threatens to kill the Bishop and his sister. Not less striking—though not so fearful—is the scene where the sergeant brings in the convict triumphantly and has to let him off at the bidding of the Bishop. The characters in the play are again sharply contrasted. The Bishop is all white, the convict is all black. Between these two extremes is Persomé—the Bishop's sister. She is neither a devil nor a saint, but she enlists our sympathy by her intense humanity. She is proud and dignified, an aristocrat at heart, practical and shrewd. She loves her brother sincerely, though she can hardly be said to understand him. The dialogue in the play is brisk and lively throughout. Finally, there is economy and concentration. The play aims at unity of effect and achieves it. The moral is obvious. He who runs may read it—Resist not evil—return good for evil and—though it is very hard work—you may win over to virtue and goodness a soul that has come to believe in cruelty and selfishness as the law of its being. Incidentally, much light is thrown on the savage punishments meted out to trivial offences, the brutal treatment of prisoners, and the unkindness of the world in general to the poorer classes of society. The play is based on certain incidents in Victor Hugo's novel *Les Misérables,* but the adaptation is so brilliant, hat it seems as though the author has recreated the original material.]

I. Textual Notes.

R. L. C., right, left, centre. *R. C.*, right centre. *L. C.*, left centre.

Ah, mon dieu, you thought ! Ah ! it is hopeless !, Oh my God, you actually thought. And what is the result of your thinking ? You kept quiet when you should have spoken, because you were asked not to chatter foolishly. *Mon Dieu* is literally 'My God'. It is equivalent to 'Bless me', "Dear me".

she was feeling poorly, she was not in good health.

There's gratitude for you, you have very finely shown your gratitude !

Monseigneur, (Pronounce-Mawnsĕnyêr) my lord, French title of honour given to bishops, princes and other high dignitaries.

ahem, an interjection expressing hesitation. She was about to say Monseigneur—the Bishop—is a fool. But she restrained herself, for it would not do to speak slightingly of her brother in the presence of the servant.

Mére Gringoire, the old witch, Mère is mother. An old woman is commonly known as a mother. Persomé refers to her as an old witch—an old hag—in contempt. Witches were supposed to have dealings with the devil.

little dot, little property—*dot* is a French word meaning dowry, a woman's marriage portion.

I have no patience with you, I cannot help being irritated by your conduct.

The dupe of every idle scamp or lying old woman, a dupe is a person who is easily deceived. He believes everything he is told, and, if he happens to be rich, idle rogues and old women tell him stories of their misfortunes which they have themselves invented and relieve him of his money. The bishop is such a dupe.

I gave her such a talking-to.....effect, I spoke to her sharply, *a talking-to*, telling a person of his fault, warning him sharply, not to repeat it.

perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them, I doubt whether it is not sinful to regard them as so very precious after all. As a bishop, he knows that Christ asked his disciples to give all that they had to the poor and follow him. In regarding the candlesticks as precious, therefore, he is showing himself unmindful of Christ's words. Hence the sin.

None of that ..... story, don't try that trick, I am familiar with it.

A pretty business.....pass, this is a very nice business—that is, a very disturbing business—to be awakened at midnight. Are we to be kept awake the whole night, ready to attend to the wants of every loafer—good-for-nothing fellow—who happens to go across. *Ne'er-do-weel*, a good-for-nothing fellow.

That's a good one ..... them, this remark of yours—that you are sorry for thieves—is a good lie—a lie worth telling ! He cannot believe that the Bishop is

serious in what he says. No one ever feels sorry for thieves. Society claps them into prison and treats them like wild beasts.

Well, I am damned, if this is not another capital joke. The meeting with a bishop is entirely unexpected—a sinner going out to rob an official in the church whose duty it is to dissuade people from sinning. It is extremely odd. Hence the strong exclamation.

Suffered ..... years, you say I am one who has suffered pain and misery. But this endurance of pain and misery belongs to a time which is long past. For endurance of pain means that the sufferer is a man, that he can feel the difference between pleasure and pain. But after ten years of life in prison, I have ceased to be a man. I have lost all capacity to feel. They treated me as a *number* in prison without feeling, without flesh and blood. The prison was Hell and I spent ten years in it.

damn me if I know why, curse me, if I can explain why I believe you. It is the power of goodness which has impressed the convict. He thought all men into whose house a thief had entered must lie when they were asked if they would inform the police—especially if the thief himself had confessed that he was an escaped convict. But the Bishop seemed so kind and sincere that almost in spite of himself he believed that he—the Bishop—meant what he said.

prison hulks, the ship, which was like a prison, on which he was condemned to work.

they took away.....place, they destroyed all my faith in the goodness of human beings, their love and kindness. This is the soul which was taken away. The soul's place was taken by the devil—*i.e.*—selfishness, cruelty, greed, sin took the place of love, kindness and virtue. I became, selfish, cruel and greedy.

passport, paper signed by the Jail Superintendent, certifying that the prisoner had served his full term of imprisonment. In a general sense, of course, a passport is an official paper, giving the traveller leave and protection to move about in a foreign country.

you want to convert me, save my soul, you want to dissuade me from thieving and robbing. You want me to give up the ways of vice and turn to virtue. You wish me to turn over a new leaf. The soul is lost if it is sunk in vice, it is saved, if a man prays and walks in the way of virtue.

I don't want any.....charity, do not talk to me of religion, *Faith,* belief in Christ, *Hope,* of immortality, *Charity,* love of one's fellowmen. *Faith, Hope* and *Charity* are the three cardinal virtues of Christianity. The convict doesn't want the bishop to preach to him a sermon on Christian virtues.

doing for the devil, helping a sinful wicked man. By helping me, you are helping the devil—who is the image of all sin and wickedness.

One must do.....for God, one must help wicked and sinful people, one must be very kind and love them before one succeeds in turning their minds to religion and virtue. An enormous deal of patience and kindness and love is necessary in one's dealings with those who have grown old in the ways of sin and vice. The infinite patience and love shown towards sinners is what the Bishop means by doing a great deal for the devil. When the sinner repents and is shaken in his belief in vice—then, in the Bishop's view, one has done a little for God. By dint of great labour and patience, a small result is achieved. But the achievement is worth the labour.

old boy, contemptuous description of the Bishop. *my hearty*, he asks his own heart to cheer up, be courageous. *chain mates* are the fellow-prisoners. They were all bound by a chain and condemned to work on a galley—a flat one-decked vessel. *collaring*, seizing, grabbing. *getting soft*, becoming weak.

I led him into temptation, I put the candlesticks where he could see them. Naturally he was tempted to steal them. I was the cause of his sinning. I am to blame.

I will not have your goodness abused, I will not allow people to take an undue advantage of your goodness. If you had given away the candlesticks, it would have been all right. But a thief has run away with them, knowing that you are too kind to inform the police. I will not allow that.

You gave him, do you mean to tell me that of your own free will you gave the candlesticks to this wretched, mean, scoundrelly fellow. He finds it hard to believe the Bishop's words and swears by the Holy Virgin. The Bishop promptly tells him not to drag in the sacred mother of Christ to help him express his surprise.

overwrought, excited too much.

my good friends, my worthy friends (said ironically), the policemen, dislike keeping a watch over lonely, unfrequented paths, because they are afraid of meeting desperate robbers on such lonely paths. And these robbers may prove too strong for them. A gendarme (Pronounce zhŏndârm) is a French soldier employed on police duty.

this poor body is the Temple of the Living God, the words occur in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians : "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you". A temple is a place where an image of God is established. In the human body there is established an image of God, *i. e.*, there is a divine spirit implanted in it. Our natural inclination towards virtue, goodness, kindliness, pity—this is the divine spirit in us—the image of God in the human body. The body is *poor* because it decays and dies. The God is *living*, because he is present in us at all times and is eternal.

