

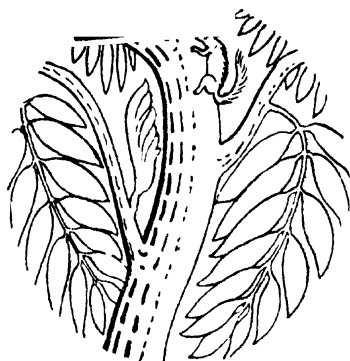


PROSE AND VERSE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HOSAIN ALIKHAN AND V.S. KRISHNAN

BOOK THREE



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PROSE AND VERSE
FOR HIGH SCHOOLS
III

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BOOK III

Selected and Edited by

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MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON
1940

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

WE shall not know his name. It will never be known, and we should not seek to know it. For in that nameless figure that is borne over land and sea to mingle its dust with the most sacred dust of England, we salute the invisible hosts of the fallen. We do not ask his name or whence he comes. His name is legion and he comes from a hundred fields, stricken with a million deaths.

Gaily or sadly, he went out to battle. We see him, as in a vision, streaming in by a thousand roads, down from the Hebrides and the glens of the North, from the mines of Durham and the shipyards of the Clyde and Tyne and the bogs of Ireland, out of the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire, up from the pastures of East Anglia and the moors of Devon, over the seas from distant lands, whither he had gone to live his life and whence he returns at the call of a duty that transcends life. In his speech we hear the echoes of a hundred countrysides, from the strong burr of Aberdeen to the lilt of Dorset and the broad-vowelled speech of Devon; but whatever the accent it mingles in that song about Tipperary which, by the strangest of ironies, lives in the mind with the sound of the tramp of millions to battle.

He takes a thousand shapes in our minds. We see him leaving the thatched cottage in some remote village, his widowed mother standing at the doorway and shading her eyes to catch a last glimpse of him as he turns into the highroad that shuts him from her

sight; and we see him throwing aside his books and bounding out of school or college with the light of adventure in his eye; we see him closing his little shop, laying aside his pen, putting down mallet and chisel, hammer and axe. We see him taking a million pitiful farewells, his young wife hanging about his neck in an agony of grief, his little children weeping for they know not what, with that dread foreboding that is the affliction of children, the old people standing by with a sorrow that has passed beyond the relief of tears. Here he is the lover and there the son and there the husband and there the brother, but everywhere he is the sacrifice. While others remain behind, perhaps to win ignoble riches and rewards, he goes out to live in mud and filth and die a lonely and horrible death far from his home and all that he loved.

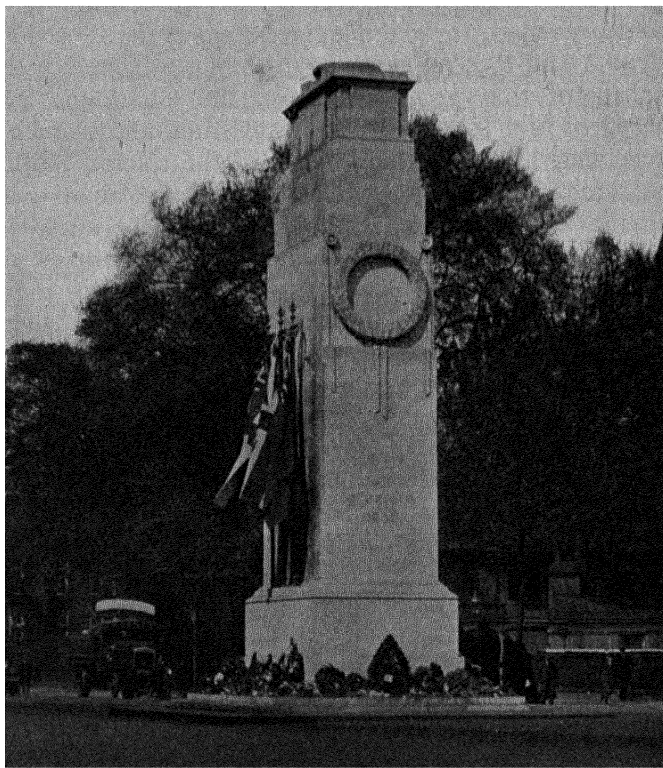
And he is chosen, not because he is the tainted wether of the flock, meetest for sacrifice, but because he is the pride of the flock. In him we see the youth of England, all that is bravest and best and richest in promise, brains that could have won the priceless victories of peace, sinews that could have borne the burden of labour, singers and poets and statesmen in the green leaf, the Rupert Brookes, the Raymond Asquiths, the Gladstones, the Keelings, the finest flowers of every household, all offered as a sacrifice on the insane and monstrous altar of war.

And with the mind's eye we follow him as he is swallowed up in the furnace. We see him falling on that desperate day at Suvla¹ Bay, perishing in the desert of Mesopotamia, struck down in the snowstorm on Vimy² Ridge, dying on the hundred battlefields of the Somme, disappearing in the sea of mud churned up

¹ Pron. "Soovla".

² Pron. "Veemy".

at Passchendaele, falling like autumn leaves in the deadly salient of Ypres, stricken in those unforgettable days of March, when the Fifth Army broke before the



A. W. Kerr

THE CENOTAPH

German onset. His bones lie scattered over a thousand alien fields from the Euphrates to the Scheldt and lie on the floor of every wandering sea. From the Somme

to Zeebrugge his cemeteries litter the landscape, and in those graves lie the youth of England and the hearts of those who mourn.

Now one comes back, the symbol of all who have died and who will never return. He comes, unknown and unnamed, to take his place among the illustrious dead. And it is no extravagant fancy to conceive the spirits of that great company, the Chathams and Drydens and Johnsons, poets, statesmen and warriors, receiving him into their midst in the solemn Abbey as something greater and more significant than they. For in him they will see the emblem of the mightiest tribute ever laid on the nation's altar. In him we do reverence to that generation of Britain's young manhood that perished in the world's madness and sleeps for ever in foreign lands.

None of us will look on that moving scene without emotion. But something more will be required of us than a spasm of easy, tearful emotion that exhausts itself in being felt. What have we, the living, to say to the dead who pass by in shadowy hosts? They died for no mean thing. They died that the world might be a better and a cleaner place for those who lived and for those who come after. As that unknown soldier is borne down Whitehall he will issue a silent challenge to the living world to say whether it was worthy of his sacrifice. And if we are honest with ourselves we shall not find the answer easy.

A. G. GARDINER: *Many Furrows*.

NOTES

A. G. GARDINER (born 1865), an outstanding essayist and journalist in contemporary English literature, writes under the

pen-name of "Alpha of the Plough". His education was largely acquired through independent reading. From 1902 to 1919 he was the editor of the *Daily News*. Among his better-known works are *Pillars of Society* and *Prophets, Priests and Kings*. Gardiner writes easy and elegant prose which is well worth studying as a model.

"The Unknown Warrior" is the name given to a soldier—one of the fighting forces—who was buried in Westminster Abbey on 11th November, 1920, as the representative of all those members of the British Empire who had lost their lives in the War of 1914-1918. This essay was written soon after the ceremony and is a noble tribute to the gallantry of those who fought and died.

his name is legion: a Biblical phrase meaning "people like him are innumerable". (See St. Mark v. 9. "My name is Legion: for we are many.")

Hebrides: islands off the west coast of Scotland.

shipyards of the Clyde and Tyne: two great rivers on the west coast of Scotland and north-east coast of England respectively, where are situated some of the largest ship-building yards in Great Britain.

East Anglia: the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridge together are sometimes called East Anglia.

Lancashire, Yorkshire: in words such as these, pronounce "shire" as "sher". But the word "shire" by itself is pronounced to rhyme with "hire".

strong burr of Aberdeen: the habit of pronouncing the letter *r* with a rough trill characteristic of Scotsmen.

lilt of Dorset; broad-vowelled speech of Devon: these refer to the dialect speech of the counties of Dorsetshire and Devonshire.

Tipperary: a county in Ireland.

song about Tipperary: a song with a chorus which became very popular during the Great War, beginning "It's a long way to Tipperary".

In this paragraph the Unknown Warrior is represented as standing for the different types of men who joined the army.
perhaps . . . rewards: i.e., the profiteers who make large profits in war-time.

tainted wether: cf. "black sheep". (Distinguish between "wether", "whether", and "weather".) Wether=a castrated ram The phrase comes from Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*.

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priceless . . . peace: great achievements in arts or science.
(cf. Milton's sonnet "To the Lord General Cromwell":

"Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War.")

in the green leaf: as yet undeveloped.

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915): a young and promising poet who died in the War.

Raymond Asquith: eldest son of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, a man of exceptional brilliance. He was killed in action in 1916.

Gladstone: W. G. C. Gladstone, grandson of the great statesman, William Ewart Gladstone. He was killed in the War in 1918.

Keeling: T. E. Keeling, another young man of high promise killed in the war.

Suvla Bay: in the Gallipoli peninsula, where an unsuccessful campaign was conducted by the Allied Powers in August, 1915.

Mesopotamia: part of modern Iraq. During the Great War the British forces successfully took and held Mesopotamia, defeating the Turks and Arabs at several places (1914-18).

Vimy Ridge: in northern France, where severe engagements took place in the spring of 1917 and later.

Somme: a district in northern France through which flows the River Somme. Several severe battles took place here during 1916-18.

Passchendaele: a village in Flanders in a district which was the scene of bitter fighting and terrible British losses in 1917.

salient: an advanced line of trenches or fortifications, jutting out in front of the others.

Ypres: in Flanders (pron. "Eepre". During the Great War, soldiers commonly pronounced it "Wipers"). One of the main centres of war on the Western front.

Euphrates: the great river which flows from Asia Minor across Syria and Iraq to the Persian Gulf.

Scheldt (pron. "Skelt", also "Shelt"): river running through northern France, Holland, and Belgium. At its mouth is the famous town of Antwerp.

Zeebrugge: a seaport in Belgium which was raided by British naval forces.

Chatham (pron. "Chattam"): William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), one of England's greatest statesmen.

Dryden, John (1631-1700): great English poet, critic and dramatist.

Johnson, Samuel (1709-1784): one of the greatest names in English literature, made familiar by Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Chatham, Dryden, and Johnson were buried in Westminster Abbey.

Abbey: Westminster Abbey; the great men of England are buried there.

Whitehall: the main road leading to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
legion, transcend, foreboding, ignoble, meet (adj.), sinew, pastures, spasm.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
to catch a glimpse of, to stream in, meet for sacrifice, tainted wether, to do reverence.

Exercises.

1. Who is the Unknown Warrior? What does he stand for?
2. Explain: "The spirits of the great Company . . . receive him into their midst."
3. What is the "silent challenge" that the Unknown Warrior issues?
4. Using what you have gathered from this essay, write a short speech which could have been delivered at the burial of the Unknown Warrior.

THE GOVERNMENT OF ROME

THE government of Rome in the last century B.C. shows very clearly that the Romans disliked changes and that they clung loyally to the ways of their forefathers. That being so, we must know something of the early city in the days of the kings in order to understand the form of government at the time of Cicero and Julius Caesar. We must also remember that when Rome grew from a small settlement of farmers into a widespread "empire" containing many different countries and peoples, the Romans tried to adapt the old system of government instead of devising an entirely new one.

In the earliest days of the City-State, the government was entirely in the hands of the king, who ruled the people in very much the same way as the paterfamilias ruled the family—that is to say, he was concerned with their welfare in all departments of the life and work of the city. His power, which was supposed to be unlimited and absolute, was called *imperium*, the name used throughout Roman history for the chief power in the State. The king had the power to punish; as a symbol of which bundles of rods, known as *fasces*, were carried by lictors before him and also before the magistrates of later days. (Similarly to-day the mace, which really is only a special kind of hammer, is carried before the mayor, i.e. the chief magistrate of his city or borough, as a sign of his power to punish.)

The kings of Rome had three main duties. They had to deal with all questions concerning religion, with law and justice, and with warfare. Only in the

last was the king's power really unlimited. In all religious matters the king was helped by the priests and by the augurs. In all things concerning law and justice, the king had the advice of the Senate, a council of elderly men, experienced in public affairs, in much the same way as the Saxon kings of England were advised by the Witan, the council of the "wise men".

When the kings were driven out at the close of the sixth century B.C., the Romans tried to create a form of government that would involve the fewest possible changes, but would at the same time prevent the misrule for which the kings were expelled. In the first place it was decided that no longer was the great power of the "imperium" to be in the hands of one man. It was still regarded as existing, but with this very important difference—it was now in the control of the whole body of the citizens; it had become a public thing; and all those who enjoyed the privilege of being Roman citizens were to have a voice in controlling the power by which they were governed. They had overthrown the kings and they would now control the rulers that took their place.

In the first place, the highest rank in the government was to be held by two men, the consuls, who had equal power. Each could act as a check upon the other, so that neither could become tyrannical. They were in office for one year only, during which brief time it would be difficult for them to make themselves too powerful. Moreover, they were elected by the people as a whole in their assemblies, and, like the presidents of most modern republics, when their year of office was ended they became private citizens once more, though they had a place in the Senate and might also be appointed to other public posts. However,

the strongest check on the power of the consuls was the Senate. Many senators had held some official rank in the government and they were able to give the consuls the benefit of their experience. While the consuls were not compelled by any law to accept the advice of the Senate, they dared not disregard it. Though, as a general rule, the power of the consuls was limited in these various ways, in times of national peril the consuls were allowed, with the approval of the Senate, to appoint a dictator. A dictator held his office for a definitely limited period, but during that time he had unlimited power in all departments of the government and the army.

In addition to the consuls, there were other magistrates who shared some of the former duties and powers of the kings. Of these the praetors, like the consuls, had the full imperium. Their duties were to see to the carrying out of the law and the control of justice. At first there was only one praetor in Rome, but by 242 B.C. so many foreigners were dwelling in the city or came there on business, that in that year a second praetor was appointed. He had to take charge of the legal affairs of foreigners in Rome. As time went on and the "empire" grew larger, the amount of legal business increased. To keep pace with this increase, more praetors were appointed, as in England the number of judges has been increased from time to time when need arose. Moreover, as new provinces were added to the Roman world, the governorship of them was often entrusted to praetors of these provinces.

The other important officials in the government of Rome were the censors, the aediles, the quaestors, and the tribunes. None of these had the full power of

the imperium. Nevertheless, the censors filled a very honoured position in the city, and to be made censor was considered as the successful end of a public career¹. The censors were appointed for five years, but acted officially for only eighteen months. Their chief duties were—to draw up lists of the citizens and to supervise their conduct and behaviour; and, at the end of their period of office, to carry out a solemn “purification” of all the people.

The aediles (who took their name from aedes, a house or building) had the oversight of all public works: they were, for instance, responsible for keeping the public buildings in repair, and cleaning the streets. The quaestors were officials who looked after the funds in the public treasury. They often had to go with the consuls when they went to war, to look after the money matters connected with the campaign.

The tribunes had great power, which had come about indirectly, and in the following way. In the very early years there were two classes of citizens, known as patricians and plebeians. The patricians were descended from the families who had made the earliest settlement; the plebeians belonged to the families who had settled in Rome in later times. At first the patricians had all the power of governing the city in their hands. They alone could be appointed to the public posts in the Republic. Yet the plebeians had the chief share in defending the city; so they naturally claimed a share in the government. The patricians would not grant their claim and a quarrel arose which lasted for many years. On one occasion the plebeians actually left Rome and threatened to make a fresh settlement. It was then, in 494 B.C.,

¹ The accent is on the second syllable. Do *not* pronounce “carrier”.

that the tribunes were first appointed. Their duty was to look after the interests of the plebeians, and of course, they were themselves plebeians. They were required to keep a watchful eye on the actions of the Senate and of the magistrates; and if either intended to do anything against the welfare of the plebeians, the tribunes had power to forbid it. This was really a very great power, and used unwisely would hinder progress. However, one tribune could forbid the action of another, and as they did not always agree together, they weakened the power of one another.

In theory any Roman with full rights of citizenship might be appointed to the highest positions in the government, but in actual fact this privilege was restricted to certain favoured families. They were some of the best of the patricians and the plebeians, and it was quite the usual thing to find that all the near relations of an official had held government appointments before him. It was a bold man who sought to be elected to high office unless he belonged to this charmed circle of those who enjoyed senatorial rank. Cicero was one of the few who succeeded though he belonged to the lower order known as "equites." At one time they were the class of citizens who provided the cavalry in the army, but by the end of the Republic they were a distinct social class, comprising chiefly the big business-men such as merchants, bankers, and moneylenders.

The magistrates held office for only short periods, as we have seen, lest they should become too powerful. But behind the frequently changing ranks of magistrates, the Senate went on unchanging. The result was that the Senate became more and more powerful, especially during the years when Rome was fighting

for her existence against Carthage. Not only was the Senate permanent, but by the last century B.C. it was composed entirely of men who had held office and whose knowledge of affairs was of great value in guiding the State. The Senate was in fact, though not in name, the real government.

Having said this much about the importance of the Senate, we shall not be surprised to find that the senators did a great deal of public work. They made the laws, directly or indirectly. A magistrate usually made sure of their favour before any bill was brought before the assemblies of the citizens. A decree of the Senate was equal to a law. The Senate controlled the money of the State, in its spending and even in making the coins, for the letters SC on coins showed that they were made by order of the Senate. The senators also dealt with questions concerning the government of the provinces. All matters of peace and war were really settled in the Senate, though the final decision rested with the citizens in their assemblies. In the best days of Rome the Senate was a fine, dignified body of eminent citizens, worthy of their great city. No wonder was it that the messengers of the Greek king Pyrrhus described the Senate as an assembly of kings. In later times it became less worthy of honour and respect.

The Senate really did the effective work of government, though in theory this was supposed to rest with the magistrates and the people as a whole who appointed them. The people expressed their wishes to the various assemblies in which they met together.

The various assemblies were supposed to have the last word in deciding such important matters as the election of the magistrates, or questions of peace and war. Actually the Senate made up their minds, and

then put the question to the assemblies, who got into the habit of agreeing without question. If there was likely to be any difficulty, there were various ways by which the lower ranks of citizens could be won over to support any particular measure. Such methods were made all the more easy by the fact that the votes were taken by groups and not individually. When the assemblies agreed to a measure proposed by the Senate it became law.

The greatest weakness of the rule of Rome was revealed in the government of the provinces. Misgovernment perhaps would be a better word. When a provincial governor was sent out to his province he had no set of rules for his guidance. He acted as he thought best. If he was a worthy man, well and good, but there were great temptations in the practically unlimited powers of a provincial governor. To hold a magistracy in Rome was a very expensive matter, and many provincial governors looked to pay their debts and make a fortune out of the taxes that could be squeezed from the unfortunate provincial subjects. They held office for only a few years at most and so had but little time to harvest their ill-gotten gains. Even Julius Caesar, when he was Governor of Spain in 61 B.C., made a fortune large enough to pay off all his huge debts in Rome. Cicero, on the other hand, amazed the people of Cicilia, in Asia Minor, when he showed himself an honest and mild ruler. Of course, if a provincial governor overstepped the wide limits that practice allowed, he might be put on trial in Rome when he returned, as was Verres, the ruffianly governor of Sicily in 71 B.C. But juries might be bribed unless the case was too bad to cover up, and the governors of provinces were seldom brought to book.

With the Empire, however, began a better time for the provinces. One of the greatest services that Augustus and his successors rendered to the world was that they gave good government to the provinces.

