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PROSE AND VERSE  
FOR HIGH SCHOOLS  
II



# PROSE AND VERSE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

BOOK II

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# CONTENTS

## PROSE

| PROSE                             |                          | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|------|
| THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING      | <i>Joseph Addison</i>    | 1    |
| A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH           | <i>A. G. Macdonell</i>   | 9    |
| M. K. GANDHI . . .                | <i>Lucie K. Turnbull</i> | 17   |
| JENNER AND THE CURE OF SMALL-POX  | <i>C. S. S. Higham</i>   | 30   |
| HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN REQUIRE? | <i>Count Leo Tolstoy</i> | 38   |
| THE ISLET . . .                   | <i>R. L. Stevenson</i>   | 56   |
| DAILY LIFE IN ATHENS . . .        | <i>C. E. Robinson</i>    | 70   |
| THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA          | <i>William Robertson</i> | 81   |
| THE MAKING OF BOOKS . . . . .     |                          | 92   |
| THE MURDER OF BECKET . . .        | <i>J. A. Froude</i>      | 101  |

VERSE

|                           |         |                            |     |
|---------------------------|---------|----------------------------|-----|
| THE SLAVE'S DREAM         | .       | <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>    | 109 |
| THE SOLDIER'S DREAM       | .       | <i>Thomas Campbell</i>     | 112 |
| HOLD THOU MY HANDS        | . .     | <i>William Canton</i>      | 115 |
| THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD | .       | <i>Felicia Hemans</i>      | 117 |
| THE SOLITARY REAPER       | .       | <i>William Wordsworth</i>  | 120 |
| FORTUNATUS NIMIUM         | . . .   | <i>Robert Bridges</i>      | 122 |
| THE DAY IS DONE           | . .     | <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>    | 124 |
| REQUIESCAT                | . . . . | <i>Oscar Wilde</i>         | 127 |
| THE HERO                  | . . .   | <i>Rabindranath Tagore</i> | 129 |
| TRANSIENCE                | . . . . | <i>Sarojini Naidu</i>      | 132 |
| THE SONG OF THE SHIRT     | . .     | <i>Thomas Hood</i>         | 134 |

| CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE |                            | PAGE |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|------|
|                           | <i>Sir Henry Wotton</i>    | 139  |
| THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN     | <i>William Shakespeare</i> | 141  |
| PAUL REVERE'S RIDE .      | <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>    | 144  |
| A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH . .  | <i>Lord Macaulay</i>       | 150  |

## THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy (says he) any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life".

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

"I was born (says he) on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my

Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release; he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a

twelvepenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

“In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, ‘That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth’s shilling about her, she should never be without money’. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

“I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

“As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to bestow me on a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, ‘To my love and from my love’. This ungenerous gallant, marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a-running.

“After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company

with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

“About a year after the king’s return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook’s shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king’s health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

“Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

“I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave



JOSEPH ADDISON

me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we

were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, 'The Splendid Shilling'. The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

—JOSEPH ADDISON: *The Tatler*, No. 249.

## NOTES

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719). The modern English essay resulted largely from the example set by Addison and his friend and colleague Steele in the eighteenth century. Addison held many high offices in his day, and finally became Secretary of State. Before he produced his famous *Spectator* papers, Addison contributed a number of essays to *The Tatler*, a paper published by Steele. "The Adventures of a Shilling" is one of his most famous essays written for this paper.

Addison introduced great variety into his essays, which were sometimes serious and philosophical, at other times humorous and fanciful. His delightful character, Sir Roger de Coverley, is perhaps the most popular of his creations.

In Addison's hands, English prose became an elegant and useful instrument. Dr. Johnson considered that whoever wished to attain an elegant English style "must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison".

**allied**: made fun of. (Distinguish this word from "rally"—revive, recover.)

**-bed**: adverb, "in bed"; an archaic word. (cf. afoot, a-hunting, etc.)

**nethought**: it seemed to me; past tense of "methinks"; an archaic word.

**Peru**: in South America, noted for its silver mines.

**ingot**: a block of metal, such as silver, gold or steel, cast in the shape of a brick.

**Sir Francis Drake** (1540-96): English admiral who sailed round the world, and captured much Spanish shipping from South America.

**Indian habit**: the shape in which I was in America (among the American Indians), i.e., from being an ingot, I was changed into an English coin, stamped with Queen Elizabeth's face on one side. (habit—dress; e.g., riding-habit.)

**-dying**: see note above on "a-bed".

**pothecary's shop**: originally an apothecary was one who kept a general store or shop of spices, drugs, preserves, etc. The later meaning was more nearly "chemist".

**ack**: a kind of white wine.

**nonconformist preacher**: otherwise known as a Dissenter. A clergyman who does not belong to the established Church of England.

**Templar**: a student of law, in the Inner or Middle Temple in London. (Distinguish from "Knight Templar".)

**welshpenny ordinary**: a meal in an eating-house or tavern, obtainable at a fixed time for a fixed price, here one shilling.

**Civil wars**: between Charles I and the Parliament. The first Civil War 1642-46, the second Civil War 1648-51.

**the king**: i.e. Charles I (pron. "Charlz", not "Char-less").

**inveigle** (pron. "inveegle", or "invaigle"): tempt, attract.

**list them . . . parliament**: the reference is to the practice of giving each recruit a shilling when he enlisted. (Thus the phrase "to take the King's (or Queen's) shilling" means "to enlist".)

## PROSE AND VERSE FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

**found himself disinherited . . . estate:** cf. the phrase "cut off with a shilling", i.e. to disinherit. The person so disinherited was given a shilling, by the will, to show that he was not forgotten, but was disinherited intentionally.

**squirred:** threw away "with rapid whirling or skimming motion" (O.E.D.).

**Usurpation of Cromwell:** the period in which Cromwell was Lord Protector, 1653-8.

**King's return:** the Restoration of Charles II, 1660.

**escaped wearing . . . breeches:** i.e. escaped being re-minted during Cromwell's rule, when the shields stamped on coins looked like a pair of breeches.

**gamester:** a gambler.

**counter:** metal or ivory disc used in games of chance instead of coins.

**see my master break:** i.e., the gambler go bankrupt. (cf. "to break the bank".)

**artist:** is used in the wide sense of a craftsman, here the coiner in the mint, who melts old coins, and remakes them.

**groat:** a fourpenny piece.

**punched through the belly:** in those days, if a coin were discovered to be not of the correct weight, or counterfeit, it was rejected, after a hole had been punched in the middle.

**change of sex:** whereas the coin originally had the stamp of Queen Elizabeth, it now has the stamp of William III.

**The "Splendid Shilling":** an ironical poem written by John Philips in 1705, comparing a poet who is lucky enough to own a bright new shilling, with another who has nothing and is oppressed by his creditors.

### *Words and phrases.*

Give the meaning of the following words and use them in your own sentences:

rally, reverie, delirium, clap (into a place), inveigle, spend-thrift, antiquity, pillage, irretrievable.

### *Exercises.*

1. Explain, from your study of the essay, the phrase "cut off with a shilling".
2. What historical events had the shilling seen happen in England?
3. Write, in the manner of Addison, "The Adventures of a Rupee".

## A VILLAGE CRICKET MATCH

THE crisis was now desperate. The fieldsmen drew nearer and nearer to the batsmen, excepting the youth in the blue jumper. Livingstone<sup>1</sup> balanced himself on his toes. Mr. Shakespeare Pollock hopped about almost on top of the batsmen, and breathed excitedly and audibly. Even the imperturbable Mr. Southcott discarded the piece of grass which he had been chewing so steadily. Mr. Hodge took himself off and put on the Major, who had by now somewhat lived down the quart and a half.

The batsmen crouched down upon their bats and defended stubbornly. A snick through the slips brought a single. A ball which eluded the publisher's gigantic pads brought a bye. A desperate sweep at a straight half-volley sent the ball off the edge of the bat over third-man's head and in normal circumstances would have certainly scored one, and possibly two. But Mr. Harcourt was on guard at third-man, and the batsmen, by nature cautious men, one being old and the sexton, the other the postman and therefore a Government official, were taking no risks. Then came another single off a mis-hit, and then an interminable period in which no wicket fell and no run was scored. It was broken at last disastrously, for the postman struck the ball sharply at Mr. Pollock, and Mr. Pollock picked it up and, in an ecstasy of zeal, flung it madly at the wicket. Two overthrows resulted.

The scores were level and there were two wickets

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Livingstun."

to fall. Silence fell. The gaffers, victims simultaneously of excitement and senility, could hardly raise their pint pots—for it was past six o'clock, and the front door of the Three Horseshoes was now as wide open officially as the back door had been unofficially all afternoon.

The Major, his red face redder than ever, and his chin sticking out almost as far as the Napoleonic Mr. Ogilvy's, bowled a fast half-volley on the leg-stump. The sexton, a man of iron muscle from much digging, hit it fair and square in the middle of the bat, and it flashed like a thunderbolt, waist-high, straight at the youth in the blue jumper. With a shrill scream the youth sprang backwards out of its way and fell over on his back. Immediately behind him, so close were the fieldsmen clustered, stood the mighty Boone. There was no chance of escape for him. Even if he had possessed the figure and the agility to perform back-somersaults, he would have lacked the time. He had been unsighted by the youth in the jumper. The thunderbolt struck him in the midriff like a red-hot cannon-ball upon a Spanish galleon, and with the sound of a drumstick upon an insufficiently stretched drum. With a fearful oath Boone clapped his hands to his outraged stomach and found that the ball was in the way. He looked at it for a moment in astonishment and then threw it down angrily, and started to massage the injured spot, while the field rang with applause at the brilliance of the catch.

Donald walked up and shyly added his congratulations. Boone scowled at him.

"I didn't want to catch the —— thing," he said sourly, massaging away like mad.

"But it may save the side," ventured Donald.

"Blast the —— side," said Boone.

Donald went back to his place.

The scores were level and there was one wicket to fall. The last man in was the blacksmith, leaning heavily upon the shoulder of the baker, who was going to run for him, and limping as if in great pain. He took guard and looked round savagely. He was clearly still in a great rage.

The first ball he received he lashed at wildly and hit straight up into the air to an enormous height. It went up and up and up, until it became difficult to focus it properly against the deep, cloudless blue of the sky, and it carried with it the hopes and fears of an English village. Up and up it went and then at the top it seemed to hang motionless in the air, poised like a hawk, fighting, as it were, a heroic but forlorn battle against the chief invention of Sir Isaac Newton, and then began its slow descent.

In the meanwhile things were happening below, on the terrestrial sphere. In the first place, the blacksmith forgot his sprained ankle and set out at a capital rate for the other end, roaring in a great voice as he went, "Come on, Joe!" The baker, who was running on behalf of the invalid, also set out, and he also roared "Come on, Joe!" and side by side, like a pair of high-stepping hackneys, the pair cantered along. From the other end Joe set out on his mission and he roared "Come on, Bill!" So all three came on. And everything would have been all right, so far as the running was concerned, had it not been for the fact that Joe, very naturally, ran with his head thrown back

and his eyes goggling at the hawk-like cricket ball. And this in itself would not have mattered if it had not been for the fact that the blacksmith and the baker, also very naturally, ran with their heads turned, not only upwards, but also backwards as well, so that they too gazed at the ball, with an alarming sort of squint and a truly terrific kink in their necks. Half-way down the pitch the three met with a magnificent<sup>1</sup> clang, reminiscent of early, happy days in the tournament-ring at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and the hopes of the village fell with the resounding fall of their three champions.

But what of the fielding side? Things were not so well with them. If there was doubt and confusion among the warriors of Fordenden, there was also uncertainty and disorganisation among the ranks of the invaders. Their main trouble was the excessive concentration of their forces in the neighbourhood of the wicket. Napoleon laid it down that it was impossible to have too many men upon a battlefield, and he used to do everything in his power to call up every available man for a battle. Mr. Hodge, after a swift glance at the ascending ball and a swift glance at the disposition of his troops, disagreed profoundly with the Emperor's dictum. He had too many men, far too many. And all except the youth in the blue silk jumper, and the mighty Boone, were moving towards strategical positions underneath the ball, and not one of them appeared to be aware that any of the others existed. Boone had not moved because he was more or less in the right place, but then Boone was not likely to bring off the catch,

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "-fisent" (not "-fishent").

especially after the episode of the last ball. Major Hawker, shouting "Mine! mine!" in a magnificently self-confident voice, was coming up from the bowler's end like a battle-cruiser. Mr. Harcourt had obviously lost sight of the ball altogether, if indeed he had ever seen it, for he was running round and round Boone and giggling foolishly. Livingstone and Southcott, the two cracks, were approaching competently. Either of them would catch it easily. Mr. Hodge had only to choose between them and, coming to a swift decision, he yelled above the din, "Yours, Livingstone!" Southcott, disciplined cricketer, stopped dead. Then Mr. Hodge made a fatal mistake. He remembered Livingstone's two missed sitters, and he reversed his decision and roared "Yours, Bobby!" Mr. Southcott obediently started again, while Livingstone, who had not heard the second order, went straight on. Captain Hodge had restored the *status quo*.

In the meantime the professor of ballistics had made a lightning calculation of angles, velocities, density of the air, barometer-readings and temperatures, and had arrived at the conclusion that the critical point, the spot which ought to be marked in the photographs with an X, was one yard to the north-east of Boone, and he proceeded to take up station there, colliding on the way with Donald and knocking him over. A moment later Bobby Southcott came racing up and tripped over the recumbent Donald and was shot head first into the Abraham-like bosom of Boone. Boone stepped back a yard under the impact and came down with his spiked

boot, surmounted by a good eighteen stone of flesh and blood, upon the professor's toe.

At last the ball came down. To Mr. Hodge it seemed a long time before the invention of Sir Isaac Newton finally triumphed. And it was a striking testimony to the mathematical and ballistical skill of the professor that the ball landed with a sharp report upon the top of his head. Thence it leapt up into the air a foot or so, cannoned on to Boone's head, and then trickled slowly down the colossal expanse of the wicket-keeper's back, bouncing slightly as it reached the massive lower portions. It was only a foot from the ground when Mr. Shakespeare Pollock sprang into the vortex with a last ear-splitting howl of victory and grabbed it off the seat of the wicket-keeper's trousers. The match was a tie. And hardly anyone on the field knew it except Mr. Hodge, the youth in the blue jumper, and Mr. Pollock himself. For the two batsmen and the runner, undaunted to the last, had picked themselves up and were bent on completing the single that was to give Fordenden the crown of victory. Unfortunately, dazed with their falls, with excitement, and with the noise, they all three ran for the same wicket, simultaneously realised their error, and all three turned and ran for the other—the blacksmith, ankle and all, in the centre and leading by a yard, so that they looked like pictures of the Russian *troika*. But their effort was in vain, for Mr. Pollock had grabbed the ball and the match was a tie.

And both teams spent the evening at the Three Horseshoes, and Mr. Harcourt made a speech in Italian about the glories of England and afterwards

fell asleep in a corner, and Donald got home to Royal Avenue at one o'clock in the morning, feeling that he had not learnt very much about the English from his experience of their national game.

—A. G. MACDONELL: *England, their England*.

## NOTES

A. G. MACDONELL, a living Scottish writer, who made his mark in 1933 with his first book, *England, their England*, is one of the most delightful of modern authors. He has since then written *Napoleon and His Marshals*, *How Like an Angel*, *Lords and Masters*, and *The Crew of the Anaconda*. Like his first book, most of his work is light-hearted, candid satire upon the traits and eccentricities of modern nations.

*England, their England*, from which this passage is selected, is a satire on certain typical aspects of English national life. Cricket is England's national game, and upon every village green in England a holiday crowd gathers to watch their village teams play this popular game. Here is a description of such a match which took place in the imaginary village of Fordenden. Notice the pleasant humour mixed with gentle irony in the description.

**imperturbable**: calm; one who does not get excited.

**took himself off**: . . . in cricket, "gave up bowling".

**put on the Major**: gave the bowling to the Major.

**lived down the quart and a half**: had recovered from the effects of three pints of beer.

**snick** (the vowel is short. Don't pronounce "sneek"): in cricket a slight glancing stroke; a slight touch of the ball with the bat.

**publisher's gigantic pads**: i.e. the wicket-keeper.

**sexton**: a person in charge of the building and property of a church; he is also a grave-digger.

**one being old . . . Government official**: notice the irony in the sentence.

**gaffers**: old rustic fellows (a contraction of "grandfather". Cf. "gammer" from "grandmother").

**the Three Horseshoes**: the local inn with the sign-board of three horseshoes.

**midriff:** middle of the stomach; diaphragm.

**galleon:** a Spanish ship of war.

**The chief invention of Sir Isaac Newton:** Sir Isaac Newton first stated the law of gravity; "invention" is used humorously for "discovery". (Distinguish between the two words. "To invent" is to create something new; but "to discover" is to find out and make known that which has been in existence but was unknown.)

**kink:** twist backwards. (The word is also figuratively used for any oddity of the mind or behaviour.)

**Ashby-de-la-Zouche:** in Leicestershire, a famous place for tournaments in the Middle Ages. (See *Ivanhoe*, Chapter VII, for a description of a tournament held at this place.)

**dictum:** statement; saying (plural: dicta).

**cracks:** good players. (Cf. "crack horse"; "crack team".)

**sitters:** easy catches.

**restored the *status quo*:** left the position unchanged (i.e. with both Southcott and Livingstone moving towards the ball, as before). Lat. "*in statu quo ante*", "in the same position as before".

**ballistics:** study of the motion of anything thrown.

**Abraham-like bosom:** humorous, for the broad and capacious bosom of Boone (see St. Luke xvi. 22-23, where the blessed Lazarus is said to rest in Abraham's bosom).