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THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

SCENE.—*The kitchen of the* BISHOP'S *cottage. It is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors* R. *and* L. *and* L. C. *Window* R. C. *Fireplace with heavy mantel-piece down* R. *Oak settle with cushions behind door* L. C. *Table in window* R. C. *with writing materials and crucifix (wood). Eight-day clock* R. *of window. Kitchen dresser, with cupboard to lock, down* L. *Oak dining-table* R. C. *Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantel-piece are two very handsome candlesticks, which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.*

[MARIE *and* PERSOMÉ *discovered.* MARIE *stirring some soup on the fire.* PERSOMÉ *laying the cloth, etc.*]

Persomé. Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet?

Marie. Not yet, Madam.

Persomé. Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie. But, Madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persomé. Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie. Yes. Madam.

Persomé. Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie. No, Madam.

Persomé. I wonder where my brother can be. [*Looking at the clock*] It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie !

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persomé. Did Monseigneur the Bishop leave any message for me ?

Marie. No, Madam.

Persomé. Did he tell you where he was going ?

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persomé [*imitating*]. "Yes, Madam." Then why haven't you told me, stupid !

Marie. Madam didn't ask me.

Persomé. But that is no reason for your not telling me, is it ?

Marie. Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought——

Persomé. Ah, mon Dieu, you thought ! Ah ! it is hopeless.

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persomé. Don't keep saying "Yes, Madam," like a parrot, nincompoop.

Marie. No, Madam.

Persomé. Well, where did Monseigneur say he was going ?

Marie. To my mother's, Madam.

Persomé. To your mother's indeed ! And why, pray ?

Marie. Monseigneur asked me how she was, and I told him she was feeling poorly.

Persomé. You told him she was feeling poorly, did you ? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed, and go without his supper, because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you !

Marie. Madam, the soup is boiling !

Persomè. Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. [MARIE *about to do so.*] No, no ; not like that. Here, let me do it, and do you put the salt cellars on the table—the silver ones.

Marie. The silver ones, Madam ?

Persomé. Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid ?

Marie. They are sold, Madam.

Persomé. Sold ! [*with horror*] sold ! Are you mad ? Who sold them ? Why were they sold ?

Marie. Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon while you were out to take them to Monsieur Gervais, who has often admired them, and sell them for as much as I could.

Persomé. But you had no right to do so without asking me.

Marie [*with awe*]. But, Madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.

Persomè. Monseigneur the Bishop is a—ahem ! but—but what can he have wanted with the money ?

Marie. Pardon, Madam, but I think it was for Mère Gringoire.

Persomé. Mère Gringoire indeed. Mère Gringoire ! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work ? And what did Mère Gringoire want with the money, pray ?

Marie. Madam, it was for the rent. The bailiff would not wait any longer, and threatened to turn her out to-day if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and———

Persomé. Oh, mon Dieu ! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my little

dot we should starve! And now my beautiful—beautiful [*sob*] salt cellars, Ah, it is too much, too much [*she breaks down crying*].

Marie. Madam, I am sorry. If I had known———

Persomé. Sorry, and why, pray? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands, they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie. Yes, Madam [*going towards* R.].

[*Enter the* BISHOP, C.].

Bishop. Ah! how nice and warm it is in here. It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

[PERSOMÉ *has hastened to help him off with his coat, etc.*

MARIE *has dropped a deep courtesy.*

Bishop. Thank you, dear. [*Looking at her*] Why, what is the matter? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh? [*shaking his finger at her*]. Ah!

Persomé. No, it wasn't Marie—but—but———

Bishop. Well, well, you shall tell me presently. Marie, my child, run home now; your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home! [MARIE *putting on cloak and going.*] And, Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie. Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

[*She goes to door* C.; *as it opens the snow drives in.*

Bishop. Here, Marie, take my comforter, it will keep you warm. It is very cold to-night.

Marie. Oh no, Monseigneur! [*shamefacedly*].

Persomé. What nonsense, brother; she is young, she won't hurt.

Bishop. Ah, Persomé, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie, let me put it on for you [*does so*]. There! Run along, little one.

[*Exit* MARIE. C.

Persomé. Brother, I have no patience with you. There, sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting ever so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop. It smells delicious.

Persomé. I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people *pretend* to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop!

Bishop. It is kind of them to want to see me.

Persomé. Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.

Bishop. And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.

Persomé. Good to you, yes! I should think so. I should like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The dupe of every idle scamp or lying old woman in the parish.

Bishop. If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.

Persomé. But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!

Bishop. My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little [*sighs*], so very little.

Persomé. Sufferings, yes; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me.

Bishop [*rising*]. You, sister dear. Have I hurt you? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.

Persomé. Sorry. Yes. Sorry won't mend it. Humph! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.

Bishop. Very well, dear [*sits*]. But tell me ——

Persomé. You are like a child. I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt cellars.

Bishop. Ah, yes, the salt cellars. It is a pity. You—you were proud of them ?

Persomé. Proud of them. Why, they have been in our family for years.

Bishop. Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful ; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.

Persomé. Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mère Gringoire, I wonder she had the audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.

Bishop. Yes ! I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.

Persomé. Distress me ! ! !

Bishop. And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would not wait longer for the rent, so—so—you see I *had* to pay it.

Persomé. *You had* to pay it. [*Gesture of comic despair.*]

Bishop. Yes, and you see I had no money, so I had to dispose of the salt cellars. It was fortunate I had them, wasn't it ? [*smiling*]. But I'm sorry I have grieved you.

Persomé. Oh, go on ! go on ! you are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop. [*with real concern*]. No, no, sister, not my candlesticks.

Persomé. Oh ! Why not ? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop. Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that ; but—but I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on—on her death-bed just after you were born, and—and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like to keep them ; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them ?

Persomé. Brother, brother, you will break my heart

[*with tears in her voice*]. There! don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing. I am going to bed. [*They kiss.*]

[BISHOP *makes the sign of the cross and murmurs a blessing.* PERSOMÉ *locks cupboard door and goes* R.

Persomé. Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop. No, dear! Good-night! [PERSOMÉ *exits* R.

Bishop [*comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks*]. They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that. [*He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Music during this. Enter the* CONVICT *stealthily; he has a long knife and seizes the* BISHOP *from behind.*]

Convict. If you call out you are a dead man!

Bishop. But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why should I call out? Can I help you in any way?

Convict [*hoarsely*]. I want food. I'm starving. I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, quickly, curse you.

Bishop [*eagerly*]. But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard [*rising*].

Convict. Sit down!!! [*The* BISHOP *sits smiling.* None of that, my friend! I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you? A likely story! You would rouse the house too. Eh? Ha! ha! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food? I want no keys. I have a wolf inside me tearing at my entrails, tearing me; quick, tell me where the food is.

Bishop [*aside*]. I wish Persomé would not lock the cupboard. [*Aloud*] Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict. How do I know that ?

Bishop. Why, I have just told you.

[CONVICT *looks long at the* BISHOP.

Convict. Humph ! I'll risk it.

[BISHOP, *going to door* R.

But mind ! Play me false, and as sure as there are devils in Hell I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop. You have your soul to lose, my son ; it is of more value than my heart. [*At door* R., *calling*] Persomé, Persomé.

[*The* CONVICT *stands behind him with his knife ready.*

Persomé [*within*]. Yes, brother.

Bishop. Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you are not undressed will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.

Persomé [*within*]. What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but to be at the beck and call of every ne'er-do-weel who happens to pass ?

Bishop. But, Persomé, the traveller is hungry.

Persomé. Oh, very well, I am coming. [PERSOMÉ *enters* R., *she sees the knife in the* CONVICT'S *hand—Frightened*] Brother, what is he doing with that knife ?

