THE BOOK WAS DRENCHED

PRELUDE TO PROSE

SELECTIONS

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BLACKIE & SON (INDIA) LIMITED

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PREFACE

THE following selections in English prose are designed for careful and intensive reading in the pre-university and Intermediate classes of Indian colleges. They introduce the young student to some of the greater masters of prose in English of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and of the present day, and they should serve to stimulate his interest in further study and enjoyment of these and other authors. Passages, which are interesting in themselves and educationally purposive, are included, and it is hoped the volume will be welcomed alike by the teacher and the student.

Madras
17 August 1954

V.K.A.P

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PART ONE

I

GULLIVER AND THE GIANTS

From 'A Voyage to Brobdingnag' in
Gulliver's Travels

ON the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our Captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to hollow after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to

overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of that adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty foot high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty foot. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty foot high, and the trees so lofty that I could take no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six foot high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet: but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought

it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be. For upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn are sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an Imperial Fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among

us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air about

sixty foot from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise my eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the meantime I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I supposed by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a small piece of straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people

see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could: I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye, to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which after offering to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could, in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at

length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty foot diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty foot high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram cup, which held about three gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened

to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

JONATHAN SWIFT

II

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this; and, indeed, I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection: but in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated, because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject

by mere indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldomer observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together, where some one among them has not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober, deliberate talker, who proceeds with much thought and caution, makes his preface, branches out into several digressions, finds a hint that puts him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done; comes back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense; at length says, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous,

and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: they will call a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other insufferable topics of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university: after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation which none are

so subject to as the men of wit, nor ever so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling compositures, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the Inns of Court, or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy,

their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and *belles lettres.*

By these means the poets, for many years past were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court, or the army, may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, where they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet-show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, beside the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there well be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable; I mean an impatience to interrupt others; and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run

into either of these two errors; because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you, but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts, which they long to be delivered of. Meantime, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced . . .

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that, whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private

conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice, and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barrenness of invention, and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most unsupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation than the character of being wits; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to

need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes: and how little advantage we make of that, which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity: which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of King Charles I's reign, and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started;

although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he does not dwell upon them, but leaves room for answers and replies.

JONATHAN SWIFT

III

ON ENUNCIATION

London, June 21, O.S. 1748

DEAR BOY

Your very bad enunciation runs so much in my head, and gives me such real concern, that it will be the subject of this, and I believe of many more letters. I congratulate both you and myself that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will I am sure think yourself, infinitely obliged to Sir Charles Williams for informing me of it. Good God! if this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company or in a public assembly! who would have liked you in the one, or have attended to you in the other? Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation, and see what a stress they lay upon the gracefulness of it; nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains that a good figure is necessary for an orator; and, particularly, that he must not be *vastus*— that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shows by it, that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner.

Men, as well as women, are much oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion

that he has a merit which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem; for, if a man has parts, he must know of what infinite consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address: he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. Your figure is a good one; you have no natural defect in the organs of speech; your address may be engaging and your manner of speaking graceful if you will; so that if they are not so, neither I nor the world can ascribe it to anything but your want of parts. What is the constant and just observation as to all actors upon the stage? Is it not, that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may happen not to have the best voices? They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick, thick,* and *ungracefully,* I will answer for it, that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by; and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them.

I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully, for I aver that it is in your power. You will desire Mr. Harte, that you may read aloud to him every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you every time that you read too

fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak, to articulate every word distinctly, and to beg of Mr Harte, Mr Eliot, or whomever you speak to, to remind and stop you if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct yourself of that shameful trick of speaking faster than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well if you think right. Therefore, what I have said in this and in my last is more than sufficient if you have sense, and ten times more would not be sufficient if you have not: so here I rest it.

Next to graceful speaking, a genteel carriage and a graceful manner of presenting yourself are extremely necessary, for they are extremely engaging; and carelessness in these points is much more unpardonable in a young fellow than affection. It shows an offensive indifference about pleasing. I am told by one here, who has seen you lately, that you are awkward in your motions, and negligent of your person: I am sorry for both; and so will you, when it will be too late, if you continue so some time longer. Awkwardness of carriage is very alienating; and a total negligence of dress and air is an impertinent insult upon custom and fashion. You remember Mr. —— very well, I am sure, and you must consequently remember his extreme awkwardness; which, I can assure you, has been a great clog to his parts and merit, that have, with much difficulty, but barely counter-balanced it at last. Many, to whom I have formerly commended him, have answered me, that they were sure he could not have parts because

he was so awkward: so much are people, as I observed to you before, taken by the eye.

Women have great influence as to a man's fashionable character; and an awkward man will never have their votes; which, by the way, are very numerous, and much oftener counted than weighed. You should therefore give some attention to your dress, and to the gracefulness of your motions. I believe, indeed, that you have no perfect model for either, at Leipzig, to form yourself upon; but, however, do not get a habit of neglecting either: and attend properly to both when you go to Courts, where they are very necessary, and where you will have good masters and good models for both. Your exercises of riding, fencing, and dancing, will civilize and fashion your body and your limbs, and give you, if you will but take it, *l'air d'un honnête homme.*

I will now conclude with suggesting one reflection to you; which is, that you should be sensible of your good fortune in having one who interests himself enough in you to inquire into your faults in order to inform you of them. Nobody but myself would be so solicitous either to know or correct them, so that you might not consequently be ignorant of them yourself; for our own self-love draws a thick veil between us and our faults. But when you hear yours from me, you may be sure that you hear them from one who for your sake only desires to correct them; from one whom you cannot suspect of any partiality but in your favour; and from one who heartily wishes that his care of you, as a father, may in a little time render every care unnecessary but that of a friend! Adieu!

LORD CHESTERFIELD

IV

ON SPEAKING IN PARLIAMENT

London, December 9, O.S. 1749

DEAR BOY

It is now above forty years since I have never spoken nor written one single word, without giving myself at least one moment's time to consider, whether it was a good one or a bad one, and whether I could not find out a better in its place. An unharmonious and rugged period, at this time, shocks my ears; and I, like all the rest of the world, will willingly exchange, and give up some degree of rough sense, for a good degree of pleasing sound. I will freely and truly own to you, without either vanity or false modesty, that whatever reputation I have acquired as a speaker, is more owing to my constant attention to my diction than to my matter, which was necessarily just the same as other people's. When you come into Parliament, your reputation as a speaker will depend much more upon your words, and your periods, than upon the subject. The same matter occurs equally to everybody of common sense, upon the same question; the dressing it well, is what excites the attention and admiration of the audience.

It is in Parliament that I have set my heart upon your making a figure; it is there that I want to have you justly proud of yourself, and to make me justly proud of you. This means that you must be a good speaker there; I use the word *must,* because I know you may if you will. The vulgar, who are always mistaken, look upon a speaker and a comet with the same astonishment and admiration,

taking them both for preternatural phenomena. This error discourages many young men from attempting that character; and good speakers are willing; to have their talent considered as something very extraordinary, if not a peculiar gift of God to His elect. But let you and I [*sic*] analyse and simplify this good speaker; let us strip him of those adventitious plumes, with which his own pride, and the ignorance of others have decked him, and we shall find the true definition of him to be no more than this: A man of good common sense, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly on that subject upon which he speaks. There is, surely, no witchcraft in this. A man of sense, without a superior and astonishing degree of parts, will not talk nonsense upon any subject; nor will he, if he has the least taste or application, talk inelegantly. What then does all this mighy art and mystery of speaking in Parliament amount to? Why, no more than this, that the man who speaks in the House of Commons, speaks in that House, and to four hundred people, that opinion, upon a given subject, which he would make no difficulty of speaking in any house in England, round the fire, or at table, to any fourteen people whatsoever; better judges, perhaps, and severer critics of what he says, than any fourteen gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I have spoken frequently in Parliament, and not always without some applause; and therefore I can assure you, from my experience, that there is very little in it. The elegancy of the style, and the turn of the periods, make the chief impression upon the hearers. Give them but one or two round and harmonious periods in a speech, which they will retain and repeat, and they will go home as well satisfied, as people do from an opera, humming all the way one or two favourite tunes that have struck

their ears and were easily caught. Most people have ears, but few have judgement; tickle those ears, and, depend upon it, you will catch their judgements, such as they are.

Cicero, conscious that he was at the top of his profession (for in his time eloquence was a profession), in order to set himself off, defines, in his treatise *de Oratore,* an orator to be such a man as never was, or never will be; and by this fallacious argument, says, that he must know every art and science whatsoever, or how shall he speak upon them? But with submission to so great an authority, my definition of an orator is extremely different from, and, I believe, much truer than his. I call that man an orator, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly upon whatever subject he treats. Problems in geometry, equations in algebra, processes in chemistry, and experiments in anatomy, are never, that I have heard of, the objects of eloquence; and therefore I humbly conceive, that a man may be a very fine speaker, and yet know nothing of geometry, algebra, chemistry, or anatomy. The subjects of all parliamentary debates, are subjects of common sense singly.

Thus I write whatever occurs to me, that I may contribute either to form or inform you. May my labour not be in vain! and it will not, if you will but have half the concern for yourself, that I have for you. Adieu!

LORD CHESTERFIELD

V

THE CHARACTER OF THE AMERICANS

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole: and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes; which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, Sir, is a nation, which still I hope respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant; and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, Sir that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the

ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates; or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens, and most eloquent tongues, have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much farther; they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people; whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate, as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, these ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered, in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat, they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general

arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty: and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is the most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favourable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, Sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favour and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world; and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural

liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces, where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a sort of private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was the highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners, which has been constantly flowing into these colonies, has, for the greatest part, been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

EDMUND BURKE

VI

THE LURE OF LOTTERY

To *The Rambler*

SIR

As I have passed much of life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those, who are yet uncaptivated of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influence.

I served an apprenticeship to a linen-draper, with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three-and-twenty opened a shop for myself with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants, who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

In this course of even propensity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so triffling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time at

which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affairs even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

My heart leaped at the thoughts of such an approach of sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrarily to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

At length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been withheld by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery; examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one, which, by some secret relation to the events of my life, I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I returned to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover, feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the

prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun arose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting, however, to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class. Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and

the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants, and if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away; but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficiency there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to supply.

Miscarriage naturally produced diffidence; I began now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an alliance with those that had been more successful. I inquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vendor; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets, and whenever I met with one that had in any event of his life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, an eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I waited for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next; but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand

pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and inquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge with what detestation of himself a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose that I represented to my mind the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish; and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible: I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me that I could not refuse to open my heart. There are, said he, few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalt possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope. You have long wasted that time which, by a proper application, would have certainly, though moderately, increased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient, can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act against which repentance can give no caution but to avoid the occasion of committing

it. Rouse from this lazy dream of fortuitous riches, which if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

VII

AN ACCOUNT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

From *The Citizen of the World*

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of deceased merit inspire! Imagine a temple, marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple, and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions and the monuments, of the dead.