**cannoned:** a term in billiards when a player's ball hits two balls successively (as the falling cricket ball hit first the professor's head, and then Boone's).

**tie:** when both teams score an equal number of runs.

**Russian troika:** a vehicle drawn by three horses abreast.

#### *Words and phrases.*

1. Explain the words:  
imperturbable, gaffers, senility, midriff, galleon, lash, poised, dictum, recumbent, surmounted, vortex.
2. Use in sentences of your own the following expressions:  
to live down, fair and square, strategical positions, *status quo*, Abraham-like bosom.

#### *Exercises.*

1. Explain the irony in: "the front door of the Three Horse-shoes . . . all afternoon".
2. Attempt a description of a cricket match you may have witnessed and make it as humorous as you can.

## M. K. GANDHI

MOHANDAS KARAMCHAND GANDHI was born on October 2nd, 1869, at Porbandar, where his father, Kaba Gandhi, acted as Prime Minister or Diwan, and was a member of the Rajasthanik Court, now extinct.

Kaba Gandhi was a man who would willingly have died for his principles, and his son speaks of him as "truthful, brave and generous, but short-tempered". He had little or no regular education, but experience trained him, and character did the rest.

Of his mother, her famous son speaks with tender and reverent affection. To him she seemed like a saint, and she certainly seems to have had some very saintly attributes. Her piety, the hard vows she took and kept, and her beautiful orderly life, made the deepest impression upon her children. Once during Chaturmas she took a vow not to break her fast until the sun shone. It was the middle of the rainy season, and her anxious, devoted children would stand for hours staring at the sky, waiting for a gleam of sunshine. And if it came, they would rush in a body to tell her, begging her to be quick, for if she did not see the sun she would not be able to eat that day. And if, as sometimes happened, she had hastened out to see the sun, but was too late because it was again hidden by clouds, she would say cheerfully, "That does not matter, God does not wish me to eat to-day". Born of these two resolute people, it is not

remarkable that Mr. Gandhi came into the world endowed with strong moral fibre.

The first seven years of his life were spent at Porbandar, where he attended a school, of which the difficulties of the multiplication table are his only memory. Then he went with the family to Rajkot, where his father became a member of the Rajasthanik Court. Here Mohandas attended a primary school, which also seems to have made very little impression upon his mind. Of a shy and sensitive disposition, he made no friends, his books and lessons being his only companions. He would arrive at the school upon the stroke of the hour, and directly lessons were over run back home as fast as he had come.

When Mohandas was eighteen it was decided that he should go to England. No member of his caste had ever visited Europe, and if his father had been alive it is doubtful whether his prejudices could have been overcome. But Kaba Gandhi had died two years earlier, died as he had lived, a fine type of the old-fashioned Hindu, strictly orthodox, opposing and resenting to the last any shadow of change in the order of things to which he had been born and bred. Mohandas, having matriculated in 1887 at Ahmedabad, was advised by a Brahman friend of the family to study law, and being offered good introductions in England it was arranged that if funds could be raised, the lad should go.

After many disappointments and delays, most of which were one by one overcome by the sensible and generous help of his elder brother, Mohandas gained permission from his family to make the momentous

voyage. As the ship left Bombay harbour, standing alone in his unaccustomed clothes, he must have thought with a pang of those he loved and was leaving behind, of the devout mother, the cheerful little wife, and the new baby, who by the time he returned would have grown into quite a big boy.

The story of his life in England is very interesting, the main fact of it being that after wasting a good deal of time in trying to model himself on English lines, taking lessons in dancing, in French and elocution, he saw the folly of it all, at least for him. At this period of his life, when in doubt about many things, he read for the first time the *Bhagavad Gita*. He was deeply impressed with it. In his childhood he had often listened with delight to the beautiful story of the *Ramayana*, portions of which his old nurse Rambha had taught him to say by heart. His ear, early attuned to the noble beauty of the Tulsidas epic, was now charmed by the *Gita*. The sincere and lofty teaching of the Divine poem awakened his dormant Hinduism. Not for him the dancing, the French or the elocution, but self-knowledge, frugality and the life of a serious student. He saw for the first time quite clearly why he was really in England at all, and why the family had made such sacrifices to send him there. Not to amuse himself very certainly, but to take his law degree and to return to India as a support and comfort to them.

Just after his discovery of the *Bhagavad Gita*, he read also the Sermon on the Mount from the New Testament, and the words "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on

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Just after his discovery of the *Bhagavad Gita*, he read also the Sermon on the Mount from the New Testament, and the words "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on

thy right cheek, turn to him the other also", appealed to that something within him that later was to confuse his enemies far more than any form of retaliation could have done.

He now set to work in real earnest, and appeared for the London Matriculation, but failed in Latin. This was a great blow to him, but his will was strengthening, and he plodded along, practising fresh economies so that he might not be too great a burden on the good patient brother in India. By dint of hard study he was at length able to pass his examinations on the 10th of June, 1891; on the 11th he was enrolled a member of the High Court, and on the 12th sailed for home as Mr. M. K. Gandhi, Barrister-at-Law.

The news of his mother's death did much to damp the joy of his first homecoming, but the faithful brother was there at the docks to meet him.

Great expectations had been founded in the Gandhi family upon the prospects of the budding lawyer, and it was assumed that he would very soon build up a valuable practice and restore the family fortunes which had fallen rather low, owing possibly to the expense of the English visit.

Finding it impossible to make a professional start in Rajkot, he took the advice of friends and went to Bombay with the intention of studying Indian Law, and at the same time endeavouring to pick up a few briefs. But it was not a success. The big city was very expensive, servants were hard to get, and briefs still more so. Having failed in Bombay, Mr. Gandhi returned once more to Rajkot and by the help of his brother managed to pick up a meagre living.

After some time at Rajkot a chance came to him to start in a new country. It happened in this way. A Memon firm from Porbandar wrote to the elder Mr. Gandhi saying, "We have a business in South Africa. Ours is a big firm and we have a big case there in Court, our claim being £40,000". They then suggested that his brother should be sent out in the interests of the firm, pointing out the advantages that would accrue to a young lawyer from seeing a new part of the world.

After a great deal of discussion it was decided that Mr. Gandhi should accept the offer to go to South Africa. He was expected to stay a year, and to receive £105 as his retaining fee.

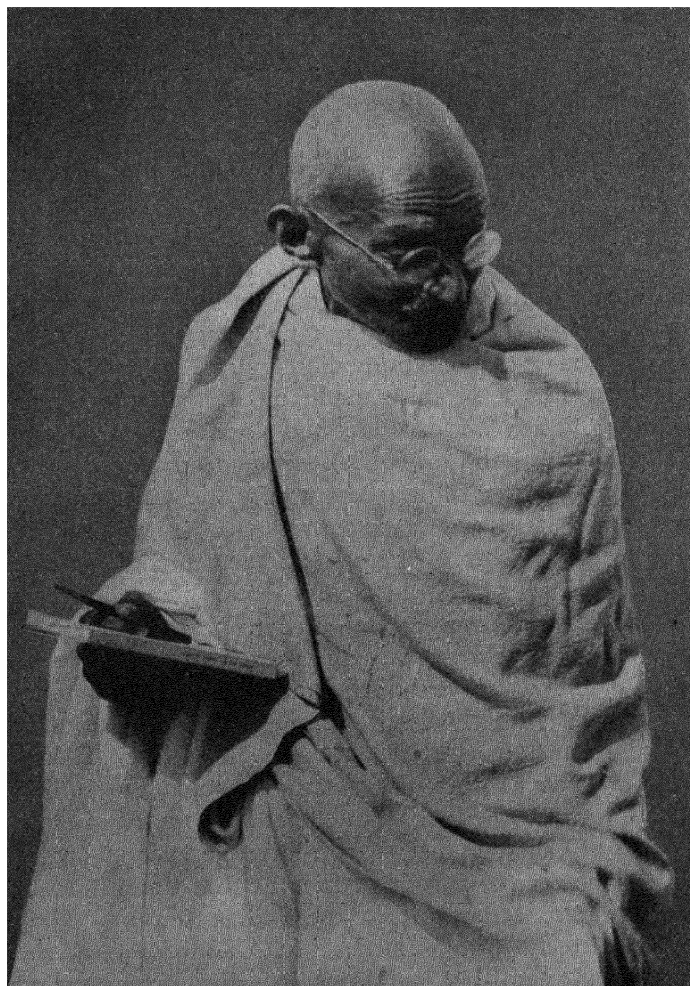
Leaving his wife and two little children in Rajkot, he set off once more to Bombay, from where in April, 1893, he sailed to Durban in Natal.

We are now to follow this remarkable man through the most extraordinary adventures it has ever been the lot of any Hindu gentleman to experience. He landed in South Africa with every hope of spending a happy and useful year, unclouded by any difficulty other than that of settling down in an entirely new country. His experience in England had not, however, filled him with any doubt of his ability to do so. There he had been treated with courtesy and often with kindness. In South Africa matters were very different, for the "colour bar" existed to the most intolerant extent, and when Mr. Gandhi arrived, he was soon made to realise that position, training, and his credentials weighed as nothing compared with the fact that he was an Indian. The humiliations that he

endured upon this account and the magnificent way he fought the battle of his countrymen to a successful conclusion, is a story all by itself, and one which it would be hard to excel in the history of one man's achievement against overpowering odds.

How often must the words—"whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also" have come into Mr. Gandhi's mind during his years of trial, for in spite of the treatment he received, when the Boer War broke out he was among the first to volunteer his services. In the same way an epidemic of plague found him and his friends, English and Indian, risking their lives in the service of the stricken people. Through all the bitter obloquy of those South African years (he spent nearly twenty of the best years of his life there), Mr. Gandhi fought his way ever upwards towards an unshakable ideal of absolute selflessness. In spite of imprisonment, insult, and every imaginable humiliation, he came through it all, not only without bitterness, but with love and forgiveness in his heart for those who persecuted him. An unpractical creed perhaps, but none the less admirable and beautiful.

His wife and family were with him for most of the time, sharing his sorrows and his joys. Not the least of the latter was the life at Phoenix Park, where he formed a little colony in which all worked as brothers. Even the most menial task was performed by his children in the service of the community. In spite of her very real heroism during these years, his wife must have welcomed the time that saw them once again back in India. Her husband was now famous.



M. K. GANDHI

*Topical Press*

As the champion of his countrymen in South Africa, he had won the esteem of all Indians and the gratitude of many. He could have been rich had he wished, but money was not his goal.

A little later he was once more in Bombay, trying, as before, with the help of friends to build up a practice in law. This time it looked as if success might reward his perseverance and honesty, but other things were in store.

Just when it looked to him as if life was going to run on ordinary lines for him, he received a cable from South Africa saying, "Chamberlain expected here. Please return immediately". This cable was the result of a promise made by Mr. Gandhi when leaving South Africa. He had then agreed that if he should ever be urgently needed to advise, or serve in any way, the Indian community, he would return at once. The call had come, and he was ready. Regardless of his own personal convenience, or the upsetting of his professional and family life in Bombay, he set off immediately for Durban. He did not take his wife and children with him, as he expected to be absent for only a year. Instead, he was accompanied by several Indian youths, whom it was his intention to settle in South Africa. He arrived in Durban only just in time to draft the memorial which the Indian community wished to submit to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. It was received coldly; bigger questions occupied South Africa at that time, but not anything so important to the Indian settlers. They were bitterly disappointed. Mr. Gandhi shared the disappointment, but it did not deter him from pressing the rights of the Indians in South Africa. Once again

he was subjected to every kind of annoyance almost amounting to persecution, but he refused to be driven out of the Transvaal until he had fully vindicated the rights of his fellow-countrymen.

This he achieved only a few months before the outbreak of the Great War, and it is typical of this man's nature that as soon as he could possibly get to England he was there, organising an Indian Volunteer Corps.<sup>1</sup>

But his health, undermined by incessant toil and self-inflicted privations, which were part of his doctrine in his pursuit of Ahimsa, now broke down. He got worse and suffered intense pain. At last his friends persuaded him to return to India. Winter was approaching, and with his complaint the damp cold would be really dangerous. He was told that when sufficiently recovered, and if the need still existed, he could once more volunteer for war-service.

And so he went home, encased in a plaster jacket. The voyage was an unhappy one; everyone was anxious and constrained, and Mr. Gandhi was thankful to reach Bombay. Here he was received with honour by the man whom he loved and revered above all others—Gokhale.

This in itself was enough to wipe out all memory of slight disappointments and doubts. His heart seemed to fill up with joy and peace. Gokhale, the wise far-seeing statesman, his mind calm, and resigned, though death had already marked him for her own, had risked what little strength was left to welcome the exile home. His friend had no further thought

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Kor."

than to dedicate the rest of his life to the work which Gokhale and the members of the Servants of India Society were carrying forward. But from the first it was evident that his ideals and theirs were in reality widely different. However, the Society treated him with warm affection, and through the medium of Gokhale enabled him to realise his dearest wish, namely, to establish an "Ashram" where he could settle down with his real and adopted family that had made up part of the colony in South Africa. All was arranged and he now prepared to go to Sabarmati, where in a short time he had established a regime<sup>1</sup> very similar to the one over which he had presided at Phoenix Park.

Almost every day he was seeing things that he burned to remedy, injustice, real or fancied, touched him to the quick. The sorrows of the poor, their failure to gain redress of their small grievances,<sup>2</sup> their helplessness and their squalor were added to his burden of responsibility towards humanity. The death of Gokhale in 1915 had been to him more especially a blow, for he had looked upon that wise and balanced reformer as a pilot in the "stormy sea of Indian public life". Under his guidance, Mr. Gandhi had felt sure that he would have been able to use reasonably and wisely his own gifts of enthusiasm and determination. With Gokhale gone he felt rather like a buoyant ship without a rudder; he was thrown upon his own resources and realised his deep responsibility.

He ceased to hope for any result from political action, and started upon his teaching of the gospel of

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "rezheem".

<sup>2</sup> Not to be pron. "grievance".

salvation by the return to the spinning-wheel and the wearing of khadi.

The idea in its broad simplicity appealed to the uneducated millions of Indian peasants. They were weary of the constant fight in an increasingly competitive world. To sit and spin and chatter round the household fires seemed like the promise of a perpetual holiday. Nothing to think about, just the hum of the wheel and the women's voices as they turned it.

The fight for India's rights was bitter and prolonged, and it raged round one of the gentlest and kindest hearts that ever beat for India. It brought him so near death's door, that a little more and he would have passed through. It is consoling to remember, when reviewing those years of political strife and misunderstanding, that upon both sides there was a respect for the ideals involved.

E. LUCIA TURNBULL (adapted).

## NOTES

MAHATMA GANDHI occupies a unique position in India to-day. He is regarded by many as the greatest political leader of India; by others he is respected as an unselfish and devoted servant of humanity; by a few he is almost worshipped as a saint; and even his political opponents respect his sincerity and idealism. He has consistently held up the ideal of plain living and high thinking, and preached the gospel of truth and non-violence. By his simple, unassuming life, his genial good-humour, and his sympathy for the oppressed, he has won a warm place in the hearts of the Indian people. His life is a triumph of the spirit over the flesh, and might well be accepted as a model for the younger generation.

**Porbandar:** an Indian State in Kathiawar.

**Rajasthanik Court:** a federal Court of Justice established in the Gujrat States, presided over by an English officer to try certain kinds of cases.

**reverent:** with feelings of respect and veneration. (Distinguish it from "reverend": (a person) deserving reverence; often as title: Rev.)

**Chaturmas:** a Hindu religious rite observed during the four monsoon months.

**orthodox:** strictly observing the accepted doctrines of religion. (Opp. "heterodox".)

**momentous:** important. (Distinguish from "momentary": lasting for a short time; short-lived.)

**devout:** pious; reverential; religious. (Distinguish between "devout" and "devote" in spelling, pronunciation and meaning.)

**elocution:** the art of speaking, such as pronunciation, delivery, etc.

**"Bhagavad Gita":** lit., "The Lord's Song": in Hindu scriptures the long sermon preached by Sri Krishna to Arjuna on the battle-field of Kurukshetra.

**"Ramayana":** the Hindu epic dealing with the life of Sri Rama, written originally in Sanskrit by the saint Valmiki.

**Tulsidas:** the great Hindu saint who wrote the epic *Ramayana* in Hindi.

**Sermon on the Mount:** a sermon preached to the multitude by Jesus Christ (see St. Matthew v.)

**New Testament:** one of the two important divisions of the Holy Bible, dealing with Christ's life and teaching.

**"But I say . . . other also":** from the Sermon on the Mount, St. Matthew v. 39.

**briefs:** cases; summary of the facts and law points of a case. (Cf. the expression "briefless barrister".)

**retaining fee:** also called "retainer": fee paid to a barrister for claiming his services whenever required.

**colour bar:** social and legal distinctions observed between the white and the coloured peoples.

**"Whosoever . . . other also":** see note above.

**Boer War, 1899-1902:** between the British in South Africa and the Dutch (Boers) of the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

**epidemic:** a disease which rages in a community in a certain season. (Cf. "endemic" and "pandemic".)

**obloquy:** abuse.

**Chamberlain:** Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who visited South Africa to settle the British-Boer controversy.

**draft:** to prepare; make a rough copy. (Distinguish from "draught".)

**privation:** want; lack of the necessities of life.

**Ahimsa:** Sanskrit for "non-violence", a cardinal principle of Gandhi's creed.

**Gokhale:** G. K. Gokhale (1866-1915), a great Indian leader and statesman and the founder of the Servants of India Society.

**The Servants of India Society:** founded by Gokhale in 1905 to train young Indians for a selfless life of service to the country.