H. A. TREBLE and K. M. KING.

NOTES

ROME, founded in 753 B.C., rapidly grew in power and dominion, first under its kings, then as a republic, and later as an Empire which became the centre and source of European culture and civilisation. From Rome are derived most of the European legal codes, the modern calendar and many ideas in political institutions. Till 510 B.C. Rome was governed by kings; but after this the Romans evolved an aristocratic republic which is described in this narrative, taken from *Everyday Life in Rome*, by H. A. Treble and K. M. King.

Cicero (106-43 B.C.): great Roman orator and statesman. He was elected consul, and thus is a rare instance of a person outside the aristocracy being elected to this high office.

Julius Caesar (102-44 B.C.): contemporary of Cicero, is one of the greatest figures in Roman history. He became consul, and his famous military campaigns greatly extended the boundaries of Roman rule, but he was assassinated by Brutus, Cassius and others before he could carry out all his schemes. (The month of July is named after Julius Caesar, as August is called after his grand-nephew, the Emperor Augustus.)

paterfamilias: (Lat.) head of the family.

fascēs: a symbol of the authority of Roman magistrates consisting of a bundle of rods with an axe in the middle.

licitor: an officer who carried the fascēs before a magistrate.

augurs: a certain priestly class of persons who could interpret signs and omens regarding future events. (Distinguish between "augur" and "auger", a tool.)

the Witan: literally, "those who know". A council of elders called the "Witanagemot" (meeting of the wise men) was often consulted by the old Anglo-Saxon kings in England. The modern Parliament is a development of this.

consuls: highest Roman officers. (Distinguish it from "counsel" and "council".)

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praetors: magistrates who administered justice. They were elected annually.

censor: a position of honour in Rome. Among other things, the censors kept the roll of the Senate. (Distinguish between "censor", "censer", and "censure".)

aediles: officers in charge of buildings, markets, games, etc.

quaestors: in charge of the State treasury.

tribunes: representatives of the people, who safeguarded the people's rights in the Senate.

equites: a cavalry Order of knights. Cicero's father was a knight and hence did not belong to the Patrician class.

Carthage: a powerful and prosperous city on the north coast of Africa. A long struggle with Rome forms the greater part of Carthaginian history; under Hannibal (247-183 B.C.) the greatest general of Carthage, the very existence of Rome was threatened in the second Punic War, 219-202 B.C.

SC: for *Senatus consulto* = by decree of the Senate.

Pyrrhus (319-272 B.C.): king of Epirus and a cousin of Alexander the Great. The expression "Pyrrhic victory" (a victory gained at too great a cost) is derived from his name. It refers to one of his victories where he lost the greater part of his army.

Verres: the cruel governor of Sicily (73-71 B.C.). He was accused by Cicero (q.v.) of many acts of greed and cruelty.

Augustus: Caius Octavianus, grand-nephew of Julius Caesar, had this title conferred on him when he became the first Roman Emperor.

Words and Phrases.

1. Make sentences using the following words:
entrust, oversight (different senses), hinder, privilege, cavalry, lest, overstep.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
to draw up, to keep a watchful eye, Pyrrhic victory, to bring to book.

Exercises.

1. Describe the different parts of the Roman State and give the functions of each.
2. What were the duties of the Senate?
3. State in what respects the government of our country differs from the government of Rome.
4. Write a paragraph on Patricians and Plebeians.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

WHEN he had finished speaking Crito said, "Be it so, Socrates. But have you any commands for your friends or for me about your children, or about other things? How shall we serve you best?"

"Simply by doing what I always tell you, Crito. Take care of your own selves, and you will serve me and mine and yourselves in all that you do, even though you make no promises now. But if you are careless of your own selves, and will not follow the path of life which we have pointed out in our discussions both to-day and at other times, all your promises now, however profuse and earnest they are, will be of no avail."

"We will do our best," said Crito. "But how shall we bury you?"

"As you please," he answered; "only you must catch me first, and not let me escape you." And then he looked at us with a smile and said, "My friends, I cannot convince Crito that I am the Socrates who has been conversing with you, and arranging his arguments in order. He thinks that I am the body which he will presently see a corpse, and he asks how he is to bury me. All the arguments which I have used to prove that I shall not remain with you after I have drunk the poison, but that I shall go away to the happiness of the blessed, with which I tried to comfort you and myself, have been thrown away on him. Do you therefore be my sureties to him, as he was my surety at the trial, but in a different way. He was surety

for me then that I would remain; but you must be my sureties to him that I shall go away when I am dead, and not remain with you: then he will feel my death less; and when he sees my body being burnt or buried, he will not be grieved because he thinks that I am suffering dreadful things: and at my funeral he will not say that it is Socrates whom he is laying out, or bearing to the grave, or burying. For, dear Crito", he continued, "you must know that to use words wrongly is not only a fault in itself; it also creates evil in the soul. You must be of good cheer, and say that you are burying my body; and you must bury it as you please, and as you think right".

With these words he rose and went into another room to bathe himself: Crito went with him and told us to wait. So we waited, talking of the argument, and discussing it, and then again dwelling on the greatness of the calamity which had fallen upon us: it seemed as if we were going to lose a father, and to be orphans for the rest of our life. When he had bathed, and his children had been brought to him—he had two sons quite little, and one grown up—and the women of his family were come, he spoke with them in Crito's presence, and gave them his last commands; then he sent the women and children away, and returned to us. By that time it was near the hour of sunset, for he had been a long while within. When he came back to us from the bath he sat down, but not much was said after that. Presently the servant of the Eleven came and stood before him and said, "I know that I shall not find you unreasonable like other men, Socrates. They are angry with me and curse me when I bid them drink the poison because the authorities make me do it. But I have found you all along

the noblest and gentlest and best man that has ever come here; and now I am sure that you will not be angry with me, but with those who you know are to blame. And so farewell, and try to bear what must be as lightly as you can; you know why I have come". With that he turned away weeping, and went out.

Socrates looked up at him, and replied, "Farewell: I will do as you say". Then he turned to us and said, "How courteous the man is! And the whole time that I have been here, he has constantly come in to see me, and sometimes he has talked to me, and has been the best of men; and now, how generously he weeps for me! Come, Crito, let us obey him: let the poison be brought if it is ready; and if it is not ready, let it be prepared."

Crito replied: "Nay, Socrates, I think that the sun is still upon the hills; it has not set. Besides, I know that other men take the poison quite late, and eat and drink heartily, and even enjoy the company of their chosen friends, after the announcement has been made. So do not hurry; there is still time."

Socrates replied: "And those whom you speak of, Crito, naturally do so; for they think that they will be gainers by so doing. And I naturally shall not do so; for I think that I should gain nothing by drinking the poison a little later but my own contempt for so greedily saving up a life which is already spent. So do not refuse to do as I say."

Then Crito made a sign to his slave who was standing by; and the slave went out, and after some delay returned with the man who was to give the poison, carrying it prepared in a cup. When Socrates saw him, he asked, "You understand these things, my good sir, what have I to do?"

"You have only to drink this," he replied, "and to walk about until your legs feel heavy, and then lie down; and it will act of itself." With that he handed the cup to Socrates, who took it quite cheerfully, Echecrates, without trembling, and without any change of colour or of feature, and looked up at the man with that fixed glance of his, and asked, "What say you to making a libation from this draught? May I, or not?" "We only prepare so much as we think sufficient, Socrates," he answered. "I understand," said Socrates. "But I suppose that I may, and must, pray to the gods that my journey hence may be prosperous; that is my prayer; be it so." With these words he put the cup to his lips and drank the poison quite calmly and cheerfully. Till then most of us had been able to control our grief fairly well; but when we saw him drinking, and then the poison finished, we could do so no longer: my tears came fast in spite of myself, and I covered my face and wept for myself; it was not for him, but at my own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before that Crito had been unable to restrain his tears, and had gone away; and Apollodorus, who had never once ceased weeping the whole time, burst into a loud cry, and made us one and all break down by his sobbing and grief, except only Socrates himself. "What are you doing, my friends?" he exclaimed. "I sent away the women chiefly in order that they might not offend in this way; for I have heard that a man should die in silence. So calm yourselves and bear up." When we heard that, we were ashamed, and we ceased from weeping. But he walked about, until he said that his legs were getting heavy, and then he lay down on his back, as he was told. And the man who gave the poison began to examine

his feet and legs, from time to time: then he pressed his foot hard, and asked if there was any feeling in it; and Socrates said, "No": and then his legs, and so higher and higher, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And Socrates felt himself, and said that when it came to his heart, he should be gone. He was already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, which had been covered, and spoke for the last time. "Crito," he said, "I owe a cock to Asclepius: do not forget to pay it." "It shall be done," replied Crito. "Is there anything else that you wish?" He made no answer to this question; but after a short interval there was a movement, and the man uncovered him, and his eyes were fixed. Then Crito closed his mouth and his eyes.

Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest, and the best man that I have ever known.

PLATO: *Phaedo*. Translated by
J. E. CHURCH.

NOTES

SOCRATES (469-399 B.C.) the greatest Greek philosopher, served his state long and valiantly as a soldier. He married Xanthippe, who was known as a shrew and a scold. He set himself the task of seeking and spreading true knowledge and reforming the youth of Athens. This roused the suspicions of the political and religious authorities. He was at last tried on a charge of corrupting the young. He was found guilty and condemned to death, but his execution was postponed for a month. How his friends and disciples pressed him to save himself during this period, and how Socrates rejected their advice and taught them the true meaning and value of life, are described in striking passages in a dialogue by Plato, called *Phaedo*, from which this extract is taken. In this dialogue *Phaedo* (or *Phaedōn*) a disciple of Socrates, relates the conversation between Socrates and his

friends during the last hours of his life and the courage with which he met his death.

Plato (427-348 B.C.): famous Greek philosopher, met Socrates about 407 B.C., and was much influenced by him. He is one of the greatest Greek prose-writers.

Crito: (or Critōn): a rich citizen of Athens and a friend of Socrates, who is among those who discourse with him while he is awaiting his death. Plato wrote a dialogue called after Crito.

you must . . . escape you: Socrates here draws a distinction between his physical body which is not important and his soul which is the real self.

the Eleven: a body of police magistrates under whom were the executioners and jailers.

Echecrates: a disciple of Socrates to whom Phaedo narrates this account of Socrates' death.

libation: a drink-offering to the gods.

Apollodorus: a Greek painter who lived in the fifth century B.C.

Asclepius (or Aesculapius): in Greek mythology the son of Apollo, and the god of medicine. The temple of Asclepius is near the Acropolis, in Athens.

I owe a cock: the cock was offered as a sacrifice to Asclepius.

eyes were fixed: sign of death: they no longer winked or rolled.

Words and Phrases.

1. Use in sentences of your own:

profuse, surety, orphan, courteous, draught (distinguish from "drought" and "draft").

2. Make sentences with:

to lay out, of no avail, be of good cheer, to break down, to bear up.

Exercises.

1. Give in your own words Socrates' reply to:
 - (a) Crito's question about how he should bury him.
 - (b) Crito's request to delay taking the poison.
2. Write a letter from Crito to Socrates' wife describing his death.
3. Write in indirect speech the words of Socrates beginning, "And those whom . . . do as I say".

THE MAKER OF MODERN TURKEY

MUSTAFA KEMAL

IN 1881 there was born in Salonika a child who was given the name Mustafa. His parents were working-class people, industrious, patriotic and conservative. They little imagined how famous and powerful their son would become. His father died while the child was still small, and for some time he ran wild, growing strong and healthy but without education or discipline. At last, after one or two schools had been tried, he was sent to a Military College. He soon became skilled in military matters and an efficient soldier. While there he was given the name Kemal, to distinguish him from another officer named Mustafa.

The Turkey of those days was in a sad state. The people groaned under heavy taxation, unjust laws and poverty. The Ottoman Empire, those countries over which Turkey had control, was threatening to split up and fall into the hands of other Powers. Several countries, indeed, had already achieved their independence. In 1912 fighting broke out. This was Kemal's opportunity, and he soon showed himself to be as expert in the practical problems of war as he had been in the theoretical problems of the Military College. He was made a Pasha, or Commander, but the war ended, and he found himself with nothing to do. From this time onwards Kemal began to take an interest in politics, and especially to join those groups of young men who were dissatisfied with the way in which Turkey was being ruled.

When the Great War broke out in 1914 Kemal was already regarded by the Turkish Government as a dangerous man. He was too good a soldier, however, to be wasted, and he was given some very important positions.

At the end of any war there is always a period of reaction, and this now set in in Turkey. The people were tired and disheartened. They wanted peace at any price, so long as they were left to go about their business undisturbed. They were willing to give up large parts of their country and to do anything they were asked, if only they need no longer fight. This was not Kemal's idea. He refused to believe that the Turks were beaten, and he was determined that Turkey, shorn of her empire, should still be a strong nation and a power in Europe. When he was sent into a mountainous district to disband the army there, he did the very opposite. He preached courage and defiance to the people and called the men back to the service of their country. Soon he had reorganised the army in that district and filled them with ambition and determination.

From this time on the power of Mustafa Kemal grew to amazing proportions. He set up the Grand National Council at Angora, with himself as President, and after a long struggle with the Constantinople Government he succeeded in getting this Council recognised as the ruling power in Turkey. His slogan was "Turkey for the Turks". This ideal he set himself to attain, slowly, painfully, with bitter warfare and cruel suffering to many innocent people. There were wars, massacres, revolts—a hundred obstacles to the achievement of his desire. The Sultan, too old and feeble to cope with this fiery leader and his

rebel¹ hordes, left Turkey. The Treaty of Lausanne was signed, and Kemal was assured of all he wanted—the integrity of Turkey, freed from those imperial millstones which for so long had hung around her neck. So great was his reputation as a soldier that many countries would gladly have claimed his help and the alliance of Turkey. But Kemal would have none of them. He knew that his first duty was to Turkey, and his first task to build her up again into a strong, free and independent nation.

The common people hailed Kemal as the Gazi, the saviour of their country. But there were many men, some of them old friends of his own, who disapproved of his new ideas or grudged him his power. They were a constant hindrance to him, as well as a danger, and had to be got rid of. Mustafa Kemal reigned supreme.

Once again he was faced with a nation weary of struggle and effort, asking only to be allowed to slip back into the old traditions and routine. But this Kemal would not allow. He felt that Turkey had been too much devoted to past traditions and cultures. She was out of touch with modern civilisation. Accordingly he set about reforming the people of Turkey whether they would or no.

He began with an apparently simple matter, clothes. The traditional garments of the Turks had to give place to more modern coats and hats, and if people objected they were forced to obey. The laws of the land, too, seemed to him clumsy and unjust. He abolished them and put in their place the German Commercial, the Italian Penal and the Swiss Civil

¹ Pron. rébl, accent on first syllable. The verb “rebel” is pronounced ribél, with accent on second syllable.

Code of laws. He would borrow from any and every nation, but only ideas. Those ideas had to be worked by the Turks themselves. Kemal, with the help of his sister, organised women's societies. Soon there were two women judges in Angora, and four women on the Municipal Council of Stambul.

To loosen the shackles of ignorance, Kemal determined that the first essential was education. The old Turkish script had been complicated, and as a result few people in Turkey could read or write, and few outsiders were able to learn Turkish. This, too, had to be changed. With the help of his advisers Kemal evolved a new script, an alphabet which should preserve the Turkish sounds and yet use the Latin characters. Armed with black-board and box of chalks he set out to tour his country, a great campaign of learning. In every town and village people responded gladly to this new scheme. Kemal would set up his black-board, explain how the letters should be formed, and then call out some of the audience and make them write their names. Men who had never handled a pen were delighted to find themselves able to learn. Schools were set up everywhere, with mixed classes of boys and girls, and both men and women teachers. In them the new generation was to be brought up with new aims and ideals. The widest possible knowledge was to be spread before the people of Turkey. Young and old were invited to the feast.

One innovation that was not successful was an attempt to set up Parliamentary Government. The time was not ripe. The creation of an opposition party made the people think that the Government was too weak to rule. There were riots and revolts, and the ruler had to step in and take back the power

himself. But he had shown the people a worthy ideal. He said, "I will lead my people by the hand along the road until their feet are sure and they know the way. Then they may choose for themselves and rule themselves. Then my work will be done."

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was indeed the benefactor of his country and a patriot in the truest sense of the word. One must never be disheartened by temporary reverses. Constant striving after our aim in life will surely end in success. Mustafa Kemal's record is a continuous activity to achieve his goal.

J. H. MAIR

NOTES

MUSTAFA KEMAL ATATURK (1880-1938), the founder and the first President of the Turkish Republic, is one of the greatest figures of modern times. From very modest beginnings he rose to be the creator of modern Turkey, and one of the foremost statesmen of the world. The Turkish people out of their love and gratitude bestowed on him the title "Ataturk" (the father of the Turks). He has rightly been said to have cured "the sick man of Europe", as Turkey was at one time called, and made it one of the most virile nations of to-day. His death in 1938 was mourned not only by Turkey but by all civilised nations.

Salonika: a town in Macedonia, Greece, which was formerly part of Turkey.

Ottoman Empire: the old Turkish empire which extended to the Balkan states and southern Russia. The name is derived from Othman I (Arabic for Osman) and his descendants, who ruled the Turks.

In 1912 . . . out: i.e., the Balkan war between Turkey and the Balkan League.

shorn of her empire: deprived of those possessions which gave her more trouble than help (shorn=p.p. of shear: cut off; remove).

Grand National Council: a representative Assembly formed to liberate Turkey, of which Mustafa Kemal was President.

Angora: in Anatolia, the seat of the Republican government of Turkey. The city has been entirely rebuilt by Mustafa Kemal. It is now known as Ankara.

Constantinople Government: i.e., the government of the Sultan of Turkey. Constantinople was his capital.

slogan: motto; watchword. (The word is Scottish in origin and refers to the Highland war-cry.)

the Sultan: Sultan Mohammed VI.

Treaty of Lausanne: signed in 1923 between Turkey and the Allies.

integrity of Turkey: i.e., that Turkey would not be divided up; integrity=entirety. Distinguish it from integrity=honesty, soundness.

Stambul: Turkish for Constantinople; also called Istanbul. Till 1923 it was the seat of the Turkish government.

the feast: i.e., the feast of knowledge, education.

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words in sentences of your own:
conservative, reaction, slogan, hordes, integrity, shackles, innovation, reverses.
2. Make sentences with:
in a sad state, to set in, shorn of, to cope with, out of touch.

Exercises.

1. Give an account of Mustafa Kemal's life before he became the President of Turkey.
2. What are the reforms that Mustafa Kemal introduced in Turkey, and what were their results?
3. What lessons do you draw from the life of Kemal?

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

GOKHALE was born in 1866 in the Ratnagiri District of the Bombay Presidency. His parents were poor. His education, therefore, was a matter of some difficulty, and he owed it to his elder brother that he was enabled to pursue to its last stage the ordinary university career which is open to poor people in India; his brother, some five or six years senior to him, had to cut short his own educational career to earn enough to support a somewhat indigent family and maintain Gokhale himself at school and college. For this act of brotherly and paternal care, Gokhale remained grateful through life, and it was noticeable how tenderly he provided for the education and upbringing of his brother's children.