Alas, I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene, than the greatest hero of them all; they have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple.

'If any monument,' said he, 'should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavour to satisfy your demands.'

I accepted, with thanks, the gentleman's offer, adding

that 'I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English, in conferring rewards upon deceased merit.'

'If adulation like this,' continued I, 'be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those, who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those, who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true ambition. I am told, that none have a place here, but characters of the most disinguished merit.'

The Man in Black seemed impatient at my observations; so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together, to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument, which appeared more beautiful than the rest.

'That,' said I to my guide, 'I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship, and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king, who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver, who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection.'

'It is not requisite,' replied my companion, smiling, 'to have such qualifications, in order to have a very fine monument here; more humble abilities will suffice.'

'What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles, or the taking half a score of towns, is thought a sufficient qualification?'

'Gaining battles, or taking towns,' replied the Man in Black, 'may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here, without ever seeing a battle or a siege.'

'This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume, of one whose wit has gained him immortality?'

'No, sir,' replied my guide, 'the gentleman who lies here never made verses; and, as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself.'

'Pray tell me, then, in a word,' said I, peevishly, 'what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?'

'Remarkable, sir,' said my companion, 'why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable, for a tomb in Westminster Abbey.'

'But, head of my ancestors, how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company, where even moderate merit would look like infamy?'

'I suppose,' replied the Man in Black, 'the gentleman was rich, and his friends, as is usual in such a case, told him he was great. He readily believed them; the guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument; and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple, who, hated and shunned by the great, while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company, now they are dead.'

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple,

'There,' says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, 'that is the Poets' Corner; there you see the monuments of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton.'

'Drayton!' I replied, 'I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?'

'It is time enough,' replied my guide, 'these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet.'

'Strange,' cried I, 'can any be found to hate a man, whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?'

'Yes,' says my guide, 'they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet; they somewhat resemble eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out Dunce and Scribbler; to praise the dead, and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads, in order to gain the reputation of candour; and to revile the moral character of the man, whose writings they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or more frequently the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies; he feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and, in the pursuit of empty fame, at last he gains solid anxiety.'

'Has this been the case with every poet I see here?' cried I.

'Yes, with every mother's son of them,' replied he,

'except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money, he may buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple.'

'But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancour of malevolent dulness?'

'I own there are many,' replied the Man in Black, 'but, alas, sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books; and the patron is too indolent to distinguish: thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table.'

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass, in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly, I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person, who held the gate in his hand, told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand; and asked the man, whether the people of England kept a show; whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach; whether it was not more to the honour of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen, than thus meanly to tax a curiosity, which tended to their own honour.

'As for your questions,' replied the gate-keeper, 'to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but, as for that there three-pence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple: and we all must live.'

I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with

so much surprise: but in this I was disappointed; there was little more within than black coffins, rusty armour, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us who, without once blushing, told an hundred lies: he told of a lady who died of pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity.

'Look ye there, gentlemen,' says he, pointing to an old oak chair, 'there's a curiosity for ye; in that chair the kings of England were crowned: you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow.'

I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight; but, in the present case, there was no more reason for my surprise, than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walks and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand, which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armour, which seemed to show nothing remarkable.

'This armour,' said he, 'belonged to General Monk.'

'Very surprising that a general should wear armour!'

'And pray,' added he, 'observe this cap; this is General Monk's cap.'

'Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should

have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?'

'That, sir,' says he, 'I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble.'

'A very small recompense, truly,' said I.

'Not so very small,' replied he, 'for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money.'

'What, more money, still more money!'

'Every gentleman gives something, sir.'

'I'll give thee nothing,' returned I, 'the guardians of the temple should pay you your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more, as we are going out. Sure, the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars.'

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great, and to despise what was mean, in the occurrences of the day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

P. L., Feb. 25, 1760

VIII

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

From *The Citizen of the World*

THE clock just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past, walked before me; where she kept up the pageants, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all round! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual; and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities as great as this have once triumphed in existence; had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he

learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

'Here,' he cries, 'stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.'

How few appear in those streets which, but some few hours ago, were crowded! And those, who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now, lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! The world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law, which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility; or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man, who feels it, more wretched than the object, which sues for assistance. Adieu.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The Bee, October 27, 1759

IX

DREAM-CHILDREN :

A Reverie

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by every body, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining country; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the

great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'that would be foolish indeed'. And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm'; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous.

Then I told how good she was to all her grand-children, having us to the great-house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more

heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of every body, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry to take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him, as he their poor uncle must have been when the

doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name'——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

CHARLES LAMB

X

THE LAMBS IN THE LAKES

(To Thomas Manning, 24 September 1802)

MY DEAR MANNING, Since the date of my last letter, I have been a traveller. A strong desire seized me of visiting remote regions. My first impulse was to go and see Paris. It was trivial objection to my aspiring mind, that I did not understand a word of the language, since I certainly intend some time of my life to see Paris, and equally certainly intend never to learn the language; therefore that could be no objection. However, I am very glad I did not go, because you had left Paris (I see) before I could have set out. I believe, Stoddart promising to go with me another year, prevented that plan. My next scheme (for to my restless ambitious mind London was become a bed of thorns) was to visit the far-famed peak in Derbyshire, where the Devil sits, they say, without breeches. *This* my purer mind rejected as indelicate. And my final resolve was, a tour to the lakes. I set out with Mary to Keswick, without giving Coleridge any notice, for, my time being precious, did not admit of it. He received us with all the hospitality in the world, and gave up his time to show us all the wonders of the country. He dwells upon a small hill by the side of Keswick, in a comfortable house, quite enveloped on all sides by a net of mountains: great floundering bears and monsters they seem'd, all couchant and asleep. We got in in the evening, travelling in a post-chaise from Penrith, in the midst of a gorgeous sunshine, which transmuted all the mountains into colours, purple etc. We thought we had got into fairy land. But that went off

(and it never came again; while we stayed we had no more fine sunsets); and we entered Coleridge's comfortable study just in the dusk, when the mountains were all dark with clouds upon their heads. Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw etc. I never shall forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning. Coleridge had got a blazing fire in his study, which is a large, antique, ill-shaped room, with an old-fashioned organ, never play'd upon, big enough for a church, shelves of scattered folios, an Aeolian harp, and an old sofa, half bed etc. And all looking out upon the fading view of Skiddaw, and his broad-breasted brethern: what a night! Here we stayed three full weeks, in which time I visited Wordsworth's cottage, where we stayed a day or two with the Clarksons (good people, and most hospitable, at whose house we tarried one day and night), and saw Lloyd. The Wordsworths were gone to Calais. They have since been in London, and past much time with us: he is now gone into Yorkshire to be married. So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, Ulswater (where the Clarksons live), and a place at the other end of Ulswater; I forget the name; to which we travelled on a very sultry day, over the middle of Helvellyn. We have clambered upto the top of Skiddaw, and I have waded up the bed of Lodore. In fine, I have satisfied myself, that there is such a thing as that which tourists call *romantic,* which I very much suspected before: they make such a spluttering about it, and toss their splendid epithets around them, till they give as dim a light as at four o'clock next morning the lamps do after an illumination.

Mary was excessively tired, when she got about half way up Skiddaw, but we came to a cold rill (than which nothing can be imagined more cold, running over cold stones), and with the reinforcement of a draught of cold water, she surmounted it most manfully. O, its fine black head, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the border countries so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out), and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controll'd by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very *little*. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature.

CHARLES LAMB

XI

THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

COMING forward and seating himself on the ground in his white dress and tightened turban, the chief of the Indian Jugglers begins with tossing up two brass balls, which is what any of us could do, and concludes with keeping up four at the same time, which is what none of us could do to save our lives, nor if we were to take our whole lives to do it in. Is it then a trifling power we see at work, or is it not something next to miraculous? It is the utmost stretch of human ingenuity, which nothing but the bending the faculties of body and mind to it from the tenderest infancy with incessant, over-anxious application up to manhood, can accomplish or make even a slight approach to. Man, thou art a wonderful animal, and thy ways past finding out! Thou canst do strange things, but thou turnest them to little account!—To conceive of this effort of extraordinary dexterity distracts the imagination and makes admiration breathless. Yet it costs nothing to the performer, any more than if it were a mere mechanical deception with which he had nothing to do but to watch and laugh at the astonishment of the spectators. A single error of a hair's-breadth, of the smallest conceivable portion of time, would be fatal: the precision of the movements must be like a mathematical truth, their rapidity is like lightning. To catch four balls in succession in less than a second of time, and deliver them back so as to return with seeming consciousness to the hand again, to make them revolve round him at certain intervals, like the planets in their spheres, to make them chase one

another like sparkles of fire, or shoot up like flowers or meteors, to throw them behind his back and twine them round his neck like ribbons or like serpents, to do what appears an impossibility, and to do it with all the ease, the grace, the carelessness imaginable, to laugh at, to play with the glittering mockeries, to follow them with his eye as if he could fascinate them with its lambent fire, or as if he had only to see that they kept time with the music on the stage—there is something in all this which he who does not admire may be quite sure he never really admired anything in the whole course of his life. It is skill surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty once mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if, to be overcome at all, it must be overcome without an effort. The smallest awkwardness or want of pliancy or self-possession would stop the whole process. It is the work of witchcraft, and yet sport for children. Some of the other feats are quite as curious and wonderful, such as the balancing the artificial tree and shooting a bird from each branch through a quill; though none of them have the elegance or facility of the keeping up of the brass balls. You are in pain for the result, and glad when the experiment is over; they are not accompanied with the same unmixed, unchecked delight as the former; and I would not give much to be merely astonished without being pleased at the same time. As to the swallowing of the sword, the police ought to interfere to prevent it. When I saw the Indian Juggler do the same things before, his feet were bare, and he had large rings on the toes, which kept turning round all the time of the performance as if they moved of themselves. —The hearing of a speech in Parliament, drawled or stammered out by the Honourable Member or the Noble