**Sabarmati:** a place near Ahmedabad where Gandhi established an Ashram or retreat.

**gospel:** religious doctrine, principle or creed, in which one believes.

#### *Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meanings of the following words:

prejudices, orthodox, momentous, devout, dormant, frugality, retaliation, credentials, obloquy, deter, privation, buoyant.

2. Make sentences with:

by dint of, touch to the quick, thrown upon one's own resources.

#### *Exercises.*

1. Give an account of Gandhi's early life and education.
2. Describe Gandhi's experiences in South Africa.
3. What would you say are the main ideals of Gandhi's life?
4. Write an essay on Non-violence.

## JENNER, AND THE CURE OF SMALL-POX

IF you had been in Gloucestershire when Macadam and his friends were making their new roads, you might have seen a young country doctor jogging along on his horse, and making his rounds from farm to cottage. With his bright blue coat, high top boots and silver spurs, he looks a bit of a fop as he trots by, swinging his crop and whistling lightly to himself. Now he stops to see some farmer abed with the rheumatics, again he calls at a cottage to see some poor woman who is sick. Then with spurs to his horse he hurries on to the little inn, where he meets his fellow-doctors for dinner. After a merry chat and a bottle of wine, someone reads a learned paper, and hot discussion follows. Later in the evening he plays his violin or flute, or perhaps he visits some neighbour's house, where he takes his share in a duet.

Next morning he is up early, for there is much to do. He is busy writing his paper on the cuckoo,<sup>1</sup> and must see the young boy who is watching the bird for him, and tells him (not always correctly, alas) about that wicked bird's strange habits. Then off on his rounds again with a call on his parson brother for dinner and a chat. So the days passed peacefully away in the little village of Berkeley,<sup>2</sup> for Jenner was

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "coo-koo".

<sup>2</sup> Pron. "Barkly".

a modest, retiring man and loved his quiet country life. Yet by the time he was fifty this country doctor had become world-famous, for it was Jenner who discovered vaccination.

It is hard for us nowadays, when small-pox is so rare a disease, with all sorts of strict rules to prevent its spread, to realise what a terrible scourge it used to be. Yet before Jenner's time, small-pox was almost as common as measles is to-day, but of course far more dangerous. It left those of its victims who got well, covered with disfiguring scars.

Small-pox was to be found in all big towns, as well as in the country. There were no isolation hospitals for the sick people, and doctors did not know how to treat it, or how to prevent people from catching the infection. So common was the disease that advertisements<sup>1</sup> were put in the papers for servants who had had "the sickness". Children were often put to bed with others who were sick, so that they might be infected and get over the trouble of the disease once and for all. It was rare to see a lady whose beauty was not spoilt by small-pox scars, and very many died from it every year.

The story of Jenner's discovery is a romance. When quite a young man, while still apprenticed to a doctor in the country, he was interested in a local rumour which said that dairy-maids who had suffered from a disease called the cow-pox, could never catch the worse disease of small-pox. He tried hard to find out if this were true, especially when later he went to London, to continue his studies at St. George's Hospital,

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "advértizments".

as a pupil of the great Doctor Hunter. But nothing was known of this theory, and though Hunter encouraged his inquiries he could not help him at all. So when at last Jenner went back to his own county, a qualified doctor, to begin practice, he still had to study this question for himself, though he now had all the new knowledge from his work in London to help him.

It was more than twenty years after he had commenced working as a doctor in the country that Jenner got his opportunity. One day a young dairy-maid came to him with a sore on her hand, which she had caught from a sick cow. Jenner recognised it as cow-pox. Now at last he could make his great experiment. It was a little boy of eight, Jimmie Phipps, who was his lucky victim. Jenner took him on his knee, and making a small scratch with a sharp knife, he vaccinated him with some of the germs of the cow-pox. Of course he soon developed cow-pox, but this was a slight disease, and the boy was well again in a few days.

Now came the real test; was Jimmie free from any chance of infection from small-pox? Jenner inoculated him with small-pox to see, and the little boy remained quite well; he never caught the terrible disease. It may seem to us a risky chance that Jenner took, but we must remember that in those days children were often given small-pox on purpose so that they might get the illness over quickly. Jenner did some more experiments to make quite sure, and then he wrote and published his famous paper which told the wonderful news.

Soon after this Jenner went up to London, where all the doctors, and the other people too, were immensely interested in his work. Some believed in his new cure, but to others it seemed too good to be true. At first Jenner could find no one who was willing to be vaccinated as a test. Very soon, however, people began to accept his ideas, and there was such a rush to be vaccinated that Jenner was kept busy answering letters and arranging for the proper material to be used. Although England was at war with the great Napoleon, this did not prevent the news from spreading all over Europe, and soon even to France itself. Vaccination quickly became known in Spain and Portugal, the news was taken to Turkey and to Greece by English visitors. All the sailors of the British Fleet were vaccinated, and the medical officers promptly presented Jenner with a gold medal to show their thankfulness for his work.

The different foreign countries were quick to recognise the importance of vaccination. They had been scourged by small-pox, and now they welcomed the chance of relief. It was only five years after the first publication of Jenner's discovery that Spain sent a special expedition round the world to spread the news in Spanish America and in the other Spanish colonies. In some places there were religious processions to encourage people to be vaccinated, and in others special sermons were preached urging people to make use of God's new gift.

An interesting story tells how highly the great Napoleon valued Jenner's work. After the short Peace of Amiens, war broke out again between

England and France, and several important Englishmen who happened to be travelling in France were held as prisoners, but at Jenner's request Napoleon promptly let them go free. In the neighbouring country of Germany, Jenner's birthday, or the day on which he vaccinated Jimmie Phipps, was for several years kept as a national holiday.

Personal honours were showered on Jenner; a ring from the Empress of Russia, a service of silver plate from his brother doctors, and two grants of money from Parliament. When the kings who had defeated Napoleon came to London after the war was over, Jenner was presented to them all. At Oxford he was granted the degree of M.D., but the old fogies of the College of Physicians would not allow him to be a member unless he passed an examination in the classics. But Jenner had forgotten all his Latin and Greek since leaving school. To rub it up again would be "intolerable beyond belief," he said, and added, "I would not do it for worlds."

Jenner's great work was recognised in his own day, but it was even more important than he or any of his friends realised, because it turned men's minds to new ideas about the cause of disease. With the help of the microscope it was at last discovered that many diseases are caused by tiny microbes in the blood. So with the aid of different inoculations it is possible to bring "antitoxins" into the body which will fight and destroy the unhealthy germs. Still the discovery of small-pox vaccination was enough for one pioneer. Even within Jenner's life-time it was made compulsory in some countries, but not in England till thirty years

after his death. There were, however, some people who did not believe in his ideas, as there are still, and England, which always prides itself on being the land of liberty, altered this law, so that no one who "conscientiously objected" was forced to have his child vaccinated.

One thing we do know, and that is that small-pox, which used to be a regular scourge in this country, has practically disappeared. Most people believe that this is due to vaccination. Now almost every baby is vaccinated as soon as it is a few weeks old, and elder children and even grown-ups are often vaccinated a second time when there is any rumour of an outbreak of small-pox. So it is quite common nowadays to see a little red ribbon round someone's arm; and when we see it we can think of Edward Jenner and Jimmie Phipps and be thankful.

—C. S. S. HIGHAM: *Pioneers of Progress*.

## NOTES

EDWARD JENNER (1749-1823), one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. A doctor by profession, he was interested in the study of plants and animals, the results of which he placed before the Medical Society, which he helped to form. To him goes the credit of having studied the nature and causes of the dreadful disease of small-pox. How he discovered the remedy for this disease in vaccination is described in the narrative here given.

**Gloucestershire:** pron. "glostersher". (Similarly, Worcester-shire: Woostersher.) The suffix "shire" is pronounced "sher"; but when it is used as a word, meaning a district or country, it is pronounced to rhyme with "hire".

**J. L. MacAdam** (1756-1836): invented the modern method of road-making by compacting stones broken small. Hence the word "macadamize" (cf. similar words derived from proper names: Calico, from Calicut, in Malabar; dahlia (pron. dālia), from Dahl, a Swedish botanist).

**his paper on the cuckoo:** Jenner wrote a paper on "The Natural History of the Cuckoo"; but many of the facts mentioned were found to be incorrect, because the boy whom Jenner had employed to observe the cuckoo was too lazy to watch, and gave purely imaginary reports.

**vaccination:** to inject vaccine into a body, to prevent an attack of small-pox. (Distinguish "vaccination" from "inoculation" which is a more general word, meaning the injection of any virus to prevent a severe attack of a disease.)

**who had . . . sickness:** because a person who has once had an attack of small-pox does not usually have it again.

**Doctor Hunter** (1718-1783): a great doctor and a Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy.

**practice:** distinguish between "practice" (noun) and "practise" (verb) in spelling.

**Jimmie Phipps:** Jenner's first experiment in vaccination was conducted on a small boy, James Phipps, in 1796. The statue erected in honour of Jenner represents him vaccinating this boy.

**inoculated:** see note above on "vaccination".

**Napoleon**, (1769-1821): who later became Emperor of the French, was at war with England, which finally ended in 1815 with Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.

**news:** is always used as singular, and therefore takes a singular verb after it.

**Peace of Amiens:** a treaty signed between England and France in 1802, which gave a short respite to the war between the two countries.

**a service of silver plate:** "service" means a set of dishes and plates used for serving a meal, such as dinner, tea, etc. Plate: used collectively means domestic utensils such as spoons, forks, cups, dishes, etc.

**the kings . . . Napoleon:** i.e. the rulers of Austria, Russia and Prussia.

**old fogies:** a humorous term for old-fashioned people.

**to rub it up:** cf. "to brush up"—to refresh one's knowledge.

But, "to rub a person up the wrong way" means to irritate a person.

**a little red ribbon:** usually tied round the vaccinated arm.

*Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words:  
fop, duet, vaccination, inoculation, practice (distinguish from practise), fogies, service (different senses).
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:  
to make one's rounds, too good to be true, to shower honours, to rub up (cf. to rub up the wrong way).

*Exercises*

1. Describe the perils of small-pox before vaccination was introduced.
2. What is meant by "cow-pox"? What is the relation between cow-pox and small-pox?
3. How did Jenner test the success of vaccination?
4. What is meant by "conscientious objection"? How does the law provide for it?

**J. L. MacAdam** (1756-1836): invented the modern method of road-making by compacting stones broken small. Hence the word "macadamize" (cf. similar words derived from proper names: Calico, from Calicut, in Malabar; dahlia (pron. dālia), from Dahl, a Swedish botanist).

**his paper on the cuckoo**: Jenner wrote a paper on "The Natural History of the Cuckoo"; but many of the facts mentioned were found to be incorrect, because the boy whom Jenner had employed to observe the cuckoo was too lazy to watch, and gave purely imaginary reports.

**vaccination**: to inject vaccine into a body, to prevent an attack of small-pox. (Distinguish "vaccination" from "inoculation" which is a more general word, meaning the injection of any virus to prevent a severe attack of a disease.)

**who had . . . sickness**: because a person who has once had an attack of small-pox does not usually have it again.

**Doctor Hunter** (1718-1783): a great doctor and a Professor of Anatomy in the Royal Academy.

**practice**: distinguish between "practice" (noun) and "practise" (verb) in spelling.

**Jimmie Phipps**: Jenner's first experiment in vaccination was conducted on a small boy, James Phipps, in 1796. The statue erected in honour of Jenner represents him vaccinating this boy.

**inoculated**: see note above on "vaccination".

**Napoleon**, (1769-1821): who later became Emperor of the French, was at war with England, which finally ended in 1815 with Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo.

**news**: is always used as singular, and therefore takes a singular verb after it.

**Peace of Amiens**: a treaty signed between England and France in 1802, which gave a short respite to the war between the two countries.

**a service of silver plate**: "service" means a set of dishes and plates used for serving a meal, such as dinner, tea, etc. Plate: used collectively means domestic utensils such as spoons, forks, cups, dishes, etc.

**the kings . . . Napoleon**: i.e. the rulers of Austria, Russia and Prussia.

**old fogies**: a humorous term for old-fashioned people.

**to rub it up**: cf. "to brush up"—to refresh one's knowledge.

But, "to rub a person up the wrong way" means to irritate a person.

**a little red ribbon:** usually tied round the vaccinated arm.

*Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words:  
fop, duct, vaccination, inoculation, practice (distinguish from practise), fogies, service (different senses).
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own:  
to make one's rounds, too good to be true, to shower honours, to rub up (cf. to rub up the wrong way).

*Exercises*

1. Describe the perils of small-pox before vaccination was introduced.
2. What is meant by "cow-pox"? What is the relation between cow-pox and small-pox?
3. How did Jenner test the success of vaccination?
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## HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN REQUIRE?

THE elder sister, who had married a shopkeeper in town, was paying a visit to her younger sister, a peasant's wife. While drinking tea, she boasted of the life she led in town; according to her, she lived at her ease, always wore pretty<sup>1</sup> clothes, and even her children were neat and trim; she only ate and drank what she liked, and, when she wanted amusement, she had the choice between a walk and the theatre.

The younger sister, somewhat piqued, retorted by disparaging the lot of a shopkeeper and vaunting that of a peasant.

"You make a great mistake if you imagine I would ever change places with you," she declared. "Our life here may be dull, but, at least, it is not always poisoned by the dread of to-morrow. You are well off one day and perhaps a beggar the next, whereas we, if we are never likely to be rich, can always count on a crust of bread."

"Yes," sneered the other, "like the pigs and the calves. However diligently your husband may work, you will never know what it is to feel at your ease. You were born in squalor—you will live and die in squalor, and it will be the same with your children."

Pokhom, the husband of the younger sister, reclined

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "pritty."

on the top of the stove and gave an idle ear to the women's chatter.

"All that is true enough," he reflected. "Our one trouble is that we have not all the land we need. Ah! If only I had sufficient land, not even the Devil himself could frighten me."

The women finished their tea, tidied up, and went to bed.

Not a word of what had been said had escaped the ears of the Devil, who was crouching behind the stove. Nothing could please him better than to hear Pokhom declare that, if only he had enough land, he would defy the Devil himself.

"So be it, my fine fellow," he chuckled to himself. "You and I must thresh this out together. I will give you plenty of land, and that is precisely how I will get at you."

Pokhom's wish was soon gratified. First, by dint of much scraping and pinching, he was able to buy a respectable slice of an adjoining property. Increased responsibilities brought new troubles, but, on the whole, he was fairly satisfied.

Then, one day, he put a peasant up for the night, and his visitor told him about some wonderful land near the Volga; not only did it produce enormous crops almost without being scratched, but it was stupendously cheap. Pokhom was electrified. He forthwith sold his present little holding and set out for the land of promise.

The place proved all that he had been led to expect. But here, too, fresh troubles arose. The chief grievance was the insufficiency of suitable land for corn, and Pokhom was compelled to rent some more. However,

his industry and a succession of good harvests enabled him, five years later, to put by a little money.

He was just on the point of purchasing from a ruined neighbour the very land he needed to round off his property when something intervened. A passing stranger, a merchant, happened to tell him about the wonderful country of the Bashkirs, where, for a thousand roubles—the exact sum Pokhom had at his disposal—he, the merchant, had acquired five thousand acres of magnificent land.

“All you need do,” he assured Pokhom, “is to make friends with the elders. I presented them with a few dressing-gowns and carpets and a chest of tea and gave them a drink of wine all round. The land cost me less than sixpence an acre.”

He produced the deed of sale of the land, which, he said, was a plain, covered with grass and traversed by a river.

“There is so much of this good land,” continued the stranger, enthusiastically, “that you could not walk round it in a whole year. It all belongs to the Bashkirs, and they are as silly as a lot of sheep. If you liked, you could almost get the land from them for nothing.”

Once more Pokhom’s imagination took fire. He decided to keep his money in his pocket. Heaven only knows how much land he might be able to extort from the Bashkirs for the sum he was going to hand to his ruined neighbour, as a first instalment on a few hundred acres.

He ascertained full particulars as to the best way of reaching the Bashkirs’ country, and immediately got ready for the journey. The care of his house he

entrusted to his wife, and, taking only one companion, he set out for the neighbouring town. There he purchased the articles mentioned by the stranger—several dressing-gowns and carpets, a chest of tea, and some wine. After that, the two men started on their journey in the cart.

They travelled on and on, and at the end of a week, after covering over three hundred miles, they came to a Bashkir camp.

Everything here was precisely as the stranger had described. The Bashkirs occupied a group of felt tents in a plain, on the banks of a small river. They are a race of nomads who never plough nor eat bread. Their whole existence is spent in wandering over the steppes with their horses and cattle. To drink koumiss and tea, eat mutton and play on his pipe, that is all a Bashkir has ever been known to do. Though densely ignorant and unable to speak a word of Russian, they are extremely hospitable.

No sooner had they noticed Pokhom's approach than all the Bashkirs left their tents and surrounded the new-comers. An interpreter was fortunately at hand, and Pokhom was able to make himself understood. He explained that the object of his visit was to obtain some land.

The Bashkirs gave him a most cordial welcome and conducted him to the best tent, where he was made to sit upon a pile of soft cushions spread upon silk carpets. He was offered tea and koumiss. A sheep was killed in his honour, and all the tit-bits were put aside for him.

Pokhom bade<sup>1</sup> his servant fetch the presents from the

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "bad" (rarely "bāde").

cart, and he gave them to his hosts, distributing tea and wine to each of them.

The Bashkirs seemed highly pleased and they held a long consultation, at the end of which they told the interpreter to translate their decisions to Pokhom.

"I am to tell you," began the interpreter, "that they feel very friendly disposed towards you. It is our custom to treat strangers to the best of our ability and to return presents for presents. You have only to declare what pleases you most here and to take it in return for your gifts."