Bishop. The knife—oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought that I—I had *sold* ours. [*Laughs gently.*

Persomé. Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast [*aside to him*].

Convict. Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop. Give me the keys, Persomè [*she gives them to him*]. And now, dear, you may go to bed.

[PERSOMÉ *going. The* CONVICT *springs in front of her.*

Convict. Stop! Neither of you leave this room till I do. [*She looks at the* BISHOP.

Bishop. Persomè, will you favour this gentleman with your company at supper? He evidently desires it.

Persomé. Very well, brother.

[*She sits down at table staring at the two.*

Bishop. Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

Convict. Put them on the table, and stand below it so that I can see you.

[BISHOP *does so, and opens drawer in table, taking out knife and fork, looking at the knife in* CONVICT'S *hand.*

Convict. *My* knife is sharp. [*He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningly.*] And as for forks [*taking it up*], faugh! steel [*he throws it away*]. We don't use forks in prison.

Persomé. Prison?

Convict [*cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts*]. What was that? [*He looks at the door.*] Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that any one can come in? [*Shutting them.*]

Bishop. That is why they are left open.

Convict. Well they are shut now!

Bishop. [*sighs*]. For the first time in thirty years.

[CONVICT *eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor.*

Persomé. Oh, my nice clean floor!

[BISHOP *picks up the bone and puts it on plate.*

Convict. You're not afraid of thieves?

Bishop. I am sorry for them.

Convict. Sorry for them. Ha! ha! ha! [*Drinks from bottle.*] That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha! ha! ha! [*Drinks.*] [*Suddenly*] What the devil are you?

Bishop. I am a Bishop.

Convict. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A Bishop. Holy Virgin, a Bishop. Well, I'm damned !

Bishop. I hope you may escape that, my son. Persomé, you may leave us ; this gentleman will excuse you.

Persomé. Leave you with——

Bishop. Please ! My friend and I can talk more—freely then.

[*By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected him.*

Convict. What's that ? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good-night. I want to talk to the Bishop. The Bishop. Ha ! ha ! [*Laughs as he drinks, and coughs.*

Bishop. Good-night, Persomé.

[*He holds the door open and she goes out* R., *holding in her skirts as she passes the* CONVICT.

Convict [*chuckling to himself*]. The Bishop. Ha ! ha ! Well, I'm—— [*Suddenly very loudly*] D'you know what I am ?

Bishop. I think one who has suffered much.

Convict. Suffered ? [*puzzled*] suffered ? My God, yes. [*Drinks.*] But that's a long time ago. Ha ! ha ! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man ; now I'm a number : number 15,729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.

Bishop. Tell me about it—about Hell.

Convict. Why ? [*Suspiciously*] Do you want to tell the police—to set them on my track ?

Bishop. No ! I will not tell the police.

Convict [*looks at him earnestly*]. I believe you [*scratching his head*], but damn me if I know why.

Bishop [*laying his hand on the* CONVICT'S *arm*]. Tell me about the time—the time before you went to—Hell.

Convict. It's so long ago I forget ; but I had a little

cottage, there were vines growing on it. [*Dreamily*] They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and—there was a woman—she was [*thinking hard*]—she must have been my wife—yes. [*Suddenly and very rapidly*] Yes, I remember! She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying [*pause*], so I stole to buy her food. [*Long pause; the* BISHOP *gently pats his hand.*] They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was sentenced to ten years in the prison hulks [*pause*], ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced the gaoler told me—told me Jeanette was dead. [*Sobs with fury*] Ah, damn them, damn them, God curse them all. [*He sinks on the table, sobbing.*

Bishop. Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict. Tell you about it? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I fed on filth, I was covered with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place; but one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop. To starve?

Convict. Yes, to starve. They feed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere, and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, anywhere. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

[*Empties the bottle and throws it into the fireplace* R., *smashing it.*

Bishop. My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict. Hope ! Hope ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Laughs wildly.*

Bishop. You have walked far ; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there and I will get you some coverings.

Convict. And if any one comes ?

Bishop. No one will come ; but if they do, are you not my friend ?

Convict. Your friend ? [*puzzled.*]

Bishop. They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict. The Bishop's friend.

[*Scratching his head utterly puzzled.*

Bishop. I will get the coverings. [*Exit* L.

Convict [*looks after him, scratches his head*]. The Bishop's friend ! [*He goes to fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks. He looks round to see if he is alone. and takes them down, weighing them.*] Silver, by God, and heavy. What a prize !

[*He hears the* BISHOP *coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table.*

[*Enter the* BISHOP.]

Bishop [*sees what is going on, but goes to the settle up* L. *with coverings*]. Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict. Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. [*Puzzled*] Look here, why the devil are you—ki—kind to me? [*Suspiciously*] What do you want ? Eh ?

Bishop. I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict. I believe you want to convert me; save my soul, don't you call it? Well it's no good—see? I don't want any damned religion, and as for the Church—Bah! I hate the Church.

Bishop. That is a pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.

Convict. You are going to try to convert me. Oh! Ha! ha! that's a good idea. Ha! ha! ha! No, no, Monseigneur the Bishop. I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity—see? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil—understand? [*defiantly*].

Bishop. One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.

Convict [*angrily*]. I don't want any damned religion, I tell you.

Bishop. Won't you lie down now? It is late?

Convict [*grumbling*]. Well, all right; but I won't be preached at, I—I—[*On couch*] You're sure no one will come?

Bishop. I don't think they will; but if they do—you yourself have locked the door.

Convict. Humph! I wonder if it's safe? [*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the* BISHOP *holding the covering, annoyed*] Here! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. [*The* BISHOP *hesitates.*] Go on, I tell you.

Bishop. Good-night, my son. [*Exit.* L.

[CONVICT *waits till he is off, then tries the* BISHOP'S *door.*

Convict. No lock, of course. Curse it. [*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again.*] Humph! I'll have another look at them. [*He takes them up and toys with them.*] Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes.

They didn't think of *my* mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too—but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you ? Here, cheer up, my hearty, you're getting soft. God ! wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15,729 hesitating about collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good ! Ha ! ha ! Oh, my God ! Good ! Ha ! ha ! 15,729, getting soft. That's a good one. Ha ! ha ! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes !

[*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits* L. C. *As he does so the door slams.*

Persomé [*without*]. Who's there ? Who's there, I say ? Am I to get no sleep to-night ? Who's there, I say ? [*Enter* R. PERSOMÉ.] I'm sure I heard the door shut. [*Looking round*] No one here ? [*Knocks at the* BISHOP'S *door* L. *Sees the candlesticks have gone.*] The candlesticks, the candlesticks. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves !

[*Enter* BISHOP, L.]

Bishop. What is it, dear, what is it ? What is the matter ?

Persomé. He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone, and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop. Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those ? [*He looks and sighs.*] Ah, that is hard, very hard. I, I—— He might have left me those. They were all I had [*almost breaking down*].

Persomé. Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks back again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop. You are right, Persomè. It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persomé. Oh, nonsense ! led him into temptation indeed ! The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Go and inform the police or I will. [*Going ; but he stops her.*

Bishop. And have him sent back to prison, [*very softly*] sent back to Hell ! No, Persomé. It is a just punishment for me ; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just ; but, oh God, it is hard, it is very hard. [*He buries his head in his hands.*

Persomé. No, brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France ; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused. I shall go and inform the police. [*Going.*

Bishop. Stop, Persomé. The candlesticks were mine ; they are *his* now. It is better so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persomé. But—— [*Great knocking without.*

Sergeant [*without*]. Monseigneur, Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter ?

Bishop. Enter, my son.

[*Enter* SERGEANT *and three* GENDARMES *with* CONVICT *bound. The* SERGEANT *carries the candlesticks.*]

Persomé. Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they ?