Lord, the ringing the changes on their commonplaces, which any one could repeat after them as well as they, stirs me not a jot, shakes not my good opinion of myself; but the seeing the Indian Jugglers does. It makes me ashamed of myself. I ask what is there that I can do as well as this? Nothing. What have I been doing all my life? Have I been idle, or have I nothing to show for all my labour and pains? Or have I passed my time in pouring words like water into empty sieves, rolling a stone up a hill and then down again, trying to prove an argument in the teeth of facts, and looking for causes in the dark and not finding them? Is there no one thing in which I can challenge competition, that I can bring as an instance of exact perfection, in which others cannot find a flaw. The utmost I can pretend to is to write a description of what this fellow can do. I can write a book: so can many others who have not even learned to spell. What abortions are these Essays! What errors, what ill-pieced transitions, what crooked reasons, what lame conclusions! How little is made out, and that little how ill! Yet they are the best I can do. I endeavour to recollect all I have ever observed or thought upon a subject, and to express it as nearly as I can. Instead of writing on four subjects at a time, it is as much as I can manage to keep the thread of one discourse clear and unentangled. I have also time on my hands to correct my opinions and polish my periods: but the one I cannot, and the other I will not do. I am fond of arguing: yet, with a good deal of pains and practice, it is often as much as I can do to beat my man; though he may be a very indifferent hand. A common fencer would disarm his adversary in the twinkling of an eye unless he were a professor like himself. A stroke of wit will sometimes produce

this effect, but there is no such power or superiority in sense or reasoning. There is no complete mastery of execution to be shown there: and you hardly know the professor from the impudent pretender or the mere clown.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

XII

THE CHARACTER OF BURKE

THERE is no single speech of Mr. Burke which can convey a satisfactory idea of his powers of mind: to do him justice, it would be necessary to quote all his works; the only specimen of Burke is, *all that he wrote.* With respect to most other speakers, a specimen is generally enough, or more than enough. When you are acquainted with their manner, and see what proficiency they have made in the mechanical exercise of their profession, with what facility they can borrow a simile, or round a period, how dexterously they can argue, and object, and rejoin, you are satisfied; there is no other difference in their speeches than what arises from the difference of the subjects. But this was not the case with Burke. He brought his subjects along with him; he drew his materials from himself. The only limits which circumscribed his variety were the stores of his own mind. His stock of ideas did not consist of a few meagre facts, meagrely stated, of half-a-dozen commonplaces tortured into a thousand different ways; but his mine of wealth was a profound understanding, inexhaustible as the human heart, and various as the sources of human nature. He therefore enriched every subject to which he applied himself, and new subjects were only the occasions of calling forth fresh powers of mind which had not been before exerted. It would therefore be in vain to look for the proof of his powers in any one of his speeches or writings: they all contain some additional proof of power. In speaking of Burke, then, I shall speak of the whole compass and circuit of his mind—not of that

small part or section of him which I have been able to give: to do otherwise would be like the story of the man who put the brick in his pocket, thinking to show it as the model of a house. I have been able to manage pretty well with respect to all my other speakers, and curtailed them down without remorse. It was easy to reduce them within certain limits, to fix their spirit, and condense their variety; by having a certain quantity given, you might infer all the rest; it was only the same thing over again. But who can bind Proteus, or confine the roving flight of genius?

Burke's writings are better than his speeches, and indeed his speeches are writings. But he seemed to feel himself more at ease, to have a fuller possession of his faculties in addressing the public, than in addressing the House of Commons. Burke was *raised* into public life; and he seems to have been prouder of this new dignity than became so great a man. For this reason, most of his speeches have a sort of parliamentary preamble to them: he seems fond of coquetting with the House of Commons, and is perpetually calling the Speaker out to dance a minuet with him before he begins. There is also something like an attempt to stimulate the superficial dulness of his hearers by exciting their surprise, by running into extravagance: and he sometimes demeans himself by condescending to what may be considered as bordering too much upon buffoonery, for the amusement of the company. Those lines of Milton were admirably applied to him by some one—'The elephant to make them sport wreathed his proboscis lithe.' The truth is, that he was out of his place in the House of Commons; he was eminently qualified to shine as a man of genius, as the instructor of mankind, as the brightest luminary of his age; but

he had nothing in common with that motley crew of knights, citizens, and burgesses. He could not be said to be 'native and endued unto that element'. He was above it; and never appeared like himself, but when, forgetful of the idle clamours of party, and of the little views of little men, he applied to his country and the enlightened judgement of mankind.

WILLIAM HAZLITT

XIII

'WHAT IS PAGANISM?'

From Heroes and Hero-worship

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation of men's. Let us look for a little at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism. Surely it seems a very, strange-looking thing this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of Life! A thing that fills us with astonishment, almost, if it were possible, with incredulity,—for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones, and all manner of animate and inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous, inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men, made as we are, did actually hold by, and live at home in. This is strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely

contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! I protest against this sort of hypothesis in reference to Paganism, and to all other *isms* by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether, as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have, believed in it. Ask now, what Paganism could have been?

You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet, with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under

a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like—and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing-in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, *preternatural.* This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas;—that great, deep, sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words.* We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

THOMAS CARLYLE

XIV

THE STAGE COACH

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations and friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three, fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was

not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped, and his small-clothes extend

far below the knees to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass.

The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the ostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on who infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage

coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends, some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer.

As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the windows, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown-paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in

brisk circulation in the villages; grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows.

The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations:—'Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers.'

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—'There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!' cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rustic tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little

fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment—the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from

the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of mid-winter:

> 'Now trees their leafy hats do bare
> To reverence Winter's silver hair;
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale now and a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal fire,
> Are things this season doth require.'

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly, good-humoured young fellow, with whom I had once travelled on the Continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveller always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him

a day or two at his father's country seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay at a few miles' distance. 'It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn,' said he, 'and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style.' His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed, therefore, at once, with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

WASHINGTON IRVING

XV

'WORK, NOBLE AND IGNOBLE'

From *The Crown of Wild Olive*

HERE we have at last an inevitable distinction. There *must* be work done by the arms, or none of us could live. There *must* be work done by the brains, or the life we get would not be worth having. And the same men cannot do both. There is rough work to be done, and rough men must do it; there is gentle work to be done, and gentlemen must do it; and it is physically impossible that one class should do, or divide, the work of the other. And it is of no use to try to conceal this sorrowful fact by fine words, and to talk to the workman about the honourableness of manual labour, and the dignity of humanity. That is a grand old proverb of Sancho Panza's, 'Fine words butter no parsnips'; and I can tell you that, all over England just now, you workmen are buying a great deal too much butter at that dairy. Rough work, honourable or not, takes the life out of us; and the man who has been heaving clay out of a ditch all day, or driving an express train against the north wind all night, or holding a collier's helm in a gale on a lee shore, or whirling white-hot iron at a furnace mouth, that man is not the same at the end of his day, or night, as one who has been sitting in a quiet room, with everything comfortable about him, reading books, or classing butterflies, or painting pictures. If it is any comfort to you to be told that the rough work is the more honourable of the two, I should be sorry to take that much of consolation from you; and in some sense I need not. The rough

work is at all events real, honest and generally, though not always, useful; while the fine work is, a great deal of it, foolish and false as well as fine, and therefore dishonourable: but when both kinds are equally well and worthily done, the head's is the noble work, and the hand's the ignoble; and of all hand work whatsoever necessary for the maintenance of life, those old words, 'In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread,' indicate that the inherent nature of it is one of calamity; and that the ground, cursed for our sake, casts also some shadow of degradation into our contest with its thorn and its thistle; so that all nations have held their days honourable, or 'holy', and constituted them 'holy days' or 'holidays', by making them days of rest.

JOHN RUSKIN

XVI

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

AND, at length, this fact is becoming generally recognized. You cannot go anywhere without hearing a buzz of more or less confused and contradictory talk on this subject. Nobody outside the agricultural interest now dares to say that education is a bad thing. In fact, there is a chorus of voices, almost distressing in their harmony, raised in favour of the doctrine that education is the great panacea for human troubles, and that, if the country is not shortly to go to the dogs, everybody must be educated.

The politicians tell us, 'you must educate the masses because they are going to be masters'. The clergy join in the cry for education for they affirm that the people are drifting away from church and chapel into the broadest infidelity. They declare that ignorance makes bad workmen; that England will be soon unable to turn out cotton goods, or steam-engines, cheaper than other people; and then, Ichabod; Ichabod; the glory will be departed from us. And a few voices are lifted up in favour of the doctrine that the masses should be educated because they are men and women with unlimited capacities of being, doing, and suffering, and that it is as true now, as ever it was, that the people perish for lack of knowledge.

By way of a beginning let us ask ourselves—What is education? Above all things, what is our ideal of a thoroughly liberal education?—of that education which, if we could begin life again, we would give ourselves—

of that education which, if we could mould the fates to our own will, we would give our children. Well, I know not what may be your conceptions upon this matter, but I will tell you mine, and I hope I shall find that our views are not very discrepant.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the Laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill

is checkmated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking friend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win— and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the Laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand this test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY

PART TWO

XVII

A UNIVERSITY IN ITS ESSENCE

IF I were asked to describe as briefly and popularly as I could, what a University was, I should draw my answer from its ancient designation of a *Studium Generale,* or 'School of Universal Learning'. This description implies the assemblage of strangers from all parts in one spot: *from all parts*; else, how will you find professors and students for every department of knowledge? and *in one spot*; else, how can there be any school at all? Accordingly, in its simple and rudimental form, it is a school of knowledge of every kind, consisting of teachers and learners from every quarter. Many things are requisite to complete and satisfy the idea embodied in this description; but such as this a University seems to be in its essence, a place for the communication and circulation of thought, by means of personal intercourse, through a wide extent of country.

There is nothing far-fetched or unreasonable in the idea thus presented to us; and if this be a University, then a University does but contemplate a necessity of our nature, and is but one specimen in a particular medium, out of many which might be adduced in others, of a provision for that necessity. Mutual education, in a large sense of the word, is one of the great and incessant occupations of human society, carried on partly with set purpose, and partly not. One generation forms another; and the existing generation is ever acting and reacting upon itself in the persons of its individual members. Now, in this process, books, I need scarcely say, that is,

the *litera scripta,* are one special instrument. It is true; and emphatically so in this age. Considering the prodigious powers of the press, and how they are developed at this time in the never-intermitting issue of periodicals, tracts, pamphlets, works in series, and light literature, we must allow there never was a time which promised fairer for dispensing with every other means of information and instruction. What can we want more, you will say, for the intellectual education of the whole man, and for every man, than so exuberant and diversified and persistent a promulgation of all kinds of knowledge? Why, you will ask, need we go up to knowledge, when knowledge comes down to us? The Sibyl wrote her prophecies upon the leaves of the forest, and wasted them; but here such careless profusion might be prudently indulged, for it can be afforded without loss, in consequence of the almost fabulous fecundity of the instrument which these latter ages have invented. We have sermons in stones, and books in the running brooks; works larger and more comprehensive than those which have gained for ancients an immortality, issue forth every morning, and are projected onwards to the ends of the earth at the rate of hundreds of miles a day. Our seats are strewed, our pavements are powdered, with swarms of little tracts; and the very bricks of our city-walls preach wisdom, by informing us by their placards where we can at once cheaply purchase it.