"What pleases me more than anything else," replied Pokhom, "is your land. There is not sufficient land in my country; moreover, the little land we do possess does not yield us a big enough return. You, on the other hand, have a lot of it, and it is very good land. I have never seen any land to compare with it."

The interpreter duly translated this. Again the Bashkirs deliberated. Pokhom could not understand a word they said, but he gathered that they were very much amused, for they spoke and laughed boisterously.

Finally they grew<sup>1</sup> silent, and once more the interpreter spoke.

"They tell me to let you know that, in recognition of your generosity, they are willing to give you as much land as you like."

"What does he mean by saying I can have as much as I like?" pondered Pokhom. "I want the transaction to be done properly. Otherwise, after I have been granted this or that land, somebody may come along and take it away from me again."

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "groo".

"I am very much obliged to you for your offer, your most generous offer," he said, aloud, turning to the elder. "You own a great deal of land, I know, but I do not ask you to give me very much. I do, however, want to know exactly what you propose to give me. I want to have the boundaries pegged out and everything put on a proper business footing, for we are all, every one of us, mortal. Were things not arranged as I suggest, your children might want to take away from me what you had given me, in the goodness of your heart."

"Very well," laughed the chief elder. "The transaction shall be carried through in accordance with all rules and precedents."

"I know," continued Pokhom, "that a merchant visited you recently and that you ceded to him a certain amount of land. On that occasion a proper contract was drawn up. Do as much for me."

The chief elder understood perfectly well what Pokhom wanted.

"There need be no difficulty about that. We have an excellent scribe here. We can go all together to the nearest town. A deed shall be drawn up and as many seals affixed to it as may be necessary."

"And the price?" asked Pokhom. "Let me know now how much I shall have to pay."

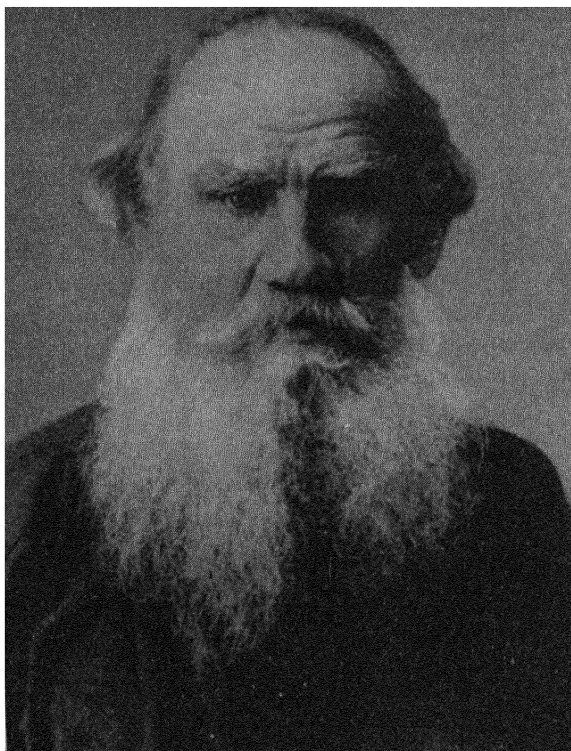
"We have only one price: a thousand roubles a day."

To fix the price of land at so much a day took Pokhom by surprise. He was unable to make an immediate answer. At last he asked:

"How many acres does that make?"

"It is quite impossible to say exactly beforehand. All the land you can walk round in a day will become

year. I can easily cover more than thirty miles. Thirty miles! At last I shall be my own master—I shall no longer be dependent on anyone. I can buy oxen for



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

[L N A

two ploughs, hire a couple of labourers, cultivate the best part of the land, and let the cattle graze on the rest."

Thus, restless and wakeful, Pokhom passed the entire night. Only shortly before dawn did he fall into a fitful slumber. And then he had a dream!

In his dream he was still in the same tent. Shouts of laughter reached him from outside. Curious to see what was happening, he jumped up and went out. In front of the tent sat the chief elder, his hands crossed on his stomach. He was shaking with laughter.

"What is amusing you so much?" Pokhom asked, advancing towards him.

Suddenly Pokhom realised that the man before him was not the chief elder of the Bashkirs, but the merchant who had told him of the wonderful land in the steppes. He was on the point of asking him for the latest news, when he discovered that he had made another mistake. This man was not the merchant at all, but the peasant whom he once put up for the night and who had told him about the good land to be had near the Volga. But no sooner did he recognise him than the peasant, in turn, disappeared, and in his place, right in front of Pokhom's eyes, sat the Devil himself, with cloven hoofs and horns on the forehead. Staring very hard at something, he laughed as though his sides were going to split.

"What can he be looking at so fixedly?" wondered Pokhom, "and why is he so amused?"

Drawing still nearer, Pokhom suddenly started, then remained motionless. What is this? On the ground, quite close him, a man was lying. He had nothing on except a shirt and a pair of trousers, and his feet were bare. He was stretched out on his back, face upwards, and his face was as white as chalk.

Pokhom gazed at the figure attentively and recognised himself. With a cry of dismay he awakened.

"What extraordinary things one does dream!" he exclaimed half aloud, and was on the point of going to sleep again, when he noticed the first streaks of dawn. "Time the others were up," he muttered, "they ought to be setting out already."

Pokhom got up and went to arouse his servant. He told him to harness the horses and call the Bashkirs.

Hardly any time elapsed before the Bashkirs were assembled, the chief elder among them. They pressed Pokhom to take koumiss and tea, but he was far too impatient to start.

"It is high time we were off," he said. "Let us get away at once."

The little procession started; some of the Bashkirs rode, others drove in carts. Pokhom, of course, was in his own cart with his man. The steppes were soon reached.

Just before the sun peeped above the horizon they halted on the summit of a small hillock. The Bashkirs dismounted. Approaching Pokhom, the chief elder stretched out his arm and, with extended forefinger, pointed to the wide-spreading plains before them.

"All that belongs to us," he said. "Everything your eye can take in. Make your choice."

In Pokhom's eyes there was a sudden gleam. Right away to the distant horizon the land extended, luxuriant with grass, flat as the palm of his hand, dark as a poppy-seed. Herbage of every description, some of it as high as a man, indicated the hollows.

The chief elder took off his fur cap and placed it on the ground, on the very summit of the hill.

"Here," he said, "is the mark. Your servant shall remain beside it. Put your money in the hat. From here you must start and here you must return. All the land included in the circuit<sup>1</sup> you will make becomes your property."

Pokhom took the thousand roubles from his pocket and placed the money in the cap. Then he removed his outer cloak, retaining his caftan, and tightened his waistband. He had provided himself with a little dried grain contained in a small bag, and a gourd full of water was slung over his shoulders. When he had given his boots a final hitch he was quite ready to start.

A minute or two he stood lost in reflection. Which direction ought he to take? The land looked equally good everywhere. Finally he decided to go east, as there was no obvious reason for him to take to the right rather than to the left.

He looked at the emblazoned sky, stretched his limbs, and waited for the sun to rise.

"I must not lose any time," he reflected. "Walking is less trying during the cool hours of the morning. I must take every advantage I can."

Some of the younger Bashkirs were astride their horses again, ready to accompany Pokhom.

Simultaneously, as the edge of the sun appeared above the horizon, Pokhom started. He was soon in the very heart of the steppes, the horsemen following him.

He decided to maintain an even pace, neither too quick nor too slow. At the end of the first mile a stake was put in. Then on again. As his legs grew accustomed to the exercise he somewhat increased his pace.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "serkit" (but pronounce the adj. "serkewitus.")

He kept on steadily, walking, walking, walking. After what he estimated to be another mile he ordered another stake to be fixed. He glanced behind him. The hill, lit up by the full glare of the rising sun, stood out clearly. The little group of Bashkirs on the summit was plainly distinguishable.

By the time Pokhom had covered about three miles he decided to remove his caftan. The day promised to be warm; already the heat was trying. He gave his waistband another hitch and walked on for another three miles.

The heat was now growing oppressive. Pokhom raised his eyes to the sun and realised it was time he broke his fast.

"Here I am," he mused, "at the end of the first quarter of my day. There are four such parts in a day. It is not yet time to turn. I think, though, it will be better if I remove my boots."

He sat down, took off his boots, and once more resumed his march.

"Another three miles or so and I will then turn to the left. The land about here is far too good to be left out. The farther I go, in fact, the better the land seems to become."

And so Pokhom kept straight ahead. After a time he felt again the impulse to glance behind him. This time the hill was barely visible. As for the Bashkirs on the top of it, they resembled a group of ants rather than men.

"Ah," sighed Pokhom, "I have got something like a bit of land now! But I must really decide to turn."

Sweat was pouring down his face, and he felt very thirsty. Still walking, he took a long draught out of his gourd. Then he told the Bashkirs to fix another stake and turned sharply to the left.

On went Pokhom in the new direction. The grass was high and thick, and the heat intense. Pokhom was beginning to feel very tired. He glanced upward at the sun. It was time he had dinner. A short rest would do him good. He stopped, opened his bag, and ate, standing.

"If I were to sit down," he reflected, "I should be tempted to stretch myself out at full length, and I am so weary that I should certainly fall asleep."

And so he remained standing where he was for a few minutes. Then drawing a deep breath, he was off again.

The food had invigorated him, and, at first, he went ahead with comparative ease. But the heat had become well-nigh unbearable, and his desire to sleep was almost invincible. Pokhom was really tired out. To gain courage he muttered to himself the proverb: "An hour's suffering for a century of joy."

He managed to cover another four miles. Then, as he was on the point of turning once more to the left, he was struck by the wonderfully luxuriant look of the hollow straight ahead.

"It will never do to leave that out of my domain. What a crop of flax I shall have there!"

He continued to advance. He must have that hollow at all costs.

A stake was fixed on the other side of it, and then Pokhom turned.

Once more he looked towards the hill. The little group of Bashkirs could now be discerned only with difficulty. Ten miles, at least, separated Pokhom from them.

"I have made the first two sides rather long," he said; "this side must be shorter."

His pace, in spite of his weariness, was now considerably increased. The sun was nearing the horizon; very soon, now, it would reach the end of its day's journey. Yet Pokhom had covered little more than a mile of the third side. He was still a good ten miles away from his goal.

"There is no help for it," he sighed. "I must make straight for the hill now. My land will be a very queer shape, but that cannot be helped. I shall have quite sufficient."

He set his face towards the goal.

Straight for the hill went Pokhom. His distress was great. His feet, swollen and bruised<sup>1</sup>, were horribly painful, and his limbs gave way under him. Much as he would have enjoyed a rest, the briefest halt was now quite out of the question.

"What will become of me if I do not reach the goal before the appointed time? How far have I still to go? If only my feet did not ache so! Is it possible I am going to lose both my money and my toil?"

And now, Pokhom began to run. His feet were bleeding, but that did not stay him. On, on, he raced! And still the goal lay far ahead. He removed the gourd, threw away cap and boots.

"Alas!" he lamented, "greed has been my undoing.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "broozed".

Never, never can I reach the goal before the sun goes down."

The dread of this almost suffocated him. He was unable to take a deep breath. Still he continued to run. His mouth was parched, his shirt and trousers, soaked with sweat, were clinging to him. His chest rose and fell like a blacksmith's bellows, his heart was pounding hard. No longer could he feel his feet. His ankles were giving way. He was done for!

The land and everything else was forgotten. His sole dread now was that he might drop down dead from sheer exhaustion.

And Pokhom was very frightened of death.

As he raced along, Pokhom was saying to himself: "Think what a hopeless fool you will appear if you stop running now!"

He could actually hear the Bashkirs whistling and shouting, and this made him still more determined not to give in. Putting forth all his strength, he made a final effort. The goal was quite near, but the sun was getting lower and lower.

Each man could be discerned now on the top of the hill. Everybody was making signs to him to hurry. He could even see the cap on the ground containing the money. The chief elder was squatting beside it, his hands folded over his stomach. And, quite suddenly, Pokhom recollected his dream.

"I shall have all the land I want, that is clear," he mused, "but will Heaven allow me to live on it? It is I alone who have been the cause of my undoing."

And still he continued to run. He raised his eyes to the sun. The great red disc was almost touching the

earth. Now it had actually touched it. Another brief moment and the bottom half of it was hidden. Then, just as Pokhom, running all the time, reached the hill, the last glowing crescent slipped out of sight.

With a cry of despair, Pokhom told himself that all was lost. No; there was still a last chance! He suddenly realised that, though the sun might be gone for him at the bottom of the hill, it must still be visible for those on the summit.

Putting forth all that he had left of vitality, he bounded up the slope.

There is the cap! Victory!

He lost his footing and slipped, but, as he fell, his outstretched hands touched the cap.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shouted the chief elder of the Bashkirs, "you have gained a fine estate."

Pokhom's servant rushed forward; he wanted to assist his master to rise, but he noticed a little stream of blood trickling from his mouth.

Pokhom was dead!

The chief elder, squatting on the ground, his hands crossed on his stomach, burst out laughing. Then, rising, he took a spade and threw it towards Pokhom's servant.

"Take this and dig a grave for him."

The Bashkirs mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the servant with his master's body.

And the servant, all by himself, dug a hole six feet deep, the exact length of the body, and in that hole he buried Pokhom.

COUNT TOLSTOY.

## NOTES

**COUNT LEO TOLSTOY** (1828-1910). Tolstoy is one of the greatest names in Russian literature. Though by birth a wealthy nobleman, he gave up a life of comfort and by his philosophic and highly original writings preached the virtues of an austere and simple life and love of one's fellow-men. His books had a profound influence upon the world. His chief novels are *Anna Karénina*, *War and Peace*, and *Resurrection*.

The story here given is one of the parables in which the author expresses his creed of life. It brings out the foolishness of the greedy pursuit of wealth, when all that man really needs is six feet of earth to be buried in.

**chuckled to himself**: laughed to himself; to chuckle is to make a half-suppressed sound of laughter.

**much scraping and pinching**: with great thrift and economy saving as much as possible.

**put a peasant up for the night**: the phrase "put up" means to give a temporary shelter or lodging. One also "puts up" at a hotel.

**Volga**: a river in south Russia which flows into the Caspian Sea.

**land of promise**: the rich and fertile land which he hoped to acquire. The phrase is from the Bible where "Land of Promise", or "Promised Land", refers to Canaan which God promised to give to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their descendants (Genesis xii. 7; xiii. 15, etc.).

**Bashkirs**: a Mohammedan tribe in east Russia living in the province called Bashkiria.

**rouble**: a Russian silver coin.

**as silly as sheep**: the word "silly" originally meant "simple-minded", hence "silly sheep". The meaning "foolish" is a later acquired sense.

**took fire**: an idiom meaning "was roused".

**nomads**: tribes of people who have no fixed abode but wander from place to place. The gipsies, for instance, are nomads.

**steppes**: (pron. "steps") vast level plains without any forest, as in Russia and Siberia.

**koumiss**: "fermented liquor prepared from mare's milk" (O.E.D.).

**scribe**: a person who can write. Originally the word was applied to ancient Jewish writers, keepers of records, and priests. (Cf. "Scribes and Pharisees".)

**luxuriant**: thickly growing. (Distinguish between "luxuriant" and "luxurious".)

**caftan**: a kind of Eastern under-shirt or vest with a belt at the waist.

**hitch**: a tug, a jerky pull, to tighten the shoes. The word is from the verb meaning to fasten with a loop or hook (cf. the phrase "hitch one's waggon to a star").

**flax**: a plant the fibre of which is used for making linen, and the seed, called linseed, for extracting oil.

*Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meanings of the following words, and use them in your sentences:  
piqued, vaunting, disparage, squalor, chuckle, stupendous, nomad, deliberate (vb. and adj.), scribe, hitch (n. and vb.).
2. Use the following phrases in sentences of your own, to bring out their meanings:  
to thresh out, by dint of, scraping and pinching, land of promise, to put by, to put up.

*Exercises.*

1. Describe Pokhom's meeting with the Bashkirs.
2. Give in your own words an account of Pokhom measuring out his land.
3. What is the moral that Tolstoy teaches by this story?

## THE ISLET

WITH my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot and beating my breast, with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed<sup>1</sup> a hill—the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook—falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite, or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "climed" (*b* is silent).

What with my wet clothes and weariness, and my belly that now began to ache with hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighbouring part of Mull (which they call the Ross) is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing as I had looked to see; but presently to my surprise it began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain with a thick mist, so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from the shore, I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of more, it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be) but I was all the colder for this

mishap; and having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

And now, all at once, the yard came in my head. What had carried me through the roost would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off, undaunted, across the top of the isle, to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the sea salt, or because I was growing fevered, I was distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, and drink the peaty water out of the hags.

I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive; and at the first glance, I thought the yard was something further out than when I left it. In I went, for the third time, into the sea. The sand was smooth and firm and shelved gradually down; so that I could wade out till the water was almost to my neck and the little waves splashed into my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me, and I durst venture in no further. As for the yard, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet in front of me.

I had borne up well until this last disappointment; but at that I came ashore and flung myself down upon the sands and wept.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver

button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shell-fish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me, and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me.

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind roof, my feet were in a bog.

The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious

number. But the creek, or straits, that cut off the isle from the mainland of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was the neighbourhood of this place that I chose to be my home; though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out weeping.

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shell-fish on which I lived grew there in plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time: and this was doubtless a convenience. But the reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted) between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up, morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness; and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and

comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shell-fish (which had soon grown to be a disgust) and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright look-out for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained; and I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever and with a cruel sore throat, but a little comforted, perhaps, by having said good-night to my next neighbours, the people of Iona.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in a year in the climate of England than in any other. This was like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the straits; though what should

bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets I was startled by a guinea-piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea-pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of

Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear—I could even see the colour of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue, and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the yard, and now the second time,

when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails, and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning, and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarce control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness which we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishers; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me; I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before, since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shell-fish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid. I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the sea-water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught

the word "whateffer", several times; but all the rest was Gaelic and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide", Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out——?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), and leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and, except in the bottom of the neaps, can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dryshod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shell-

fish—even I (I say) if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret, and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that is'land for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggarman, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Kidnapped*.