Sergeant. Yes, madam, we found this scoundrel slinking along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle ? While we were securing him those candlesticks fell out of his pockets.

[PERSOMÉ *seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly.*

I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.

[*The* BISHOP *and the* CONVICT *have been looking at each other—the* CONVICT *with dogged defiance.*

Bishop. But—but I don't understand; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant. Your *friend*, Monseigneur ! ! Holy Virgin ! Well ! ! !

Bishop. Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I—I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant [*incredulously*]. You gave *him—him* your candlesticks ? Holy Virgin !

Bishop [*severely*]. Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant [*saluting*]. Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop. And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant. But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop. I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant. Yes, that's all very well, but——

Bishop. He is your Bishop's friend; surely that is enough.

Sergeant. Well, but——

Bishop. Surely ? [*A pause.*

[*The* SERGEANT *and the* BISHOP *look at each other.*

Sergeant. I—I—Humph ! [*To his men*] Loose the prisoner. [*They do so.*] Right about turn, quick march !

[*Exit* SERGEANT *and* GENDARMES. *A long pause.*

Convict [*very slowly, as if in a dream*]. You told them you had given me the candlesticks—given me them. By God !

Persomé [*shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast*]. Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed, and warmed, and—

and you thieve; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop. Persomé, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persomé. What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered? No, I will not.

Bishop [*with slight severity*]. Persomé, leave us. I wish it.

[*She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door.*

Persomé. Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop [*more severely*]. Persomé, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persomé [*defiantly*]. I will not!

Bishop [*loudly and with great severity*], I, your Bishop, command it.

[PERSOMÉ *does so with great reluctance and exits* R.

Convict [*shamefacedly*]. Monseigneur, I'm glad I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am. I'm glad.

Bishop. Now won't you sleep here? See, your bed is ready.

Convict. No! [*looking at the candlesticks*]. No! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I—I can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand?

Bishop. I see—you must travel by night.

Convict. I—I—didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I—I—know you're good, and—and it's a queer thing to ask, but—but could you, would you bless me before I go? I—I think it would help me. I——

[*Hangs his head very shamefacedly.*

[BISHOP *makes sign of the cross and murmurs blessing.*

Convict [*tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him*]. Good-night. [*He hurries towards the door.*

Bishop. Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property. [*giving him the candlesticks*].

Convict. You mean me—you want me to take them ?

Bishop. Please ; they may help you.

[*The* CONVICT *takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement.*

Bishop. And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris ; it is a very lonely path, and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict. Ah, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur. I—I—[*He sobs.*] Ah ! I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that—that it is just as if something had come into me—as if I were a man again and not a wild beast.

[*The door at back is open and the* CONVICT *is standing in it.*

Bishop [*putting his hand on his shoulder*]. Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict [*with great awe*]. The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember. [*Exit* L. C.

[*The* BISHOP *closes the door and goes quietly to the Prie-dieu in the window* R., *he sinks on his knees. and bows his head in prayer.*

SLOW CURTAIN

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. A repartee is a witty reply. It turns the tables neatly on the original speaker. It is a counter-attack. "Anything you do for me, you are doing for the devil," says the convict. The Bishop replies, "One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God." This is an excellent example of a repartee. Collect other examples of such repartees.

2 Discuss the dramatic propriety of the beginning and the end of this play.

3. Read '*Brother Wolf*'—a one-act play by Laurence Housman. Compare Francis in *Brother Wolf* with the Bishop in McKinnel's play.

4. Illustrate how Persomé herself is a living example of the saying she quotes with approval, viz.,—Charity begins at home.

5. Write a short essay on

   (i) Charity begins at home.

   (ii) The human body is the Temple of the Living God.

6. Attempt writing a one-act play with Tukaram as the central figure, trying to win over his persecutor Mambâjeebâwâ.

7. "He has more need of them than I," says the Bishop. Do these words remind you of similar words uttered on a memorable occasion? Tell the story of Sir Philip Sidney and the soldier on the battlefield of Zutphen.

8. Read Tolstoy's *Resurrection.*

COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

[Count Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) is one of the greatest writers of the world. The novels and the short stories which he wrote in Russian have been translated into a number of languages. The short story in the text is one of the *Twenty-Three Tales from Tolstoy* published in the Oxford World's Classics. Tolstoy was born of noble parents at Yasnaya Polyania (South of Moscow) in 1828. In 1851 he joined the army and fought in the Caucasus and the Crimea. The experience he gained while serving in the army and the knowledge of life which he had acquired elsewhere, Tolstoy turned to good account in his novels and sketches. After building up a big reputation by writing *War and Peace, Anna Karenina* and *Resurrection,* he turned to agriculture and devoted himself to the uplift of the peasantry of Russia. Tolstoy had an infinite faith in Christ's doctrine of renunciation and forgiveness. As a result, he renounced all his right to his property and lived the life of a peasant. The short stories which he wrote in

his later days reveal his intimate knowledge of the lives of peasants, the good and evil in their character, their simplicity, piety, superstition and greed.

"*How Much Land Does a Man Need ?*" illustrates the degradation and death which follow indulgence of a vicious desire. The peasant in Tolstoy's story boasted that he would be happy if he had enough land. But the greed of man is such that the more he gets, the more he longs to have. The boasting of the peasant gave the Devil his opportunity. He tempted the man by giving him more and more land till he died in the effort to acquire land. The devil and his power are vivid realities to the Russian peasant, but one need not believe in the reality of the Devil to understand the profound teaching of the story.

Tolstoy tells the story dramatically and in a style of the utmost purity and simplicity. It has a lively opening and an end which is exceedingly touching. He writes as only the greatest artist can when he describes Pahóm's meeting with the Bashkirs and his desperate effort to acquire a large piece of land. The last sentence sums up the moral of the story and even a child will understand the bitter irony of this moral.]

Textual Notes :

if you.....pigs and calves, yes, you may say you have *always enough to eat,* if only you will agree to eat husks and hay in the company of pigs and calves. She says this, because she knows that husks and hay are to be had in plenty at all times.

the Evil one may tempt your.....women, the Devil may persuade you to drink wine or play at cards or sin with women. It is the business of the Devil to tempt men to sin. He is moving about the world, watching for an opportunity to lead men into sin. Gambling, wine and women are the three big baits with which he entices his prey. The dwellers in a city are especially open to such temptations. The Devil throws the temptations in their path.

We peasants have no time.....heads, we, farmers, are hard at work the whole day and we have no time to think of cards, wine and women. These are sins of idleness ; as our minds are filled with thoughts of the work in hand, there is no room in them for such nonsense as wine and cards.

top of the oven, " The brick oven in a Russian peasant's hut is usually built so as to leave a flat top, large enough to lie on, for those who want to sleep in a warm place". *Oven* is, of course, the place for baking and drying substances.

We will have a tussle.....power, we shall have a fight. You say you will nor fear the Devil himself, if you had sufficient land of your own. Well, I will tempt you with land. I will work your ruin with this same passion for land.

on behalf of their Commune, as representative of the Commune, speaking for them. The Commune is the village council, consisting of all the heads of households in the village. The village lands are held in common, but temporarily they are assigned to the villagers. The Commune pays the government a fixed yearly sum, and then distributes the land among the members.

Communal herdsmen, herdsmen looking after the cattle of the Commune.

horses from the night pasture..... corn, horses grazing at night on a piece of land set apart for that purpose would wander into his corn-fields.

so he had them up, brought the offenders before a magistrate, prosecuted them.

for their bark, with a view to secure the bark. The inner bark of the tree is very valuable, we are told; from it are made those mats of light brown grass which gardeners use to protect their delicate plants during winter; and the tails of dried-looking grass with which they tie bunches of flowers are also made from the lime-tree bark. *Lime-tree* is a garden tree with round fruit, smaller and more acid than lemon.

let his anger loose..... your palms, Pahóm imagined that he had been unjustly treated, so he relieved himself by violently abusing the Elder and the judges who decided the case against him. *The Elder* is the president of the village council—the village mayor—so to speak—who is elected to this office by the heads of households who comprise the Village Council. Pahóm accused the judges of accepting bribes from thieves (let thieves grease your palms) and allowing them to go unpunished when brought up for trial before them.