In his school days Gokhale was not known for any brilliant gifts. But he was very industrious and, as his old school-fellows loved to say, very ambitious, desiring to excel at the same time both on the playing field and in the class-room. It is said that he had a prodigious¹ memory, which was noticeable even while he was at school. Some of the text-books that he had to study he knew by heart; and in later life it has been often said that he knew by heart great parts of Burke's speeches and orations. It is curious that to my knowledge he never quoted Burke. It may be because Burke's exuberant and ornate rhetoric did not suit his somewhat downright and straightforward style. Stories are told of how his playful class-mates would

¹ Pron. last syllable: "—jus."

occasionally seek to test his memory. Often he would lend a text-book to a mate and ask him to hold it while he went on reciting by heart. There used to be a bet, it would appear, that he should pay down an anna for every slip he made. Nobody made a fortune out of his mistakes. Likewise, when he had taken his degree and become a teacher on Rs 35 a month in a high school, people noticed how conscientious he was in his work. For example, it is said that he had to teach Southey's *Life of Nelson*, a pleasant enough book to read occasionally, but, I am afraid, a very unsuitable text-book for a class. In order to be able to explain the various parts of a man-of-war and to explain the nautical terms, with which Southey's passages are liberally strewn, he made week-end excursions to Bombay and observed a man-of-war lying in the harbour. There are many such things said about him. One story, however, I cannot keep back from an audience so largely composed of young students. Once, when he was still at school, an exercise was given to him in Algebra along with his class-fellows. Next day nobody brought the solution except Gokhale, and the teacher, well pleased with him, asked him to sit at the top of the class. But Gokhale would not move and was in tears. He explained that the solution was not his, but that he had had the assistance of some senior student, and he felt, therefore, some scruple in taking the promotion that had been awarded. Now, when these things are mentioned in young people's lives, their significance is lost on those who have taken their plunge in the affairs of this world. But to you, young men, the beginnings of a great career are of profound interest.

It was in the eighteenth year of his life that he took the B.A. degree. Then he had recourse to that place to which most of us have gone, to which most of you, I dare say, will go, the Law College. He found admission, and not only did he put in a full course but he passed the First Examination. To the end of his life he used to regret that he did not study law



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THE RT. HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI

with more application. For in the kind of life that he led, a knowledge of the fundamental principles of law and jurisprudence is of infinite help. But soon after, he joined a noble band of educationists, who had formed themselves into the Deccan Education Society, of which the chief object was to bring higher education within the reach of the poor; for the upper classes in the Deccan were naturally as poor as the

upper classes in this part of the world. For this purpose some of the finished products of the Bombay University, hailing from the Deccan, enrolled themselves as life-members of this Society, pledging twenty years of their lives to work in the College, receiving only a sum of Rs 75 a month. That College still stands as a monument of patriotic self-sacrifice in the cause of education.

Now Gokhale gave twenty years of his life to the work of this College. He taught Mathematics at first, and then, for a time, lectured on English and then turned his attention to History and Economics. In all the three he reached a high standard of efficiency. People called him a "professor to order," because he had to change his subject so often.

There are many great men who played a considerable part in Gokhale's life. I wish it were possible for me to detain you, while I was speaking about them at adequate length. But it is impossible. I can only mention on this occasion two people, both Indians of distinction, to whom Mr. Gokhale looked up as his masters in political and public life generally. One was the great Ranade, whom perhaps the most compendious way of describing would be to call him the "father of modern India". But it would be enough to say that his official position as Judge of the High Court of Bombay was only a small part of the numerous activities to which he gave himself. There was not any department of knowledge where he did not hold an eminent position; there was not any department of public activity where he was not a leading light; there was not an aspect of national welfare where he was not a devout worker. Mr. Ranade was an unrivalled figure, and he had, what

few leaders have, the marvellous gift of attracting young and promising men and giving that turn to their minds and hearts which renders them great instruments of public welfare. Ranade was great in every sense of the word. And for fourteen years Gokhale had the unique privilege of sitting at his feet, learning the great things of the world and profiting by the example of his experience, knowledge and industry.

Now I must say a word about the other gentleman. His name is G. V. Joshi. If I were to call him the right-hand man of Ranade, I should perhaps indulge in a slight exaggeration, as Ranade seems to have had more right hands than one. Mr. Joshi was only the Headmaster of a High School in the Bombay Presidency, sometimes at Sholapur, sometimes at Nasik, sometimes at Satara, and finally, when he came to retire, in Poona. But he was, as Mr. Ranade was much more than a judge, very much more than a mere headmaster. A headmaster is a great person. But it was a small part of his greatness. He was a person somewhat unique; and it is no wonder that for many, many years, Mr. Gokhale regarded him as his guide, philosopher and friend upon all public topics of intricacy.

One thing also must be noticed. It would be, I think, of great value to the youthful section of my audience. In Mr. Gokhale's character there was a great element of reverence and gratitude to those who taught him, nothing but admiration for those who had done great things and undergone great trials for the sake of the country, reverence to elders, reverence to senior workers, reverence to those whom he regarded as his exemplars or his instructors in any matter. It

was marvellous how, even when he became a great man himself, he spoke in terms of the utmost humility when he spoke of Ranade or Joshi or a person like Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. I wish, young friends, that you take that lesson into your heart. Whatever your fortune be, however eminent you may become, greatly as life may endow you with all its attractions and glories, never forget what you owe to others. One notices, now and again, a little abatement of this quality in this generation. If you wish in any way to be like Gokhale, you may not emulate him in his greatness, but it is quite easy, I think, with a little self-discipline and self-control, to emulate him in this respect: to carry all through life this feeling of humility and reverence towards those who either taught you or who have led great lives for your example and instruction.

Now, I must refer finally to the time when Mr. Gokhale retired from the Fergusson¹ College. He gave twenty years, according to his pledge, to the service of this College, drawing a salary of Rs 75 a month, and no more. When he retired he obtained a pension from its funds of Rs 30 a month. When he took leave of the College, there was a great demonstration, a public meeting at which people said good-bye to him and he said good-bye to them. It was a most tender meeting. He made, upon that occasion, a speech of such grandeur that I would advise you all to read it. You will catch from it something of the spirit that actuated Gokhale throughout his life, what high ideals he cherished, how humbly he worked among his colleagues and how devoutly he gave the very best that was in him for the service of these high ideals and the pursuit of these high principles.

¹ Pron. "Fér-gus-un" (*not* "Fergusson").

When he left the College he had made up his mind to devote the rest of his life to public service. He was not going to earn anything for himself. He was going to live on the pension of Rs 30 a month and such income as a book of arithmetic that he had written was bringing him every year by way of royalty. Living upon this pittance, he was going, he said, "to lead the life of a servant of the public", service of the kind for which he was to ask many others to join the Servants of India Society.

Mr. Gokhale had long felt that what was most needed for the furtherance of the objects of our public work was a select, compact and trustworthy corps¹ of young men who had fully prepared themselves by study, by patient observation, by travel through different parts of India and by work of a probationary character, young men who had in these ways trained themselves to take a real part at their own initiative in public life. For let me tell you, at once, Mr. Gokhale loved India and her welfare so intensely and so deeply that he would not willingly see it injured by the labours of unprepared, immature, crude workers whose only equipment consisted in a genuine call of patriotism. Patriotism by itself is not enough. It is a noble, powerful, exalted emotion. It is only an emotion. It has got to be directed into useful, fruitful channels, and that can only be done if every worker prepares himself by arduous study, by a patient survey of the realities of India's life and by an appreciation on the spot of the variety of things and circumstances of each particular locality. He, therefore, laid it down that, when young men came to him for training, they should remain for five years with him,

¹ Pron. "kor".

during all that time studying and travelling and working under trusted leaders, but never making themselves responsible either for a speech or for a newspaper article or for any public action. When you remember that admission to the Society was open only to graduates of distinction and high calibre, you see what a five years' further preparation, superimposed upon this university equipment, must have meant to the young men whom Gokhale had in view as genuine, trustworthy public workers. Moreover, his own observations led him to the belief that in India, deeply imbued with religion and the religious spirit as its people were, a religious or moral appeal must be made before they would trust a person who approached them on weighty and delicate matters. Therefore his desire was that the young men whom he admitted to the Society should take upon themselves a vow of a simple and pure life; that they should as a principle openly eschew channels of profitable employment; that they should be contented with just that provision that the Society's funds may allow, from time to time; and that in a pure missionary spirit they should devote their whole lives to the work that he assigned to them, or he in consultation with the Council which after five years came into existence. For the first five years he was the absolute master of the situation. The young men were to trust him completely, as it were, surrendering their prepossessions and their judgment, putting them and their own lives in his keeping. You see at once what demands he made upon university graduates, who believe that their freedom as individuals is everything. Will you allow me to read the seven vows which every member was obliged to take? Perhaps they are

well known; but still the minutes will not be ill-spent, if I read them again to you.

“Every member at the time of admission shall take the following seven vows:

- (i) That the country will always be the first in his thoughts and he will give to her service the best that is in him.
- (ii) That in serving the country he will seek no personal advantage for himself.
- (iii) That he will regard all Indians as brothers, and will work for the advancement of all, without distinction of caste or creed.
- (iv) That he will be content with such provision for himself and his family, if he has any, as the Society may be able to make. He will devote no part of his energies to earning money for himself.
- (v) That he will lead a pure personal life.
- (vi) That he will engage in no personal quarrel with any one.
- (vii) That he will always keep in view the aims of the Society and watch over its interests with the utmost zeal, doing all he can to advance its work. He will never do anything which is inconsistent with the object of the Society.”

I think these vows explain themselves.

It seems to me that somehow Gokhale was fitted in every way for the career that he chose; and yet nobody who studied him from boyhood upwards would have predicted for many years that he would play a great part in Indian affairs. For, as I told you, he started with many disadvantages. For one thing,

his station in life was very modest. His intellectual endowments were by no means what you would call brilliant. Nevertheless, what came to him were great opportunities. Now, here is another matter for contemplation. Opportunities come to us all. Only some of us never see them. Others, having seen them, do not profit by them. Opportunities of some kind each one of us has. But the great merit of Gokhale was that he saw the value of these opportunities at every stage. He had great ambitions, but he knew also that Providence had placed in his hands facilities for realising them. He allowed Ranade and Joshi and Mehta to mould his outlook upon life and to shape his character, to inculcate high ideals and principles, besides teaching him the successive stages of the work that he was to do. But can we say that we have not got similar opportunities, although they may not be really of that order of eminence? We all have something; we all have some supporters, whom we can see; we all have wise people to whom we may go; we all have teachers, relations and others who have seen more of life and are in a position to advise and guide us. Do we go to them actually? On the contrary, is it not our one great complaint as teachers that we are continually having to give advice and guidance when we know that it will not be heeded at all? That is a sad thought. Advice has been described as that which is sought but never followed. In the case of Gokhale, what I want to tell you is, he conscientiously sought advice of those who could give it, he placed himself conscientiously under their guidance; and when their influence was removed by the hand of Time, he could instruct himself, he could order his daily work, he could forward the work that they had

left for him to accomplish in his own good time. That is a great lesson to be drawn from his life, that we should seek opportunities, realise them when they are beside us with a determination and a will to make the best use of them. And then having perfected himself, having armed himself with the necessary knowledge, was he content? He sat down and thought and thought and then made a big programme for himself which was extraordinarily comprehensive. He wanted to encompass all knowledge, practise Yoga, become a member here and there, all for the sake of serving the country. Although he did not accomplish the whole of it, you may be sure that the endeavours that he made honestly to fulfil that programme took him forward a great many steps in efficiency, and in the end he had achieved at forty-nine, when he died, a great deal more than what others when they are seventy can claim to their credit. That, it seems to me, is the great value of Gokhale's life. You have all to aim high in order that you may reach a certain degree of eminence. Because you cannot hope to obtain full grasp of your ideals, you must not cease to be susceptible to ideals; the contemplation of these high ideals will put you in the proper frame of mind to put forth the maximum effort of which you are capable; and then, your achievements, although they may still fall short of the ideals, would be vastly greater than those that could have been yours if you had aimed low. There is a remarkable passage in John Stuart Mill, where he says of a young student that nothing prepares him for tackling big problems so much as the attempt to solve a problem somewhat more difficult than he can manage. If the problem is within his reach, well within his reach, then it is

a matter of comparative ease to him. He does not put forth the full powers of his intellect. The task that he undertakes must be a little in excess of his powers in order that his best qualities may be evoked. That is the final observation that I wish to make: that Gokhale never fell below his own standard. He always aimed high, and he was never satisfied until he had done the best, the very best that was open to him.

V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI.

NOTES

THE RIGHT HON. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI (born 1869), statesman, educationist and orator, began life as a teacher and rapidly rose to great eminence. He joined the Servants of India Society founded by Gokhale and won for himself a distinguished place in public life by notable work in many capacities. He represented India at several International Conferences, and was the first Agent to the Indian Government in South Africa. His mastery of the English language is the least among his many rare qualities. When Gokhale passed away there was none better fitted to carry on that statesman's great work than Mr. Sastri, and he was elected President of the Servants of India Society. His intimate knowledge of the life and character of Gokhale, whom he calls his Master, makes him the best biographer of that great Indian. This extract has been adapted from a series of lectures delivered at Mysore by Mr. Sastri on the "Life of Gopal Krishna Gokhale". Mr. Sastri has of late returned to his first love, Education, and is now the Vice-Chancellor of Annamalai University.

Edmund Burke (1729-1797): the great statesman and orator, whose speeches are among the most eloquent in English prose. His speech "On American Taxation" and his "Reflections on the French Revolution" are well known to many students.

Southey's "Life of Nelson": one of the standard biographies in English, published in 1813. Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, gives in it an authoritative account of the great Admiral's life. **man-of-war**: an armed ship.

scruple: hesitation to do a thing which appears morally wrong to one's conscience (hence, the opposite, "unscrupulous").

jurisprudence: the science or philosophy of law.

the Decean Education Society: a body formed in 1884 which started the Fergusson College in Poona in 1885 to provide higher education for the poor.

the College: i.e. the Fergusson College.

Ranade: Justice M. G. Ranade (1842-1901), lawyer and social reformer, was educated in Bombay and joined the Judicial Service, where he distinguished himself, and later was appointed Judge of the High Court.

guide, philosopher and friend: an oft-quoted phrase from Pope's *Essay on Man* (IV, 390).

exemplar: model (to be distinguished from "example").

Sir Pherozeshah Mehta (1845-1915): a great lawyer and legislator, a member of the Bombay Corporation till his death, and one of the founders of the East India Association. Just before his death he was made Vice-Chancellor of Bombay University.

a speech . . . read it: the speech is given in the next lesson.

royalty: sum paid by publishers to author for every copy of his book sold.

The Servants of India Society: founded on June 12, 1905, which to this day has been doing silent and valuable work in India's service.

Patriotism . . . not enough: cf. the words used just before her execution by Nurse Edith Cavell, who was shot as a spy by the Germans in 1915: "I realise that patriotism is not enough."

eschew: (pron. "eschoo") to avoid, abstain from.

prepossessions: preconceived ideas; (also "prepossession and prejudice").

opportunities . . . all: cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, IV, 3: "There is a tide in the affairs of men", etc.

Yoga: a system of meditation and austere ascetic life in Hindu philosophy.

susceptible: sensitive to, affected by.

John Stuart Mill (1806-1873): English economist and philosopher, whose essay on "Liberty" is a classic.

The task . . . powers: it must be a little too difficult for him.

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words so as to bring out their meanings:
indigent, conscientious, nautical, scruple, efficiency,
compendious, unique, exemplar, emulate, imbued, eschew.
2. Make sentences with the following phrases:
to make a fortune, to hail from, to take to one's heart,
in one's keeping, to fall short of.

Exercises.

1. Describe briefly Gokhale's school-days.
2. Write what you gather from the lesson about the persons who influenced Gokhale.
3. What are the ideals of the Servants of India Society? Give the "seven vows".
4. What lessons does Mr. Sastri draw from Gokhale's life?
5. Write an essay on "Patriotism is not enough".

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 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 over-stay 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



' GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE

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 a privilege to work, and whose generosity in overlooking my many faults and magnifying any little services 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 from 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, 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, and we may also occasionally meet within the walls of this College. God bless this College and bless you all!

G. K. GOKHALE.

NOTES

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE (1866-1915) is one of the greatest figures in modern Indian history. From his early youth he cherished the highest ideals of service, selflessness and love of mankind. For twenty years he served the Fergusson College, founded by the Deccan Education Society. Then he entered public life, where he set a high standard of disinterested service. His work in the Imperial Legislative Council was of the highest value and forms part of modern Indian history. By his noble idealism and unquestionable public morality he won the confidence of the people and the Government. His death at the comparatively early age of forty-nine was felt as a national loss.

The speech here given was delivered by Gokhale, on his retirement from the Fergusson College in 1902. Writing about this speech, Mr. Srinivasa Sastri says that it reveals "the spirit that actuated Gokhale throughout his life". (See the previous lesson, Sastri's "Gopal Krishna Gokhale".)

this Society: i.e., The Deccan Education Society, which had founded the Fergusson College.

to put . . . indulgence: to depend so much upon their kindness and forgiving nature.

Mr. R. P. Paranjpye: a great Indian mathematician and a Senior Wrangler. He was Principal of the Fergusson College and later Vice-Chancellor of Lucknow University.

Mr. Rajwade: a great Sanskrit scholar who gave up a good position in the Government Education Department to join the Fergusson College, where he was a most beloved teacher.

commensurate: proportionate.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
 ordeal, onerous, wrench, indulgence, repast, conclusive,
 (distinguish from "conclusion"), fascination, solicitude.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:
 Through good report and through evil report, to break
 down, golden rule, one's all, to tear oneself away.

Exercises.

1. Give in your own words Gokhale's reasons for leaving the College.
2. Bring out the meaning of the simile that he uses to describe his entry into public life.
3. For what reasons does Gokhale consider the Fergusson College unlike any other College in the country.
4. Write an essay on "The Ideals of Education".

AKBAR AND ASOKA

WHAT was Akbar's inheritance? What was the background of his mind?

We have for a moment to forget the European heritage which is in our blood and to which we are so accustomed that we take it for granted: the art, the literature, the philosophy, of Greece, the imperial memory of Rome, Roman law and Roman roads, all the complex tissue of the medieval legacy. In place of them is the Muhammadan culture, not wholly separated from ours, since Islam derives so much from Judaism and Christianity and, through Arab writers, from Greece, but in art and letters looking always to the classics of Iran: Persian architecture, Persian poetry, Persian paintings, behind which, little known in actuality, but having, like Greece in Europe, a vast prestige, is the art of China. This is what Akbar brings with him into India. But Akbar had Turkish, Mongol, and Persian blood in his veins. On his father's side he was seventh in descent from Timur (Tamerlane): through the mother of Babur he was descended from Jinghiz Khan. The tremendous figures of these two world-conquerors dominated the historic scene of Asia. To us their conquests, wider than those of any conquerors before or since, seem almost meaningless: the tale of their fury, the obliterated cities, the smoke and flame, the shrieks and slaughter, is like the phantasmagoria of a frightful dream, followed by the absolute silence of the dead. Viewed from a like distance, would not the transient conquests of Napoleon,

his "sheep-worry of Europe"—it is Robert Bridges' apt and scornful phrase—appear much the same? But Jinghiz and Timur, for all their insane lust of destruction, were no savages (Timur, when he destroyed a city, always spared its artists); they were men of prodigious ability; their armies were controlled by iron discipline; their strategy and way of war continued to be Akbar's models. He could never wholly discard that military tradition, and retained some of its ferocious observances. And yet his conquests were different in kind. Having won Hindustan, he was resolved to become Indian, to belong wholly to that India which drew him on as if by some secret and unconscious affinity.