## NOTES

ROBERT LOUIS<sup>1</sup> STEVENSON (1850–1894), essayist, novelist and critic, is one of the most pleasing writers in English. His novels of adventure, open-air life and romance are very popular. His frequent travels on sea and land in search of health provided him with rich and varied material for his novels. He finally settled down in Samoa, in the South Seas, where he died in 1894. Students should be familiar with his *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*, from the latter of which the passage here given is selected.

David Balfour, the hero, is the real owner of a considerable estate, which is wrongfully withheld from him by his uncle. To get rid of David, his uncle bribes the captain of a ship to kidnap and take him to America where he can be sold as a slave. In the ship, David meets the famous outlaw Alan Breck, and they become friends. The ship is wrecked on one of the western

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Loo-ee".

islands, and David is cast ashore on what appears to be a small islet separated from the main island of Mull.

**my friend:** Alan Breck, a famous Highland leader, who was considered a rebel for supporting Prince Charles. David helped to save his life on the ship and so became his friend.

**brig . . . boat:** the brig refers to the ship, and the boat to one of the life-boats in which David had got off.

**yard:** the piece of the wooden support of the sail which David had used to keep himself afloat.

**roost:** a strong current of tide.

**quiet:** distinguish "quiet" from "quite" both in spelling and pronunciation. "Quiet" has two syllables, but "quite" has one syllable.

**hags:** ground covered with moss or peat.

**Alan's silver button:** Alan Breck had given David one of his silver buttons, telling him that Alan Breck's friends would come to help him whenever they saw it.

**limpets:** a kind of shell-fish usually found sticking to the rocks.

**retching:** the effort to vomit.

**game birds:** certain birds legally preserved and killed for sport, such as pheasants, partridges, grouse, etc.

**a peck:** a measure equal to two gallons.

**had my head half turned:** became half-mad.

**That's very like . . . palace at his back:** note the irony in the sentence.

**his flight from Worcester:** During the Commonwealth, the Scots who were still loyal to Charles crowned him King Charles II. He then marched to England in 1651 to reclaim his throne, but was defeated and put to flight by Cromwell at Worcester. After much wandering Charles left England.

**to lock the stable-door . . . stolen:** a proverb meaning to take precautions after damage has been done.

**coble:** a Scotch word meaning a fishing-boat.

**Gaelic:** the language of the Celtic Highlanders of Scotland, still spoken in remote places.

**I had counted many hundreds . . . counted the full thousand:** it is supposed to be a good remedy for impatience and anxiety to count a hundred or more slowly to oneself.

**tee-hee'd:** a word imitating the sound of contemptuous laughter.

**I had no Gaelic:** i.e. I did not understand Gaelic.

**a tidal islet:** a small piece of land which gets separated from the mainland at high tide.

**neaps:** the period when the tide is least active. Twice a month, i.e. at the end of the first and third quarters of the moon, there is little high tide. Water-level remains constant. Hence "the bottom of the neaps" means at the extreme neap tide, when the water-level remains practically the same throughout the day.

**I have seen . . . fools first:** both fools and knaves will get their punishment; but the fools get it sooner than the knaves.

*Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words:  
scramble, brig, lamentable, prudence, retching, sop, scan, cluck.
2. Use the following phrases in your own sentences:  
head over ears, to bear up, to have one's head turned, to put a point on one's sufferings, to be none the wiser, to turn a deaf ear, to turn tail.

*Exercises.*

1. Describe David's experience on the islet on the first day.
2. Give an account of the attempts made by David to escape from the islet.
3. Write a paragraph on tides.
4. Attempt an imaginary account of a day upon a deserted island.

## DAILY LIFE IN ATHENS

To appreciate the conditions of a people's daily life it is essential to know something of their climate. The climate of Attica, as of the rest of Greece, was extremely dry. For a month or two in winter there might be rains, or even snow which, though soon melted on the plains, would linger on the hill-tops. Occasionally, too, in summer, thunder-clouds would suddenly gather and come in a deluge, sending swollen torrents racing down the ravines among the mountains. Otherwise, however, these torrent-beds are waterless, and even the rivers for the most part a mere trickle. For during spring, summer, and autumn, cloudless skies last day after day. Dawn rises fresh and cool, with an invigorating sparkle in the air giving a sense as of clear spring water. But long before noon the sun is scorching hot and the whole country-side athirst. Lizards creep out of the wall-crannies to bask; crickets chirrup loudly among the grasses; and under-foot the dust lies inches deep. The afternoon wanes and then the sun goes down in a glory of molten gold. A flush steals over the hoary foliage of the olives. On the Citadel the temple of the goddess Athena catches the last rays and its marble pillars turn rosy with the glow. Behind them the huge mass of Mount Hymettus changes from blue to violet<sup>1</sup> and from violet to deep purple, till darkness falls suddenly,

<sup>1</sup> Should *not* be pronounced "voilet".

and under a starry sky the plain resounds with the chorus of frogs croaking in the marshes.

The influence of such a climate may be traced in many aspects of the Athenians' daily life. Their clothing, in the first place, was admirably adapted to its alternations of heat and occasional cold. Their normal dress consisted of two garments, each of which was nothing more elaborate than an oblong piece of woollen cloth. The undergarment or tunic was doubled round the body, pinned over each shoulder, and its hanging folds caught and held in place by a girdle at the waist. The men's tunic fell to the knee, the women's<sup>1</sup> lower. Over the tunic was thrown a cloak of somewhat thicker material which in winter could be wrapped tightly round the body or in summer so arranged as to leave the limbs more free. Workers would of course dispense with the cloak while at their labour; and persons who aped the Spartan reputation for toughness sometimes did without the tunic. Sandals and boots of various types were worn; but not hats, except on a journey.

In the second place, the character of the climate influenced to a large degree the planning of private houses. The country-house, it is true, still followed the simple plan of the Homeric Age, and consisted of a living-room with a central hearth<sup>2</sup> and a courtyard surrounded by a pent-house or veranda. In the city, where space was precious, such a lay-out was impracticable; and the Greeks, feeling the need for air and sunlight, placed the court-yard in the centre of their houses, surrounding it, as before, by a veranda

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "wimmin's".

<sup>2</sup> Pron. "harth".

supported upon stone or wooden pillars. In this miniature cloister there was shade to be found in summer and shelter from winter winds. Meals might be taken there; and much of the household business, such as spinning and so forth, done. But there was usually a large room for dinner-parties adjoining<sup>1</sup> The sleeping rooms opened off the central court; and the womenfolk had separate quarters on the side farthest from the front door. Light filtered into the rooms through the doorways opening on the courtyard. Externally, beyond a small spy-hole for the porter, there were no windows; and the house presented a blank wall to the street. Apart from the front door, which might be supported or flanked with pillars, there was no attempt at outside decoration; and the favourite building-material was unbaked brick, so far from durable that burglars went to work by digging through the walls.

At a later age, indeed, private houses grew more pretentious in style; but in the fifth century B.C. they were of an extreme simplicity. The Greeks did not choose to employ their agile wits in devising aids to physical comfort, which they affected to despise as more suitable to the soft, luxurious races of the East. There was no regular heating-apparatus, such as the Romans used; in winter-time a brazier of charcoal was carried into the rooms. Bathing was generally done at the public bath-house or the gymnasium. The rooms, as we have hinted, must have been exceedingly draughty; for only curtains seem to have

<sup>1</sup> The letter *d* is *not* pronounced in this word and others, like adjacent, adjective, adjust, etc.

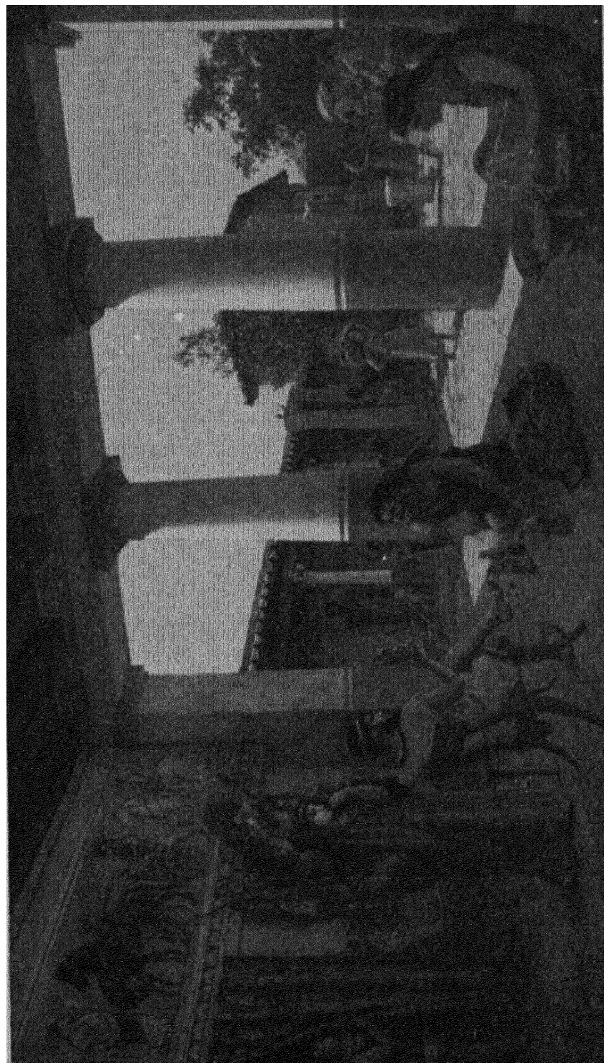
covered the doorways. The floors were of beaten earth and there were no carpets. Furniture, if elegant, was austere, consisting mainly of stools, benches, and chests. There was no drainage system whatever. Slops were thrown into the street with a warning cry to passers-by; and the narrow winding alleys of which Athens was composed must have been very insanitary.

In the third place the climate favoured an open-air life, and the Athenians took full advantage of the fact. The indoor man and stay-at-home was regarded as a churl. Everywhere there was an atmosphere of genial sociability, very different from the life of our great towns and suburbs where neighbours often scarcely know one another to speak to. "We have no sour looks for those around us," said Pericles in a famous speech which he made in praise of the Athenian character. As Greek cities went, the population of Athens was very large; but even so most citizens must have known a large number of their fellows by sight. As Plato's dialogues show, men formed readily into groups and did not stand on ceremony with a stranger. The gymnasium and wrestling-ground were common resorts. When Socrates got back from the wars, so Plato relates, he went straight to one of these and every one jumped up to greet him and ask the news from the front. Conversation never flagged. For the Greeks were never so happy as when talking. Some of the more old-fashioned no doubt maintained a dignified gravity of demeanour; but the majority, as we may guess, were less restrained; and their excitable chatter would doubtless be accompanied, as it is to-day, by frequent shrugs of the

shoulders and lively gesticulation of the hands. For they were a race of actors born. They were no mere loungers, preferring always to stand rather than sit, which they considered a slavish posture. Often, while talking, they would pace up and down, wheeling in a regular line as if there were many of them. Walking was a very popular form of exercise; and they thought nothing of a tramp to the Piraeus, five miles off, and back again.

But, if the Greek could appreciate the country-side, he perhaps loved the city more; and his favourite resort was the market-place or Agora. It lay in the middle of Athens, close under the northern slope of the Acropolis itself. At that end were several important public buildings, such as the hall in which the State-Council held its sessions. Along the sides were colonnades with stately rows of pillars and brightly frescoed walls. In the central spaces are set rows of temporary stalls and booths. Here the country-folk bring their produce to sell. In one part will be greengrocers' stalls; in another bakers'. Fish-mongers have a pitch to themselves, with a crier to ring his bell when the market is open. Elsewhere bankers and money-changers erect their tables; and much commercial business is done. Everywhere is a babel of voices; and at time of full market the whole space is crowded. Many walk up and down in the adjacent colonnades. Groups form; and conversation flows freely, ranging over all manner of topics from vulgar gossip to political or even philosophic discussion.

An Athenian's day began at dawn or earlier; for oil-lamps were a poor substitute for sunlight which few could afford to waste. Fast was broken by a sop



*Illustrated London News*

## AN ATHENIAN HOUSEHOLD

of bread dipped in wine, corresponding to the coffee and roll with which the continental folk of modern times begin their day. Thus fortified, our citizen friend (whom we will suppose to be a man of means and so of ample leisure) would sally forth from his house. First, perhaps, he would pay a call on some friend; but sooner or later he would make his way to the market. He would carry a staff; and if particular about his dress, he would be at some pains to drape the folds of his cloak in the approved style of the day. He would walk, too, at a dignified pace; for a bustling gait was thought vulgar and Socrates was much ridiculed for swinging his arms in the air. A slave or two would probably be in attendance; and friends would soon fall in alongside.

Our citizen's first destination would be the barber's shop. Among Greeks shaving was not the fashion until Alexander the Great set it. But great care was lavished on the dressing of the hair; and, as a Persian spy noted with surprise on the eve of the battle of Thermopylae, even the Spartans spent much time in combing and plaiting their long tresses. Another operation performed at the barber's was treatment of the eyes for ophthalmia, a complaint rendered very common by the dust of the streets. While awaiting his turn, our friend would chat with many others who were similarly engaged. The barber's shop was a recognised centre for picking up gossip; and the news of the disaster which befell the Athenian expedition to Sicily was first learnt from a casual stranger who landed at the Piraeus and dropped into a barber's for his toilette.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "twahlet".

By this time—about nine a.m.—the market would be filling. Purchases would be made and sent home by a slave. Business might be done at the banker's. Then, at noon, it would be time for lunch—a light meal which men often preferred to bring with them and eat in the open rather than return home again. After lunch some Greeks enjoyed a siesta; and history tells of a town which was captured by surprise attack when the inhabitants were engaged in their midday nap. But in the Athens of Pericles' time the habit was not much approved.

As the afternoon wore on, exercise was taken as a prelude to supper. Public gymnasia were available for all; and here even the middle-aged would strip for various forms of sport. Exercise over, a bath followed. A slave would be in attendance with the indispensable oil-flask (for oil in those days served the purpose of soap). First he would anoint his master's body liberally, then scrape away both grease and dirt together with a metal instrument or strigil. A cold douche from a pitcher would complete the cleansing process. Warm baths, which came into fashion towards the end of the fifth century, were denounced by the more conservative as a demoralising innovation.

C. E. ROBINSON

—From *Everyday Life in Ancient Greece*

## NOTES

**ATHENS**, the capital of Attica, was the centre of Greek life and culture for nearly two hundred years, from the fifth century to the third century B.C. The Greeks were a highly civilised people whose influence in literature and culture continues to be felt even to-day. During the years when Pericles was the dictator of Athens (443-429 B.C.), art, literature and industry developed to great distinction. Love of sport and love of beauty and pleasure marked the Greek temperament. Evidences of this are found in the stadium, the circus, the theatres, and fine statues and buildings, the ruins of which are to be seen even now. The extract here given describes the day's activities in the life of an average Greek citizen. We can form a rough picture of Greek civilisation by a study of this description.

**wall-crannies**: cracks or crevices in the walls.

**to bask**: to expose oneself to warmth or light, particularly of the sun, for pleasure.

**wanes**: declines or decreases (cf. its opposite: "wax", to increase or grow).

**Citadel**: the fortress, the Acropolis, in which the temple of Athena was situated.

**Athena**: the daughter of Zeus, the patron goddess of Athens. A huge bronze statue of Athena stood in the temple built in her honour.

**Mount Hymettus**: a mountain to the east of Athens. Because of the purple colour which appears on this hill at sunset, the city is often called in poetry "Violet-crowned Athens".

**girdle**: a belt worn round the waist.

**Spartan reputation**: the inhabitants of Sparta, an ancient Greek city, were noted for their simplicity, courage and austere way of life. Hence the phrase means "those persons who imitated the simple and austere habits of the Spartans".

**the Homeric Age**: the conditions of life as represented in the poems of Homer, the great Greek epic poet.

**cloister**: a closed veranda, usually round a quadrangle, especially of a convent or college.

**slops**: used in its plural form = "dirty or waste water or liquid". (cf. "slop-basin" = bowl for receiving dregs of teacups at table.)

**churl**: a boor, an ill-bred fellow.

**Pericles** (500-429 B.C.): the greatest Athenian statesman.

**Plato** (c. 427-348 B.C.): a famous Greek philosopher, and the greatest Greek prose-writer, born in Athens. His philosophical writings are in the form of dialogues.

**Socrates** (469-399 B.C.): the founder of Greek philosophy, the master of Plato, and a martyr to the cause of knowledge. Our information about him is given us by his disciple Plato. He fought in many battles and distinguished himself. He was condemned by the Athenian government, and put to death.

**loungers**: idlers, from the verb "lounge": to recline, or loll.  
**the Piræus**: the chief port of Athens, about five miles from the city.

**frescoed walls**: walls with paintings in water-colour, which often last for a very long time; for instance the frescoes in the caves at Ajanta.

**produce** (noun): agricultural and other products. (Students should distinguish this word from the verb "produce". In the noun the accent is on the first syllable (próduce); but it is on the second syllable in the verb (producé).)

**pitch**: a place in a market at which any commodity is kept for sale (cf. "Queer the pitch": to spoil someone's chances by secret dealings).

**babel of voices**: confusion caused by different cries and voices. The word "babel" was the name of a tower built in Shinar (Genesis xi). God is said to have cursed the builders of the tower, so that each one began to speak in a different language and confusion reigned. (See Milton's *Paradise Lost*, xii, 48-62.) Students should distinguish between "babble" and "babel".