I allow all this, and much more; such certainly is our popular education, and its effects are remarkable. Nevertheless, after all, even in this age, whenever men are really serious about getting what, in the language of trade, is called 'a good article', when they aim at something precise, something refined, something really luminous,

something really large, something choice, they go to another market; they avail themselves, in some shape or other, of the rival method, the ancient method, of oral instruction, of present communication between man and man, of teachers instead of learning, of the personal influence of a master, and the humble initiation of a disciple, and, in consequence, of great centres of pilgrimage and throng, which such a method of education necessarily involves. This, I think, will be found to hold good in all those departments or aspects of society, which possess an interest sufficient to bind men together, or to constitute what is called 'a world'. It holds in the political world, and in the high world, and in the religious world; and it holds also in the literary and scientific world.

If the actions of men may be taken as any test of their convictions, then we have reason for saying this, viz., that the province and the inestimable benefit of the *litera scripta* is that of being a record of truth and an authority of appeal and an instrument of teaching in the hands of a teacher; but that, if we wish to become exact and fully furnished in any branch of knowledge which is diversified and complicated, we must consult the living man and listen to his living voice. I am not bound to investigate the cause of this, and anything I may say will, I am conscious, be short of its full analysis; perhaps we may suggest, that no books can get through the number of minute questions which it is possible to ask on any extended subject, or can hit upon the very difficulties which are severally felt by each reader in succession. Or again, that no book can convey the special spirit and delicate peculiarities of its subject with that rapidity and certainty which attend on the sympathy of mind with mind, through the eyes, the look, the accent, and the manner, in casual

expressions thrown off at the moment, and the unstudied turns of familiar conversation. But I am already dwelling too long on what is but an incidental portion of my main subject. Whatever be the cause, the fact is undeniable. The general principles of any study you may learn by books at home; but the detail, the colour, the tone, the air, the life which makes it live in us, you must catch all these from those in whom it lives already. You must imitate the student in French or German, who is not content with his grammar, but goes to Paris or Dresden: you must take example from the young artist, who aspires to visit the great Masters in Florence and in Rome.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

XVIII

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION

BUT what is meant by the words *barbarous* and *civilized,* as applied to political bodies? This is a question which it will take more time to answer, even if I succeed in satisfying it at all. By 'barbarism', then, I suppose, in itself is meant a state of nature; and by 'civilization', a state of mental cultivation and discipline. In a state of nature man has reason, conscience, affections, and passions, and he uses these severally, or rather is influenced by them, according to circumstances; and whereas they do not one and all necessarily move in the same direction, he takes no great pains to make them agree together, but lets them severally take their course, and, if I may so speak, jostle into a sort of union, and get on together, as best they can. He does not improve his talents; he does not simplify and fix his motives; he does not put his impulses under the control of principle, or form his mind upon a rule. He grows up pretty much what he was when a child; capricious, wayward, unstable, idle, irritable, excitable; with not much more habituation than that which experience of living unconsciously forces even on the brutes. Brutes act upon instinct, not on reason; they are ferocious when they are hungry; they fiercely indulge their appetite; they gorge themselves; they fall into torpor and inactivity. In a like, but a more human way, the savage is drawn by the object held up to him, as if he could not help following it; an excitement rushes on him, and he yields to it without a struggle; he acts according to the moment, without regard to consequences; he is

energetic or slothful, tempestuous or calm, as the winds blow or the sun shines. He is one being today, another tomorrow, as if he were simply the sport of influences or circumstances. If he is raised somewhat above this extreme state of barbarism, just one idea or feeling occupies the narrow range of his thoughts, to the exclusion of others.

Moreover, brutes differ from men in this; that they cannot invent, cannot progress. They remain in the use of those faculties and methods, which nature gave them at their birth. They are endowed by the law of their being with certain weapons of defence, and they do not improve on them. They have food, raiment, and dwelling, ready at their command. They need no arrow or noose to catch their prey, nor kitchen to dress it; no garment to wrap round them, nor roof to shelter them. Their claws, their teeth, their viscera, are their butcher and their cook; and their fur is their wardrobe. The cave or the jungle is their home; or if it is their nature to exercise some architectural craft, they have not to learn it. But man comes into the world with the capabilities, rather than the means and appliances, of life. He begins with a small capital, but one which admits of indefinite improvement. He is in his very idea, a creature of progress. He starts the inferior of the brute animals, but he surpasses them in the long run; he subjects them to himself, and he goes forward on a career, which at least hitherto has not found its limit.

Even the savage of course in some measure exemplifies this law of human nature, and is lord of the brutes; and what he is and man is generally, compared with the inferior animals, such is man civilized compared with the barbarian. Civilization is that state to which man's nature

points and tends; it is the systematic use, improvement, and combination of those faculties which are his characteristic; and, viewed in its idea, it is the perfection, the happiness of our mortal state. It is the development of art out of nature, and of self-government out of passion, and of certainty out of opinion, and of faith out of reason. It is the due disposition of the various powers of the soul, each in its place, the subordination or subjection of the inferior, and the union of all into one whole. Aims, rules, views, habits, projects; prudence, foresight, observation, inquiry, invention, resource, resolution, perseverance, are its characteristics. Justice, benevolence, expedience, propriety, religion, are its recognized, its motive principles.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

XIX

THE SAMPHIRE-GATHERER

At sunset, when the strong wind from the sea was beginning to feel cold, I stood on the top of the sand-hill looking down at an old woman hurrying about over the low damp ground beneath—a bit of sea-flat divided from the sea by the ridge of sand; and I wondered at her, because her figure was that of a feeble old woman, yet she moved—I had almost said flitted—over that damp level ground in a surprisingly swift, light manner, pausing at intervals to stoop and gather something from the surface. But I couldn't see her distinctly enough to satisfy myself: the sun was sinking below the horizon, and that dimness in the air and coldness in the wind at day's decline, when the year too was declining, made all objects look dim. Going down to her I found that she was old, with thin grey hair on an uncovered head, a lean dark face with regular features and grey eyes that were not old and looked steadily at mine, affecting me with a sudden mysterious sadness. For they were unsmiling eyes and themselves expressed an unutterable sadness, as it appeared to me at the first swift glance; or perhaps not that, as it presently seemed, but a shadowy something which sadness had left in them, when all pleasure and all interest in life forsook her, with all affections, and she no longer cherished either memories or hopes. This may be nothing but conjecture or fancy, but if she had been a visitor from another world she could not have seemed more strange to me.

I asked her what she was doing there so late in the

day, and she answered in a quiet even voice which had a shadow in it too, that she was gathering samphire of that kind which grows on the flat saltings and has a dull, green, leek-like, fleshy leaf. At this season, she informed me, it was fit for gathering to pickle and put by for use during the year. She carried a pail to put it in, and a table-knife in her hand to dig the plants up by the roots, and she also had an old sack in which she put every dry stick and chip of wood she came across. She added that she had gathered samphire at this same spot every August end for very many years.

I prolonged the conversation, questioning her and listening with affected interest to her mechanical answers, while trying to fathom those unsmiling, unearthly eyes that looked so steadily at mine.

And presently, as we talked, a babble of human voices reached our ears, and half turning we saw the crowd, or rather procession, of golfers coming from the golf-house by the links where they had been drinking tea. Ladies and gentlemen players, forty or more of them, following in a loose line, in couples and small groups, on their way to the Golfers' Hotel, a little further up the coast; a remarkably good-looking lot with well-fed happy faces, well dressed and in a merry mood all freely talking and laughing. Some were staying at the hotel, and for the others a score or so of motor-cars were standing before its gates to take them inland to their homes, or to houses where they were staying.

We suspended the conversation while they were passing us, within three yards of where we stood, and as they passed the story of the links where they had been amusing themselves since luncheon-time came into my mind. The land there was owned by an old, an ancient, family; they

had occupied it, so it is said, since the Conquest; but the head of the house was now poor, having no house-property in London, no coal mines in Wales, no income from any other source than the land, the twenty or thirty thousand acres let for farming. Even so he would not have been poor, strictly speaking, but for the sons, who preferred a life of pleasure in town, where they probably had private establishments of their own. At all events they kept race-horses, and had their cars, and lived in the best clubs, and year by year the patient old father was called upon to discharge their debts of honour. It was a painful position for so estimable a man to be placed in, and he was much pitied by his friends and neighbours, who regarded him as a worthy representative of the best and oldest family in the country. But he was compelled to do what he could to make both ends meet, and one of the little things he did was to establish golf-links over a mile or so of sand-hills, lying between the ancient coast village and the sea, and to build and run a Golfers' Hotel in order to attract visitors from all parts. In this way, incidentally, the villagers were cut off from their old direct way to the sea and deprived of those barren dunes, which were their open space and recreation ground and had stood them in the place of a common for long centuries. They were warned off and told that they must use a path to the beach which took them over half a mile from the village. And they had been very humble and obedient and had made no complaint. Indeed, the agent had assured them that they had every reason to be grateful to the overlord, since in return for that trivial inconvenience they had been put to they would have the golfers there, and there would be employment for some of the village boys as caddies. Nevertheless, I had

discovered that they were not grateful but considered that an injustice had been done to them, and it rankled in their hearts.

I remembered all this while the golfers were streaming by, and wondered if this poor woman did not, like her fellow-villagers, cherish a secret bitterness against those who had deprived them of the use of the dunes where for generations they had been accustomed to walk or sit or lie on the loose, yellow sands among the barren grasses, and had also cut off their direct way to the sea where they went daily in search of bits of firewood and whatever else the waves threw up which would be a help to them in their poor lives.

If it be so, I thought, some change will surely come into those unchanging eyes at the sight of all these merry, happy golfers on their way to their hotel and their cars and luxurious homes.

But though I watched her face closely there was no change, no faintest trace of ill-feeling or feeling of any kind; only that same shadow which had been there was there still, and her fixed eyes were like those of a captive bird or animal, that gaze at us, yet seem not to see us but to look through and beyond us. And it was the same when they had all gone by and we finished our talk and I put money in her hand; she thanked me without a smile, in the same quiet even tone of voice in which she had replied to my question about the samphire.

I went up once more to the top of the ridge, and looking down saw her again as I had seen her at first, only dimmer, swiftly, lightly moving or flitting moth-like or ghost-like over the low, flat salting, still gathering samphire in the cold wind, and the thought that came to me was that I was looking at and had been interviewing a being that

was very like a ghost, or in any case a soul, a something which could not be described, like certain atmospheric effects in earth and water and sky which are ignored by the landscape painter. To protect himself he cultivates what is called the 'sloth of the eye': he thrusts his fingers into his ears, so to speak, not to hear that mocking voice that follows and mocks him with his miserable limitations. He who seeks to convey his impressions with a pen is almost as badly off: the most he can do in such instances as the one related, is to endeavour to convey the emotion evoked by what he has witnessed.