I do not suppose that Akbar had ever heard of Asoka, the greatest ruler of India in the past. Had he known of his aims and achievements, as they are now known through the labours of European scholars, we can conceive with what extreme interest he would have studied Asoka's career and his methods of administration. For Asoka's empire was even vaster than Akbar's: it embraced almost the whole of India, Nepal, and Kashmir.

Asoka was the grandson of Chandragupta, the Maurya king who had foiled the attempt of Seleucus, the satrap of Babylon, to renew and extend Alexander's temporary hold on Indian territory, and who had established a firm rule over Northern India. It was thus a settled empire to which Asoka succeeded: he had not to fight for security. There were, however, outlying parts to be brought into the empire. And in the thirteenth year from his accession, probably the year 261 B.C., Asoka conquered and annexed the kingdom of Kalinga, on the coast of the Bay of Bengal.

This conquest was the turning-point of his whole life.

Caesar "came, saw, and conquered". Asoka conquered, and then saw. He saw what war and conquest meant. He saw that through him a hundred thousand of his fellow-beings had been killed, fifty thousand more had been taken into captivity, and myriads more had died or suffered violence. He was filled with remorse and sorrow. Thenceforth he began his new life. He resolved to be a conqueror; but the conquest was to be not of arms, but of the Sacred Law. This was a conquest "full of joy", and the emperor desired for all animated beings "security, self-control, peace of mind, and joyousness".

Asoka had adopted the Way of Buddha. Immediately after the Kalinga campaign he became a lay disciple; and not long afterwards he became a Buddhist monk.

The conversion of Asoka was a momentous event in the history of mankind. Buddhism, till then a somewhat obscure sect, was set on its way to become a world-religion. Asoka reigned for about forty years, and never relaxed his missionary ardour. His edicts enjoining the duties of the Law on all his people were engraved on rocks far and wide through his dominions and on stone pillars wherever suitable stone existed. Nor was he content with preaching the Buddhist gospel to his own subjects; he sent missionaries to Syria, to Egypt, to Africa, Macedonia, Epirus.

Though a monk, Asoka led no life of sequestered contemplation. He was supremely active, and insisted on activity in others. "Let small and great exert themselves," he proclaimed. "The welfare of the whole people" was his incessant concern. Not only did he preach the duties of filial piety, of truth-telling,

compassion, almsgiving, the sanctity of all life, and toleration for the genuine beliefs of others, but the practical details of administration occupied his thoughts. By the hot and dusty roads shady trees bearing fruit were to be planted for the comfort of both men and animals; wells were to be dug, rest-houses built, watering-places contrived, medicinal herbs to be grown, and hospitals founded for the sick.

Here was a ruler, unique among the great rulers of mankind, who would assuredly have engaged Akbar's sympathy and admiration, though doubtless he would have found it hard to contemplate the renunciation of war. Most of all would he have been attracted by Asoka's precept of toleration. Not because it was a politic toleration, like the Roman toleration, springing from indifference, but because, like Akbar's own attitude of mind, it sprang from respect for sincere faith, of whatever professed denomination. It is true that he had no such thorny problems to deal with as confronted the great Mogul. The various faiths of India had much in common: there were no such militant claims as those of Islam and Christianity. Moreover, it was in a sense easy for him to renounce war just because his empire was the inheritance of successful war.

Standing in the full daylight of history, Akbar appears to us between two shadowy yet strangely contrasted worlds: between the world of his Central Asian ancestors, a world of torrential human energy, idolising that energy for its own sake, and possessed with the fever of the hunt, whether of beasts or of men—for Akbar's gigantic hunts are like an echo of Tamerlane's campaigns of slaughter—between that world of furious action, passing like a dream, and the world of India, which could revel indeed in luxuries

and cruelties, but which could also produce the exalted spirits of Buddha and Asoka, speaking to us from a far remoter past than those wild conquerors, but with voices that still live and move us. Akbar, too, is possessed with insatiable energy, he seems action incarnate; and yet at the core of his nature is something alien to all that, something that craves for thought and contemplation, that seeks justice and desires gentleness.

LAURENCE BINYON: *Akbar*.

NOTES

LAURENCE BINYON (born 1869) is a well-known art critic, poet and anthologist. Educated at St. Paul's school and Trinity College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate Prize in 1890, Laurence Binyon was until recently Keeper of Oriental prints and drawings in the British Museum. The knowledge acquired there has made him an authority on art, especially Oriental art. His first book, *Lyric Poems*, appeared in 1894, and since his *Collected Poems* were issued in two volumes in 1931, he has published a remarkably fine English version of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. His plays include *Paris and Oenone*, *Sakuntala*, *Arthur*, and *The Young King*. His book on Akbar is a scholarly work and shows an intimate knowledge of Indian history. This extract, which is a chapter from that book, attempts a comparison between the two emperors of India who were great men as well as great rulers.

the art . . . medieval legacy: European culture is to a large extent derived from the early Roman, Greek and mediaeval civilisations. But the culture of Akbar and his times has a different source, viz., Persian civilisation.

Timur or Tamerlane (1335-1405): the great sultan of Samarkand who conquered parts of Turkistan, Siberia, Persia and India. He founded the Mughal dynasty in India.

Jinghiz Khan (also spelt Genghis) (1162-1227): the famous Mongol emperor who conquered the greater part of Asia, his empire finally stretching from the Yellow Sea to the Black Sea.

phantasmagoria: series of shifting illusions as seen in a dream (originally it was the name of an exhibition of optical illusions given in London in 1802).

Napoleon (1769-1821): the great French conqueror. His successes, though short-lived, were amazing achievements.

"sheep-worry of Europe": a contemptuous description of Napoleon's harassing of the European countries. Sheep-worry: the maiming and killing of sheep by dogs, wolves, etc. (Distinguish the different uses of the word "worry".)

Robert Bridges (1844-1930): one of the greatest modern English poets. He was appointed Poet Laureate in 1913.

Asoka: Emperor of India who ruled from 273 to 232 B.C.

Seleucus I: one of the generals of Alexander the Great; founded the Syrian Kingdom and ruled from 312 to 280 B.C. Having established himself in Babylonia, the greater part of Asia Minor and the whole of Syria, he planned the conquest of the East, but Chandragupta prevented his advance.

satrap: a provincial governor. The word is derived from old Persian.

Alexander (356-323 B.C.): the King of Macedon, Alexander the Great, whose triumphal progress through Asia brought him as far as the Indus in 325 B.C.

"came, saw, and conquered": a translation of the three Latin words "Veni, Vidi, Vici" (=I came, I saw, I conquered) in which Caesar is said to have summed up his victory over Pharnaces in Asia Minor in 47 B.C.

the Way of Buddha: the way of life according to the teachings of Buddha.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
heritage, obliterate, affinity, sequestered, edicts, enjoin, politic, insatiable, renunciation.
2. Make sentences with :
far and wide, turning-point, thorny problems, militant claims, daylight of history.

Exercises.

1. Who are the ancestors of Akbar? What do you gather about them from this lesson?
2. What was the extent of Asoka's Empire?
3. "Asoka conquered, and then saw."—Explain.
4. In what respects did Asoka differ from Akbar?
5. Why does the author think that Asoka "would have engaged Akbar's sympathy and admiration"?

THE GLADIATORS

A HUNDRED thousand tongues whispering and murmuring with Italian volubility, send up a busy hum like that of a great beehive into the sunny air. The Flavian Amphitheatre has not yet been constructed; and Rome must crowd and jostle in the great Circus, if she would behold that slaughter of beasts, and those mortal combats of men, in which she now takes far more delight than in the harmless trials of speed and skill for which the circus was first built. That her pleasure-loving citizens are not satisfied even with this roomy edifice is sufficiently clear from the many complaints that accompany the struggling and pushing of those who are anxious to obtain a good place.

To-day's bill of fare is indeed tempting to the unhealthy desires of high and low. Several pairs of gladiators, at least, are to fight to the death, besides those to whom the populace may show mercy, or from whom they may withhold it at will. In addition to all this, it has been whispered that one well-known patrician intends to show his bravery on the deadly stage. Much curiosity is expressed, and many a wager has been already laid, on his name, his skill, the nature of his conflict, and the chances of his success. Though the Circus is large enough to contain the people of a thriving city, no wonder that it is to-day full to the very brim.

As usual in such gatherings, the hours of waiting are lightened by eating and drinking, by jests, practical and otherwise, by remarks, complimentary, sarcastic,

or derisive, on the well-known people who enter at short intervals, and take their places with no small stir and importance.

It wants a few minutes yet of noon. The southern sun, though his heat is modified by canvas awnings stretched over the spectators wherever it is possible to afford them shade, lights and warms up every nook and cranny of the amphitheatre; gleams in the raven hair of the Campanian matron, and the black eyes of the astonished urchin in her arms; flashes off the golden bosses that stud the white garments on the benches of the knights; bleaches the level sweep of sand so soon to bear the prints of mortal struggle, and, flooding the lofty throne where Caesar sits in state, deepens the broad crimson hem that skirts his imperial garment.

And now, with peal of trumpets and clash of cymbals, a burst of wild martial music rises above the hum and murmur of the eager crowd. Under a great archway, supported by marble pillars, wide folding-doors are flung open, and two by two, with stately step and slow, march in the gladiators, armed with the different weapons of their deadly trade. Four hundred men are they, in all the pride of perfect strength and shapeliness and high training and practised skill. With head erect and haughty bearing they defile once round the arena, as though to give the spectators a chance of closely scanning their appearance, and halt with military exactness to range themselves in line under Caesar's throne.

For a moment there is a pause and hush of expectation over the multitude, while the devoted warriors stand motionless as statues in the full glow of noon; then bursting suddenly into action, they shake their

gleaming weapons over their heads, and higher, fuller, fiercer, rises the terrible chant that seems to combine the shout of triumph with the wail of suffering, and to bid a long and hopeless farewell to upper earth, even in the very recklessness and defiance of its despair:

“Hail, Caesar! They who are about to die salute thee!”

Then they wheel out once more, and range themselves on either side of the arena, all but a chosen band who occupy the central place of honour, and of whom every second man at least is doomed to die.

Esca's part is not yet to be performed, and he is still in the background, preparing himself carefully for the struggle.

Again the trumpets sound, and the swordsmen range themselves in opposite bodies, all armed alike with a deep concave buckler, and a short stabbing two-edged blade; but distinguished by the colour of their scarves. Wagers are rapidly made on the green and the red.

The bands advance against each other, three deep, in imitation of the real soldiers of the Empire. At the first crash of onset, when steel begins to clink, as thrust and blow and parry are exchanged by these practised warriors, the approval of the spectators rises to enthusiasm; but men's voices are hushed, and they hold their breath when the strife begins to waver to and fro, and the ranks open out and disengage themselves, and a few are already down, lying motionless where they fell.

The green is giving way, but their third rank has been held back, and its combatants are as yet fresh and untouched; these now advance to fill the gaps made among their comrades, and the fortunes of the day seem equal once more.

It is real, sad earnest, this representation of war, and resembles the battlefield in all save that no prisoners are taken and quarter is but rarely given. Occasionally, indeed, some conquered warrior, of more than common beauty, or who has displayed more than common address and courage, so wins on the favour of the spectators, that they sign for his life to be spared. Hands are turned outwards, with the thumb pointing to the earth, and the victor sheathes his sword, and retires with his worsted foe from the contest; but more generally the fallen man's signal for mercy is neglected; ere the shout "A hit" has died upon his ears, his despairing eye marks the thumbs of his judges, pointing upwards, and he disposes himself to "welcome the steel" with a calm courage, worthy of a better cause.

A shout was ringing through the amphitheatre. It had begun in some far-off corner with a mere whispered muttering, and had been taken up by spectator after spectator, till it swelled into a wild and deafening roar. "A Patrician! A Patrician!" shouted the crowd, thirsting fiercely for fresh excitement.

Julius Placidus stepped gracefully into the centre of the arena, and made his bow to the crowd with his usual easy and somewhat insolent bearing.

The Tribune's appearance was well calculated to excite the admiration of the spectators, no mean judges of the human form, accustomed as they were to scan and criticise it in its highest state of perfection. His graceful figure was naked and unarmed, save for a white linen tunic reaching to the knee, and although he wore rings of gold round his ankles, his feet were bare to ensure the necessary speed and activity demanded by his mode of attack.

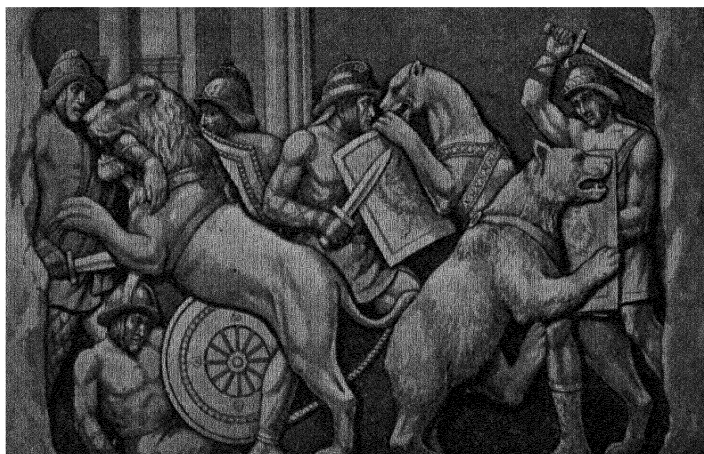
His long, dark locks, carefully curled and perfumed for the occasion, and bound by a single golden fillet, floated carelessly over his neck, while his left shoulder was tastefully draped, as it were, by the folds of the dangling net, sprinkled and weighted by small leaden beads, and so disposed as to be whirled away at once without entanglement or delay upon its deadly errand. His right hand grasped the trident, a three-pronged lance, some seven feet in length, capable of inflicting a fatal wound; and the flourish with which he made it quiver round his head displayed a practised arm and a perfect knowledge of the weapon. To the shouts which greeted him—"Placidus! Placidus! Hail to the Tribune!" "Well done the Patrician Order!" and other such demonstrations of welcome—he replied by bowing repeatedly.

The Tribune now walked proudly round the arena, nodding familiarly to his friends, a proceeding which called forth a great burst of applause. He halted under the chair of Caesar and saluted the Emperor with marked respect; then, taking up a conspicuous position in the centre, and leaning on his trident, seemed to await the arrival of his antagonist.

He was not kept long—turning round he beheld his enemy. The shouts which greeted the new comer were neither so long nor so lasting as those that did honour to the Tribune; nevertheless, if the interest excited by each were to be calculated by depth of feeling rather than amount, the slave's votes would have far exceeded those of his enemy.

Unprejudiced and uninterested spectators, however, had but one opinion as to the chances of the Briton's success. If anything could have added to the enthusiasm called forth by the appearance of Placidus, it was the

patrician's selection of so formidable an antagonist. Esca, making his bow to Caesar, in the pride of his powerful form, and the bloom of his youth and beauty, armed, moreover, with helmet, shield, and sword, which he carried with the ease of one accustomed to their use, appeared as unconquerable a fighter as could have been chosen from the whole Roman empire.



ROMAN GLADIATORS

The opponents took up their ground with exceeding caution. No advantage of sun or wind was allowed to either, and having been placed at a distance of ten yards apart in the middle of the arena, neither moved a limb for several seconds, as they stood intently watching each other, themselves the centre on which all eyes were fixed. It was remarked that while Esca's noble brow bore only a look of calm, stern attention, there was an evil smile of malice stamped, as it were, upon

the Tribune's face—the one seemed an apt picture of Courage and Strength, the other of Hatred and Skill.

With his eye fixed on his foe, Esca was advancing inch by inch, like a tiger about to spring. Covering the lower part of his face and most of his body with his buckler, and holding his short two-edged sword with bended arm and threatening point, he crouched to at least a foot lower than his natural height, and seemed to have every muscle and sinew braced, to dash in like lightning whenever the opportunity offered. A false movement, he well knew, would be fatal, and the difficulty was to come to close quarters, as, directly he was within a certain distance, the deadly cast was sure to be made.

Placidus, on the other hand, stood perfectly motionless. His eye was unusually true, and he could trust his practised arm to whirl the net abroad at the exact moment when its sweep would not fail. So he remained in the same collected attitude, his trident shifted into the left hand, his right foot advanced, his right arm wrapped in the gathered folds of the net which hung across his body, and covered the whole of his side and shoulder. Once he tried a scornful gibe and smile to draw his enemy from his guard, but in vain; and though Esca, in return, made a feint with the same object, the former's attitude remained immovable, and the latter's snakelike advance continued with increasing caution and watchfulness.

An inch beyond the fatal distance, Esca halted once more. For several seconds the combatants thus stood at bay, and the hundred thousand spectators crowded into that great amphitheatre held their breath, and watched them like one man.

At length the Briton made a false attack, prepared to spring back immediately and foil the netsman's throw, but the wily Tribune was not to be deceived, and the only result was that without appearing to shift his ground, he moved an arm's length nearer his opponent. Then the Briton dashed in, and this time in fierce earnest. Foot, hand, and eye, all together, and so rapidly that the Tribune's throw flew harmless over his assailant's head, Placidus only avoiding his deadly thrust by the cat-like activity with which he leaped aside; then, turning round, he scoured across the arena for life, gathering his net for a fresh cast as he flew.

Though apparently flying for his life, Placidus was as cool and brave at that moment as when he entered the arena. Ear and eye were alike on the watch for the slightest false movement on the part of his pursuer; and ere he had half crossed the lists, his net was gathered up and folded with deadly exactness once more.

The Tribune especially prided himself on his speed of foot. It was on this quality that he chiefly depended for safety in a contest which at first sight appeared so unequal. He argued from the great strength of his foe that the latter would not be so remarkably active as himself; but he omitted to calculate the effects of a youth spent in the daily labours of the chase amongst the woods and mountains of Britain. Those following feet had many a time run down the wild goat over its native rocks.

Faster and faster fly the combatants, to the intense delight of the crowd, who specially affect this kind of combat for the pastime it thus affords. Speedy as is the Tribune, his foe draws nearer and nearer, and now

he is within a stride of his enemy. His arm is up to strike! when the sword flies aimlessly from his grasp as he falls forward on his face, and the speed of his running rolls him over in the sand.

There is no chance for him now. He is scarcely down ere the net whirls round him, and he is fatally and helplessly entangled in its folds.

Placidus, striding over his fallen enemy with his trident raised, observed the cause of his downfall and inwardly rejoiced at the lucky chance which had alone prevented their positions being reversed. The blood was streaming from a wound in Esca's foot. When the dead body of a gladiator had been removed, his sword, which was buried under him in the sand, escaped observation, and the Briton, treading in hot haste on the very spot where it lay concealed, had not only been severely wounded, but tripped up and brought to the ground by the snare.

As Placidus stood erect, prepared to deal a blow which should close all accounts, he looked up for the fatal sign. Licinius, with a numerous party of friends, made a strong demonstration in favour of mercy. The speed of foot, too, displayed by the conquered, and the clear cause of his defeat, acted favourably on the majority of spectators. Such an array of hands turned outwards and pointing to the earth met the Tribune's eye, that he could not but forbear his cruel purpose, so he gave his weapon to one of the attendants who had now entered the arena, took his cloak from the hands of another, and, with a graceful bow to the spectators, turned scornfully away from his fallen foe.

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE: *The Gladiators*.

THE GLADIATOR

I SEE before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The Arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

LORD BYRON: *Childe Harold*.