**sop of bread**: a piece of bread dipped in broth or other liquid.

**battle of Thermopylae**: famous for the heroic defence of a narrow mountain pass by a small body of Spartans against a host of Persian invaders in 480 B.C.

**ophthalmia**: inflammation of the eye.

**toilette** (pron. "twahlét") is the French form of the word usually spelt in English "toilet". It means the process of dressing, arranging the hair, etc.

**siesta**: midday nap or rest.

**cold douche** (pron. "dōōsh"): a stream or jet of cold water poured on face or body for washing.

*Words and phrases.*

1. Use the following words in sentences to show that you understand their meanings:  
deluge, linger, ravine, lounge, wane, produce (noun and verb), siesta, lay-out.
2. Write sentences using the following phrases  
sour looks, to stand on ceremony, to sally forth, babel of voices.
1. Describe the climate of Athens, and show how it influenced:  
(a) the dress, (b) the houses, and (c) the way of life of the Athenians.
2. Give, in your own words, an account of a day in the life of a typical Greek citizen.
3. In what respects did life in Athens differ from life to-day in a civilised town?

## THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

ON Friday the third day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected. Columbus steered directly for the Canary Islands, and arrived there without any occurrence that would have deserved notice on any other occasion.

Upon the 1st of October they were, according to the admiral's reckoning, seven hundred and seventy leagues to the west of the Canaries; but, lest his men should be intimidated by the prodigious<sup>1</sup> length of the navigation, he gave out that they had proceeded only five hundred and eighty-four leagues; and, fortunately for Columbus, neither his own pilot nor those of the other ships had skill sufficient to correct this error and discover the deceit.

They had now been above three weeks at sea; they had proceeded far beyond what former navigators had attempted or deemed possible; all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds and other circumstances, had proved fallacious; the appearances of land, with which their own credulity or the artifice of their commander had from time to time flattered and amused them, had been altogether illusive, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "prodijus".

These reflections occurred often to men who had no other object or occupation than to reason and discourse concerning the intention and circumstances of their expedition. They made impression at first upon the ignorant and timid, and extending by degrees to such as were better informed or more resolute, the contagion spread at length from ship to ship.

From secret whispers or murmurings they proceeded to open cabals and public complaints. They taxed their sovereign with inconsiderate credulity, in paying such regard to the vain promises and rash conjectures of an indigent foreigner, as to hazard the lives of so many of her own subjects in prosecuting a chimerical<sup>1</sup> scheme. They affirmed that they had fully performed their duty by venturing so far in an unknown and hopeless course, and could incur no blame for refusing to follow any longer a desperate adventurer to certain destruction.

They contended that it was necessary to think of returning to Spain while their crazy vessels were still in a condition to keep the sea, but expressed their fears that the attempt would prove vain, as the wind, which had hitherto been so favourable to their course, must render it impossible to sail in the opposite direction.

All agreed that Columbus should be compelled by force to adopt a measure on which their common safety depended. Some of the more audacious<sup>2</sup> proposed, as the most expeditious and certain method for getting rid at once of his remonstrances, to throw him into

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "kimerical".

<sup>2</sup> Pron. "audāshus".

the sea, being persuaded that, upon their return to Spain, the death of an unsuccessful projector would excite little concern, and be inquired into with no curiosity.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He had observed, with great uneasiness, the fatal operation of ignorance, and saw that it was now ready to burst out into open mutiny. He retained, however, perfect presence of mind. He affected to seem ignorant of their machinations.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the agitation and solicitude of his own mind, he appeared with a cheerful countenance, like a man satisfied with the progress he had made, and confident of success.

Sometimes he employed all the arts of insinuation to soothe his men. Sometimes he endeavoured to work upon their ambition or avarice by magnificent descriptions of the fame and wealth which they were about to acquire. On other occasions he assumed a tone of authority, and threatened them with vengeance from their sovereign if, by their dastardly behaviour, they should defeat this noble effort to promote the glory of God, and to exalt the Spanish name above that of every other nation.

Even with seditious sailors, the words of a man whom they had been accustomed to reverence, were weighty and persuasive, and not only restrained them from those violent excesses which they meditated, but prevailed with them to accompany their admiral for some time longer.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "mákināshunz".

in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about and return to Europe.

Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent.

It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked.

He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer, and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible.

For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Niña*<sup>1</sup> took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm, and during night the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms Columbus was so confident of being near land, that on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled; and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the

<sup>1</sup>Pron. "Neenya".

night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes, all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Gutierrez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Gutierrez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place.

A little after midnight the joyful sound of land! land! was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. But having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, every man was now become slow of belief, and waited in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum*, as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They

implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours displayed, with warlike music and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see.

They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful.

The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusty copper colour, their features singular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and several parts of their bodies, were fantastically painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports

of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious,<sup>1</sup> formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from the regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country!

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

## NOTES

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1721-1793), a Scottish clergyman, distinguished himself as an accurate and popular historian. His *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and James VI* and his *History of Charles V* brought him a large fortune and a European reputation. His *History of America*, from which the above extract is taken, was published in 1777, but was incomplete. Robertson was for a long time Principal of Edinburgh University.

Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, had long believed it possible to reach India by sailing westwards. He succeeded in gaining the support of Queen Isabella of Spain and sailed on his first voyage in 1492. What he found was, of course, not India but the New World. Altogether he undertook four voyages.

<sup>1</sup> pron. last syllable "shus".

**Christopher Columbus** (1445-1506): see note above.

**which they wished . . . expected**: i.e. they all desired that he should succeed; but it seemed almost impossible.

**Canary Islands**: a group of islands in the Atlantic off the coast of North Africa.

**prognostics of discovery**: an old Roman custom of forecasting the success of an undertaking by omens, signs and other auguries such as the flight of birds.

**fallacious**: (accent on second syllable): false, misleading.

**credulity**: readiness to believe. (Distinguish between the adjectives "credulous" and "credible". The corresponding noun forms are "credulity" and "credibility".)

**illusive**: deceptive, false. (Distinguish between "illusive" and "allusive". Their noun forms are "illusion" and "allusion".)

**cabals**: conspiracies, intrigues. (In English history the name Cabal was given to the council of the six ministers of Charles II, who formed his cabinet.)

**their sovereign**: Ferdinand, King of Spain, who was persuaded to finance Columbus's voyage by Isabella the Queen.

**indigent foreigner**: Columbus was an Italian by birth (indigent = poor).

**chimerical** (pronounced "kimerical"): fanciful, impossible. ("Chimera" (pronounced "kimeera") was the name given to a legendary monster.)

**crazy**: unsound, shaky (ship, building, etc.). When applied to human beings the word means "mad".

**to keep the sea**: i.e. seaworthy, in a fit state to sail.

**projector**: one who forms fanciful schemes.

**to tack about**: to change a ship's course.

**The presages . . . land**: i.e. the signs described in the next paragraph by which Columbus was convinced that land was near by.

**the sounding line**: wire or cord used for finding the depth of the sea, usually with a cap attached to it which could bring up soil etc., from the sea bottom.

**to lie to**: to come to a stop.

**forecastle** (pronounced "föksl"): a raised deck in the front part of a ship.

**a page . . . wardrobe**: an officer attached to the Queen's household.

**comptroller:** an archaic spelling of "controller". It is used in certain official titles, as "comptroller of accounts".

**Te Deum:** a song of thanksgiving, of which these are the first two words in Latin.

**office:** is used in Christian religious language for prayer or service, e.g. office for the dead.

**their colours:** their flag (cf. the phrase "Trooping the colour").

**crucifix:** the image of Christ on the cross. (Distinguish it from "cross," which need not have Christ's image on it.)

**Castile and Leon:** i.e. the crown of Spain which united Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon.

**actions . . . consequence:** Little did the natives of America then know that by the rituals which they witnessed, they had become subjects of the king of Spain.

**hawk-bells:** bells attached to the legs of the hawks used in the sport of hawking or falconry.

**bauble:** toy or any trifle.

#### *Words and phrases.*

1. Use the following words in your sentences:

prodigious, fallacious, credulity, artifice, illusive, indigent, hazard, chimerical, expeditious, solicitude, insinuation, dastardly, concur, expostulate, infallible, verdant, fantastical, sagacity, fortitude.

2. Bring out the meaning of the following phrases by using them in sentences:

to keep the sea, to be sensible of, presence of mind, to prevail with, to tack about, generous sentiment, on all accounts, to lie to, to man the boats.

#### *Exercises.*

1. Give an account of the conspiracy against Columbus.
2. What were the signs by which Columbus knew land was near?
3. Give an account of the landing of Columbus and his men, as it would have appeared to one of the inhabitants of America.
4. The author says that the inhabitants of America "had no foresight of the calamities and desolation which were approaching their country". Find out from your history book what the calamities were.

## THE MAKING OF BOOKS

EVEN the birds and beasts have ways of speaking to each other, of warning each other, and of telling good news. So we can understand that, in the far-off days before history begins to have records, the wild human beings of the earth wished to communicate with their fellows.

Thus they learned to speak, and invented certain sounds to mean certain thoughts. Later, they wished to set down those thoughts in a manner that would last, and so they first drew pictures on the walls of their caves. Later still they began to try to write messages.

The rate of progress of reading and writing differed in various parts of the world. For instance, in China up till a few years ago writing was carried on by means of picture drawings, and it is only a short while since the Chinese resolved to try out an alphabet. The Greeks, however, had a perfect alphabet before the birth of Christ. Our own alphabet came to us from the Romans, who modelled theirs on the Greeks'—who in turn took theirs from the Phoenicians. With those twenty-six simple letters we can arrange the thoughts of mankind, and the divine Word of God.

The Bible, Shakespeare's plays, the imperishable poetry of our greatest poets—all these are expressed in various mixings of those twenty-six simple letters. It is a staggering thought. And you know those

letters. They are yours to play and work with, to assist you to build beautiful thoughts of your own and to open up to you the immortal thoughts of great men, that lie about you as groups of letters in printed books. It will be a joyful task to pry into the history of books, for their presence with us in such numbers and variety, and at so small a cost, is due to a simple discovery made nearly five hundred years ago—in the year 1454.

When nations found themselves possessed of an alphabet, and also of thoughts they considered worthy of passing on to others, books began to appear. Copies of these written books were most carefully and lovingly made by hand by monks and others. The desire to write became keen, and scholars hastened to set down the results of their studies. Skilled writers copied the precious thoughts of master minds, and cunning artisans made up the sheets into beautifully bound books. These men loved their work, and spent hours of patient labour in the endeavour to give something to the world that would be worthy and that would last.

The universities of western Europe had their librarians, and these men jealously guarded the hundred or so volumes of written books under their care. Scribes were there, too, to copy the books for scholars who desired a copy for themselves, and the parchment sellers plied a good trade among those students who had a passion for making copies of notable manuscripts. This was the world of letters as it was in Europe in the early fifteenth century, and it was into this world that there came a man who

was destined to change the whole system of book-making, and indeed the whole fabric of civilisation. The marvel is that he did it with such a simple invention, and the greater wonder is that no one in Europe had thought of it before.

Though Chinese, Koreans and Japanese had long before used for printing movable type of clay, copper and wood respectively, it was left to John Gutenberg, of Mainz, to cut out separate letters, string them together as required, in words, and print the pages by pressure from a linen press.

There will always be argument between various people as to who really introduced into Europe the idea of printing with movable types. Some say a certain Laurens Janszoon Coster, of Haarlem in Holland, was responsible. Others say that John Gutenberg of Mainz was the pioneer.

We know certainly, however, that in the year 1454 the Pope wished to have a paper called an Indulgence circulated among the Roman Catholics of Germany, and this sheet was printed by John Gutenberg. We can trace nothing printed with type earlier than this.

There had been various ideas for printing before this time, and people had, hundreds of years before, been near to discovering the method of printing with separate types. One of the chief ideas was to carve a whole page out of wood, and then print it. The page could only be used for one purpose, whereas type can be pulled to pieces and the letters used for other matter. The books printed from carved pages were known as block books, or xylographs.

John Gutenberg made some type and, joining with

two other men, John Fust and Peter Schoeffer, began a printing business. In 1456 they produced a beautiful Bible which is nowadays known as the Gutenberg or Forty-two-line Bible, as it had forty-two lines per page. It may be seen in the Morgan Library in New York.

Poor John Gutenberg, though a clever man at making type for printing, was a poor business man, and when Schoeffer married Fust's daughter, the inventor of the type was told his services were no longer required. So he had to leave the business, and the firm of Fust and Schoeffer carried on, doing some remarkable work.

The great idea soon spread to other German towns and later beyond the country's frontiers to Italy, France, and later to the British Isles. Each printer had to cut his own type before he could print, and so when he had printed a page he pulled down the type to set it for the next one. It was then a slow business, and when you realise that the printer had to perform no less than nine operations in printing each sheet, you will feel that the early printers were patient, heroic men.

They preserved for us, however, by this steady work and their pride in their craft, a precious heritage of lovely books, and kept alive for future generations the thoughts of great men of the past.

It is interesting to learn how we know so much about early printing, and the actual time when the first printed book appeared in Europe. Gutenberg did not print on his Forty-two-line Bible the date on which it was published. This was discovered by

chance over two hundred years later. In France, during the seventeenth century, one of the most powerful men was Cardinal Mazarin, chief minister of King Louis XIV. Now Mazarin loved books, and his library was world-famous. After his death, when someone was going through his shelves, a copy of the Forty-two-line Bible was found, and inside the cover a clergyman of the fifteenth century had signed his name as having read the proofs of the book and found it correct. He put the date after his name. This forethought on his part made it possible for us to know with some degree of certainty the year in which Gutenberg started the art which was destined to revolutionise the whole world of thought, of study and of amusement.

So printing progressed, and before long artist-carvers cut pictures from blocks of wood and these were set up with the type to give illustrated pages. These pictures were called wood-cuts, and some of them were very beautiful indeed, showing great skill on the part of the wood-cutter.

Printing came to England when William Caxton, in the year 1474, printed a book in the almonry of Westminster Abbey. Caxton had promised to supply to a number of friends a certain *History of Troy*, and he realised that to copy out this book a number of times would take him years and probably make him lose his eyesight. He therefore went abroad, and in Germany and Belgium learned the art and craft of printing.

Now the ignorant folks in England thought that the Evil One was concerned in this new magic art,

and for safety's sake Caxton was given a workshop in the Abbey at Westminster, where no one dare molest him. In this room—the room where food and money were distributed to the needy by the monks—he produced his *History of Troy*, a book on Chess, and later the wonderful story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table—known as Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.<sup>1</sup> In all Caxton produced ninety-six books, page by page, on a simple press. He was then followed by his assistant, Wynkyn de Worde, who kept alive the art until it spread through the country.

In the seventeenth century there appeared a new kind of printed publication in England. This century was a period of civil war and discontent, and the printing of good books suffered. People were too busy deciding whether to be Cavaliers or Roundheads, or attempting to keep themselves and their homes safe during the fighting, to worry about buying and reading books.

Pamphlets, however, were printed by the hundred, and these were issued by the rival factions to slander their enemies. Thus printing suffered very much, for it did not matter how badly a pamphlet was printed so long as its readers could make out its message of hate. This greatly hindered the advance of printing, and gave it no chance to attain perfection.

A new style of publication did appear, however, and that was the newspaper. The *Weekly Newes* is the first newspaper we can trace, and it appeared in 1622. It was a real teller of news—a small sheet with

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Mort darthur."

no advertisements and no pictures. In the taverns and meeting-places of men, crowds would cluster round the happy possessor of a news sheet and listen as he read out what was happening in the country and in western Europe.

In 1702 London's first daily paper appeared. It had two pages and was called the *Daily Courant*. By this time the invention of steam engines for driving machinery made possible better printing presses, and more speedy printing. Thus the production of a daily news sheet was becoming an easier matter.

## NOTES

Nothing has helped the spread of knowledge so much as the invention of printing and the making of books. This achievement was the result of the slow and devoted work of many pioneers. It was preceded by several earnest though imperfect attempts to preserve the best works of literature and science in manuscript. The story of man's efforts to record permanently the products of human genius in the pages of books, is one of the inspiring chapters in the history of the modern world. This extract, taken from *The Modern Encyclopædia for Young People*, gives a brief account of this achievement.

**Phoenicians** (pron. "feentshuns"): the inhabitants of Phoenicia, on the coast of Syria. They are regarded as the inventors of the alphabet.

**cunning artisans**: Note the different senses in which "cunning" is used. Here it means "skilful" though it is usually used in the derogatory sense of "crafty".

**parchment**: the skin of sheep or goat prepared for writing. Many valuable manuscripts in the past were written on parchment and preserved for centuries.

**John Gutenberg (1397-1468)**: born at Mainz in Germany. He invented movable type in printing. He entered into partnership with John Fust, but was later forced to sell his share of the business.

**Laurens Janszoon Coster** (1370-1440): born at Haarlem in Holland, was supposed by some to be the inventor of movable types, twenty years before Gutenberg. The rival claims of Gutenberg and Coster as the inventor of printing have never been settled.

**Indulgence**: a declaration by the Pope by which a Catholic whose sin had been forgiven by his Church was freed from further punishment.

**xylograph**: printed pages which are reproductions of carved patterns or letters on wood, pressed upon the pages.

**John Fust**: a rich citizen of Mainz who advanced money to Gutenberg for his printing business and later drove him out, securing the entire business for himself.

**Peter Schoeffer**: son-in-law of John Fust, who joined Fust as partner in the printing business after Gutenberg was deprived of his share.

**Morgan library**: a wonderful collection of valuable books, manuscripts and art treasures made by John Pierpont Morgan (1837-1913) and his son. In 1923 the Morgan Library was made an institution of research for scholars. The 42-line Bible of Gutenberg was bought for £3,400 in 1873.