Let me then take the case of the man who has trained his eyes, or rather whose vision has unconsciously trained itself, to look at every face he meets, to find in most cases something, however little, of the person's inner life. Such a man could hardly walk the length of the Strand and Fleet Street or of Oxford Street without being startled at the sight of a face which haunts him with its tragedy, its mystery, the strange things it has half revealed. But it does not haunt him long; another arresting face follows, and then another, and the impressions all fade and vanish from the memory in a little while. But from time to time, at long intervals, once perhaps in a lustrum, he will encounter a face that will not cease to haunt him, whose vivid impression will not fade for years. It was a face and eyes of that kind which I met in the samphire-gatherer on that cold evening; but the mystery of it is a mystery still.

W. H. HUDSON

XX

MY SCHOOL[1]

I STARTED a school in Bengal when I was nearing forty. Certainly this was never expected of me, who had spent the greater portion of my life in writing, chiefly verses. Therefore people naturally thought that as a school it might not be one of the best of its kind, but it was sure to be something outrageously new, being the product of daring inexperience.

This is one of the reasons why I am often asked what is the idea upon which my school is based. The question is a very embarrassing one for me, because to satisfy the expectation of my questioners I cannot afford to be commonplace in my answer. However, I shall resist the temptation to be original and shall be content with being merely truthful.

In the first place, I must confess it is difficult for me to say what is the idea which underlies my institution. For the idea is not like a fixed foundation upon which a building is erected. It is more like a seed which cannot be separated and pointed out directly it begins to grow into a plant.

And I know what it was to which this school owes its origin. It was not any new theory of education, but the memory of my school-days.

That those days were unhappy ones for me I cannot altogether ascribe to my peculiar temperament or to any special demerit of the schools to which I was sent. It may be that if I had been a little less sensitive, I could

[1]A lecture delivered in America, published in *Personality*.

gradually have accommodated myself to the pressure and survived long enough to earn my university degrees. But all the same, schools are schools, though some are better and some worse, according to their own standard.

The provision has been made for infants to be fed upon their mother's milk. They find their food and their mother at the same time. It is complete nourishment for them, body and soul. It is their first introduction to the great truth that man's true relationship with the world is that of personal love and not that of the mechanical law of causation.

Therefore our childhood should be given its full measure of life's draught, for which it has an endless thirst. The young mind should be saturated with the idea that it has been born in a human world which is in harmony with the world around it. And this is what our regular type of school ignores with an air of superior wisdom, severe and disdainful. It forcibly snatches away children from a world full of the mystery of God's own handiwork, full of the suggestiveness of personality. It is a mere method of discipline which refuses to take into account the individual. It is a manufactory specially designed for grinding out uniform results. It follows an imaginary straight line of the average in digging its channel of education. But life's line is not the straight line, for it is fond of playing the see-saw with the line of the average, bringing upon its head the rebuke of the school. For according to the school, life is perfect when it allows itself to be treated as dead, to be cut into symmetrical conveniences. And this was the cause of my suffering when I was sent to school. For all of a sudden I found my world vanishing from around me, giving place to wooden benches and straight

walls staring at me with the blank stare of the blind.

The legend is that eating of the fruit of knowledge is not consonant with dwelling in paradise. Therefore men's children have to be banished from their paradise into a realm of death, dominated by the decency of a tailoring department. So my mind had to accept the tight-fitting encasement of the school which, being like the shoes of a mandarin woman, pinched and bruised my nature on all sides and at every movement. I was fortunate enough in extricating myself before insensibility set in.

Though I did not have to serve the full penal term which men of my position have to undergo to find their entrance into cultured society, I am glad that I did not altogether escape from its molestation. For it has given me knowledge of the wrong from which the children of men suffer.

The cause of it is this, that man's intention is going against God's intention as to how children should grow into knowledge. How we should conduct our business is our own affair, and therefore in our offices we are free to create in the measure of our special purposes. But such office arrangement does not suit God's creation. And children are God's own creation.

We have come to this world to accept it, not merely to know it. We may become powerful by knowledge, but we attain fulness by sympathy. The highest education is that which does not merely give us information but makes our life in harmony with all existence. But we find that this education of sympathy is not only systematically ignored in schools, but it is severely repressed. From our very childhood habits are formed and knowledge is imparted in such a manner that our life is weaned

away from nature, and our mind and the world are set in opposition from the beginning of our days. Thus the greatest of educations for which we came prepared is neglected, and we are made to lose our world to find a bagful of information instead. We rob the child of his earth to teach him geography, of language to teach him grammar. His hunger is for the Epic, but he is supplied with chronicles of facts and dates. He was born in the human world, but is banished into the world of living gramophones, to expiate for the original sin of being born in ignorance. Child-nature protests against such calamity with all its power of suffering, subdued at last into silence by punishment.

We all know children are lovers of the dust; their whole body and mind thirst for sunlight and air as flowers do. They are never in a mood to refuse the constant invitations to establish direct communication which come to their senses from the universe.

But unfortunately for children their parents, in the pursuit of their profession, in conformity to their social traditions, live in their own peculiar world of habits. Much of this cannot be helped. For men have to specialize, driven by circumstances and by need of social uniformity.

But our childhood is the period when we have or ought to have more freedom—freedom from the necessity of specialization into the narrow bounds of social and professional conventionalism.

I well remember the surprise and annoyance of an experienced headmaster, reputed to be a successful disciplinarian, when he saw one of the boys of my school climbing a tree and choosing a fork of the branches for settling down to his studies. I had to say to him in

explanation that 'childhood is the only period of life when a civilized man can exercise his choice between the branches of a tree and his drawing-room chair, and should I deprive this boy of that privilege because I, as a grown-up man, am barred from it?' What is surprising is to notice the same headmaster's approbation of the boys' studying botany. He believes in an impersonal knowledge of the tree because that is science, but not in a personal experience of it. This growth of experience leads to forming instinct, which is the result of nature's own method of instruction. The boys of my school have acquired instinctive knowledge of the physiognomy of the tree. By the least touch they know where they can find a foothold upon an apparently inhospitable trunk; they know how far they can take liberty with the branches, how to distribute their bodies' weight so as to make themselves least burdensome to branchlets. My boys are able to make the best possible use of the tree in the matter of gathering fruits, taking rest and hiding from undesirable pursuers. I myself was brought up in a cultured home in a town, and as far as my personal behaviour goes, I have been obliged to act all through my life as if I were born in a world where there are no trees. Therefore I consider it as a part of education for my boys to let them fully realize that they are in a scheme of existence where trees are a substantial fact, not merely as generating chlorophyll and taking carbon from the air, but as living trees.

Naturally the soles of our feet are so made that they become the best instruments for us to stand upon the earth and to walk with. From the day we commenced to wear shoes we minimized the purpose of our feet. With the lessening of their responsibility they have lost

their dignity, and now they lend themselves to be pampered with socks, slippers and shoes of all prices and shapes and misproportions. For us it amounts to a grievance against God for not giving us hooves instead of beautifully sensitive soles.

I am not for banishing footgear altogether from men's use. But I have no hesitation in asserting that the soles of children's feet should not be deprived of their education, provided for them by nature, free of cost. Of all the limbs we have they are the best adapted for intimately knowing the earth by their touch. For the earth has her subtle modulations of contour which she only offers for the kiss of her true lovers—the feet.

I have again to confess that I was brought up in a respectable household, and my feet from childhood have been carefully saved from all naked contact with the dust. When I try to emulate my boys in walking barefoot, I painfully realize what thickness of ignorance about the earth I carry under my feet. I invariably choose the thorns to tread upon in such a manner as to make the thorns exult. My feet have not the instinct to follow the lines of least resistance. For even the flattest of earth-surfaces has its dimples of diminutive hills and dales only discernible by educated feet. I have often wondered at the unreasonable zigzag of footpaths across perfectly plain fields. It becomes all the more perplexing when you consider that a footpath is not made by the caprice of one individual. Unless most of the walkers possessed exactly the same eccentricity such obviously inconvenient passages could not have been made. But the real cause lies in the subtle suggestions coming from the earth to which our feet unconsciously respond. Those for whom such communications have not been cut off can adjust the

muscles of their feet with great rapidity at the least indication. Therefore, they can save themselves from the intrusion of thorns, even while treading upon them, and walk barefooted on a gravelly path without the least discomfort. I know that in the practical world shoes will be worn, roads will be metalled, cars will be used. But during their period of education, should children not be given to know that the world is not all drawing-room, that there is such a thing as nature to which their limbs are made beautifully to respond?

There are men who think that by the simplicity of living, introduced in my school, I preach the idealization of poverty which prevailed in the medieval age. From the point of view of education, should we not admit that poverty is the school in which man had his first lessons and his best training? Even a millionaire's son has to be born helplessly poor and to begin his lesson of life from the beginning. He has to learn to walk like the poorest of children, though he has means to afford to be without the appendage of legs. Poverty brings us into complete touch with life and the world, for living richly is living mostly by proxy, and thus living in a world of lesser reality. This may be good for one's pleasure and pride, but not for one's education. Wealth is a golden cage in which the children of the rich are bred into artificial deadening of their powers. Therefore in my school, much to the disgust of the people of expensive habits, I had to provide for this great teacher—this bareness of furniture and materials—not because it is poverty, but because it leads to personal experience of the world.

What tortured me in my school-days was the fact that the school had not the completeness of the world. It was

a special arrangement for giving lessons. It could only be suitable for grown-up people who were conscious of the special need of such places and therefore ready to accept their teaching at the cost of dissociation from life. But children are in love with life, and it is their first love. All its colour and movement attract their eager attention. And are we quite sure of our wisdom in stifling this love? Children are not born ascetics, fit to enter at once into the monastic discipline of acquiring knowledge. At first they must gather knowledge through their love of life, and then they will renounce their lives to gain knowledge, and then again they will come back to their fuller lives with ripened wisdom.

But society has made its own arrangements for manipulating men's minds to fit its special patterns. These arrangements are so closely organized that it is difficult to find gaps through which to bring in nature. There is a serial adjustment of penalties which follows to the end one who ventures to take liberty with some part of the arrangements, even to save his soul. Therefore it is one thing to realize truth and another to bring it into practice where the whole current of the prevailing system goes against you. This is why, when I had to face the problem of my own son's education, I was at a loss to give it a practical solution. The first thing that I did was to take him away from the town surroundings into a village and allow him the freedom of primeval nature as far as it is available in modern days. He had a river, noted for its danger, where he swam and rowed without check from the anxiety of his elders. He spent his time in the fields and on the trackless sand-banks, coming late for his meals without being questioned. He had none of those luxuries that are not only customary but are held

as proper for boys of his circumstance. For which privations, I am sure, he was pitied and his parents blamed by the people for whom society has blotted out the whole world. But I was certain that luxuries are burdens to boys. They are the burdens of other people's habits, the burdens of the vicarious pride and pleasure which parents enjoy through their children.