Volga (Pronounce—Vŏlga), the chief river of Russia, 2,400 miles in length, navigable for the most part.

Samara (Pronounce—sämärä), on the left bank of the Volga, a river-port, 550 miles from Moscow.

Communal land, land which belongs to the village in common, but is distributed among the peasants according to their working power. Here in this village every villager was given 25 acres of land.

use of Communal pasture, use of the grazing ground owned by the village in common. He could send out his cattle to feed on this grass land.

prairie grass, rich grass such as grows on the plains in North America (Ohio and Mississippi plains).

rented land from a dealer, had the land on lease from a dealer. He made a contract with the dealer that he would use his land for one year and pay him a

certain fixed amount—rent—for the use of the land. *Dealers* are men who are engaged always in buying and selling land, or letting it for hire—ready for all sorts of transactions in connexion with land with a single eye to profit—interested more in the profit than in the land.

Bashkirs (Pronounce—bäshkēr z), people inhabiting Ural slopes, Mohammedan in religion, partly a settled, partly a wandering, tribe. They value horses above everything.

There is more land.....year, there is more land than you could cover, even if you kept walking all the year round.

lived on steppes by a river.....tents, lived on flat, grass-clad plains close to a river in tents which were covered—not with canvas—but with felt—a cloth of wool— rolled and pressed and beaten into shape, different from woven woollen fabrics. *steppe* is a level, treeless plain.

kumiss, a fermented drink, prepared from mares' milk. (Translator's note.) The Bashkirs were partly a wandering tribe; hence they prepared this liquor from mares' milk. Usually people prepare such liquors from fruits and grains.

a man in a large fox-fur cap.....the scene, a man wearing a fox-fur cap (a cap made of the skin of a fox with the short fine hair on it) arrived at the place where Pahóm and the Bashkirs were engaged in settling up the land business. This man takes the place of honour—a raised seat in the middle - as he is the chief.

Life and death are in God's hands, whether a man will have a long life or he will die young is a question which is decided by God. Men know nothing about it. The Bashkir Chief who gave him the land may die suddenly. That is why Pahóm wants a deed—a title-deed—a legal document signed by the owner of the land—the Bashkir Chief—so that the successors of the Bashkir Chief may not take away the land from him.

he saw the Bashkir Chief sitting..... laughter, Pahóm observed the Bashkir Chief rocking with laughter, swaying to and fro, unable to control himself, holding his sides with both of his hands, lest they should burst. Earlier, Pahóm had heard the Bashkir Chief chuckling—laughing in his throat at the silliness of Pahóm and the ease with which he had walked into the trap. Now he sees him laughing outright at his folly.

the Devil himself with hoofs and horns, Satan himself with his hoofs and the horns on his head seen clearly. The Devil was represented as an ugly beast with cloven feet, and horns coming out of his head on either side. The truth is, the Devil himself had become in turn the dealer and the Bashkir Chief, and lured Pahóm to his ruin. The trick has succeeded so well that the Devil cannot contain his laughter within himself.

the first shift is done, the first period during which I have to walk, covering as much ground as I can, is finished. But there are four such periods in a day.

An hour to suffer..... to live, I shall have to endure pain for a short while, but it will make me happy throughout my life in future. As a result of this short hour's suffering, I shall be the lord of as much land as I desire and be happy as the kings of the earth.

lopsided, having unequal sides, one long, the other short, etc.

His breast was working..... strain, as he breathed hard—panted heavily—trying to take in as much air as he could and exhale it—his breast seemed to him like the bellows of a blacksmith driving air forcibly into the fire; his heart beat loudly; he could hear it as it went up and down like a hammer; his legs sank under him—as though they were wooden legs and formed no part of his body.

bending his body forward..... falling, throwing forward his head and the upper half of his body in his eagerness to reach the goal. But the legs had little strength left. They lagged behind and could with the greatest difficulty preserve him from falling.

HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

I

An elder sister came to visit her younger sister in the country. The elder was married to a tradesman in town, the younger to a peasant in the village. As the sisters sat over their tea talking, the elder began to boast of the advantages of town life; saying how comfortably they lived there, how well they dressed, what fine clothes her children wore, what good things they ate and drank, and how she went to the theatre, promenades, and entertainments.

The younger sister was piqued, and in turn disparaged the life of a tradesman, and stood up for that of a peasant.

'I would not change my way of life for yours,' said she. 'We may live roughly, but at least we are free

from anxiety. You live in better style than we do, but though you often earn more than you need, you are very likely to lose all you have. You know the proverb, "Loss and gain are brothers twain". It often happens that people who are wealthy one day are begging their bread the next. Our way is safer. Though a peasant's life is not a fat one, it is a long one. We shall never grow rich, but we shall always have enough to eat.'

The elder sister said sneeringly:

'Enough? Yes, if you like to share with the pigs and the calves! What do you know of elegance or manners! However much your goodman may slave, you will die as you are living—on a dung heap—and your children the same.'

'Well, what of that?' replied the younger. 'Of course our work is rough and coarse. But, on the other hand, it is sure, and we need not bow to any one. But you, in your towns, are surrounded by temptations; to-day all may be right, but to-morrow the Evil One may tempt your husband with cards, wine, or women, and all will go to ruin. Don't such things happen often enough?'

Pahóm, the master of the house, was lying on the top of the oven, and he listened to the women's chatter.

'It is perfectly true,' thought he. 'Busy as we are from childhood tilling mother earth, we peasants have no time to let any nonsense settle in our heads. Our only trouble is that we haven't land enough. If I had plenty of land, I shouldn't fear the Devil himself!'

The women finished their tea, chatted a while about dress, and then cleared away the tea-things and lay down to sleep.

But the Devil had been sitting behind the oven, and had heard all that was said. He was pleased that the peasant's wife had led her husband into boasting, and that he had

said that if he had plenty of land he would not fear the Devil himself.

'All right,' thought the Devil. 'We will have a tussle. I'll give you land enough: and by means of that land I will get you into my power.'

II

Close to the village there lived a lady, a small landowner, who had an estate of about three hundred acres. She had always lived on good terms with the peasants, until she engaged as her steward an old soldier, who took to burdening the people with fines. However careful Pahóm tried to be, it happened again and again that now a horse of his got among the lady's oats, now a cow strayed into her garden, now his calves found their way into her meadows—and he always had to pay a fine.

Pahóm paid up, but grumbled, and, going home in a temper, was rough with his family. All through that summer, Pahóm had much trouble because of this steward; and he was even glad when winter came and the cattle had to be stabled. Though he grudged the fodder when they could no longer graze on the pasture-land, at least he was free from anxiety about them.

In the winter the news got about that the lady was going to sell her land, and that the keeper of the inn on the high road was bargaining for it. When the peasants heard this they were very much alarmed.

'Well,' thought they, 'if the innkeeper gets the land, he will worry us with fines worse than the lady's steward. We all depend on that estate.'

So the peasants went on behalf of their Commune, and asked the lady not to sell the land to the innkeeper, offering her a better price for it themselves. The lady agreed

to let them have it. Then the peasants tried to arrange for the Commune to buy the whole estate, so that it might be held by them all in common. They met twice to discuss it, but could not settle the matter; the Evil One sowed discord among them, and they could not agree. So they decided to buy the land individually, each according to his means; and the lady agreed to this plan as she had to the other.