**Cardinal Mazarin** (1602-1661): one of France's greatest diplomats, succeeded Cardinal Richelieu as Minister to Louis XIII, and on his death became Prime Minister with absolute authority. He had a fine taste in books and possessed a famous library.

**Louis XIV** (1638-1715): the great French king of the seventeenth century, whose reign was one of benevolent despotism, and is considered the supreme age of French history and literature.

**William Caxton** (1422-1491): born in Kent and employed in the Netherlands and France, learnt printing probably at Cologne, and was the first Englishman to take up printing and introduce it in England. Besides being a printer, he was also one of the important prose-writers of the fifteenth century.

**almonry**: a place where alms are distributed.

**Westminster Abbey**: the famous church in London, one of the oldest buildings in the city. (Note the spelling; it is *not* Westminster. Minster = a church.)

**King Arthur . . . Morte d'Arthur**: Stories about King Arthur, who was supposed to have ruled Britain in the fifth or sixth century, were very popular. They related mainly to the adventures of a company of brave knights, known as the

**Knights of the Round Table.** The most complete account of these stories is given in *Morte d'Arthur*, by Sir Thomas Malory, printed by Caxton in 1485.

**Sir Thomas Malory:** very little is known about this famous writer of the fifteenth century.

**Wynkyn de Worde:** printer and stationer, was assistant to William Caxton. After Caxton's death, Wynkyn de Worde carried on the work of his master and printed a large number of books.

**civil war:** between King Charles I and the Parliament: it began in 1642 and lasted till 1649. Those who supported the king were called Royalists or Cavaliers; and those who were on the side of the Parliament were known as Roundheads, because they wore their hair close cut.

**Cavaliers, Roundheads:** see note above.

**"The Daily Courant":** the first English daily newspaper containing home and foreign news. It was started in 1702 and lasted till 1735.

#### *Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meanings of the following words:  
staggering, fellows (different meanings), pry, artisan, faction, cunning (different senses).
2. Use the following phrases in sentences:  
to try out, to open up, to pass on, the fabric of civilisation, to pull down.

#### *Exercises.*

1. What do you gather from the lesson about the origin of reading and writing?
2. How were books made before printing was discovered?
3. Give an account of the work done to improve printing by  
(a). John Gutenberg  
(b). William Caxton.
4. What was the effect of the Civil War on printing?
5. When and how did newspapers first appear in England?

## THE MURDER OF BECKET

It must have been now past four o'clock; and unless there were lights the room was almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. "Who cares? Let them arm," was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into

a garden. Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dusk. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the north-west corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was, "To the church. To the church." There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door. As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and

axes in their left hands. A company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels—of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been scarcely any. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. "What do you fear?" he cried in a clear, loud voice. "Out of the way, you cowards! The Church of God must not be made a fortress." He stepped back and re-opened the door with his own hands to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary, in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury<sup>1</sup> himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton, his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Sawlbry."

Cambridge—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillars ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried "Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?" There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. "Where is the archbishop?" Fitzurse shouted. "I am here," the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. "What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust." The knights closed round him. "Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated," they said, "and take off the suspensions." "They have made no satisfaction," he answered; "I will not." "Then you shall die as you have deserved," they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, "Fly, or you are a dead man." There was still time; with a few steps he would have

been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt his time was come. "I am ready to die," he said. "May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me." The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. "Touch me not, Reginald!" he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. "Off, thou pander, thou!" Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. "I will not fly," he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, "I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church."

These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, "Take that for my Lord William." De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. "We may go," he said; "the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more."

Such was the murder of Becket, the echoes of which are still heard across seven centuries of time, and which, be the final judgment upon it what it may, has its place among the most enduring incidents of English history.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

## NOTES

J. A. FROUDE (pron. Frood), (1818-1894), a well-known historian and essayist, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, where he came under the influence of Cardinal Newman. His chief historical work, *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada*, is marred by some prejudice and inaccuracy, but it ranks as a masterpiece for its literary qualities. His essays, which are lively and picturesque as well as learned, are collected in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, from which this essay is selected. He also wrote a biography of Thomas Carlyle. In the last years of his life, Froude was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

The murder of Archbishop Becket in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170 is one of the most tragic events in English history. When Becket was appointed Archbishop, bitter quarrels broke out between him and Henry II. These quarrels came to a head in 1164, and Becket was forced to escape to France. After six years, peace was patched up, and Becket returned to England.

But immediately on his return he gave further cause for annoyance by punishing the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York. King Henry, who was in Normandy, heard of the action of Becket, and was thrown into a terrible fury. He cried out, "Are there none of the cowards eating my bread who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" Immediately four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Morville, Sir William de Tracy and Sir Richard le Breton, started for England, arrived at the Cathedral, and murdered the Archbishop.

**ante-room or ante-chamber:** a room which leads into the main apartment. (Distinguish between the two prefixes ante- and anti-.)

**vesper bells:** the ringing of church bells to call Christians to evening prayers.

**agitation of the preceding scene:** the knights had visited him earlier in the afternoon to try and make him submit to the King.

**Saltwood:** the castle of Sir Ranulf de Broc, thirteen miles from Canterbury.

**De Morville:** one of the four knights, a justiciary of Northumberland.

**oriel window:** a window projecting out from the wall, and supported by brackets.

**Robert de Broc:** a kinsman of Sir Ranulf (see note above). Robert, from sheer malice, once cut off the tail of Becket's mule.

**cloister:** a covered and enclosed walk in a cathedral, often round a quadrangle.

**transept:** one of the wings of the church (usually "north" or "south" transept).

**martyrdom:** a martyr is one who undergoes death or suffering for his faith. After his death, Becket was considered a martyr and a saint.

**Half yielding, half resisting:** these participles really relate to "him" (i.e. Becket), not to "his friends" as this construction suggests. Such instances of "unattached participles" are common and should be avoided.

**Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, Le Breton:** the four knights who attacked Becket. (See introductory note.)

**men-at-arms:** heavily-armed soldiers (cf. men-of-war).

**St. Benedict:** a famous monk of Rome (died A.D. 543) who founded the order of Benedictines.

**primate:** archbishop. (The Archbishop of York is known as the primate of England; and the Archbishop of Canterbury as the primate of All England.)

**nave:** the central part of the Church.

**Lady chapel:** in a Roman Catholic church there is usually a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, situated behind the high altar.

**choir** (pron. quire and also spelt thus): the part of the church set apart for singers, or the singers themselves.

**altar:** distinguish between "altar" and "alter".

**sanctuary:** sacred place, here meaning the whole cathedral; sometimes means only the part within the altar-rails.

**crypt:** underground cell in churches, used as burial-place.

**apostate:** one who gives up a faith that he formerly professed.

**absolve:** set free, or acquit; the reference is to Becket's having punished (excommunicated) the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York, and suspended them from office. (See introductory note.)

**excommunicate:** cut off a person from all his rights and privileges as a member of the Church.

**satisfaction:** performance of penance as punishment for sin.

**pander:** one who helps others to satisfy their evil and low passions, here used as a term of contempt. (Also verb "to pander".)

**He reproached . . . ingratitude:** Becket had introduced Fitzurse to the King, and helped him to his present position.

**Lord William:** the King's brother, a friend of Le Breton. Becket had prohibited Lord William's marriage with a certain lady.

#### *Words and phrases.*

1. Give the meanings of the following words.  
ante-room, vesper, respite, oriel window, primate, apostate, absolve, ferocity, pander.
2. Use the following phrases in sentences:  
to buckle on, to be upon them, men-at-arms, to shift for oneself.

#### *Exercises.*

1. Pick out the words in the text relating to the Christian Church and religion, and explain what they mean.
2. Write a short note on the reasons for the murder of Becket.
3. Describe concisely the arrival of the four knights, and their attack on Becket.
4. "The needless ferocity was attributed to both of them"—what was the ferocity, and to whom was it attributed?

## THE SLAVE'S DREAM

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,  
His sickle in his hand;  
His breast was bare, his matted hair  
Was buried in the sand;  
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,  
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams  
The lordly Niger<sup>1</sup> flowed;  
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain  
Once more a king he strode,  
And heard the tinkling caravans  
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
Among her children stand;  
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
They held him by the hand—  
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,  
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "Nyjer".

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew;  
From morn till night he followed their flight,  
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,  
Till he saw the roofs of the Caffre huts,  
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,  
And the hyaena scream;  
And the river-horse as he crushed the reeds  
Beside some hidden stream;  
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,  
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,  
Shouted of liberty;  
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,  
With a voice so wild and free,  
That he started in his sleep and smiled  
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,  
Nor the burning heat of day;  
For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,  
And his lifeless body lay  
A worn-out fetter that the soul  
Had broken and thrown away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## NOTES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882), the popular American poet, was Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard University. He left a varied mass of writings consisting of poems, translations, and stories. His best-known works are *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*, two long narrative poems. Among his famous shorter poems are "The Psalm of Life", "The Wreck of the Hesperus", and "The Village Blacksmith". Longfellow was very popular both in America and England. His poems, though not of the highest kind, possess virtues of dignity, music and genuine feeling which assure for many of them a permanent place in literature.

"The Slave's Dream" was written in 1842, on his return voyage from England, and was published in the volume called *Poems on Slavery*. Negro slaves were imported from Africa to work in the plantations of America. The cruel treatment given to them has been described in the works of many writers, especially in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

**The lordly Niger**: a river in north-west Africa which flows into the Gulf of Guinea.

**caravan**: party of merchants or pilgrims travelling together for greater safety.

**flamingoes**: scarlet-feathered birds, with long legs.

**Caffre** (also spelt Kaffir): a South African race of negroes.

**river horse**: i.e., hippopotamus, of which it is a literal translation.

**myriad tongues**: the numerous cries and noises of the wild creatures of the forest.

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words and phrases:  
matted hair, mist and shadow of sleep, caravans, martial, stallion, flank, myriad, blast, tempestuous.
2. Explain:  
(a) ll. 37-38. "The forests . . . liberty".  
(b) ll. 45-48. "For death . . . thrown away".
3. Write a paragraph on the life of the negro before he became a slave.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had  
lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-  
power'd,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me  
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was  
young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and  
worn!'—

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

#### NOTES

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844). Born in Glasgow and educated at the University in his native town, he wrote several experimental poems, and found his favourite vein in rhetorical verse in which he sang of warlike subjects. "He is a spirited and impressive song-writer in the realm of 'battle, murder and sudden death'." He is still remembered for some splendid war-poems, such as "The Battle of the Baltic", "Hohenlinden", "The Soldier's Dream", "Ye Mariners of England", etc.

"The Soldier's Dream", published in 1803, describes an experience that might happen to any soldier in any battle. It is the picture of the war-weary soldier, who, during the night, dreams of his peaceful home, of his wife and children, only to wake in the morning to all the horrors of war.

**lower'd**: also spelt **loured**; "to look threatening". (Pronounce the word to rhyme with "showered".)

**pallet**: mattress or strawbed.

**wolf-scaring faggot**: fires lit to frighten away wolves that might come to feed on the dead.

**In life's morning march**: i.e., in his younger days.

**sung for "sang"** past tense of "sing", though correct is unusual, except in poetry; here used partly for rhyme.

**pledged the wine-cup**: i.e., drank to one another's health.

**fain**: willing, eager (to stay).

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of:  
lowered, pallet, wolf-scaring faggot, desolate, traverse,  
life's morning march, pledge the wine-cup.
2. Explain:  
  - (a) "The sentinel . . . sky."
  - (b) "Sorrow returned . . . morn."
3. Describe the scene when the soldier first left his home to go to war.
4. Write a paragraph on the greatness of a soldier's calling.

## HOLD THOU MY HANDS

HOLD Thou my hands!

In grief and joy, in hope and fear,  
Lord, let me feel that Thou art near,  
Hold Thou my hands!

If e'er by doubts

Of Thy good fatherhood depressed,  
I cannot find in Thee my rest,  
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands,—

These passionate hands too quick to smite,  
These hands so eager for delight,—  
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,

With darkened eyes and fingers cold,  
I seek some last loved hand to hold,  
Hold Thou my hands!

WILLIAM CANTON.

## NOTES

WILLIAM CANTON (1845-1926), writer, editor and poet, was educated in France and was sub-editor of the *Contemporary Review*. He was of a devout disposition and published several religious books such as *The Story of the Bible Society*, *The Bible and the English People*, etc. He wrote many poetical pieces which

are marked by earnestness and humility of character. *A Lost Epic and other Poems* appeared in 1887, and *The Invisible Playmate* in 1894.

The poem "Hold Thou my Hands" is typical of Canton's work in poetry.

With darkened . . . cold: i.e., in the hour of death.

*Exercises.*

1. Explain ll. 5-7: "If e'er . . . my rest".
2. Give the meaning of: "too quick to smite", "so eager for delight".
3. Set down this prayer in prose, keeping as nearly as possible to the spirit of the poem.

## THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,  
They filled one home with glee;—  
Their graves are severed far and wide,—  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow:  
She had each folded flower in sight,—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern vines are drest  
Above the noble slain:  
He wrapt his colours round his breast,  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest who played  
 Beneath the same green tree;  
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
 Around one parent knee;

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
 And cheered with song the hearth—  
 Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,  
 And naught beyond, O Earth!

FELICIA HEMANS.

## NOTES

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS (1793-1835), a popular English poet, began writing verse at a comparatively early age. Her poems, based largely on sentiment and domestic affections, were widely popular. Her work has not the mark of greatness, but is pleasing and graceful, and a few pathetic and sentimental poems, such as "Casabianca", "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers", "England's Dead", are still popular favourites.

"The Graves of a Household" is typical of her best work. It brings home to us the chances and accidents by which the children of one family, three brothers and a sister, may be scattered to all parts of the world, and die in distant lands far from one another.

**those dreamers:** the children who slept under one roof.

**the West:** i.e., America.

**Indian:** the Red Indians of America.

**drest:** to tend, prune and grow vines. The vineyards of Spain are famous. The third son was killed in battle in a Spanish valley below the vineyards.

**wrapt . . . breast:** folded the flag round him as he fell.  
**Colours=flag.**

**She faded . . . flowers:** The last child, a daughter, died in Italy.

**thou:** i.e., "Earth" of the next line.

- ll. 31-32: "If there were nothing beyond this earth, i.e., if death was the end, and there was no life of the soul after death, then love would only end in loss and suffering". What the poet means is, that though the loved ones are dead, their souls still live in another world, and hence love is not in vain, for it can always look forward to a reunion beyond the grave.

*Exercises.*

1. Bring out the meaning of the following words and expressions:  
glee, fond, folded flower, blood-red field, hearth, naught.
2. Give the meaning of ll. 14-16, "He lies . . . may weep".
3. Explain fully ll. 31-32, "Alas for . . . Earth".
4. Write four brief paragraphs on the fates of the four children of the household.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER

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

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands:  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo<sup>1</sup>-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

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

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "cook-oo".

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

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

### NOTES

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), one of the greatest poets in English literature, lived mostly in the quiet and beautiful Lake District and was the most important of the Lake School of poets. He found in the simple joys and peaceful life of the village folk inspiring subjects for poetry, as in "The Leech-Gatherer", "We Are Seven", "Lucy Gray", etc. His most important philosophical poems are "The Prelude", "Tintern Abbey" and "Ode on Intimations of Immortality". Wordsworth was made Poet Laureate in 1843, but his best work had been written by 1805.

In this poem he describes a lonely Highland girl working in a field and singing to herself one of the melancholy Gaelic songs.

11. 18-20: "Perhaps her sad song is about some warlike story of the past"; "plaintive numbers"=sad song.

shady haunt: like the oasis in the middle of a desert.

Hebrides (pron. heb-ri-deez): a group of islands off the west coast of Scotland.

#### *Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of:  
melancholy strain, plaintive numbers, familiar matter, theme, sickle.
2. Explain the two types of song described in the third stanza.
3. Give the substance of the poem in your own words.

## FORTUNATUS NIMIUM

I HAVE lain in the sun,  
I have toil'd as I might,  
I have thought as I would,  
And now it is night.

My bed full of sleep,  
My heart of content  
For friends that I met  
The way that I went.

I welcome fatigue  
While frenzy and care,  
Like thin summer clouds,  
Go melting in air.

To dream as I may  
And awake when I will  
With the song of the birds  
And the sun on the hill.

Or death—were it death—  
To what should I wake  
Who loved in my home  
All life for its sake?

What good have I wrought?  
I laugh to have learned  
That joy cannot come  
Unless it be earned:

For a happier lot  
Than God giveth me  
It never hath been  
Nor ever shall be.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

## NOTES

ROBERT BRIDGES (1844-1930), one of the greatest names in modern English poetry, gave up his medical practice for poetry and published five books of *Shorter Poems* by 1893. These were distinguished by delicate imagination and rare craftsmanship. His last work, "The Testament of Beauty", is a great philosophical poem which, in spite of its difficult language and subject, is very widely read.

"Fortunatus Nimium" is one of his later poems, and fitly expresses the poet's joyous, hopeful temperament. He has no regrets, no unfulfilled longings; and the hour of death finds him prepared.

**Fortunatus Nimium:** exceedingly fortunate.

### *Exercises.*

1. Give the meanings of:  
fatigue, frenzy, wrought, lot (different senses).
2. Explain ll. 9-12, "I welcome . . . in air".
3. Write the substance of the poem in your own words and point out the moral you gather from it.

## THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night,  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## NOTES

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882). See Notes on "The Slave's Dream".