NOTES

G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE (1821-1878), soldier, sportsman and writer, fought in the Crimean War. He died from an accident in the hunting-field. He wrote many novels, among which are *Digby Grand*, *Roy's Wife*, *Satanella*, etc. *The Gladiators* appeared in 1863.

The story of *The Gladiators* centres round a handsome, strong and valiant Briton, Esca, who has been sold as a slave to the kind-hearted Roman nobleman, Lucius Licinius. Placidus, a proud and evil-minded Tribune of Rome, offers to fight with Esca, and Licinius accepts the challenge. If Esca wins he is to regain his liberty. The weapons that Placidus uses are his

dreaded net with which he has trapped many a foe, and the pointed trident, Esca is allowed a helmet, short sword and a shield. Before the fight between these two, a general combat between gladiators is described.

At the end of this extract we have given two stanzas from Byron's *Childe Harold*, IV, 140-141, which describe a vanquished gladiator lying mortally wounded.

Italian volubility: The Italians, like the French, are supposed to be a talkative people. Volubility: talkativeness.

Flavian Amphitheatre: otherwise known as the Colosseum, in Rome. It was a huge arena, the ruins of which are to be seen to-day. It was built by Vespasian, one of the Flavian Emperors.

Flavian: the Flavians were a dynasty of Roman Emperors who reigned in the first century A.D.

the great Circus: called Circus Maximus, a large arena which was the centre of sports and amusements in early Rome. It was built in 329 B.C.

bill of fare: programme of events (literally, list of dishes to be served at a meal).

gladiators: professional fighters of Roman times.

patrician: a member of the noble order in Rome (cf. plebeian = a commoner).

awnings: roofs of canvas.

Campanian: people of Campania, a district in South-West Italy where wealthy Romans lived. It included Naples and Pompeii.

bosses: metal studs, usually on shields.

defile: to march in file. (Distinguish from defile: to make dirty.)

devoted: doomed (as in phrases like "devoted head").

Esca: a Briton sold as a slave to a Roman nobleman. (See introductory note.)

the green and the red: the rival combatants were distinguished by different colours. In chariot-races also the competitors wore distinctive colours.

parry: a quick movement to avert the opponent's blow.

quarter . . . given: "to give quarter" means to spare an enemy's life if he surrenders.

worsted: defeated. (Distinguish from "worsted" (pron. woosted), meaning "spun wool".)

tunic: a shirt with short sleeves, worn by the Greeks and the Romans.

fillet: ribbon tied round the head to bind the hair.

Briton: distinguish between Briton (inhabitant of Britain) and Britain (the country).

feint: a sham blow or attack intended to divert the attention of the opponent.

stood at bay: stood prepared to defend themselves (a hunting term).

foil: to avoid; frustrate. (Distinguish from foil (n.): a contrast; also a blunt-edged sword used in fencing.)

scoured: ran hastily. (Distinguish from scour: to rub, polish.)

lists: the ring or arena in which combats take place.

the chase: hunting for sport.

run down: pursued and overtaken (also used about a clock "running down"; or one's being "run down" in health).

affect: enjoy; take to.

Dacian: belonging to Dacia, the ancient name of a country north of the Danube. The Dacians frequently harassed the Romans, and many were taken prisoner.

Goths: the Germanic tribes who invaded Italy and Western Europe from the third to the fifth centuries. Byron considers this invasion a revenge for the cruel sports of the Romans.

glut your ire: i.e., give vent to your anger to the utmost; glut=to feed one's fill; here "to satisfy one's anger" (ire).

Words and Phrases.

1. Explain the following words:

cranny, sarcastic, complimentary (also complementary), defile (different senses), arena, wail, onset, address (different senses), worsted, feint, braced, scour.

2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own, so as to bring out their meanings:

bill of fare, to give quarter, to give away, to trip up, to run down, off one's guard.

Exercises.

1. Describe the scene before the fight between the gladiators takes place.
2. Attempt an account of any modern sport which has some resemblance to gladiatorial fights.
3. Give in your own words an account of the fight between Esca and Placidus.
4. Give the substance of the stanzas on the gladiator by Byron.

ANIMALS IN PRISON

FOR fourteen and a half months I lived in my little cell or room in the Dehra Dun Gaol, and I began to feel as if I was almost a part of it. I was familiar with every bit of it; I knew every mark and dent on the whitewashed walls and on the uneven floor and the ceiling with its moth-eaten rafters. In the little yard outside I greeted little tufts of grass and odd bits of stone as old friends. I was not alone in my cell, for several colonies of wasps and hornets lived there, and many lizards found a home behind the rafters, emerging in the evenings in search of prey. If thoughts and emotions leave their traces behind in the physical surroundings, the very air of that cell must be thick with them, and they must cling to every object in that little space.

I had had better cells in other prisons, but in Dehra Dun I had one privilege which was very precious to me. The gaol proper was a very small one, and we were kept in an old lock-up outside the gaol walls, but within the gaol compound. This place was so small that there was no room to walk about in it, and we were allowed, morning and evening, to go out and walk up and down in front of the gate, a distance of about a hundred yards. We remained in the gaol compound, but this coming outside the walls gave us a view of the mountains and the fields and a public road at some distance. This was not a special privilege for me; it was common for all the A and B Class prisoners kept at Dehra Dun.

Only a prisoner who has been confined for long behind high walls can appreciate the extraordinary psychological value of these outside walks and open views. I loved these outings, and I did not give them up even during the monsoon, when the rain came down for days in torrents and I had to walk in ankle-deep of water. I would have welcomed the outing in any place, but the sight of the towering Himalayas near by was an added joy which went a long way to removing the weariness of prison. It was my good fortune that during the long period when I had no interviews, and when for many months I was quite alone, I could gaze at these mountains that I loved. I could not see the mountains from my cell, but my mind was full of them, and I was ever conscious of their nearness, and a secret intimacy seemed to grow between us.

“Flocks of birds have flown high and away;
A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.
And I sit alone with Ching-ting Peak, towering
beyond;
We never grow tired of each other, the mountain
and I.”

I am afraid I cannot say with the poet, Li T'ai Po, that I never grew weary, even of the mountain; but that was a rare experience, and, as a rule, I found great comfort in its proximity. Its solidity and imperturbability looked down upon me with the wisdom of a million years, and mocked at my varying humours and soothed my fevered mind.

Spring was very pleasant in Dehra, and it was a far longer one than in the plains below. The winter had denuded almost all the trees of their leaves, and they stood naked and bare. Even four magnificent

peepal trees, which stood in front of the gaol gate, much to my surprise, dropped nearly all their leaves. Gaunt and cheerless they stood there, till the spring air warmed them up again and sent a message of life to their innermost cells. Suddenly there was a stir both in the peepal and the other trees, and an air of mystery surrounded them as of secret operations going on behind the scenes; and I would be startled to find little bits of green peeping out all over them. It was a gay and cheering sight. And then, very rapidly, the leaves would come out in their millions and glisten in the sunlight and play about in the breeze. How wonderful is the sudden change from bud to leaf!

I had never noticed before that fresh mango leaves are reddish-brown, russet-coloured, remarkably like the autumn tints on the Kashmir hills. But they change colour soon and become green.

The monsoon rains were always welcome, for they ended the summer heat. But one could have too much of a good thing, and Dehra Dun is one of the favoured haunts of the rain god. Within the first five or six weeks of the break of the monsoon we would have about fifty or sixty inches of rain, and it was not pleasant to sit cooped up in a little narrow place trying to avoid the water dripping from the ceiling or rushing in from the windows.

Autumn again was pleasant, and so was the winter, except when it rained. With thunder and rain and piercing cold winds, one longed for a decent habitation and a little warmth and comfort. Occasionally there would be a hailstorm, with hailstones bigger than marbles coming down on the corrugated iron roofs and making a tremendous noise, something like an artillery bombardment.

I remember one day particularly; it was the 24th of December, 1932. There was a thunderstorm and rain all day, and it was bitterly cold. Altogether it was one of the most miserable days, from the bodily point of view, that I have spent in gaol. In the evening it cleared up suddenly, and all my misery departed when I saw all the neighbouring mountains and hills covered with a thick mantle of snow. The next day—Christmas Day—was lovely and clear, and there was a beautiful view of snow-covered mountains.

Prevented from indulging in normal activities we became more observant of nature's ways. We watched also the various animals and insects that came our way. As I grew more observant I noticed all manner of insects living in my cell or in the little yard outside. I realised that while I complained of loneliness, that yard, which seemed empty and deserted, was teeming with life. All these creeping or crawling or flying insects lived their life without interfering with me in any way, and I saw no reason why I should interfere with them. But there was continuous war between me and bed-bugs, mosquitoes, and, to some extent, flies. Wasps and hornets I tolerated, and there were hundreds of them in my cell. There had been a little tiff between us when, inadvertently I think, a wasp had stung me. In my anger I tried to exterminate the lot, but they put up a brave fight in defence of their temporary home, which probably contained their eggs, and I desisted and decided to leave them in peace if they did not interfere with me any more. For over a year after that I lived in that cell surrounded by these wasps and hornets, and they never attacked me, and we respected each other.

Bats I did not like, but I had to endure them. They flew soundlessly in the evening dusk, and one could

just see them against the darkening sky. Eerie things; I had a horror of them. They seemed to pass within an inch of one's face, and I was always afraid that they might hit me. Higher up in the air passed the big bats, the flying-foxes.

I used to watch the ants and the white ants and other insects by the hour. And the lizards as they crept about in the evenings and stalked their prey and chased each other, wagging their tails in a most comic fashion. Ordinarily they avoided wasps, but twice I saw them stalk them with enormous care and seize them from the front. I do not know if this avoidance of the sting was intentional or accidental.

Then there were squirrels, crowds of them if trees were about. They would become very venturesome and come right near us. In Lucknow Gaol I used to sit reading almost without moving for considerable periods, and a squirrel would climb up my leg and sit on my knee and have a look round. And then it would look into my eyes and realise that I was not a tree or whatever it had taken me for. Fear would disable it for a moment, and then it would scamper away. Little baby squirrels would sometimes fall down from the trees. The mother would come after them, roll them up into a little ball, and carry them off to safety. Occasionally the baby got lost. One of my companions picked up three of these lost baby squirrels and looked after them. They were so tiny that it was a problem how to feed them. The problem was, however, solved rather ingeniously. A fountain-pen filler, with a little cotton wool attached to it, made an efficient bottle.

Pigeons abounded in all the gaols I went to, except in the mountain prison of Almora. There were thousands of them, and in the evenings the sky would be

thick with them. Sometimes the gaol official would shoot them down and feed on them. There were mainas of course; they are to be found everywhere. A pair of them nested over my cell door in Dehra Dun, and I used to feed them. They grew quite tame, and if there was any delay in their morning or evening meal they would sit quite near me and loudly demand their food. It was amusing to watch their signs and listen to their impatient cries.

Dehra Dun had a variety of birds, and there was a regular jumble of singing and lively chattering and twittering, and high above it all came the koel's plaintive call. During the monsoon and just before it the Brain-Fever bird visited us, and I realised soon why it was so named. It was amazing the persistence with which it went on repeating the same notes, in daytime and at night, in sunshine and in pouring rain. We could not see most of these birds, we could only hear them as a rule, as there were no trees in our little yard. But I used to watch the eagles and the kites gliding gracefully high up, in the air, sometimes swooping down and then allowing themselves to be carried up by a current of air. Often a horde of wild duck would fly over our heads.

There was a large colony of monkeys in Bareilly Gaol and their antics were always worth watching. One incident impressed me. A baby monkey managed to come down into our barrack enclosure and he could not mount up the wall again. The warders and some convict overseers and other prisoners caught hold of him and tied a bit of string round his neck. The parents (presumably) of the little one saw all this from the top of the high wall, and their anger grew. Suddenly one of them, a huge monkey, jumped down and charged almost right into the crowd which surrounded the baby

monkey. It was an extraordinarily brave thing to do, for the warders and C.O.'s had sticks and *lathis* and they were brandishing them about, and there was quite a crowd of them. Reckless courage triumphed, and the crowd of humans fled, terrified, leaving their sticks behind them! The little monkey was rescued.

We had often animal visitors that were not welcome. Scorpions were frequently found in our cells, especially after a thunderstorm. It was surprising that I was never stung by one, for I would come across them in the most unlikely places—on my bed, or sitting on a book which I had just lifted up. I kept a particularly black and poisonous-looking brute in a bottle for some time, feeding him with flies, etc., and then when I tied him up on a wall with a string he managed to escape. I had no desire to meet him loose again, so I cleaned my cell out and hunted for him everywhere, but he had vanished.

Three or four snakes were also found in my cells or near them. News of one of them got out, and there were headlines in the Press. As a matter of fact I welcomed the diversion. Prison life is dull enough, and everything that breaks through the monotony is appreciated. Not that I appreciate or welcome snakes, but they do not fill me with terror as they do some people. I am afraid of their bite, of course, and would protect myself if I saw a snake. But there would be no feeling of repulsion or overwhelming fright. Centipedes horrify me much more; it is not so much fear as instinctive repulsion. In Alipore Gaol, in Calcutta, I woke in the middle of the night and felt something crawling over my foot. I pressed a torch I had and I saw a centipede on the bed. Instinctively and with amazing rapidity I vaulted clear out of that bed and

nearly hit the cell wall. I realised fully then what Pavlov's reflexes were.

In Dehra Dun I saw a new animal, or rather an animal which was new to me. I was standing at the gaol gate talking to the gaoler when we noticed a man outside carrying a strange animal. The gaoler sent for him, and I saw something between a lizard and a crocodile, about two feet long, with claws and a scaly covering. This uncouth animal, which was very much alive, had been twisted round in a most peculiar way forming a kind of knot, and its owner had passed a pole through this knot and was merrily carrying it in this fashion. He called it a "Bo". When asked by the gaoler what he proposed to do with it, he replied with a broad smile that he would make *bhujji*—a kind of curry—out of it. He was a forest-dweller. Subsequently I discovered from reading F. W. Champion's book—*The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow*—that this animal was the Pangolin.

Prisoners, especially long-term convicts, have to suffer most from emotional starvation. Often they seek some emotional satisfaction by keeping animal pets. The ordinary prisoner cannot keep them, but the convict overseers have a little more freedom and the gaol staff usually does not object. The commonest pets were squirrels and, strangely, mongooses. Dogs are not allowed in gaols, but cats seem to be encouraged. A little kitten made friends with me once. It belonged to a gaol official, and when he was transferred he took it away with him. I missed it. Although dogs are not allowed, I got tied up with some dogs accidentally in Dehra Dun. A gaol official had brought a bitch, and then he was transferred, and he deserted her. The poor thing became a homeless wanderer,

living under culverts, picking up scraps from the warders, usually starving. As I was being kept in the lock-up outside the gaol proper, she used to come to me begging for food. I began to feed her regularly, and she gave birth to a litter of pups under a culvert. Many of these were taken away, but three remained and I fed them. One of the puppies fell ill with a violent distemper, and gave me a great deal of trouble. I nursed her with care, and sometimes I would get up a dozen times in the course of the night to look after her. She survived, and I was happy that my nursing had pulled her round.

I came in contact with animals far more in prison than I had done outside. I had always been fond of dogs, and had kept some, but I could never look after them properly as other matters claimed my attention. In prison I was grateful for their company.

Different countries have adopted different animals as symbols of their ambition or character—the eagle of the United States of America and of Germany, the lion and bulldog of England, the fighting-cock of France, the bear of old Russia.. How far do these patron animals mould national character? Most of them are aggressive, fighting animals, beasts of prey. It is not surprising that the people who grow up with these examples before them should mould themselves consciously after them and strike up aggressive attitudes, and roar and prey on others.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU: *Autobiography*.

NOTES

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU (born 1889), educated at Harrow and Cambridge, imbibed the best in English life and culture and brought to Indian political life a refined, idealistic and intrepid

mind. During the last twenty years he has played an increasingly prominent part in the public life of this country. His *Autobiography* (1936) is a unique and invaluable document which gives us the story of a heroic character which faced trial and suffering in a spirit of selfless idealism. The narrative is told all through in an engaging, sensitive prose style which is as good as any written in modern times. Besides the more serious parts the book has many pleasant passages of light-hearted description of which this is a good example. It tells us of his interesting companions in prison, such as squirrels and cats, whose society brought some joy to the author in his otherwise dreary life in the prison at Dehra Dun.

A and B class prisoners: Political prisoners in India were divided into three classes according to the positions they held in ordinary life. The first two, A and B, were allowed some special privileges.

Li T'ai Po: a Chinese poet from whom these lines are quoted.
humours: moods.

eerie: strange; causing a superstitious sense of fear.

Almora: a hill station in the United Provinces.

Ivan Pavlov: a famous Russian scientist who experimented widely on reflexes or quick, involuntary movements of the limbs.

uncouth: strange, clumsy.

F. W. Champion: an officer in the Forest Department of the Government of India who has written several books on forest life.

litter: the young of animals.

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words in sentences of your own:
dent, denuded, gaunt, mantle, proximity, humour (different senses), tiff, eerie, brandishing, uncouth.
2. Make sentences with:
to be conscious of, too much of a good thing, to scamper away, as a rule, to pull one round, to strike up, to prey on.

Exercises.

1. Give an account of the amusements that the author found in the prison.
2. What creatures are described in this chapter? Write a short essay on any two of the animals mentioned.
3. Give in your own words the incident of the baby monkey.

A DESERT JOURNEY

IN a couple of days I was ready to start. The way of providing for the passage of the Desert is this: there is an agent in the town who keeps himself in communication with some of the desert Arabs that are hovering within a day's journey of the place; a party of these, upon being guaranteed against seizure or other ill-treatment at the hands of the Governor, come into the town, bringing with them the number of camels which you require, and then they stipulate for a certain sum to take you to the place of your destination in a given time. The agreement thus made by them includes a safe conduct through their country, as well as the hire of the camels. According to the contract made with me, I was to reach Cairo within ten days from the commencement of the journey. I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from the convent of Jerusalem, and a couple of bottles of wine from the same source, two goat-skins filled with water, tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the world) a jar of Irish butter. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the Desert through which we were to pass is void of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation; but when she begins to suspect that her

master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns round her supple neck, and looks sadly upon the increasing load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity and soon to love her for the sake of her gentle and womanish ways.

You cannot, of course, put an English or any other riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet, or whatever you carry for the purpose of lying on at night, is folded and fastened on to the pack-saddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you ride, or rather sit. You sit as a man sits on a chair when he sits astride. I made an improvement on this plan: I had my English stirrups strapped on to the crossbars of the pack-saddle; and thus, by gaining rest for my dangling legs, and gaining, too, the power of varying my position more easily than I could otherwise have done, I added very much to my comfort.

The manner of my daily march was this—At about an hour before dawn I rose, and made the most of about a pint of water I allowed myself for washing. Then I breakfasted¹ upon tea and bread. As soon as the beasts were loaded, I mounted my camel and pressed forward. About midday, or soon after, Mysseri used to bring up his camel alongside of mine and supply me with a piece of the dried bread softened in water, and also (as long as it lasted) with a piece of the tongue. After this there came into my hand (how well I remember it!) the little tin cup half filled with wine and water.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as

¹ Pron. "brekfusted".

your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky.

You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you: then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond: but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses: the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his side once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on; comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

Then begins your season of rest. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent; there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound. The beast instantly understood and obeyed the sign, and slowly sank under me, till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted. The rest of the camels were unloaded and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the Desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food that was allowed them out of our stores.