Yet, being an individual of limited resources, I could do very little for my son in the way of educating him according to my plan. But he had freedom of movement: he had very few of the screens of wealth and respectability between himself and the world of nature. Thus he had a better opportunity for a real experience of this universe than I ever had. But one thing exercised my mind as more important than anything else.

The object of education is to give man the unity of truth. Formerly, when life was simple, all the different elements of man were in complete harmony. But when there came the separation of the intellect from the spiritual and the physical, the school education put entire emphasis on the intellect and the physical side of man. We devote our sole attention to giving children information, not knowing that by this emphasis we are accentuating a break between the intellectual, physical and the spiritual life.

I believe in a spiritual world, not as anything separate from this world, but as its innermost truth. With the breath we draw, we must always feel this truth, that we are living in God. Born in this great world, full of the mystery of the infinite, we cannot accept our existence as a momentary outburst of chance, drifting on the current of matter towards an eternal nowhere. We cannot look upon our lives as dreams of a dreamer who has no

awakening in all time. We have a personality to which matter and force are unmeaning unless related to something infinitely personal, whose nature we have discovered, in some measure, in human love, in the greatness of the good, in the martyrdom of heroic souls, in the ineffable beauty of nature, which can never be a mere physical fact nor anything but an expression of personality.

Experience of this spiritual world, whose reality we miss by our incessant habit of ignoring it from childhood, has to be gained by children by fully living in it and not through the medium of theological instruction. But how this is to be done is a problem difficult of solution in the present age. For nowadays men have managed so fully to occupy their time that they do not find leisure to know that their activities have only movement but very little truth, that their soul has not found its world.

In India we still cherish in our memory the tradition of the forest colonies of great teachers. These places were neither schools nor monasteries in the modern sense of the word. They consisted of homes where with their families lived men whose object was to see the world in God and to realize their own life in Him. Though they lived outside society, yet they were to society what the sun is to the planets, the centre from which it received its life and light. And here boys grew up in an intimate vision of eternal life before they were thought fit to enter the state of the householder.

Thus in the ancient India the school was there where was the life itself. There the students were brought up, not in the academic atmosphere of scholarship and learning, or in the maimed life of monastic seclusion, but in the atmosphere of living aspiration. They took the cattle to pasture, collected firewood, gathered fruit, cultivated

kindness to all creatures, and grew in their spirit with their own teacher's spiritual growth. This was possible because the primary object of these places was not teaching but giving shelter to those who lived their life in God.

That this traditional relationship of the masters and disciples is not a mere romantic fiction is proved by the relic we still possess of the indigenous system of education. These *Chatuspathis,* which is the Sanskrit name for the university, have not the savour of the school about them. The students live in their master's home like the children of the house, without having to pay for their board and lodging or tuition. The teacher prosecutes his own study, living a life of simplicity, and helping the students in their lessons as a part of his life and not of his profession. This ideal of education through sharing a life of high aspiration with one's master took possession of my mind. Those who in other countries are favoured with unlimited expectations of worldly prospects can fix their purposes of education on those objects. But for us to maintain the self-respect which we owe to ourselves and to our creator, we must make the purpose of our education nothing short of the highest purpose of man, the fullest growth and freedom of soul. It is pitiful to have to scramble for small pittances of fortune. Only let us have access to the life that goes beyond death and rises above all circumstances, let us find our God, let us live for that ultimate truth which emancipates us from the bondage of the dust and gives us the wealth, not of things but of inner light, not of power but of love. Such emancipation of soul we have witnessed in our country among men devoid of book-learning and living in absolute poverty. In India we have the inheritance of this treasure of spiritual wisdom.

Let the object of our education be to open it out before us and to give us the power to make the true use of it in our life, and offer it to the rest of the world when the time comes, as our contribution to its eternal welfare.

I had been immersed in literary activities when this thought struck my mind with painful intensity. I suddenly felt like one groaning under the suffocation of nightmare. It was not only my own soul, but the soul of my country that seemed to be struggling for its breath through me. I felt clearly that what was needed was not any particular material object, not wealth or comfort or power, but our awakening to full consciousness in soul-freedom, the freedom of the life in God, where we have no enmity with those who must fight, no competition with those who must make money, where we are beyond all attacks and above all insults.

Fortunately for me I had a place ready to my hand where I could begin my work. My father, in one of his numerous travels, had selected this lonely spot as the one suitable for his life of communion with God. This place, with a permanent endowment, he dedicated to the use of those who seek peace and seclusion for their meditation and prayer. I had about ten boys with me when I came here and started my new life with no previous experience whatever.

All around our *ashram*[1] is a vast open country, bare up to the line of the horizon except for sparsely-growing stunted date-palms and prickly shrubs struggling with ant-hills. Below the level of the field there extend numberless mounds and tiny hillocks of red gravel and pebbles of all shapes and colours, intersected by narrow channels

[1] Originally a forest hermitage, now used of any welfare institution run by a social reformer or public worker.

of rainwater. Not far away towards the south, near the village, can be seen through the intervals of a row of palm trees, the gleaming surface of steel-blue water, collected in a hollow of the ground. A road used by the village people for their marketing in the town goes meandering through the lonely fields, with its red dust staring in the sun. Travellers coming up this road can see from a distance on the summit of the undulating ground the spire of a temple and the top of a building, indicating the Shanti-Niketan[1] *ashram* among its *amalaki*[2] groves and its avenue of stately *sal*[3] trees.

And here the school has been growing up for over fifteen years, passing through many changes and often grave crisis. Having the evil reputation of a poet, I could with great difficulty win the trust of my countrymen and avoid the suspicion of the bureaucracy. My resources were extremely small, with the burden of a heavy debt upon them. But this poverty itself gave me the full strength of freedom, making me rely upon truth rather than upon materials.

But the question will be asked whether I have attained my ideal in this institution. My answer is that the attainment of all our deepest ideals is difficult to measure by outward standards. Its working is not immediately perceptible by results. We have fully admitted the inequalities and varieties of human life in our *ashram*. We never try to gain some kind of outward uniformity by weeding out the differences of nature and training of our members. Some of us belong to the Brahma Samaj sect and some to other sects of Hinduism; and some of us are Christians. Because we do not deal with creeds and dogmas of

[1] *Shanti* is peace and *Niketan* abode: abode of peace; [2] The *Phylantus Emblica;* [3] The *Shorea Robusta.*

sectarianism, therefore this heterogeneity of our religious beliefs does not present us with any difficulty whatever.

It will be difficult for others than Indians to realize all the associations that are grouped round the word *ashram,* the forest sanctuary. For it blossomed in India like its own lotus, under a sky generous in its sunlight and starry splendour. India's climate has brought to us the invitation of the open air; the language of her mighty rivers is solemn in its chants; the limitless expanse of her plains encircles our homes with the silence of the world beyond; there the sun rises from the marge of the green earth like an offering of the unseen to the altar of the Unknown, and it goes down to the west at the end of the day like a gorgeous ceremony of nature's salutation to the Eternal. In India the shades of the trees are hospitable, the dust of the earth stretches its brown arms to us, the air with its embraces clothes us with warmth. These are the unchanging facts that ever carry their suggestions to our minds, and therefore we feel it is India's mission to realize the truth of the human soul in the Supreme Soul through its union with the soul of the world. This mission had taken its natural form in the forest schools in the ancient time. And it still urges us to seek for the vision of the infinite in all forms of creation, in the human relationships of love; to feel it in the air we breathe, in the light in which we open our eyes, in the water in which we bathe, in the earth on which we live and die. Therefore I know—and I know it from my own experience—that the students and the teachers who have come together in this *ashram* are daily growing towards the emancipation of their minds into the consciousness of the infinite, not through any process of teaching or outer discipline, but by the help of an unseen atmosphere of aspiration that

surrounds the place and the memory of a devoted soul who lived here in intimate communion with God.

In the teaching system of my school I have been trying all these years to carry out my theory of education, based upon my experience of children's minds.

I believe, as I suggested before, that children have their subconscious mind more active than their conscious intelligence. A vast quantity of the most important of our lessons has been taught to us through this. Experiences of countless generations have been instilled into our nature by its agency, not only without causing us any fatigue, but giving us joy. This subconscious faculty of knowledge is completely one with our life. It is not like a lantern that can be lighted and trimmed from outside, but it is like the light that the glow-worm possesses by the exercise of its life-process.

Fortunately for me I was brought up in a family where literature, music and art had become instinctive. My brothers and cousins lived in the freedom of ideas, and most of them had natural artistic powers. Nourished in these surroundings, I began to think early and to dream and to put my thoughts into expression. In religion and social ideals our family was free from all convention, being ostracized by society owing to our secession from orthodox beliefs and customs. This made us fearless in our freedom of mind, and we tried experiments in all departments of life. This was the education I had in my early days, freedom and joy in the exercise of my mental and artistic faculties. And because this made my mind fully alive to grow in its natural environment of nutrition, therefore the grinding of the school system became so extremely intolerable to me.

I had only this experience of my early life to help

me when I started my school. I felt sure that what was most necessary was the breath of culture and no formal method of teaching. Fortunately for me, Satish Chandra Roy, a young student of great promise, who was getting ready for his B.A. degree, became attracted to my school and devoted his life to carry out my idea. He was barely nineteen, but he had a wonderful soul, living in a world of ideas, keenly responsive to all that was beautiful and great in the realm of nature and of human mind. He was a poet who would surely have taken his place among the immortals of world literature, if he had been spared to live, but he died when he was twenty, thus offering his service to our school only for the period of one short year. With him boys never felt that they were confined in the limit of a teaching class; they seemed to have their access to 'everywhere'. They would go with him to the forest when in the spring the *sal* trees were in full blossom, and he would recite to them his favourite poems, frenzied with excitement. He used to read to them Shakespeare and even Browning—for he was a great lover of Browning —explaining to them in Bengali with his wonderful power of expression. He never had any feeling of distrust for boys' capacity of understanding; he would talk and read to them about whatever was the subject in which he himself was interested. He knew that it was not at all necessary for the boys to understand literally and accurately, but that their minds should be roused, and in this he was always successful. He was not like other teachers, a mere vehicle of text-books. He made his teaching personal; he himself was the source of it, and therefore it was made of life-stuff, easily assimilable by the living human nature. The real reason of his success was his intense interest in life, in ideas, in everything around him,

in the boys who came in contact with him. He had his inspiration not through the medium of books, but through the direct communication of his sensitive mind with the world. The seasons had upon him the same effect as they had upon the plants. He seemed to feel in his blood the unseen messages of nature that are always travelling through space, floating in the air, shimmering in the sky, tingling in the roots of the grass under the earth. The literature that he studied had not the least smell of the library about it. He had the power to see ideas before him, as he could see his friends, with all the distinctness of form and subtlety of life.