"The Day is Done," one of Longfellow's famous shorter poems, brings out the mood of weariness that is at times experienced by most people. It suggests a remedy for it in the soothing effect of such poetry as is found in his own works.

ll. 19-20: whose distant . . . time: whose fame has persisted through many years.

benediction: blessing, usually given by priest at the end of a service.

l 43-44: "The trouble will quietly vanish from our minds and leave no trace behind, as the Arabs disappear with their desert camps after a night's halt."

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meanings of:  
wafted, lay (noun), sublime, strains (noun), benediction, infest.
2. Explain:  
(a) ll. 9-12, "A feeling . . . the rain".  
(b) ll. 42-44, "The cares . . . steal away".
3. Why does the poet not read a poem from "the grand old masters"? Why does he prefer "some humbler poet"?
4. Give the substance of the poem, bringing out the general attitude of the poet as revealed in it.

## REQUIESCAT

TREAD lightly, she is near  
Under the snow,  
Speak gently, she can hear  
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair  
Tarnished with rust,  
She that was young and fair  
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,  
She hardly knew  
She was a woman, so  
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
Lie on her breast,  
I vex my heart alone,  
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear  
Lyre or sonnet,  
All my life's buried<sup>1</sup> here,  
Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "berrid."

## NOTES

OSCAR WILDE (1854-1900), poet, dramatist and critic, was brilliant in everything he wrote. His plays, mostly comedies such as *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *An Ideal Husband*, *A Woman of No Importance* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, are very amusing.

This short poem, "Requiescat", is a little masterpiece. It is a tender and touching elegy written in memory of his sister, Isola, who died in 1867 at the age of eight. Referring to this incident the doctor who attended the child in her illness said: "Oscar was an affectionate, gentle, retiring, dreamy boy whose lonely and inconsolable grief found its outward expression in long and frequent visits to his sister's grave in the village cemetery."

**Requiescat**: short for "Requiescat in pace": "may he (or she) rest in peace". (The abbreviated form, R.I.P., is inscribed on gravestones.)

**tarnished**: metal which loses its lustre when exposed is said to have tarnished.

**She hardly . . . woman**: because she was so young and so innocent.

**Lyre or sonnet**: The lyre is a musical instrument like the harp. A sonnet is a poem of fourteen lines, a form sometimes used as an elegy. The two words here stand for "mournful song or lament".

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words and phrases:  
tarnish, rust, vex, to heap earth, fall to dust, lily-like.
2. Contrast the tenderness of the first stanza ("she can hear the daisies grow") with the despair of the last stanza ("she cannot hear lyre or sonnet").
3. What is an elegy? What are the features that appeal to you in this elegy?

## THE HERO

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

You are riding in a palanquin<sup>1</sup> and I am trotting by you on a red horse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "palankeen".

With long sticks in their hands, and hair all wild about their heads, they come nearer and nearer. I shout, "Have a care! you villains! One step more and you are dead men."

They give another terrible yell and rush forward. You clutch my hand and say, "Dear boy, for heaven's sake, keep away from them."

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

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

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

Many of them fly, and a great number are cut to pieces. I know you are thinking, sitting all by yourself, that your boy must be dead by this time.

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

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

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

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

It would be like a story in a book.

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

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

## NOTES

RABINDRANATH TAGORE (born 1861) is easily the greatest among modern Indian writers. Much of his work is written in Bengali but has been translated into English. His novels are mostly based on the lives of middle-class men and women in Bengal. His plays, novels, short stories and poems are well-known not only in India but all over the world. His book of poems *Gitanjali* won for him the Nobel Prize for English Literature. Speaking of this book W. B. Yeats said, "These prose translations from Tagore have stirred my blood as nothing has for years".

The poem here given from *The Crescent Moon* displays Tagore's deep and sympathetic knowledge of the child-mind, largely due to his recollections of his own childhood. Elsewhere he says that a child hungers for the Epic; he loves to imagine himself the hero of adventurous and almost impossible situations. The child in the poem is a good instance of this.

**buckler:** small round shield.

**A thousand . . . by chance:** a significant line. The child longs for such heroic exploits.

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words:  
wan, desolate, crouch, yell, escort (noun and verb), delicate (different senses).
2. Write two paragraphs, describing in one the character of the boy, and in the other that of the mother.
3. Describe any imaginary adventure in which you would like to play the hero's part.

## TRANSCIENCE

NAY, do not grieve tho' life be full of sadness,  
Dawn will not veil her splendour for your grief,  
Nor spring deny their bright, appointed beauty  
To lotus blossom and ashoka leaf.

Nay, do not pine, tho' life be dark with trouble,  
Time will not pause or tarry on his way;  
To-day that seems so long, so strange, so bitter,  
Will soon be some forgotten yesterday.

Nay, do not weep; new hopes, new dreams, new faces,  
The unspent joy of all the unborn years,  
Will prove your heart a traitor to its sorrow,  
And make your eyes unfaithful to their tears.

SAROJINI NAIDU.

## NOTES

MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU was born at Hyderabad in 1879. At the age of twelve she went to England and studied 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."

It is a pity that for some years now she has given up poetry for politics. It might be said 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.”

“Transience” is taken from the volume *The Bird of Time*, and is typical of the prevailing attitude of the poet’s mind. Man should not hug his sorrows and weep ceaseless tears. If there is nothing permanent in this world, our sorrows also are not permanent. They will give place to “new hopes, new dreams, new faces”.

ll. 2-4: “The splendour of Dawn will not be the less, or the beauty of the lotus and ashoka leaf less bright, because of your sorrow”, i.e. your sorrow is trivial, unimportant.

**appointed beauty:** i.e. beauty that is natural and rightful. “Appointed” is used in the sense of “fixed beforehand”.

**The unspent . . . years:** the happiness that will come in the future.

ll. 11-12: **Will prove . . . their tears:** Though your heart is now full of sorrow and your eyes of tears, soon you will forget them in new hopes. Your heart will forget its sorrow, your eyes their tears.

*Exercise.*

1. Give the meaning of:  
pine, tarry, bitter, traitor.
2. Explain the phrases:  
appointed beauty, veil her splendour, forgotten yesterday,  
unspent joy of all the unborn years.
3. Write down in full the meaning of ll. 11-12. What is meant by “to prove a traitor”, and “to be unfaithful”?
4. Explain the title “Transience”, and give the substance of the poem in your own words.

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“Work—work—work  
Till the brain begins to swim;  
Work—work—work  
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
And sew them on in a dream!

“Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!  
Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!  
It is not ‘linen you’re wearing out,  
But human creatures’ lives!  
Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“But why do I talk of Death?  
That Phantom of grisly bone,  
I hardly fear his terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the fasts I keep;  
Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap!

“Work—work—work!  
My labour never flags;  
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,  
A crust of bread—and rags.  
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—  
A table—a broken chair—  
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!  
From weary chime to chime,  
Work—work—work—  
As prisoners work for crime!  
Band, and gusset, and seam,  
Seam, and gusset, and band,  
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,  
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,  
In the dull December light,  
And work—work—work,  
When the weather is warm and bright—

While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling  
 As if to show me their sunny backs  
 And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet,  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want  
 And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!  
 A respite however brief!  
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
 But only time for Grief!  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread!”

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch! stitch! stitch!  
 In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—  
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich!—  
 She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

THOMAS HOOD.

## NOTES

THOMAS HOOD (pron. "Tomas") (1799-1845), poet and journalist, is chiefly remembered for his humorous writings in *The Comic Annual* and *Hood's Magazine*, both of which he edited, and in *Punch*. "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Haunted House" are other well-known poems which he wrote in a serious vein.

"The Song of the Shirt" appeared in *Punch* in 1843. It exposed the pitiable state of the overworked and underpaid women labourers of those days. This sweating system, as it is called, affected cruelly the women and children employed in workshops. Among those who severely condemned it was Charles Dickens. This poem is the lament of a seamstress who is wearing out her life stitching from morning till evening.

**dolorous:** a word used mostly in poetry, meaning distressing or painful.

**seam, gusset:** are words used in stitching. Seam means the line along which two pieces of cloth are stitched together. Gusset is a piece of material sewn into a garment to strengthen or enlarge it.

**A shroud . . . shirt:** a shroud is the cloth in which a dead body is wrapped; a winding-sheet; and figuratively it stands for death. The toil of making the shirt is killing; and hence as she stitches the shirt, she is making her shroud also, i.e., bringing her death nearer. (See next line: "Why do I talk of Death?")

**grisly:** fearful, terrifying (pron. "grizly").

**bread should be . . . cheap:** food is dear, but human life is cheap, for an employer can always find people to work for starvation wages.

**flags:** decreases; slackens. (Distinguish flag (vb.) from flag (n.).)

**chime to chime:** hour after hour; (chime=sound of bells ringing).

**twit me:** the swallows in the eaves appear to be taunting the woman who cannot enjoy the spring, but is confined to her work (see the next four lines).

**the walk that costs a meal:** to go for a walk would mean the loss of a meal, since she would lose her wages for that time.

*Exercises.*

1. Bring out the meaning of the following words and phrases:  
dolorous, phantom, grisly, flag (vb.), chime to chime,  
eaves, respite, briny bed.
2. Explain:
  - (a) ll. 19-20, "It is not linen . . . lives".
  - (b) "Sewing at once, with a double thread". Why "double thread"?
  - (c) ll. 39-40, "And a wall . . . falling there"!
3. From what you gather from the poem, write a short speech, not exceeding a page, against the overworking of women in workshops.

## CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born or taught  
That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And silly truth his highest skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
Whose soul is still prepared for death;  
Untied unto the world with care  
Of princely love or vulgar breath;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,  
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who envieth none whom chance doth raise  
Or vice; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given with praise;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of His grace than gifts to lend;  
Who entertains the harmless day  
With a well-chosen book or friend;

This man is free from servile bands  
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;  
 And having nothing, he hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

### NOTES

SIR HENRY WOTTON (1568-1639) found time amidst a busy diplomatic life to write a small but distinguished volume of poems. He was, in the last fifteen years of his life, Provost of Eton. His best-known poems are "Character of a Happy Life" and "On His Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia". He was more a scholar than a poet; more a man of the world than a philosopher.

**silly truth:** "silly" is used in the olden sense of "simple", innocent (cf. "silly sheep").

**vulgar breath:** the opinion of the common people; "vulgar" has the older sense "of the common people".

**who . . . freed:** i.e. keeps away from gossip; does not listen to them.

**whose state . . . great:** whose position does not encourage either flatterers or accusers who hope to profit by his ruin. Line 12 would be "Nor (can his) ruin make his accusers great".

**or vice:** i.e. "or vice doth raise".

ll. 15-16, "Who has never felt the wound or injury done by hypocrites who insincerely praise him, and who does not understand "rules of state" but only "rules of good" (i.e. not considerations of policy, but laws of virtue and goodness).

### *Exercises.*

1. Explain the words and phrases:  
     silly truth, vulgar breath, harmless day, servile, retreat.
2. Give the meaning of:  
     (a) ll. 11-12, "Whose state . . . great".  
     (b) "having nothing, he hath all".
3. What are the qualities which, according to the poet, make one's life happy?

## THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players:  
They have their exits and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the  
justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## NOTES

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616), the greatest poet and dramatist in English literature, has many passages of rare wisdom scattered throughout his plays. These lines from *As You Like It* (II. vii, 147-174) are spoken by Jaques, one of the lords attending on the exiled Duke. Man's life has seven stages of growth and decay. Three steps of growth lead to the peak which is the soldier, "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth"—thence three stages of decay bring him to his toothless and sightless old age.

**mewling:** a word imitating the cry of babies.

**puking:** vomiting.

**creeping . . . school:** cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii, 157-8.

**pard:** archaic for "leopard".

**capon:** the plump, well-fed justices of those days were noted for dining sumptuously (capon: a castrated cock).

**beard of formal cut:** men of those days observed nice distinctions in the shapes of beard suited to each profession.

The soldier, the bishop, the judge, each had an appropriate cut and shape of beard. (See above: "bearded like the pard".)

Formal cut = a shape proper to his office.

**saws:** proverbs, maxims.

**instances:** examples to illustrate the proverbs.

**pantaloon:** originally a comical character in drama generally represented as a lean, foolish old man; hence an old fool.

Pantaloon (pl.) = kind of tight-fitting trousers.

**with spectacles . . . side:** a fair description of the clownish pantaloon as he appeared on the stage.

**a world too wide:** which had become much too wide and large for him.

**shank:** leg.

**his:** for "its" (i.e. voice).

**sans:** Fr. for "without". The final *s* is not pronounced except when the word is followed by a vowel as in "sans eyes" and "sans everything".

*Exercises.*

1. Give the meanings of the following:  
whining, their exits and their entrances, satchel, sighing like furnace, ballad, pantaloons, treble (different senses), oblivion.
2. Explain:  
(a) ll. 13-15, "jealous . . . mouth".  
(b) l. 18, "Full of . . . instances".
3. Write a short paragraph upon each of the different stages of a man's life.

Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

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2. Explain:  
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(b) l. 18, "Full of . . . instances".
3. Write a short paragraph upon each of the different stages  
of a man's life.

## PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town tonight,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."  
Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,  
Wanders and watches with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears

The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry-chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town,  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night-encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth:  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark,  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the  
light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed in his  
flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders,<sup>1</sup> that skirt its edge,  
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast<sup>2</sup>  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

<sup>1</sup> Pron. "awlders".

<sup>2</sup> Pron. "agast".

You know the rest. In the books you have read,  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,—  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on a night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

## NOTES

H. W. LONGFELLOW (1807–1882), (see notes on “The Slave’s Dream”). “Paul Revere’s Ride” was published in 1863 in the first series of *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Paul Revere (1735–1818), a silver-smith of Boston, became famous in 1775, when the differences between the American Colonies and England resulted in open conflict. The British troops posted in Boston decided to capture the armament store in the town of Concord. But the plans of the British army were discovered by Paul Revere and his friends, and Revere galloped

at midnight to Concord and warned the American volunteers, who were thus prepared to face the British troops. 'This was the beginning of the American War of Independence (1775-1783).

**belfry arch:** the space in a church tower to hang the bell.

**Middlesex:** district in North America near Boston.

**Charlestown shore:** suburb of Boston.

**phantom ship:** the British battleship looked ghostly in the moonlight. Hence "phantom ship". (cf. the description of a ghostly ship in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner", ll. 183-186.)

**grenadiers:** originally soldiers employed to throw grenades, i.e., small bombs or shells thrown by hand; now it is the name of a special regiment of infantry.

**A hurry . . . fleet:** notice the rapid description of the flight of Revere, giving us an idea of speed.

**The fate . . . night:** Revere's ride was to determine the future of America.

**the Mystic:** a river near Boston.

**Lexington:** a town between Boston and Concord.

**meeting-house:** a chapel of Nonconformist Christians.

**Concord:** an important town in New Hampshire in America.

**One was safe . . . fall:** a person sleeping safely there was destined to be among the first to be killed that day defending the bridge.

**red-coats:** British soldiers, so called from the scarlet coats of their uniform in those days.

### *Exercises.*

1. Give the meaning of the following words and phrases:  
muffled, mooring, phantom, hulk, sombre rafters, night-encampment, sentinel, the spell of the place, impetuous, tranquil, ledge, weathercock, spectral.
2. Explain fully:  
(a) ll. 79-80. "And the spark . . . its heat."  
(b) ll. 123-124. "A voice . . . ever more."
3. What was "the midnight message" of Paul Revere? Why does the poet say that it will be heard "through all our history"?
4. Describe the events of the night of "the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five", keeping as closely as possible to the poet's words.

## A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain  
Courage and faith; vain faith, and courage vain.  
For him I threw lands, honour, wealth, away,  
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.  
For him I languished in a foreign clime,  
Gray-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime;  
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,  
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;  
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,  
Each morning started from the dream to weep;  
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave  
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.  
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,  
From that proud country which was once mine own,  
By those white cliffs I never more must see,  
By that dear language which I spake like thee,  
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear  
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

## NOTES

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859), historian, poet and essayist, is one of the greatest writers of the Victorian period. As a historian he is noted for his colourful and effective presentation of facts. His style is rhetorical and persuasive. His poems are chiefly in the form of ballads, such as "The Lays of Ancient Rome". His place as a poet is not high; but his work is unfailingly vivid and vigorous.

"A Jacobite's Epitaph" was written in 1845, the centenary of the 1745 rebellion. Jacobites were so called from their adherence to James II after his abdication, and to the Stuart cause (from Latin *Jacobus*=James). In 1715 the Jacobites rose against George I, but were defeated and many of them exiled. In 1745 there was a more serious rising, but that too was finally put down; and thus ended the hopes of the Jacobites. Macaulay in this poem writes an epitaph which might be inscribed on the tomb of a Jacobite who had died as an exile in some foreign country, as so many of them did.

**vain faith . . . vain:** Both courage and faith were in vain because they did not succeed (see note above).

**And one dear hope:** that of winning the woman he loved.

**Lavernia:** a mountain peak in the Apennines in Italy.

**Scargill:** a village in Yorkshire.

**Arno:** a river in Italy on which stands Florence.

**Tees:** a river in the north of England.

ll. 7-8: The exiled Jacobite dwells in a foreign country and dreams of his native land. On Mt. Lavernia he thinks of the trees of his native Scargill, and on the banks of the Arno longs for his native Tees.

**this nameless stone:** i.e., the tombstone on which these lines are inscribed. It is "nameless" because he is unknown in the foreign land where he lives.

**white cliffs:** the southern coast of England, especially near Dover, consists of chalk cliffs which can be seen from a distance from a ship approaching England.

### Exercises.

1. Use the following words and expressions so as to bring out their meaning:  
epitaph, free from stain, languish, fevered sleep, feud.
2. Explain lines 7-8, "Heard on . . . Tees".
3. Give the substance of the poem in your own words.