My servants, helped by the Arabs, busied themselves in pitching the tent and kindling the fire. Whilst this was doing I used to walk away towards the East, confiding in the print of my foot as a guide for my return. Apart from the cheering voices of my attendants, I could better know and feel the loneliness of the Desert. The influence of such scenes, however, was not of a softening kind, but filled me rather with a sort of childish exultation in the self-sufficiency which enabled me to stand thus alone in the wideness of Asia—a short-lived pride, for wherever man wanders he still remains tethered by the chain that links him to his kind; and so when the night closed round me I began to return—to return as it were to my own gate. Reaching at last some high ground, I could see, and see with delight, the fire of our small encampment, and when at last I regained the spot, it seemed a very home that had sprung up for me in the midst of these solitudes. My Arabs were busy with their

bread—Mysseri rattling teacups; the little kettle with her odd old-maidish looks sat humming away old songs about England, and two or three yards from the fire my tent stood prim and tight, with open portal and with welcoming look—a look like “the own arm-chair” of our lyrist’s “sweet Lady Anne”.

Sometimes in the earlier part of my journey the night-breeze blew coldly; when that happened the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the Wind, that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains, was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories—all crowded into the space of a hearthrug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted a light. They brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent Desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this Desert of Asia from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king—like four kings—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my

people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away, and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand; and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last, but when all else was ready for the start then came its fall; the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off, and instant upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner, who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in.

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the Desert, for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck on the horizon. My party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises. Soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and two of them carried riders. In a little while we saw that one of the riders wore European dress, and at last the travellers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant. By their side there were a couple of Arabs on foot, and this, if I rightly remember, was the whole party.

When you have travelled for days and days over an Eastern Desert without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket, and a single servant come listlessly slouching along from out of the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the Desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England, and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points.

As we approached each other it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me, and in the event of his doing so I was quite ready to be as sociable and chatty as I could be according to my nature; but still I could not think of anything particular that I had to say to him. Of course, among civilised people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking; but I was shy and indolent, and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveller perhaps felt as I did, for, except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other quite as distantly as if we had passed in Pall Mall.

Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their

respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her she caught the social feeling, and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the Desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When, with this intent, I turned round my camel I found that the gallant officer had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, and was exactly in the same predicament as myself.

I put my now willing camel in motion, and rode up towards the stranger. Seeing this, he followed my example, and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak. Too courteous to address me as if he admitted the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information, and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I dare say you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo?" and then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent—a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water stretching far and fair towards the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off

towards the shallow side. On its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float as though upon deep still waters.

Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming lake that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water, heavily impregnated with salts, had gathered together in a vast hollow between the sandhills, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit; this exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and so traced out a good shore-line. The minute crystals of the salt, by their way of sparkling in the sun, were made to seem like the dazzled face of a lake that is calm and smooth.

The pace of the camel is irksome, and makes your shoulders and loins ache, from the peculiar way in which you are obliged to suit yourself to the movements of the beast; but one soon, of course, becomes inured to the work, and after my first two days this way of travelling became so familiar to me that (poor sleeper as I am) I now and then slumbered for some moments together on the back of my camel.

On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever, on me, he shone before, and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep—for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after a while I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the

innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills!

My first idea naturally was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and plunged my bare face into the light. Then at least I was well enough awakened: but still those old Marlen bells rang on, not ringing for joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing, "for church". After a while the sound died away slowly.

It happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to me that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attributed the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England it has been told me that like sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, becalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

During my travels I kept a journal—a journal sadly meagre and intermittent, but one which enabled me to find out the day of the month and the week, according to the European calendar. Referring to this, I found that the day was Sunday, and roughly allowing for the difference of longitude, I concluded that at the moment of my hearing that strange peal the church-going bells of Marlen must have been actually

calling the prim congregation of the parish to morning prayer. The coincidence amused me faintly, but I could not allow myself a hope that the effect I had experienced was anything other than an illusion—an illusion liable to be explained (as every illusion is in these days) by some of the philosophers who guess at Nature's riddles. It would have been sweeter to believe that my kneeling mother, by some pious enchantment, had asked and found this spell to rouse me from my scandalous forgetfulness of God's holy day; but my fancy was too weak to carry a faith like that. Indeed, the vale through which the bells of Marlen send their song is a highly respectable vale, and its people (save one, two, or three) are wholly unaddicted to the practice of magical arts.

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer travelled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level—a dead level bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small, shining pebbles.

The heat grew fierce; there was no valley, no hollow, no hill, no mound, no shadow of hill nor of mound by which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change—I was still the very centre of a round horizon. Hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same—the same circle of flaming sky—the same circle of sand still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the Sun. "He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race; his going forth was from the end of the heaven, and his circuit¹ unto the ends of it; and there was nothing hid from the heat thereof."

¹ Pron. "serkit" (but adj. "serkewitus").

From pole to pole, and from the East to the West, he brandished his fiery sceptre as though he had usurped all Heaven and Earth. As he bid the soft Persian in ancient times, so now, and fiercely too, he bid me bow down and worship him; so now in his pride he seemed to command me, and say, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me". I was all alone before him. There were these two pitted together, and face to face—the mighty Sun for one, and for the other—this poor, pale, solitary Self of mine that I always carry about with me.

But on the eighth day, there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as though it were sown with diamonds. There, then, before me were the gardens and the minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile, and I (the eternal Ego that I am!)—I had lived to see, and I saw them.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the Desert, and my tent was pitched as usual; but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly towards the West without telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned. He had toiled on a graceful service; he had travelled all the way on to the border of the living world, and brought me back for a token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

The next day I entered upon Egypt, and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green wavy fields of rice and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cold verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as though in a bed of deep waters.

A. W. KINGLAKE: *Eothen*.

NOTES

A. W. KINGLAKE (1809-1891), traveller and historian, wrote his *Eothen* (a Greek word, meaning "out of", or "from the East") in 1844, and described in it his experiences in the Near East. He also wrote a history of the Crimean War in eight volumes, the last of which was published in 1887.

The passage selected describes the author's journey from Gaza, in Palestine, to Cairo, in Egypt. The journey lay through part of the Arabian desert. This description, written in an easy yet rich and poetic style, tells us some of the perils and attractions of travelling across deserts.

hovering: (pron. "hovering") loitering about, waiting. A bird is said to hover when it pauses on outstretched wings.

safe conduct: guarantee of protection against harm when travelling through their country.

pack-saddle: saddle used for supporting packs carried on the backs of animals.

Mysseri: his trusted servant.

samely: monotonous; same in appearance.

strike your tent: i.e., to remove the tent, ready to depart. (The opposite is "pitch your tent".)

near side: left side (off side: right side).

loose: distinguish carefully "loose" (pron. "loos") and "lose" (pron. "looz") in spelling and pronunciation.

whilst this was doing: idiomatic for "while this was being done".

confiding: trusting.

"sweet Lady Anne": from one of the songs written by B. W. Procter (1787-1874) who wrote under the pen-name "Barry Cornwall", and who was a friend of Lamb, Hazlitt and Dickens.

listed: an archaic word meaning "wished" or "chose" (cf. in the New Testament, John iii. 8: "the wind bloweth where it listeth").

oratories: small chapels for private prayer in Roman Catholic churches.

loath (or loth): adj. unwilling. (Distinguish this from loathe = to detest.)

the Genius of the Desert: used metaphorically, the spirit who rules over the desert.

accost: approach and address; to open conversation.

Pall Mall: a street in the West End of London, the centre of fashionable club life.

the cheat: the illusion called a mirage.

the phantasm: illusion (see "cheat" above).

bells of Marlen: the peal of the church of St. Mary Magdalen in Taunton, the author's native town.

Blaydon hills: commonly called Blagdon hills in Somerset. (The hills are very near Taunton.)

becalmed: deprived of, or sheltered from wind (used, in this sense, about ships, etc.).

illusion: fancy, deception (of the mind). (Distinguish from "allusion".)

Ego: Latin for I.

ear: head of corn, containing the grains.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:

hover, stipulate, shrouded, browse, despondingly, shiver, surmise (n. & vb.), listless, accost, impregnate, meagre, intermittent, scandalous, balk (pron. "bawk").

2. Make sentences with the following phrases:

safe conduct, to make for, to strike tent, to pitch tent, near side, to hem in, to stalk away.

Exercises.

1. Write short paragraphs on the following:

- (a) a camp in the sands,
- (b) a desert sunset,
- (c) the loading of a camel.

2. Imagine that Kinglake, on his return home, tells his mother of the illusions he experienced in the desert. Give an account of them as he would narrate them.
3. Bring out the humour in Kinglake's account of his meeting with an Englishman in the desert.
4. Attempt the autobiography of a camel.

ON BOSWELL AND HIS MIRACLE

As I passed along Great Queen Street the other evening I saw that Boswell's house, so long threatened, is at last falling a victim to the house-breaker. The fact is one of the by-products of the war. While the Huns are abroad in Belgium the vandals are busy at home. You may see them at work on every hand. The few precious remains we have of the past are vanishing like snows before the south wind.

In the Strand there is a great heap of rubbish where, when the war began, stood two fine old houses of Charles II's London. Their disappearance would, in normal times, have set all the Press in revolt. But they have gone without a murmur, so preoccupied are we with more urgent matters. And so with the Elizabethan houses in Cloth Fair. They have been demolished without a word of protest. And what devastation is afoot in Lincoln's Inn among those fine, reposeful dwellings, hardly one of which is without some historic or literary interest!

In the midst of all this vandalism it was too much perhaps to hope that Boswell's house would escape. Boszzy was not an Englishman; his residence in London was casual, and, what is more to the point, he has only a reflected greatness. Macaulay's judgment of him is now felt to be too harsh, but even his warmest advocate must admit that his picture of himself is not engaging. He was gross in his habits, full of little malevolences (observe the spitefulness of his references to Goldsmith), and his worship of Johnson was abject to the point of nausea.

He made himself a sort of doormat for his hero, and treasured the dirt that came from the great man's heavy boots. No insult levelled at him was too outrageous to be recorded with pride. "You were drunk last night, you dog," says Johnson to him one morning during the tour in the Hebrides, and down goes the remark as if he had received the most gracious of good mornings. "Have you no better manners?" says Johnson on another occasion. "There is your want." And Boswell goes home and writes down the snub together with his apologies. And so when he has been expressing his emotions on hearing music. "Sir," said Johnson, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool."

Once indeed he rebelled. It was when they were dining with a company at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Johnson attacked him, he says, with such rudeness that he kept away from him for a week. His story of the reconciliation is one of the most delightful things in that astonishing book.

"After dinner, when Mr. Langton was called out of the room and we were by ourselves, he drew his chair near to mine, and said, in a tone of conciliating courtesy: 'Well, how have you done?' Boswell: 'Sir, you have made me very uneasy by your behaviour to me when we were last at Sir Joshua Reynolds's. You know, my dear sir, no man has a greater respect or affection for you, or would sooner go to the end of the world to serve you. Now to treat me so——' He insisted that I had interrupted him, which I assured him was not the case; and proceeded, 'But why treat me so before people who neither love you nor me?' Johnson: 'Well, I am sorry for it: I'll make it up to you twenty different ways, as you please.'

Boswell: 'I said to-day to Sir Joshua when he observed that you tossed me sometimes, I don't care how often or how high he tosses me when only friends are present, for then I fall upon soft ground; but I do not like falling upon stones, which is the case when enemies are present. I think this is a pretty good image, sir.' Johnson: 'Sir, it is one of the happiest I have ever heard.'"

Is there anything more delicious outside Falstaff and Bardolph, or Don Quixote and Sancho Panza? Indeed, Bardolph's immortal "Would I were with him wheresoe'er he be, whether in heaven or in hell", is in the very spirit of Boswell's devotion to his hero.

It was his failings as much as his talents that enabled him to work the miracle. His lack of self-respect and humour, his childish egotism, his love of gossip, his naïve bathos, and his vulgarities contributed as much to the making of his immortal book as his industry, his wonderful verbal memory, and his doglike fidelity. I have said that this greatness is only reflected. But that is hardly just. It might even be more true to say that Johnson owes his immortality to Boswell. What of him would remain to-day but for the man who took his scourgings so humbly and repaid them by licking the boot that kicked him? Who now reads *London*, or *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, or *The Rambler*? I once read *Rasselas*, and found it pompous and dull. And I have read *The Lives of the Poets*, and though they are not pompous and dull, they are often singularly poor criticism, and the essay on Milton is, in some respects, as mean a piece of work as ever came out of Grub Street.

But "*The Life*" ! What in all the world of books is there like it? I have been reading it off and on for

more than thirty years, and still find it inexhaustible. It ripens with the years. It is so intimate that it seems to be a record of my own experiences. I have dined so often with Johnson at the Mitre and Sir Joshua's and Langton's and the rest that I know him far better than the shadows I meet in daily life. I seem to have been present when he was talking to the King, and when Goldsmith sulked because he had not shared the honour; when he met Wilkes, and when he insulted Sir Joshua and for once got silenced; when he "downed" Robertson, and when, for want of a lodging, he and Savage walked all night round St. James's Square, full of high spirits and patriotism, inveighing against the Minister and resolving that "they would stand by their country".

And at the end of it all I feel very much like Mr. Birrell, who, when asked what he would do when the Government went out of office, replied, "I shall retire to the country, and really read Boswell". Not "finish Boswell" you observe. No one could ever finish Boswell. No one would ever want to finish Boswell. Like a sensible man he will just go on reading him and reading him, and reading him until the light fails and there is no more reading to be done.

What an achievement for this uncouth Scotch lawyer to have accomplished! He knew he had done a great thing; but even he did not know how great a thing. Had he known he might have answered as proudly as Dryden answered when some one said to him that his "Ode to St. Cecilia" was the finest that had ever been written. "Or ever will be," said the poet. Dryden's ode has been eclipsed more than once since it was written; but Boswell's book has never been approached. It is not only the best thing of its

sort in literature: there is nothing with which one can compare it.

Boswell's house is falling to dust. No matter! His memorial will last as long as the English speech is spoken and as long as men love the immortal things of which it is the vehicle.

A. G. GARDINER: *Pebbles on the Shore*.

NOTES

A. G. GARDINER: see notes on "The Unknown Warrior".

James Boswell (1740-1795): a Scottish lawyer, came to England in 1763 and was introduced to Dr. Johnson. Thus was formed one of the most memorable friendships in English literature. Johnson was Boswell's hero. He followed him everywhere, studied his habits, took down his words and recorded them faithfully in his famous *Life of Samuel Johnson*, a work unique in biography. Without Boswell, Johnson would probably have been a less famous figure in literature than he is. The great Dr. Johnson is remembered by many readers, not so much as the author of *Rasselas*, the *Dictionary* or the *Lives of the English Poets*, but as the hero of Boswell's *Life*, bullying his friends, vanquishing foolhardy opponents in argument with a single retort, and dominating the coffee-houses and inns of London. Boswell's *Life* is a miracle which not only preserves for all time the personality of Johnson, but endows its author with undying fame.

the war: i.e. the Great War of 1914-1918.

Huns: it was customary in the Great War to call the Germans contemptuously by the name of Huns. The German Emperor had said that his armies were as much to be feared as the Huns, and the phrase was turned against him. The Huns were a nomadic race who plundered many parts of Europe in the fourth and fifth centuries.

Vandals: a Germanic race who ravaged many countries and destroyed valuable books, works of art, etc. Here the word refers to those who pull down historic buildings. (From this is derived "vandalism": wilful act of destruction.)

the Strand: one of the principal streets of London.

Cloth Fair: a locality in London where once stood the shops of clothiers.

Lincoln's Inn: in London, once the mansion of an Earl of Lincoln, later converted into one of the Inns of Court—four societies which have the exclusive right of taking candidates to the English Bar.

Bozzy: an affectionate abbreviation of Boswell.

Macaulay's judgment of him: in his essay on Johnson, originally contributed to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Macaulay says of Boswell that he was "a coxcomb and a bore, weak, vain, pushing, curious, garrulous. . . . Nature had made him a slave and an idolator". A fairer view of Boswell is given by Carlyle.

spitefulness . . . Goldsmith: as for instance his description of Goldsmith: "His person was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar, etc."; also such doubtful compliments as, "It has been generally circulated and believed that he was a mere fool in conversation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated". The fact is that Boswell was jealous of any attention Johnson paid to Goldsmith.

Hebrides: islands off the west coast of Scotland which were visited by Johnson and Boswell in 1773.

Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792): the greatest English portrait-painter of the age and a friend of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Langton: Bennet Langton (1737-1801), a young friend of Johnson. Dr. Johnson had great regard for him and said, "This earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton".

tossed: a word that Boswell often employs to describe Dr. Johnson's habit of snubbing people in conversation. (Lit. used of a bull, "to lift with the horns and fling into the air".)

happiest: i.e., most apt.

Falstaff and Bardolph: two amusing characters in Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *Henry V*. Sir John Falstaff is one of the greatest comic characters in English literature.

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza: in Cervantes' famous novel *Don Quixote de la Mancha*. Sancho Panza is a comical, rustic fellow who acts as squire to Don Quixote.

"Would I were . . . in hell": the words of Bardolph spoken when he heard of Falstaff's death. *Henry V*, Act II, iii. 7-8.

naïve bathos: absurdities which result from simplicity of mind.

"London": a poetical satire on life in London, written by Johnson, published in 1738.

"The Vanity of Human Wishes": a moral poem in couplets published in 1749.

"The Rambler": a periodical written largely by Johnson and published from 1749 to 1751.

"Rasselas": a moral romance written by Johnson in 1759.

"The Lives of the Poets": a series of biographical and critical prefaces written by Johnson on fifty-two English poets beginning with Cowley and ending with Lyttelton. They were published between 1779 and 1781.

Grub Street: a street in London now called Milton Street; described by Johnson in his *Dictionary* as a place "inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems".

the Life: i.e., Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

the Mitre: an inn in Mitre Court, London, which was much frequented by Dr. Johnson.

talking to the King: Boswell describes this interview of Johnson with King George III (1767) in a very vivid passage.

Goldsmith sulked: while Johnson was speaking about his interview with the King, Goldsmith "remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance". Boswell adds, "It was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy".

Wilkes: John Wilkes (1727-1797), a politician and member of Parliament, about whom and Johnson Boswell says, "Two men more different could perhaps not be selected out of all mankind". But that did not prevent them becoming good friends.

Robertson: Dr. William Robertson (1721-1793), the well-known eighteenth-century historian. Boswell's work contains many word-combats between Johnson and Robertson.

Savage: Richard Savage (d. 1743), the poor and shiftless friend of Johnson, whom he loved greatly. Johnson wrote a *Life of Richard Savage* in 1744.

St. James's Square . . . their country: a quotation from the description Johnson gave of this incident to Reynolds. St. James's Square: near St. James's Palace, a fashionable quarter of London.

the Minister: Sir Robert Walpole, of whom Savage said, "the whole range of his mind is from obscenity to politics, and from politics to obscenity".

- Mr. Birrell:** Augustine Birrell (1850-1933), essayist, critic and statesman, was Chief Secretary for Ireland. In 1916 he resigned his office on the outbreak of the Sinn Fein revolt in Ireland.
- Dryden:** John Dryden (1631-1700), English poet, critic and dramatist. In 1697 he wrote his second ode for St. Cecilia's Day, called "Alexander's Feast", which he considered the best of all his poems. For St. Cecilia, see notes on Macaulay's *Trial of Warren Hastings* (see next lesson).