Presently, Pahóm heard that a neighbour of his was buying fifty acres, and that the lady had consented to accept one half in cash and to wait a year for the other half. Pahóm felt envious.

'Look at that,' thought he, 'the land is all being sold, and I shall get none of it.' So he spoke to his wife.

'Other people are buying,' said he, 'and we must also buy twenty acres or so. Life is becoming impossible. That steward is simply crushing us with his fines.'

So they put their heads together and considered how they could manage to buy it. They had one hundred roubles laid by. They sold a colt, and one half of their bees; hired out one of their sons as a labourer, and took his wages in advance; borrowed the rest from a brother-in-law, and so scraped together half the purchase money.

Having done this, Pahóm chose out a farm of forty acres, some of it wooded, and went to the lady to bargain for it. They came to an agreement, and he shook hands with her upon it, and paid her a deposit in advance. Then they went to town and signed the deeds; he paying half the price down, and undertaking to pay the remainder within two years.

So now Pahóm had land of his own. He borrowed seed, and sowed it on the land he had bought. The harvest was a good one, and within a year he had managed to pay off his debts both to the lady and to his brother-in-law.

So he became a landowner, ploughing and sowing his own land, making hay on his own land, cutting his own trees and feeding his cattle on his own pasture. When he went out to plough his fields, or to look at his growing corn, or at his grass-meadows, his heart would fill with joy. The grass that grew and the flowers, that bloomed there, seemed to him unlike any that grew elsewhere. Formerly, when he had passed by that land, it had appeared the same as any other land, but now it seemed quite different.

III

So Pahóm was well-contented, and everything would have been right if the neighbouring peasants would not have trespassed on his corn-fields and meadows. He appealed to them most civilly, but they still went on: now the communal herdsmen would let the village cows stray into his meadows; then horses from the night pasture would get among his corn. Pahóm turned them out again and again, and forgave their owners, and for a long time he forbore from prosecuting any one. But at last he lost patience and complained to the District Court. He knew it was the peasants' want of land, and no evil intent on their part, that caused the trouble; but he thought:

'I cannot go on overlooking it, or they will destroy all I have. They must be taught a lesson.'

So he had them up, gave them one lesson, and then another, and two or three of the peasants were fined. After a time Pahóm's neighbours began to bear him a grudge for this, and would now and then let their cattle on to his land on purpose. One peasant even got into Pahóm's wood at night and cut down five young lime trees for their bark. Pahóm passing through the wood one day noticed something white. He came nearer, and

saw the stripped trunks lying on the ground, and close by stood the stumps, where the trees had been. Pahóm was furious.

'If he had only cut one here and there it would have been bad enough,' thought Pahóm, 'but the rascal has actually cut down a whole clump. If I could only find out who did this, I would pay him out.'

He racked his brains as to who it could be. Finally he decided: 'It must be Simon—no one else could have done it.' So he went to Simon's homestead to have a look round, but he found nothing, and only had an angry scene. However, he now felt more certain than ever that Simon had done it, and he lodged a complaint. Simon was summoned. The case was tried, and re-tried, and at the end of it all Simon was acquitted, there being no evidence against him. Pahóm felt still more aggrieved, and let his anger loose upon the Elder and the Judges.

'You let thieves grease your palms,' said he. 'If you were honest folk yourselves, you would not let a thief go free.'

So Pahóm quarrelled with the Judges and with his neighbours. Threats to burn his building began to be uttered. So though Pahóm had more land, his place in the Commune was much worse than before.

About this time a rumour got about that many people were moving to new parts.

'There's no need for me to leave my land,' thought Pahóm. 'But some of the others might leave our village, and then there would be more room for us. I would take over their land myself, and make my estate a bit bigger. I could then live more at ease. As it is, I am still too cramped to be comfortable.

One day Pahóm was sitting at home, when a peasant, passing through the village, happened to call in. He was

allowed to stay the night, and supper was given him. Pahóm had a talk with the peasant and asked him where he came from. The stranger answered that he came from beyond the Vólga, where he had been working. One word led to another, and the man went on to say that many people were settling in those parts. He told how some people from his village had settled there. They had joined the Commune, and had had twenty-five acres per man granted them. The land was so good, he said, that the rye sown on it grew as high as a horse, and so thick that five cuts of a sickle made a sheaf. One peasant, he said, brought nothing with him but his bare hands, and now he had six horses and two cows of his own.

Pahóm's heart kindled with desire. He thought:

'Why should I suffer in this narrow hole, if one can live so well elsewhere? I will sell my land and my homestead here, and with the money I will start afresh over there and get everything new. In this crowded place one is always having trouble. But I must first go and find out all about it myself.'

Towards summer he got ready and started. He went down the Vólga on a steamer to Samara, then walked another three hundred miles on foot, and at last reached the place. It was just as the stranger had said. The peasants had plenty of land: every man had twenty-five acres of Communal land given him for his use, and any one who had money could buy, besides, at two shillings an acre as much good freehold land as he wanted.

Having found out all he wished to know, Pahóm returned home as autumn came on, and began selling off his belongings. He sold his land at a profit, sold his homestead and all his cattle, and withdrew from membership of the Commune. He only waited till the spring, and then started with his family for the new settlement.

IV

As soon as Pahóm and his family arrived at their new abode, he applied for admission into the Commune of a large village. He stood treat to the Elders, and obtained the necessary documents. Five shares of Communal land were given him for his own and his sons' use: that is to say—125 acres (not all together, but in different fields) besides the use of the Communal pasture. Pahóm put up the buildings he needed, and bought cattle. Of the Communal land alone he had three times as much as at his former home, and the land was good corn-land. He was ten times better off than he had been. He had plenty of arable land and pasturage, and could keep as many head of cattle as he liked.

At first, in the bustle of building and settling down, Pahóm was pleased with it all, but when he got used to it he began to think that even here he had not enough land. The first year, he sowed wheat on his share of the Communal land, and had a good crop. He wanted to go on sowing wheat, but had not enough Communal land for the purpose, and what he had already used was not available: for in those parts wheat is only sown on virgin soil or on fallow land. It is sown for one or two years, and then the land lies fallow till it is again overgrown with prairie grass. There were many who wanted such land, and there was not enough for all; so that people quarrelled about it. Those who were better off wanted it for growing wheat, and those who were poor wanted it to let to dealers, so that they might raise money to pay their taxes. Pahóm wanted to sow more wheat; so he rented land from a dealer for a year. He sowed much wheat and had a fine crop, but the land was too far from the village—the wheat had to be carted more than ten miles. After a time Pahóm noticed

that some peasant-dealers were living on separate farms, and were growing wealthy ; and he thought :

'If I were to buy some freehold land, and have a homestead on it, it would be a different thing altogether. Then it would all be nice and compact.'

The question of buying freehold land recurred to him again and again.

He went on in the same way for three years ; renting land and sowing wheat. The season turned out well and the crops were good, so that he began to lay money by. He might have gone on living contentedly, but he grew tired of having to rent other people's land every year, and having to scramble for it. Wherever there was good land to be had, the peasants would rush for it and it was taken up at once, so that unless you were sharp about it you got none. It happened in the third year that he and a dealer together rented a piece of pasture land from peasants ; and they had already ploughed it up, when there was some dispute, and the peasants went to law about it, and things fell out so that the labour was all lost.

'If it were my own land,' thought Pahòm, 'I should be independent, and there would not be all this unpleasantness.'

So Pahóm began looking out for land which he could buy ; and he came across a peasant who had bought thirteen hundred acres, but having got into difficulties was willing to sell again cheap. Pahóm bargained and haggled with him, and at last they settled the price at 1,500 roubles, part in cash and part to be paid later. They had all but clinched the matter, when a passing dealer happened to stop at Pahóm's one day to get a feed for his horses. He drank tea with Pahòm, and they had a talk. The dealer said that he was just returning from the land of the Bashkirs, far away, where he had bought thirteen thousand acres of land, all for

1,000 roubles. Pahóm questioned him further, and the tradesman said :

'All one need do is to make friends with the chiefs. I gave away about one hundred roubles' worth of dressing gowns and carpets, besides a case of tea, and I gave wine to those who would drink it ; and I got the land for less than twopence an acre. And he showed Pahóm the title-deeds, saying :

'The land lies near a river, and the whole prairie is virgin soil.'

Pahóm plied him with questions, and the tradesman said :

'There is more land there than you could cover if you walked a year, and it all belongs to the Bashkirs. They are as simple as sheep, and land can be got almost for nothing.'

'There now,' thought Pahóm, 'with my one thousand roubles, why should I get only thirteen hundred acres, and saddle myself with a debt besides. If I take it out there, I can get more than ten times as much for the money.'

V

Pahóm inquired how to get to the place, and as soon as the tradesman had left him, he prepared to go there himself. He left his wife to look after the homestead, and started on his journey taking his man with him. They stopped at a town on their way, and bought a case of tea, some wine, and other presents, as the tradesman had advised. On and on they went until they had gone more than three hundred miles, and on the seventh day they came to a place where the Bashkirs had pitched their tents. It was all just as the tradesman had said. The people lived on the steppes, by a river, in felt-covered tents. They neither tilled the ground, nor ate bread. Their cattle and horses grazed in herds on the steppe. The colts were tethered behind the tents, and

the mares were driven to them twice a day. The mares were milked, and from the milk kumiss was made. It was the women who prepared kumiss, and they also made cheese. As far as the men were concerned, drinking kumiss and tea, eating mutton, and playing on their pipes, was all they cared about. They were all stout and merry, and all the summer long they never thought of doing any work. They were quite ignorant, and knew no Russian, but were good-natured enough.

As soon as they saw Pahóm, they came out of their tents and gathered round their visitor. An interpreter was found, and Pahóm told them he had come about some land. The Bashkirs seemed very glad ; they took Pahóm and led him into one of the best tents, where they made him sit on some down cushions placed on a carpet, while they sat round him. They gave him tea and kumiss, and had a sheep killed, and gave him mutton to eat. Pahóm took presents out of his cart and distributed them among the Bashkirs, and divided the tea amongst them. The Bashkirs were delighted. They talked a great deal among themselves, and then told the interpreter to translate.

'They wish to tell you,' said the interpreter, 'that they like you, and that it is our custom to do all we can to please a guest and to repay him for his gifts. You have given us presents, now tell us which of the things we possess please you best, that we may present them to you.'

'What pleases me best here,' answered Pahóm, 'is your land. Our land is crowded, and the soil is exhausted ; but you have plenty of land and it is good land. I never saw the like of it.'

The interpreter translated. The Bashkirs talked among themselves for a while. Pahóm could not understand what they were saying, but saw that they were much amused, and that they shouted and laughed. Then they

were silent and looked at Pahóm while the interpreter said :

'They wish me to tell you that in return for your presents they will gladly give you as much land as you want. You have only to point it out with your hand and it is yours.'

The Bashkirs talked again for a while and began to dispute. Pahóm asked what they were disputing about, and the interpreter told him that some of them thought they ought to ask their Chief about the land and not act in his absence, while others thought there was no need to wait for his return.

VI

While the Bashkirs were disputing, a man in a large fox-fur cap appeared on the scene. They all became silent and rose to their feet. The interpreter said, 'This is our Chief himself.'

Pahóm immediately fetched the best dressing gown and five pounds of tea, and offered these to the Chief. The Chief accepted them, and seated himself in the place of honour. The Bashkirs at once began telling him something. The Chief listened for a while, then made a sign with his head for them to be silent, and addressing himself to Pahóm, said in Russian :

'Well let it be so. Choose whatever piece of land you like ; we have plenty of it.'

'How can I take as much as I like ?' thought Pahóm. 'I must get a deed to make it secure, or else they may say, "It is yours," and afterwards may take it away again.'

'Thank you for your kind words,' he said aloud. 'You have much land, and I only want a little. But I should like to be sure which bit is mine. Could it not be measured and made over to me ? Life and death are in

God's hands. You good people give it to me, but your children might wish to take it away again.'

'You are quite right,' said the Chief. 'We will make it over to you.'

'I heard that a dealer had been here,' continued Pahóm, 'and that you gave him a little land, too, and signed title-deeds to that effect. I should like to have it done in the same way.'

The Chief understood.

'Yes,' replied he, 'that can be done quite easily. We have a scribe, and we will go to town with you and have the deed properly sealed.'

'And what will be the price?' asked Pahóm.

'Our price is always the same; one thousand roubles a day.'

Pahóm did not understand.

'A day? What measure is that? How many acres would that be?'

'We do not know how to reckon it out,' said the Chief. 'We sell it by the day. As much as you can go round on your feet in a day is yours, and the price is one thousand roubles a day.'

Pahóm was surprised.

'But in a day you can get round a large tract of land,' he said.

The Chief laughed.

'It will all be yours!' said he. 'But there is one condition: If you don't return on the same day to the spot whence you started, your money is lost.'

'But how am I to mark the way that I have gone?'

'Why, we shall go to any spot you like, and stay there. You must start from that spot and make your round, taking a spade with you. Wherever you think necessary, make a mark. At every turning, dig a hole and pile up

the turf; then afterwards we will go round with a plough from hole to hole. You may make as large a circuit as you please, but before the sun sets you must return to the place you started from. All the land you cover will be yours.'

Pahóm was delighted. It was decided to start early next morning. They talked a while, and after drinking some more kumiss and eating some more mutton, they had tea again, and then the night came on. They gave Pahóm a feather-bed to sleep on, and the Bashkirs dispersed for the night, promising to assemble the next morning at daybreak and ride out before sunrise to the appointed spot.

VII

Pahóm lay on the feather-bed, but could not sleep. He kept thinking about the land.

'What a large tract I will mark off!' thought he. 'I can easily do thirty-five miles in a day. The days are long now, and within a circuit of thirty-five miles what a lot of land there will be! I will sell the poorer land, or let it to peasants, but I'll pick out the best and farm it. I will buy two ox-teams, and hire two more labourers. About a hundred and fifty acres shall be plough-land, and I will pasture cattle on the rest.'

Pahóm lay awake all night, and dozed off only just before dawn. Hardly were his eyes closed when he had a dream. He thought he was lying in that same tent, and heard somebody chuckling outside. He wondered who it could be, and rose and went out, and he saw the Bashkir Chief sitting in front of the tent holding his sides and rolling about with laughter. Going nearer to the Chief, Pahóm asked: 'What are you laughing at?' But he saw that it was no longer the Chief, but the dealer who had recently stopped at his house and had told him about the land. Just as Pahóm was going to ask, 'Have you been here long?' he

saw that it was not the dealer, but the peasant who had come up from the Vólga, long ago, to Pahóm's old home. Then he saw that it was not the peasant either, but the Devil himself with hoofs and horns, sitting there and chuckling, and before him lay a man barefoot, prostrate on the ground, with only trousers and a shirt on. And Pahóm dreamt that he looked more attentively to see what sort of a man it was that was lying there, and he saw that the man was dead, and that it was himself ! He awoke horror-struck.

'What things one does dream,' thought he.

Looking round he saw through the open door that the dawn was breaking.

'It's time to wake them up,' thought he. 'We ought to be starting.'

He got up, roused his man (who was sleeping in his cart), bade him harness : and went to call the Bashkirs.

'It's time to go to the steppe to measure the land,' he said.

The Bashkirs rose and assembled, and the Chief came too. Then they began drinking kumiss again, and offered Pahóm some tea, but he would not wait.