Words and Phrases.

1. Use the following words in sentences of your own:
preoccupied, devastation, vandalism, malevolence, nausea, doormat, snub, outrageous, naïve, pompous, sulk, inveigh, eclipse (vb.)
2. Make sentences with:
to fall a victim, by-product, without a murmur, to make up, doglike fidelity.

Exercises.

1. What impressions do you gather from this lesson (a) about Johnson, (b) about Boswell?
2. Mention some of Johnson's important works.
3. What is the "miracle" of Boswell?
4. Read a good abridged text of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. (*Dr. Johnson*: a selection from Boswell's Biography, edited by M. Alderton Pink, in the Scholar's Library, would be very suitable.)

TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

THE preparations for the trial proceeded rapidly; and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewellery and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, and imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot, and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilisation were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had

resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior Baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There

the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried¹ in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Serjeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced

¹ Pron. "berrid".

to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession: the bold and strong-minded Law, afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer who, near twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full

dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact and his urbanity. But, in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honour. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the

veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigour of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper¹, the clerk² of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator

¹ Pron. "Cooper".

² Pron. "clark".

extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs¹ were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

NOTES

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859), historian, poet and essayist, was educated at Cambridge and qualified as a lawyer. But he gave up law for literature and politics, in both of which he won a high place for himself. Though not a great poet he wrote many vigorous poems, among which the "Lays of Ancient Rome" are the best known. His historical and literary essays such as those on "Milton", "Clive", and "Warren

¹ Pron. "hankerchifs" (*not* cheefs).

Hastings" are full of striking descriptive passages. His *History of England*, though not marked by strict accuracy, is a monumental piece of narrative scattered with many brilliant descriptions and character studies.

Warren Hastings (1732-1878) was the first Governor-General of India. Some of his actions during his period of office in India gave his personal enemies a pretext for having him recalled to England to face a trial before the House of Lords. The trial dragged on for over seven years, at the end of which Hastings was acquitted.

In a trial of this kind the House of Commons is the prosecutor. The House deposes certain "Managers" who present the charges against the accused. The trial is conducted in the House of Lords. The Managers in this case were Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and others.

All the various . . . from contrast: In these sentences Macaulay brings out the unique nature of the occasion. Events in far-off India, the reactions at home in England, great personalities of the present and historic associations of the past—all these were called up in the mind of any thoughtful spectator. The trial brought out the special features of the culture and institutions of England.

dusky nations: dark-coloured people, such as Indians.

writing . . . left: e.g. the Urdu script.

Plantagenets: the dynasty of English kings from Henry II to Richard III. Most of the parliamentary institutions, such as trial by the peers of the realm, go back to the time of Henry II.

tyranny . . . Oude: cf. J. R. Green, "He wrung half a million by oppression from the Rajah of Benares. He extorted by torture and starvation more than a million from the princesses of Oudh".

Oude: now spelt Oudh. (The ancient kingdom of Ayodhya.)

the great hall: the Westminster Hall built by William Rufus (not to be confused with Westminster Abbey). Great political events such as the crowning of kings and trials by the peers were held here. (*Not* to be spelt "Westminster"; minster = church.) N.B. In this sentence Macaulay refers to four of the great events that had taken place in this Hall.

Bacon (1561-1626): was tried and convicted of corruption in 1621.

Strafford: Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1593-1641), an able but unscrupulous minister of Charles I, was impeached in 1641 and executed the same year.

Charles: King Charles I, who was tried in this Hall in 1648, and was sentenced to death. He met his fate with singular dignity. "Whatever had been the faults and follies of his life 'he nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene.'"

Somers (1649-1746): minister of William III, impeached in 1701 but acquitted.

grenadiers: originally soldiers trained to throw small bombs (grenades). Now a regiment of household infantry.

Garter King-at-Arms: one of the officers of the Order of the Garter, the highest English order of knighthood.

George Eliott, Lord Heathfield (1717-1790): great British general, was appointed governor of Gibraltar in 1775. His heroic defence of that port against Spain from 1779 to 1782 is one of the greatest achievements in British history.

Duke of Norfolk: Earl Marshal and first peer of the realm.

Prince of Wales: who afterwards became King George IV.

the house of Brunswick: the line of Kings of England from George I. The King at the time of the trial was George III, who had nine sons and six daughters.

Siddons: Mrs. Siddons, the famous tragic actress.

historian of the Roman Empire: Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Cicero . . . Verres: Cicero (106-43 B.C.) the great Roman orator and statesman accused Verres, the despotic governor of Sicily, of cruelty and oppression in 70 B.C.

Tacitus . . . Africa: Tacitus, the historian of Rome, condemned in A.D. 100 the cruel administration of Marius Priscus, who had been governor of Africa.

the greatest painter: Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), the eminent English painter of the eighteenth century.

the greatest scholar: Samuel Parr (1747-1825), who had the reputation of being a great Latin scholar.

her . . . faith: Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert, a beautiful widow, whom George IV, when Prince of Wales, had married secretly in 1785.

Saint Cecilia: Mrs. Sheridan (formerly Miss Elizabeth Linley), a gifted musician, whose portrait was painted in the character of Saint Cecilia. (St. Cecilia, a Christian martyr who died at Rome in A.D. 230, was the patron saint of church music.)

brilliant society . . . Mrs. Montague: a literary society named the Blue Stocking Club was founded by Mrs. Montague (1720-1800) a famous hostess, wit and beauty of the day.

Westminster election of 1784: in which Charles James Fox was returned to Parliament although Pitt used his influence with the Court and the Government to prevent it. Ladies of beauty and wit like the Duchess of Devonshire helped to win the election. It is said that an unwilling butcher was persuaded to give his vote by the Duchess, who allowed him to kiss her!

Serjeants: officers with ceremonial duties in Court or Parliament (Distinguish from "sergeant", spelt with g = a non-commissioned military officer.)

"mens aequa in arduis": Latin for "a mind which is equable in difficult circumstances". (Equable = calm.)

Proconsul: originally, the governor of a Roman province, here, the Governor-General of India, Hastings.

Counsel: lawyer; (see note on "Consul" in "The Government of Rome").

King's Bench: the highest court of law in England, presided over by the Lord Chief Justice.

Common Pleas: the Court of Common Pleas was a Court for trying civil suits. It was abolished in 1875.

defence of Lord Melville: when Lord Melville, Treasurer of the Navy, was impeached in 1806, Plomer defended him.

Edmund Burke (1729-1797), orator, statesman and man of letters, whose speeches and writings had a profound influence on English politics. A contemporary wrote about one of Burke's speeches against Warren Hastings, "Burke did not, I believe, leave a dry eye in the whole assembly".

bag: bag-wig, a wig with back hair enclosed in a bag.

Pitt: William Pitt (1759-1806), known as the younger Pitt, became Prime Minister in his twenty-fifth year.

impeachment: see introductory note.

Lord North: Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782, "a good-humoured, easy-going, tactful person".

great age of Athenian eloquence: in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. Athens produced great orators such as Isocrates, Demosthenes and Hyperides.

Charles James Fox (1749-1806): brilliant politician and debater, and leader of the Whig party.

R. B. Sheridan (1751-1816): politician and dramatist, took a prominent part in the trial. At the end of his speech, which lasted more than five hours, "the whole house—the members, peers and strangers—involuntarily joined in a tumult of applause".

Demosthenes and Hyperides: two Athenian statesmen of the fourth century B.C. who, like Fox and Sheridan, were friends but opposed each other in politics.

Windham (1750-1810): political disciple of Burke, later became Secretary for War.

bar of British nobility: the House of Lords, who in such a trial formed the Court.

Charles Earl Grey (1764-1845): entered Parliament at the early age of twenty-two. He later became Prime Minister.

the amiable poet: i.e. William Cowper (1731-1800), author of "The Task", "John Gilpin" and other popular poems.

the Company: i.e. the East India Company, formed in 1600 with trading rights in India and the East.

Presidencies: the three earliest districts of the East India Company's territories in India, Madras, Calcutta and Bombay (which are still called Presidency towns).

arraign: accuse, call to account.

Chancellor: the President of the Court, Lord Thurlow, who was strongly on the side of Hastings.

Commons' House of Parliament: i.e. the House of Commons, which had deputed Burke and the other "Managers" to frame charges against Hastings.

Words and Phrases.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
absolution, marshal (vb.), ostentation, judicious (distinguish from "judicial"), voluptuous, plight (vb.), emaciated, pensive, humane (distinguish from "human"), tact, ingenious (distinguish from "ingenuous"), arraign.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own so as to bring out their meaning:
points of law, in the prime of life, to set forth.

Exercises.

1. "The place was worthy of such a trial." What were the special features of the place which made it suitable for the trial?
2. Give an account of the persons who accused Hastings.
3. Describe the scene in the House just before the trial.
4. Learn by heart the concluding sentences of Burke's speech.

OUT OF THE NIGHT

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. HENLEY

NOTES

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849-1903) friend and collaborator of R. L. Stevenson, was a poet, critic and editor. A cripple from boyhood, Henley was often in great pain, and it has been rightly said that his physical sufferings are the key to his poetry. More than a hint of this may be found in his volume of poems, *In Hospital*, written when he was in the Edinburgh Infirmary.

These lines, taken from his *Book of Verses* (1888), were written during one of his frequent periods of illness. They are among the best known of Henley's works.

the pit: hell. (Distinguish between "pit" and "the pit".)

fell: (used generally in poetry) terrible, fierce.

bludgeonings: (pron. "blujenings") heavy blows (from bludgeon: a heavy-headed stick).

looms: appears indistinctly (often magnified and fearful).

Horror, etc.: i.e. Death.

strait: narrow; cf. "straitened circumstances". (Distinguish it from "straight".)

Exercises.

1. Give the meaning of the following:
the pit, wince, menace, strait, scroll.
2. What does the poet mean by (a) "the menace of the years";
(b) "charged with punishments the scroll"?
3. Read the poem carefully and suggest a title for it.
4. Write a short essay, taking the last two lines as your subject.

A VISTA

THESE things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

They shall be simple in their homes,
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.

In aisles¹ majestic, halls of pride,
Groves, gardens, baths, and galleries,
Manhood and youth and age shall meet
To grow by converse inly wise.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless, sacred motherhood.

¹ Pron. "îles".

High friendship, hitherto unknown,
 Or by great poets half divined,
 Shall burn, a steadfast star, within
 The calm, clear ether of the mind.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
 And fervent as the young-eyed joys
 Who chaunt their heavenly songs before
 God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
 And mightier music thrill the skies,
 And every life shall be a song,
 When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
 Though pain and passion may not die;
 For man shall be at one with God
 In bonds of firm necessity.

These things—they are no dream—shall be
 For happier men when we are gone:
 Those golden days for them shall dawn,
 Transcending aught we gaze upon.

J. A. SYMONDS

NOTES

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840-1893), poet and critic, was educated at Oxford and elected Fellow of *Magdalen*¹ College. But indifferent health forced him to spend many years in Switzerland and Italy. This explains his intimate knowledge of Italian literature and art. He wrote short critical studies of Sidney, Shelley and Ben Jonson. His poetry is characterised by elegance, idealism and delicate imagination. *Many Moods* was

¹ Pron. "Maudlin."

published in 1878, followed by *New and Old* in 1880. Symonds was also an excellent translator of Greek poetry, some of his translations being considered truer to the Greek spirit than any others ever made.

"A Vista" is the eloquent expression of the poet's hope of a better world in the future.

vista: literally, an avenue. Also, a prospect, anticipated events.
inarmed: poetical for "embraced", i.e., live in friendship and love.

aisles: clear passages in a church, between seats or pillars.

half divined: partly predicted or foreseen by inspired poets.

ether: state of mind which is clear and peaceful. The word carries on the simile of "star" in the previous line.

young-eyed joys: i.e., happy angels or cherubs.

transcending: surpassing.

Exercises.

1. Give the meaning of the following words:
inarmed, fraternity, aisles, galleries, peer, fervent, chaunt, undiscordant, transcend.
2. Explain the following phrases:
loftier race, inly wise, clear ether of the mind, young-eyed joys, bonds of firm necessity.
3. What is meant by the sentence, "And every life shall be a song"?
4. Describe in your own words the world that the poet imagines in the future.

THE TRUE IMPERIALISM

HERE, while the tide of conquest rolls
Against the distant golden shore,
The starved and stunted human souls
Are with us more and more.

Vain is your Science, vain your Art,
Your triumphs and your glories vain,
To feed the hunger of their heart
And famine of their brain.

Your savage deserts howling near,
Your wastes of ignorance, vice, and shame,—
Is there no room for victories here,
No field for deeds of fame?

Arise and conquer while ye can
The foe that in your midst resides,
And build within the mind of Man
The Empire that abides.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

NOTES

SIR WILLIAM WATSON (1858-1936) son of a Liverpool merchant, began publishing poetry when he was twenty-two. Recognition came very slowly to him, and he never was a popular poet. But his "Lachrymae Musarum", written on the death of Tennyson, and "Wordsworth's Grave", are great lyrics, and deserve all praise. As he says,

"From Milton and from Shakespeare I learned more
Than from all other bards the wise adore".

He was knighted in 1917. Watson protested strongly against the foreign policy of England and her imperialistic aims. It is said that he was not made Poet Laureate in 1913 because of his political views. In this poem, "The True Imperialism", he sets forth the emptiness of vast possessions abroad while poverty, ignorance, and vice exist at home.

Imperialism: the extension of Empire by gaining colonies, dependencies, etc. (opp. is Little-Englandism).

your . . . shame: i.e., the poverty, ignorance and wretchedness of the people at home, which cry for remedy.

Exercises.

1. Give the meaning of:
stunted human soul, howling, abides.
2. What is meant by:
(a) "the distant golden shores",
(b) "the hunger of their heart and famine of their brain"?
3. What does Watson mean by building an Empire within the mind of man?

LAMENT

OVER thy head, in joyful wanderings,
Through heaven's wide arches free,
Birds revelling go, with music in their wings;
And from the blue, rough sea
The fishes flash and leap.
There is a life of loveliest things
O'er thee, so fast asleep!

In the deep West the heavens grow heavenlier
Eve after eve; and still
The glorious stars remember to appear.
The roses on the hill
Are fragrant as before.
Only thy face, of all that's dear,
I shall see never more.

MANMOHAN GHOSE

NOTES

MANMOHAN GHOSE (1870-1924). Born in Bengal and educated at St. Paul's School, London, and Christ Church, Oxford, Ghose became Professor of English in the Presidency College, Calcutta. As an undergraduate at Oxford he published some poems which immediately impressed the critics as the work of a rare genius. His *Love-Songs and Elegies* was published in 1898. Another volume, *Songs of Love and Death*, came out after his death. Oscar Wilde, the poet, playwright and critic, singled him out for praise as "a young Indian of brilliant scholarship and high literary attainments who gives some culture to Christ Church. . . . There's something charming in finding a young Indian using our language with such care for music and words as Mr. Ghose does."

. . . He ought, some day, to make a name in our literature." Speaking of his poetry Laurence Binyon, his life-long friend, says, "No Indian had ever before used our tongue with so poetic a touch. . . . He is a voice among the great company of English singers, somewhat apart and solitary". About the poem "Lament" the same critic says, "I still remember the pleasure I had when he showed me this little poem; an echo from the Greek, but made his own".

"Lament", taken from *Love Songs and Elegies* (1898) is a beautiful little elegiac lyric in which the poet mourns the death of a young girl.

heavenlier: more divine, hence more beautiful.

Exercises.

1. Use the following in sentences of your own:
joyful wanderings, revelling, heavenlier, fragrant.
2. Explain: ll. 6-7, "There is . . . asleep."
3. Give the substance of the poem in your own words.

LEAVE THIS CHANTING

LEAVE this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

NOTES

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (born 1861), poet, playwright and novelist, is the greatest among modern Indian writers. He was born of a highly gifted family in Bengal, and his education was largely self-imparted. He started his famous school, Santiniketan, in 1903 as an experiment in education. He has written many plays, prose-poems and novels in Bengali, which have been translated into English. The most important among his volumes of poems is *Gitanjali*, from which this passage has been selected. W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, said of this work: "These prose translations from Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years."

Most of his work, like this poem, is marked by a deeply religious tone and great sincerity. This poem expresses his contempt for the mere outward forms of religion, and his plea for real religion, which is service.

Deliverance: salvation, escape from the wheel of life and death, which is said to be the goal of man.

Our master . . . for ever: God does not live in some far-off place, but is of us and with us here and at all times.

Meet him, stand by him: i.e., God is in the meanest worker. The best form of prayer is to work and serve.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of:
chanting, telling (different senses), mantle, incense
tattered, sweat of thy brow.
2. Make sentences with: put off, dusty soil, sweat of the brow.
3. Write an essay on the dignity of labour.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

JOHN MILTON.

NOTES

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674), one of the greatest names in English literature, and the author of *Paradise Lost*, was born in London and educated at Cambridge. His early poems reveal his unusually fine ear for music. His “L’Allegro”, “Il Penseroso” and “Lycidas” are among his shorter masterpieces. Besides these he wrote several sonnets on public and personal subjects. From 1642 onwards Milton was troubled by failing eyesight, which led to complete blindness in 1652. The sonnet here given is a deeply moving and dignified expression of this tragedy. His last years were clouded by misfortune, poverty and blindness, yet they saw the creation of his greatest works, *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. Wordsworth, paying his tribute to the earlier poet, says,

“Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea.”

that one talent: i.e., his gift of writing poetry. The word talent refers to the parable in St. Matthew, ch. xxv. 14-30. The modern meaning of the word (viz. ability) is derived from the original sense of "a piece of money", as used in the parable.

My true . . . chide: allusion to the parable continues.

Doth God . . . ask: The prose order would be, "I fondly ask, Doth . . . day-labour".

(N.B. Study carefully the syntax of lines 1-8. The lines 7-8 form the principal sentence.)

fondly: is used in the older sense of "foolishly".

They also . . . wait: This line has now become a proverb.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of:
talent, chide, day-labour, fondly, mild yoke, post (vb.).
2. Explain:
(a) l. 7. "Doth . . . denied."
(b) ll. 10-11. "who best . . . Him best".
3. Write down in prose order ll. 1-8.
4. Give the substance of the sonnet in your own words.

THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind towards the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall what fires are glowing,
What ring of festal light?

*"In the great window as the day was dwindling
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand."*

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
"*A great fight and a good death,*" he muttered;
'Trust him, he would not fail.'"

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
For whom all life is done?
"*Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying
'My son, my little son.'*"

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

NOTES

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT (1862-1938), poet, journalist, and critic, was editor of the *Monthly Review*, and later, Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His familiarity with sea life, seen in many of his poems, made him a capable Official Naval Historian. His first work was *Admirals All* (1897), and his most notable verses were collected in *Poems Old and New*. Some of them relate to the Great War of 1914-18, like the poem here given, which expresses in a simple and restrained manner the tragedy it brought to

one of many households. The cold east wind is an appropriate carrier of the tragic news of the death of the only son of this family.

What of the dales?: what news do you bring from the valleys?

His head . . . kindling: contrast the effect of the news on the father with that on the prostrate mother.

The list: i.e. the list of casualties in the battle.

Exercises.

1. Write the meaning of:

festal light, dwindling, he would not fail, wail.

2. Describe the scene in the "gray old hall", as you imagine it.
3. What does the poet mean by saying "For whom all life is done"? (l. 14).
4. What thoughts do you gather as arguments against war from this poem?