'If we are to go, let us go. It is high time,' said he.

VIII

The Bashkirs got ready and they all started : some mounted on horses, and some in carts. Pahóm drove in his own small cart with his servant, and took a spade with him. When they reached the steppe, the morning red was beginning to kindle. They ascended a hillock (called by the Bashkirs a *shikhan*) and, dismounting from their carts and their horses, gathered in one spot. The Chief came up to Pahóm and stretching out his arm towards the plain :

'See' said he 'all this, as far as your eye can reach, is ours. You may have any part of it you like.'

Pahóm's eyes glistened: it was all virgin soil, as flat as the palm of your hand, as black as the seed of a poppy, and in the hollows different kinds of grasses grew breast-high.

The Chief took off his fox-fur cap, placed it on the ground and said:

'This will be the mark. Start from here, and return here again. All the land you go round shall be yours.'

Pahóm took out his money and put it on the cap. Then he took off his outer coat, remaining in his sleeveless under-coat. He unfastened his girdle and tied it tight below his stomach, put a little bag of bread into the breast of his coat, and tying a flask of water to his girdle, he drew up the tops of his boots, took the spade from his man, and stood ready to start. He considered for some moments which way he had better go—it was tempting everywhere.

'No matter,' he concluded, 'I will go towards the rising sun.'

He turned his face to the east, stretched himself, and waited for the sun to appear above the rim.

'I must lose no time,' he thought, 'and it is easier walking while it is still cool.'

The sun's rays had hardly flashed above the horizon, before Pahóm, carrying the spade over his shoulder, went down into the steppe.

Pahóm started walking neither slowly nor quickly. After having gone a thousand yards he stopped, dug a hole, and placed pieces of turf one on another to make it more visible. Then he went on; and now that he had walked off his stiffness he quickened his pace. After a while he dug another hole.

Pahóm looked back. The hillock could be distinctly seen in the sunlight, with the people on it, and the glittering tyres of the cart-wheels. At a rough guess Pahóm concluded that he had walked three miles. It was growing warmer;

he took off his under-coat, flung it across his shoulder, and went on again. It had grown quite warm now; he looked at the sun, it was time to think of breakfast.

'The first shift is done, but there are four in a day, and it is too soon yet to turn. But I will just take off my boots.' said he to himself.

He sat down, took off his boots, stuck them into his girdle, and went on. It was easy walking now.

'I will go on for another three miles,' thought he, 'and then turn to the left. This spot is so fine, that it would be a pity to lose it. The further one goes, the better the land seems.'

He went straight on for a while, and when he looked round, the hillock was scarcely visible and the people on it looked like black ants, and he could just see something glistening there in the sun.

'Ah,' thought Pahóm, 'I have gone far enough in this direction, it is time to turn. Besides I am in a regular sweat, and very thirsty.'

He stopped, dug a large hole, and heaped up pieces of turf. Next he untied his flask, had a drink, and then turned sharply to the left. He went on and on; the grass was high, and it was very hot.

Pahóm began to grow tired; he looked at the sun and saw that it was noon.

'Well,' he thought, 'I must have a rest.'

He sat down, and ate some bread and drank some water; but he did not lie down, thinking that if he did he might fall asleep. After sitting a little while, he went on again. At first he walked easily: the food had strengthened him; but it had become terribly hot, and he felt sleepy; still he went on, thinking: 'An hour to suffer, a life-time to live.'

He went a long way in this direction also, and was about to turn to the left again, when he perceived a damp hollow:

'It would be a pity to leave that out', he thought. 'Flax would do well there.' So he went on past the hollow, and dug a hole on the other side of it before he turned the corner. Pahóm looked towards the hillock. The heat made the air hazy: it seemed to be quivering, and through the haze the people on the hillock could scarcely be seen.

'Ah!' thought Pahóm, 'I have made the sides too long; I must make this one shorter.' And he went along the third side, stepping faster. He looked at the sun: it was nearly half way to the horizon, and he had not yet done two miles of the third side of the square. He was still ten miles from the goal.

'No,' he thought, 'though it will make my land lopsided, I must hurry back in a straight line now. I might go too far, and as it is I have a great deal of land.'

So Pahóm hurriedly dug a hole, and turned straight towards the hillock.

IX

Pahóm went straight towards the hillock, but he now walked with difficulty. He was done up with the heat, his bare feet were cut and bruised, and his legs began to fail. He longed to rest, but it was impossible if he meant to get back before sunset. The sun waits for no man, and it was sinking lower and lower.

'Oh dear,' he thought, 'if only I have not blundered trying for too much! What if I am too late?'

He looked towards the hillock and at the sun. He was still far from his goal, and the sun was already near the rim.

Pahóm walked on and on: it was very hard walking, but he went quicker and quicker. He pressed on, but was still far from the place. He began running, threw away

his coat, his boots, his flask, and his cap, and kept only the spade which he used as a support.

'What shall I do,' he thought again, 'I have grasped too much, and ruined the whole affair. I can't get there before the sun sets.'

And this fear made him still more breathless. Pahóm went on running, his soaking shirt and trousers stuck to him, and his mouth was parched. His breast was working like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was beating like a hammer, and his legs were giving way as if they did not belong to him. Pahóm was seized with terror lest he should die of the strain.

Though afraid of death, he could not stop. 'After having run all that way they will call me a fool if I stop now,' thought he. And he ran on and on, and drew near and heard the Bashkirs yelling and shouting to him, and their cries inflamed his heart still more. He gathered his last strength and ran on.

The sun was close to the rim, and cloaked in mist looked large, and red as blood. Now, yes now, it was about to set! The sun was quite low, but he was also quite near his aim. Pahóm could already see the people on the hillock waving their arms to hurry him up. He could see the fox-fur cap on the ground, and the money on it, and the Chief sitting on the ground holding his sides. And Pahóm remembered his dream.

'There is plenty of land,' thought he, 'but will God let me live on it? I have lost my life, I have lost my life! I shall never reach that spot!'

Pahóm looked at the sun, which had reached the earth: one side of it had already disappeared. With all his remaining strength he rushed on, bending his body forward so that his legs could hardly follow fast enough to keep him from falling. Just as he reached the hillock it suddenly

grew dark. He looked up—the sun had already set! He gave a cry: 'All my labour has been in vain,' thought he, and was about to stop, but he heard the Bashkirs still shouting, and remembered that though to him, from below, the sun seemed to have set, they on the hillock could still see it. He took a long breath and run up the hillock. It was still light there. He reached the top and saw the cap. Before it sat the Chief laughing and holding his sides. Again Pahóm remembered his dream, and he uttered a cry: his legs gave way beneath him, he fell forward and reached the cap with his hands.

'Ah, that's a fine fellow!' exclaimed the Chief. 'He has gained much land!'

Pahóm's servant came running up and tried to raise him, but he saw that blood was flowing from his mouth. Pahóm was dead!

The Bashkirs clicked their tongues to show their pity.

His servant picked up the spade and dug a grave long enough for Pahóm to lie in and buried him in it. Six feet from his head to his heels was all he needed.

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

1. Write an imaginary dialogue between two schoolboys; one praises life in the country, the other dwells on the delights of life in the city.
2. Describe briefly the joys and sorrows of a Russian peasant's life.
3. Quote as many stories as you can which would serve as parallels to this story of Tolstoy. Look up Æsop's Fables and recall the story of Macbeth and the history of the rise and fall of Napoleon.
4. Read George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. The miser in Eliot's story loses his gold and gains a child and his character is completely changed. Retell the story of Tolstoy, inventing some such incident which will work a complete change in Pahóm's character.
5. Make up a story like the story of Tolstoy, illustrating the vice of gambling.
6. Write a short character-sketch of Pahóm.
7. Read *Tales from Tolstoy* (King's Treasuries, Dent).