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:

A mile or so away
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

“Well,” cried he, “Emperor, by God’s grace
We’ve got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal’s in the market-place,
And you’ll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart’s desire,
Perched him!” The Chief’s eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief’s eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle’s eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
“You’re wounded!” “Nay,” his soldier’s pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
“I’m killed, Sire!” And, his Chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING

NOTES

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889), one of the great poets of the Victorian period, began his poetical career with “Pauline” in 1833, followed by “Paracelsus” in the next year. He is a difficult and often obscure writer. His knowledge of life and human nature, however, is deep, and he uses it to good purpose in such works as “Rabbi Ben Ezra”, “Pippa Passes” “Sordello”, etc. Robert Browning has never been a popular poet, but the intellectual value of his poems is very high.

This is one of his simpler poems in which he describes dramatically the heroism of a young soldier in Napoleon’s army.

Ratisbon: a town in Bavaria in Germany which was captured by Napoleon in 1809.

prone: inclined, leaning forward.

oppressive . . . mind: weighed down by his thoughts.

128 PROSE AND VERSE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

ll. 5-8 are a good description of the usual posture in which Napoleon is represented.

Lannes (1769-1809): a French marshal and one of Napoleon's greatest generals.

let once, etc.: i.e. if my army-leader Lannes were to hesitate for one minute.

'twixt the battery-smokes: out of the smoke of the guns; battery = group of guns.

the Marshal: i.e. Lannes. See note above.

flag-bird: the flag of the French army with the emblem of an eagle on it.

vans: wings (archaic and poetical).

perched him: fixed the flag; hoisted it.

the Chief: Napoleon.

as sheathes . . . breathes: as the mother-eagle's eye grows dim with sorrow when she sees her wounded young one breathing its last.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of:

stormed, mound, mused, anon, sheathe, to soar up, touch to the quick.

2. Explain:

ll. 7-8. "As if . . . its mind".

ll. 34-36. "As sheathes . . . breathes".

3. Describe the incident in your own words as vividly as possible.
4. Can you suggest another title for this poem?

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought
is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor
will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

NOTES

WALT WHITMAN (1819-1892), an American poet of very original genius, wrote a number of moral, social and political poems which were collected together in a volume called *Leaves of Grass*. In the verse-form that he adopted and in the subject-matter of his poetry he departed from the usual standards, often with remarkable effect.

The poem selected was written by Whitman upon the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln in 1865. Lincoln, who was the greatest President that the U.S.A. has ever had, is revered for his abolition of slavery in America. Upon this issue was fought the American Civil War, which ultimately ended in Lincoln's victory. But having steered the ship of state safely to port, Lincoln was shot by a madman while he was watching a play in a theatre. Whitman addresses Lincoln as the captain of the ship of the American State.

rack: lit., dark drifting clouds; here "danger", peril.

keel: poetically used for ship (it means the lowest timbers or set of plates on which the framework of the ship is built).

"Here, Captain": the poet is supposed to offer his hand to help the Captain up. See next line.

Exercises.

1. Give the meanings of:

weather (vb.), rack, steady keel, bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, mournful tread, swaying mass.

2. Give the substance of the poem, and bring out clearly the implied meaning.
3. What impression do you gather of the "Captain's" character from this poem?

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

HE spoke: but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless; and then he utter'd one sharp cry—
O Boy—thy Father!—and his voice choked there.
And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers strok'd his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life: and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around,
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms:
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.
But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spoke, and said:—
“Father, forbear: for I but meet to-day
The doom that at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it: but Fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; Fate, Fate engaged
The strife and hurl'd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this: I find
My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take

My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
 And wash them with thy tears, and say, '*My Son*'!
 Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life,
 And swift; for like the lightning to this field
 I came, and like the wind I go away—
 Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
 But it was writ in Heaven that this should be”.

So said he: and his voice released the heart
 Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
 His arms around his son's neck, and wept aloud,
 And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts
 When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
 With his head bowing to the ground, and mane
 Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
 First to the one then to the other moved
 His head, as if enquiring what their grief
 Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes
 The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.
 But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—

“Ruksh, now thou grievest; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
 Should then have rotted on their nimble joints,
 Or e'er they brought thy Master to this field”.

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said:—
 “Is this then Ruksh? How often, in past days,
 My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed!
 My terrible father's terrible horse; and said,
 That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
 Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
 O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
 For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
 And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
 And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan,
 And seen the river of Helmund, and the Lake
 Of Zirrah; and the agéd Zal himself

Has often strok'd thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said—'O Ruksh! bear Rustum well'!—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream:
But lodg'd among my father's foes, and seen
Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand,
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream—
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die”.

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd:—
“Oh, that its waves were flowing over me!
Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head”!

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
“Desire not that, my father; thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
As some are born to be obscured, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age.
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come: thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these:
Let me entreat for them: what have they done?
They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
 And heap a stately mound above my bones,
 And plant a far-seen pillar over all:
 That so the passing horseman on the waste
 May see my tomb a great way off, and say—
 ‘*Sohrab, the mighty Rustum’s son, lies there,
 Whom his great father did in ignorance kill*’—
 And I be not forgotten in my grave”.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

NOTES

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888), poet, critic, and essayist, was the son of Thomas Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby. Educated at Rugby and Oxford, Matthew Arnold became an inspector of schools and later was Professor of Poetry at Oxford for ten years. He was one of the outstanding literary critics of his age, his best work in this kind being included in the two series of *Essays in Criticism*. He also published a distinguished volume of poems in which “The Scholar Gipsy”, “Thyrsis” and “The Forsaken Merman” are probably the most popular. His long poem “Sohrab and Rustum,” from which this passage is selected, appeared in 1853.

The story of Sohrab and his tragic death occurs in the *Shah Namah*, the great epic written by the Persian poet Firdausi in the 10th century A.D. The story tells how Sohrab the son of the great Persian hero, Rustum, goes out in search of his father whom he has never seen. Joining the Tartar army he threatens Persia, and challenges any Persian hero to fight single-handed with him. He hopes that if Rustum is on the Persian side he will take up the challenge. Rustum at first has no wish to fight, for he is annoyed with the Persian king. He is at last persuaded to accept the challenge, but fights in disguise. Rustum has no knowledge of the existence of his son, for when the child was born, the mother had informed him that it was a girl. She had thus hoped to keep the child at home. Hence, in ignorance, Rustum fights with his son Sohrab. The fight is fierce and deadly; and Rustum succeeds in mortally wounding Sohrab when he is off his guard. In his last moments Sohrab tells Rustum of his parentage, and as proof shows him pricked upon his arm a copy of the seal which Rustum had left with his wife when he had parted from her. Rustum is torn with grief and regret, as these lines describe. **oped**: archaic word for “opened”.

saw his thought: i.e. his intention to kill himself.

"Surely my heart" . . . etc.: when Sohrab saw Rustum come out to fight him, he had an instinctive feeling that it was Rustum. But Rustum had refused to reveal his identity.

"numbered . . . life": i.e. "I have only a short time to live". The metaphor refers to the hour-glass.

"like the lightning . . . go away": these lines express the shortness of human life.

Ruksh: the famous war-horse of Rustum.

Seistan: a province south-west of Afghanistan and Rustum's native home.

Helmund: a river which flows through the plains of Seistan.

Lake Zirrah: a lake south of Seistan.

aged Zal: elsewhere called "snow-haired Zal", Rustum's father and the governor of Seistan.

lodged . . . foes: Sohrab lived among the Tartars because his mother was the daughter of a Tartar king. The Persians and the Tartars were perpetually at war.

Samarcand, Bokhara and Khiva: towns in Turan, the country of the Tartars.

Toorkmun tents: the Toorkmuns were a nomadic tribe of brigands who wandered about in the western provinces of Turan.

Moorghab, Tejend, Kohik: rivers that flow through the deserts near Khiva.

Kalmuks: a Mongolian tribe living north of Turkistan.

Sir: a river in north Turan falling into the Aral Sea.

my star: my fortune.

Exercises.

1. Explain the following:

smirched, convulsive groaning, Heaven's unconscious hand, writ, mute woe, snuffed the breezes, platter.

2. Bring out the meaning of:

ll. 23-26. "Surely . . . iron heel".

ll. 33-35. "For number'd . . . go away".

3. Write in indirect speech Rustum's words, ll. 50-52, "Ruksh . . . this field".
4. What are Sohrab's arguments for dissuading Rustum from committing suicide?
5. What do you gather about Sohrab's character from this extract?

THE GIFT OF INDIA

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?
Lo! I have flung to the East and West
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves.
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands.
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?
Or the pride that thrills thro' my heart's despair
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?
And the far sad glorious vision I see
Of the torn red banners of Victory?

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

SAROJINI NAIDU

NOTES

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU was born at Hyderabad in 1879. Her father, Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyay, was a learned Professor of Chemistry at the Nizam College. At the age of twelve Sarojini Naidu went to England and was at King's College, London, and later at Girton, Cambridge.

Her first collection of poems, *The Golden Threshold*, was published in 1906. This was followed by *The Bird of Time* (1912) and *The Broken Wing* (1917). Writing about her poetry, Sir Edmund Gosse said, "Indeed, I am not disinclined to believe that she is the most brilliant, the most original, as well as the most correct of all the natives of Hindustan who have written in English".

Unfortunately she has in recent years given up poetry for politics. We might say of her, as Goldsmith said of Burke, that she is one

"Who born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

"The Gift of India" was written in August 1915 during the Great War. It speaks of India's sacrifices to help England in her hour of peril. The speaker is supposed to be Mother India herself.

alien graves: in different places where the sons of India have died, in France, Egypt, Mesopotamia, etc.

Flanders: old name for Belgium and part of France.

compass: understand.

anvils of peace: a striking phrase, "by endeavours in time of peace". (Anvil: an iron block on which a smith hammers his metal.)

Exercises.

1. Write down the meanings of:
raiment, stricken womb, sabres of doom, compass (vb), anguish, anvils of peace, dauntless.
2. Explain:
(a) ll. 10-12. "They lie . . . France".
(b) l. 16, "the hope . . . prayer".
3. From your knowledge of the poem, give an account of India's sacrifices in the Great War.
4. What is the purpose of the line:
"Remember the blood of my martyred sons"?

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

LORD TENNYSON

NOTES

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809-1892), the most popular poet of the last century, first made his name with two volumes called *Poems, by Two Brothers* (1827) and *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* (1830). * These were followed by other volumes containing some of the finest poems he ever wrote, such as "Oenone", "The Lotos-Eaters", "Morte d' Arthur" and "Ulysses". His most ambitious works are "In Memoriam" and "Idylls of the King".

The sweetness and musical quality of his verse, and the simple and universal feelings which his poems express, make them widely popular.

"Sir Galahad" appeared in the volume of poems published in 1842, and is based upon a well-known legend of King Arthur's Round Table. Sir Galahad, the son of Sir Lancelot and Elaine, is the model of ideal knighthood and purity. Therefore, he alone is able to see the vision of the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail was the wooden platter or dish from which Christ had eaten at the Last Supper, and in which Christ's blood was received when He was crucified. Many magical qualities were associated with this vessel. It was, however, lost in Britain, and the Knights of Arthur's Round Table set out in quest of it. Only three persons are granted a vision of the Grail, and Galahad's purity makes him one of them.

casques: a poetical word for "helmets".

My strength . . . pure: cf. Shakespeare, "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just".

clanging lists: "lists" means the enclosed ground in which knightly combats and tournaments were held. Knights challenged each other and fought in the lists to show their skill and valour. Lines 5-12 give a good description of such combats.

crypt: underground cell in churches.

aspects: expression or influence.

stormy crescent: the crescent moon setting in the stormy clouds.

stalls: the seats in a church, pews.

altar: distinguish between "altar" and "alter" (vb.) both pronounced alike.

censer: vessel in which incense is burnt. (Distinguish the three words: censer, censor (an official), and censure (pron. "sen-sher").)

bark: also spelt barque; a boat.

the holy Grail: see note above.

stoles: here means loose robes, but generally means a strip of silk, usually white, worn round the neck of the priest and hanging low over each shoulder.

blood of God: The holy Grail was supposed to have contained Christ's blood. (See note above.)

The streets . . . snow: a very effective line. When snow has fallen thick upon the roads, it makes a soft carpet-like covering, so that traffic on it makes no noise.

leads: roofs covered with strips of lead to make them water-tight.

brand: poetic word for sword.

grange: a farm-house.

Exercise.

1. Give the meanings of the following words:
casque, lists, bounteous, transports, bark (different senses), stoles, fen, odour, copse, betide.
2. Bring out the meaning of the following expressions:
a virgin heart, the stormy crescent, an awful light, mortal bars, branchy thicket.
3. Explain fully ll. 69-72, "Stricken by . . . finest air".
4. Describe the character of Sir Galahad, as given in this poem.
5. Write a short paragraph on the Holy Grail.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

I

COME hither, Evan Cameron!
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain-side,
There's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past:
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

2

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore.
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

3

A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!

I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side,
 Or yet within the glen,
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by arméd men—
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown;
 Remember of what blood thou art,
 And strike the caitiff down!

4

They brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen span,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man.
 They set him high upon a cart—
 The hangman rode below—
 They drew his hands behind his back,
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
 They cheered the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade¹ him pass along.

5

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day,
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig west-country lords
 In balcony and bow,

¹ Pron. "bad".

There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

6

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turn'd aside and wept.

7

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd:
Then, as the Graeme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

8

The Marquis gazed a moment,
 And nothing did he say,
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly¹ pale,
 And he turned his eyes away.
 The painted harlot by his side,
 She shook through every limb,
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,
 And hands were clenched at him;
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 "Back, coward, from thy place!
 For seven long years thou hast not dared
 To look him in the face."

9

Had I been there with sword in hand,
 And fifty Camerons by,
 That day through high Dunedin's streets
 Had pealed the slogan-cry.
 Not all their troops of trampling horse,
 Nor might of mailed men—
 Not all the rebels in the south
 Had borne us backwards then!
 Once more his foot on Highland heath
 Had trod as free as air,
 Or I, and all who bore my name,
 Been laid around him there!

10

It might not be. They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall,
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,

¹ Pron. "gastly" (*h* is silent).

And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate¹ before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

I I

“Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew’s cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies ’twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr’s crown!

I 2

“There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father’s grave.
For truth and right, ’gainst treason’s might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!”

¹ Pron. “sat”.

13

The morning dawned full darkly,
 The rain came flashing down,
 And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
 Lit up the gloomy town:
 The thunder crashed across the heaven,
 The fatal hour was come;
 Yet aye broke in with muffled beat
 The 'larum of the drum.
 There was madness on the earth below,
 And anger in the sky,
 And young and old, and rich and poor,
 Came forth to see him die.

14

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!¹
 How dismal 'tis to see
 The great tall spectral skeleton,
 The ladder, and the tree!
 Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—
 The bells begin to toll—
 "He is coming! he is coming!
 God's mercy on his soul!"
 One last long peal of thunder—
 The clouds are cleared away,
 And the glorious sun once more looks down
 Amidst the dazzling day.

15

"He is coming! he is coming!"
 Like a bridegroom from his room,
 Came the hero from his prison
 To the scaffold and the doom.

¹ Pron. "jibbet".

There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die:
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

16

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through!
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

17

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:

For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

18

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

W. E. AYTOUN.

NOTES

WILLIAM EDMONDSTONE AYTOUN (pron. "Aitn") (1813-1865), educated at Edinburgh, where he later became Professor of Rhetoric, is remembered for his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, which is a collection of ballads in the manner of Scott, narrating romantic episodes of Scottish history. "The Execution of Montrose" is taken from this collection and describes the death of James Graham,¹ first Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650). His life has been called "a life of meteoric splendour". He fought several successful battles in Scotland for King Charles I, but was forced to fly to the Continent in 1646. Hearing of King Charles's execution, he determined to avenge his death and sailed for Scotland, but lost much of his army in a shipwreck. He landed in Caithness in 1650. The remnant of his army was defeated easily and he himself fled from the field. After much wandering he fell into the hands of a Macleod² who delivered him to General Leslie. Montrose was hanged in the Grassmarket, Edinburgh.

Aytoun says that the ballad is "related by an aged Highlander who had followed Montrose . . . to his grandson, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie" (1689).

¹ Pron. "Grame".

² Pron. "Macload".

There's shouting . . . blast: the roar of the storm brings to his mind memories of old battles.

pibroch (pron. "peebroch"): a kind of bagpipe music of martial character.

Lochaber's snows: the snow-covered mountains of the district of Lochaber, in the Highlands.

what time: poetic for "when".

Southrons: archaic Scottish (for "southern") meaning Englishmen, used often contemptuously.

claymore: a Scottish two-edged broadsword.

Campbell: a great Scottish clan, the head of which is the Duke of Argyll.

Inverlochy's shore: north of Argyllshire near Fort William, where the Duke of Argyll was badly defeated by Montrose in 1645.

Dundee: after the victory at Inverlochy, Montrose's army took and plundered Dundee on the east coast of the Scottish Highlands.

Lindsays' pride: the Lindsays were an important clan in Fifeshire, south of Dundee.

Assynt: in the extreme north of Scotland, where the Macleod clan lived. It was one of these Macleods that caught Montrose and handed him over to the English.

martial gear: armour.

caitiff: mean, cowardly person (archaic).

the Watergate: a locality in Edinburgh.

fenceless: poetical for "defenceless".

Whig: originally a Scottish word, meant a person belonging to the Presbyterian party, and hence opposed to Charles. (It later became the name of one of the two big political parties in England.)

bow: bow window (pron. "bo").

Covenanting carles: presbyterians (see "Whig" above); "carles," a word of contempt for men of low birth.

to scoff: cf. Goldsmith, "The Deserted Village": "And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray."

Graeme: another form of Graham. Here, James Grahame, Earl of Montrose.

sold his King: in 1646, King Charles surrendered himself to the Scottish army. Later the King was handed over to the English Parliament for a large sum of money.

Argyle (spelt also "Argyll"): Archibald Campbell, eighth Earl of Argyll (1598-1661). For his share in the Civil War as the enemy of Charles I, he was later beheaded in 1661, in Charles II's reign.

the painted harlot: the wife of Argyle.

Camerons: a Highland clan to which the supposed narrator of this ballad belonged. (See introd. and l. 1 of the poem.)

Dunedin: is another name for Edinburgh.

slogan-cry: the war-cry of the Highlanders.

solemn hall: the Parliament House in Edinburgh.

Warristoun: a supporter of the Commonwealth, named Archibald Johnston of Warristoun.

St. Andrew: the patron saint of Scotland (as St. George is of England, and St. Patrick of Ireland).

dark . . . blood: the execution of King Charles I.

levin-bolt: poetical for "lightning".

liquid ether: here used for the clear sky.

the eye of God: the sun.

a black . . . battlement: a dark cloud looking like a fortress.

Geneva ministers: the Presbyterian priests. Geneva was the centre of the Reformation in the 16th century.

the shriven: one whose sins have been pardoned by a priest after confession.

Exercises.

1. Write down the meaning of the following words:
glen, caitiff, malignant, gaunt, scoff, pageant, perjure, spectral, visage.
2. Explain the following phrases:
to troop past, martial gear, rabble rout, jagged streak, black and murky battlement.
3. Collect together the words and phrases in this poem which are typically Scottish.
4. Describe the scene when Montrose was led through the streets to the Parliament Hall.
5. Give the substance of the speech Montrose delivered before his accusers.
6. Describe the scene at Montrose's hanging.