Thus the boys of our school were fortunate enough to be able to receive their lessons from a living teacher and not from text-books. Have not our books, like most of our necessaries, come between us and our world? We have got into the habit of covering the windows of our minds with their pages, and plasters of book phrases have stuck into our mental skin, making it impervious to all direct touches of truth. A whole world of bookish truths have formed themselves into a strong citadel with rings of walls in which we have taken shelter, secured from the communication of God's creation. Of course, it would be foolish to underrate the advantages of the book. But at the same time we must admit that the book has its limitations and its dangers. At any rate during the early period of education children should come to their lesson of truths through natural processes—directly through persons and things.

Being convinced of this, I have set all my resources to create an atmosphere of ideas in the *ashram*. Songs are composed—not specially made to order for juvenile minds. They are songs that a poet writes for his own

pleasure. In fact, most of my *Gitanjali* songs were written here. These, when fresh in their first bloom, are sung to the boys, and they come in crowds to learn them. They sing them in their leisure hours, sitting in groups, under the open sky on moonlight nights, in the shadows of the impending rain in July. All my latter-day plays have been written here, and the boys have taken part in their performance. Lyrical dramas have been written for their season-festivals. They have ready access to the room where I read to the teachers any new things that I write in prose or in verse, whatever the subject may be. And this they utilize without the least pressure put upon them; feeling aggrieved when not invited. A few weeks before leaving India I read to them Browning's drama *Luria,* translating it into Bengali as I went on. It took me two evenings, but the second meeting was as full as the first one. Those who have witnessed these boys playing their parts in dramatic performances have been struck with their wonderful power as actors. It is because they are never directly trained in the histrionic art. They instinctively enter into the spirit of the plays in which they take part, though these plays are no mere schoolboy dramas. They require subtle understanding and sympathy. With all the anxiety and hypercritical sensitiveness of an author about the performance of his own play I have never been disappointed in my boys, and I have rarely allowed teachers to interfere with the boys' own representation of the characters. Very often they themselves write plays or improvise them, and we are invited to their performance. They hold meetings of their literary clubs, and they have at least three illustrated magazines conducted by three sections of the school, the most interesting of them being

that of the infant section. A number of our boys have shown remarkable powers in drawing and painting, developed not through the orthodox method of copying models, but by following their own bent and by the help of occasional visits from some artists to inspire the boys with their own work.

When I first started my school my boys had no evident love for music. The consequence was that at the beginning I did not employ a music teacher and did not force the boys to take music lessons. I merely created opportunities when those of us who had the gift could exercise their musical culture. It had the effect of unconsciously training the ears of the boys. And when gradually most of them showed a strong inclination and love for music I saw that they would be willing to subject themselves to formal teaching, and it was then that I secured a music teacher.

In our school the boys rise very early in the morning, sometimes before it is light. They attend to the drawing of water for their bath. They make up their beds. They do all those things that tend to cultivate the spirit of self-help.

I believe in the hour of meditation, and I set aside fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen minutes in the evening for that purpose. I insist on this period of meditation, not, however, expecting the boys to be hypocrites and to make believe they are meditating. But I do insist that they remain quiet, that they exert the power of self-control, even though, instead of contemplating on God, they may be watching the squirrels running up the trees.

Any description of such a school is necessarily inadequate. For the most important element of it is the atmosphere, and the fact that it is not a school which is imposed upon the boys by autocratic authorities. I

always try to impress upon their minds that it is their own world, upon which their life ought fully and freely to react. In the school administration they have their place, and in the matter of punishment we mostly rely upon their own court of justice.

In conclusion, I warn my hearers not to carry away with them any false or exaggerated picture of this *ashram*. When ideas are stated in a paper, they appear too simple and complete. But in reality their manifestation through the materials that are living and varied and ever-changing is not so clear and perfect. We have obstacles in human nature and in outer circumstances. Some of us have a feeble faith in boys' minds as living organisms, and some have the natural propensity of doing good by force. On the other hand, the boys have their different degrees of receptivity, and there are a good number of inevitable failures. Delinquencies make their appearance unexpectedly, making us suspicious as to the efficacy of our own ideals. We pass through dark periods of doubt and reaction. But these conflicts and waverings belong to the true aspects of reality. Living ideals can never be set into a clockwork arrangement, giving accurate account of its every second. And those who have firm faith in their idea have to test its truth in discords and failures that are sure to come to tempt them from their path. I for my part believe in the principle of life, in the soul of man, more than in methods. I believe that the object of education is the freedom of mind which can only be achieved through the path of freedom—though freedom has its risk and responsibility as life itself has. I know it for certain, though most people seem to have forgotten it, that children are living beings—more living than grown-up people, who have built their shells of habit around

them. Therefore it is absolutely necessary for their mental health and development that they should not have mere schools for their lessons, but a world whose guiding spirit is personal love. It must be an *ashram* where men have gathered for the highest end of life, in the peace of nature; where life is not merely meditative, but fully awake in its activities; where boys' minds are not being perpetually drilled into believing that the ideal of the self-idolatry of the nation is the truest ideal for them to accept; where they are bidden to realize man's world as God's Kingdom, to whose citizenship they have to aspire; where the sunrise and sunset and the silent glory of stars are not daily ignored; where nature's festivities of flowers and fruit have their joyous recognition from man; and where the young and the old, the teacher and the student, sit at the same table to partake of their daily food and the food of their eternal life.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

XXI

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE great characteristic of the House of Commons is that it is a deliberative and consultative chamber, meeting together for the purposes of framing laws (if it considers any new laws necessary) which are to bind the whole nation, and of criticizing the Executive. It does not meet for the purpose of oratory, or to strengthen party organization, but to frame laws of universal obligation and to find fault with or support Ministers. This at once gets rid of the platform orator, and establishes the difference between public meetings and the House of Commons. It is no discredit to the public meeting or to the House of Commons to say that what will find favour with the one excites the disgust of the other, for the two have little in common. The object of a speaker at a public meeting is to excite enthusiasm and to spread his faith; but in the House of Commons his object is to remove objections, to state propositions in a way least likely to make reply easy, to show that a scheme is practicable and free from particular injustices, to handle figures with dexterity, and to avoid empty phraseology. There is nothing the House of Commons hates more than to be reminded of the purgatorial flames through which each member has had to pass in order to take his seat by the side of the Speaker; and therefore it is that the utterance in all innocence, by some new member of either party, of the cries and watchwords with which he was accustomed to enliven his electioneering speeches never fails to excite the angry groans of his opponents and the sarcastic smiles

of his friends. Nor is there anything dishonest in this. There is a time for all things, and the House of Commons is before everything a deliberative and consultative assembly. Another marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its total indifference to outside reputations or great fortunes. Local magnates, manufacturers whose chimneys blacken a whole country-side, merchants whose ships plough the broad and narrow seas, speculators in cotton and in sugar, mayors and provosts whose portraits adorn town halls, whose names are household words in their own districts, lawyers so eminent that they will not open their mouths in the courts for less than a hundred guineas, need not hope to be received by the House of Commons otherwise than with languid indifference. If they prove to be bores, so much the worse; if they prove not to be bores, so much the better. If they push themselves to the front, it will be by Parliamentary methods; if they remain insignificant, it is only what was to be expected. Never was an assembly so free from all taint of mercenariness as the House of Commons. It does not care a snap of its finger whether the income of a new member is £100,000 a year or £3 a week—whether his father was a duke or a blacksmith; its only concern with him is that, if he has anything to say, he may say it, and that if he has nothing to say, he will say nothing.

The House of Commons is often said to be a place of great good-fellowship. Within certain necessarily restricted limits it is. It is difficult to maintain aloofness. You may find yourself serving on a Committee alongside some one whose public utterances or party intrigues you have always regarded with aversion; but it may easily be that you agree with him, not, it may be, as to the Government of Ireland or the sacred principles of Free Trade,

but as to the prudence or folly of a particular line of railway, or the necessity of a new water-supply for some large town. You hob-a-nob at luncheon, you grumble together over your dinner, you lament the spread of football clubs and brass bands in your respective constituencies; you criticize your leaders, and are soon quite at home in the society of the very man you thought you detested. There is nothing like a common topic to break the ice, and two members of Parliament have always something to talk about. But farther than this it is hard to go. The House is too large. Amongst an assembly of 670 men well on in life the hand of Death is always busy. Vacancies occur with startling regularity. The only uncertainty is, who is to drop out of the ranks. 'Death of a Member of Parliament' is a common announcement on the placards of the evening papers; and then the thriftiest of Scotch members fumbles for his bawbee, buys the paper, stops under the next lamp-post to see who it is who has gone, whose figure will no more be seen in the Tea-room and the Lobby. Whoever it is, big man or little, a silent member or a talkative one, a wise man or a fool, his place will soon be filled up, and his party Whip will be heard moving for a new writ to issue for the Borough of Small-Talk in the place of Jeremiah Jones, deceased. 'Poor Jones!' we all say; 'not a bad fellow, Jones; I suppose Brown will get the seat this time.'

I know no place where the great truth that no man is necessary is brought home to the mind so remorselessly, and yet so refreshingly, as the House of Commons. Over even the greatest reputations it closes with barely a bubble. And yet the vanity of politicians is enormous. Lord Melbourne, you will remember, when asked his opinion

of men, replied, with his accustomed expletive, which I omit as unfit for the polite ear of Cowdenbeath, 'Good fellows, very good fellows, but vain, very vain.'

There is a great deal of vanity, both expressed and concealed, in the House of Commons. I often wonder why, for I cannot imagine a place where men so habitually disregard each other's feelings, so openly trample on each other's egotisms. You rise to address the House. The Speaker calls on you by name. You begin your speech. Hardly are you through with the first sentence when your oldest friend, your college chum, the man you have appointed guardian of your infant children, rises in his place, gives you a stony stare, and, seizing his hat in his hand, ostentatiously walks out of the House, as much as to say, 'I can stand many things, but not this.'

Whilst speaking in the House I have never failed to notice one man, at all events, who was paying me the compliment of the closest attention, who never took his eyes off me, who hung upon my words, on whom everything I was saying seemed to be making the greatest impression. In my early days I used to address myself to this man, and try my best to make my discourse worthy of his attention; but sad experience has taught me that this solitary auditor is not in the least interested either in me or in my speech, and that the only reason why he listens so intently and eyes me so closely is because he has made up his mind to follow me, and is eager to leap to his feet, in the hope of catching the Speaker's eye, the very moment I sit down. Yet, for all this, vanity thrives in the House—though what it feeds on I cannot say. We are all anxious to exaggerate our own importance, and desperately anxious to make reputations for ourselves and to have our names associated with some

subject—to pose as its patron and friend. On great Parliamentary nights these vanities, from which even our leaders are not wholly exempt, are very conspicuous. On such occasions the House of Commons has reminded me of a great drying-ground, where all the clothes of a neighbourhood may be seen fluttering in a gale of wind. There are night-gowns and shirts and petticoats so distended and distorted by the breeze as to seem the garments of a race of giants, rather than of poor mortal man; even the stockings of some slim maiden, when puffed out by the lawless wind, assume dropsical proportions. But the wind sinks, having done its task, and then the matter-of-fact washerwoman unpegs the garments, sprinkles them with water, and ruthlessly passes over them her flat-irons, and, lo and behold! these giant's robes are reduced to their familiar, domestic, and insignificant proportions.

A marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its generosity. We have heard far too much lately of contending jealousies. The only thing the House is really jealous of is its own reputation. If a member, no matter who he is, or where he sits, or what he says, makes a good speech and creates a powerful impression, nobody is more delighted, more expansively and effusively delighted, than Sir William Harcourt. On such occasions he glows with generosity. And this is equally true of Mr Balfour, and indeed of the whole House, which invariably welcomes talent and rejoices over growing reputations.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL

XXII

WHAT IS COURAGE?

I DON'T believe there's any man who in his heart of hearts wouldn't rather be called brave than have any other virtue attributed to him. And this elemental, if you like, unreasoning, male attitude, is a sound one, because courage is not merely a virtue, it's *the* virtue. Without it there are no other virtues. Faith, hope, charity, all the rest don't become virtues until it takes courage to exercise them. Courage isn't only the basis of all virtue; it's its expression. True, you may be bad and brave, but you can't be good without being brave.

Courage is a mental state—an affair of the spirit—and so it gets its strength from spiritual and intellectual sources. The way in which these spiritual and intellectual elements are blended, I think, produces roughly the two types of courage. The first, an emotional state which urges a man to risk injury or death—physical courage. The second, a more reasoning attitude which enables him coolly to stake career, happiness, his whole future, on his judgement of what he thinks either right or worth while —moral courage.

Now these two types of courage, physical and moral, are very distinct. I have known many men who had marked physical courage but lacked moral courage. Some of them were in high places but they failed to be great in themselves because they lacked it. On the other hand, I've seen men who undoubtedly possessed moral courage very cautious about taking physical risks, but I've never met a man with moral courage who wouldn't,

when it was really necessary, face bodily danger. Moral courage is a higher and a rarer virtue than physical courage.

To be really great, a man—or for that matter, a nation—must possess both kinds of courage. In this the Japanese were an interesting study. No other army has ever possessed mass physical courage as the Japanese did. Its whole strength lay in the emotional bravery of the individual soldier. The Japanese generals shared their men's physical bravery to the full, but they lacked, to a man, moral courage. They hadn't the moral courage to admit when their plans had failed and ought to have been changed, to tell their superiors that their orders couldn't be carried out, and to retreat while there was still time. We played on this weakness and by it the Japanese commanders lost their battles and destroyed their armies.

All men have some degree of physical courage. It's surprising how much. Courage, you know, is like having money in the bank. We start with a certain capital of courage, some large, some small, and we proceed to draw on our balance. But don't forget, courage is an expendable quality. We can use it up. If there are heavy, and what is more serious, if there are continuous calls on our courage, we begin to overdraw. If we go on overdrawing we go bankrupt, we break down.

You can see this overdraft mounting clearly in the men who endure the most prolonged strains in war. The submarine complement, the infantry platoon, the bomber crew. First there comes a growing impatience and irritability; then a hint of recklessness, a sort of 'Oh, to hell with it, chaps, we'll attack' spirit; next, real foolhardiness, what the soldier calls 'asking for it'; and last, sudden changes of mood from false hilarity to black moroseness. If, before that stage is reached, the man's commander has

spotted what's happening and pulled him out for a rest, he'll recover. In a few months he'll be back again as brave and as balanced as ever. The capital in his bank of courage will have built up, and he can start spending again.

There are, of course, some people whose capital is so small that it's little worth while employing them, in peace or war, in any job requiring courage—they overdraw too quickly. With us these types are surprisingly few. Complete cowards are almost non-existent. Another matter for astonishment is the large number of men and women in any group who will behave in an emergency with extreme gallantry. Who they'll be you can't tell until they're tested. I long ago gave up trying to spot potential V.Cs by their looks, but, from experience, I should say that those who perform individual acts of the highest physical courage are usually drawn from one of two categories, either those with quick intelligence and vivid imagination, or those without imagination and with minds fixed on the practical business of living. You might almost say, I suppose, those who live on their nerves and those who haven't got any nerves. The one suddenly sees the crisis, his imagination flashes the opportunity and he acts. The other meets the situation without finding it so very unusual and deals with it in a matter-of-fact way.

Long ago, in the First World War, when I was a bit more irresponsible, I served under an officer of vivid imagination. He was always fussing about dangers that usually didn't exist. Once, after a day and half a night of his constant alarms I was so fed up that I disconnected the telephone in the advanced post I was holding. I wanted some sleep. I didn't get it. Within half an hour

his imagination had painted the most frightful pictures of my position overrun by the enemy. He arrived with a reserve company to re-take it. As he was my commanding officer I had some rather difficult explaining to do. I thought he was just windy. A few days later he won the V.C. by a superb example of leadership and courage.

Again, in this last war, in Burma, a young Gurkha won the V.C. At a critical moment, when Japanese medium tanks had broken through our forward positions, he took his Piat—that's an anti-tank grenade discharger —and, leaving cover, moved forward over the open towards the tanks. He was shot in the hand, the shoulder, and again badly in the leg, but he got to within thirty yards of the tanks and he bumped off two of them. Later, when I saw him in hospital, I asked him why he'd walked forward in the open like that. He replied, 'I'd been trained not to fire the Piat until I was certain of hitting. I knew I could hit at thirty yards, so I went to thirty yards!' He had had only one thought in his head—to get to thirty yards. Quite simple if you aren't bothered by imagination.

Can courage be taught? I'm sure in one sense physical courage can. What in effect you must do is train the man not to draw too heavily on his stock of courage. Teach him what to expect, not to be frightened by bogeys —by the unknown. If you send an untrained British soldier on patrol in the jungle, every time a branch creaks, every time there's a rustle in the undergrowth, when an animal slinks across the track, when a bush moves in the wind, he'll draw heavily and unnecessarily on his stock of courage, and he'll come back a shaken man with a report of no value. But if you train that man beforehand, let him live in the jungle, teach him its craft, then send

him on patrol, he'll come back with his balance of courage unimpaired and probably a couple of Japanese helmets into the bargain.

To teach moral courage is another matter—and it has to be taught because so few, if any, have it naturally. The young can learn it from their parents, in their homes, from school and university, from religion, from other early influences. But to inculcate it in a grown-up who lacks it, requires not so much teaching as some striking emotional experience, something that suddenly bursts on him, something in the nature of a vision. That happens rarely, and that's why you'll find that most men with moral courage learnt it by precept and example in their youth.

Now, I suppose, because I am a soldier, I've talked most of courage in men at war, but the fighting man is the last to claim a monopoly in courage. Many a soldier in the last war steeled himself in battle with the thought of what his civilian fellow-countrymen and women were enduring and how they were enduring it. As a matter of fact, whether women are braver than men I don't know, but I've always found them, when really tested, at least equally brave.

In the retreat from Burma in 1942 I was deeply proud of the troops who staggered into India, exhausted, ragged, reduced to a remnant, but carrying their weapons and ready to turn again and face the enemy. Yet the outstanding impression of courage I carried away from that rather desperate campaign was from the Indian women refugees. Day after day, mile after mile, they plodded on, through dust or mud, babies in their arms, children clinging to their skirts, harried by ruthless enemies, strafed from the air, shelterless, caught between

the lines in every battle, yet patient, uncomplaining, devoted, thinking only of their families, and so very brave.

Now, without talking any nonsense about Master Races, as the Japanese and Germans did, it is a fact that races do vary in courage. Some are braver than others, and you jolly soon find out which they are when you fight them. At a guess I should say it depends mostly on where they've lived for the past five or six hundred years. If it's been in a land where it didn't take much effort to get enough food, clothing, and shelter for an easy life, they won't be conspicuously brave. If they've lived where life is so hard that it's a terrible struggle against nature to keep any standard of living at all, then they'll be brave in a few things—dangers to which they're inured—but not at all brave in others. It's the lands where nature is neither too easy nor too cruel, where a man must work hard to live but where his efforts and his enterprise can bring him great rewards, those are the lands that breed courage and where it becomes a natural tradition. And don't run away with the idea that this limits courage to northern Europe and North America. Believe me—and I've fought both with and against them—some of the bravest races in the world aren't white at all.

And while nations vary in the amount of their courage, they vary, too, in its type. We, the British, have our own special kind of courage—the courage that goes on. And endurance is the very essence of courage. Courage is a long-term virtue. Anyone can be brave for a little while. The British are no braver than the Germans, the French, the Italians, or anybody else. But they are brave for a bit longer. This going on being brave when most others would have given up has been the racial characteristic of our courage.

It's interesting to speculate how we've developed this particularly practical and effective kind of courage. I'm inclined to think that, like so much else in the world, it's been a matter of geography and history. We draw our racial stock almost wholly from northern Europe, one of the good areas for natural courage, and our intellectual and cultural heritage almost entirely from the Mediterranean, the great source of enlightened thought. At any rate, in all the great moments of our history, we have based our natural courage on a faith, the belief that we worked or fought for the things that mattered, for a decent life, for the freedom of the spirit. That's been our strength.

And it remains our strength, for the same courage which has seen us through the crisis of war is needed now to see us through the hardly less formidable difficulties of peace. How fortunate are we, then, that we come of a race that, whatever its faults, has never failed for want of courage.

SIR WILLIAM SLIM

XXIII

BRITISH ADVENTURE IN INDIA

A FEW weeks ago I listened, as you may have done, to a broadcast called 'Bengal Lights'. The broadcast was based on the description of his time in India given by William Hickey who went there 180 years ago as a cadet of the East India Company and long after wrote an outspoken, racy account of his life. The broadcast said a good deal, as Hickey himself did, about the amount of alcohol that he consumed in Bengal, and may have given the impression that the main difference and incompatibility between British and Indian ways of life was that the British had drinking as a master passion, while the Indians in the mass were then, as they are now, abstemious. That would not be a fair picture. The eighteenth century, particularly in some sections of the then ruling wealthy class, had some ugly features. William Hickey describes his life as a young man about town in England with the same frankness as he applies to his time in India; if you took him as typical, you would think that dicing and drinking were the principal occupations of the British then. They were not typical then of any but a limited class and they disappeared largely when Victoria came.

In speaking now of the British in India I am not concerned with Hickey's time there nor with the rule of the East India Company. That Company was a trading adventure which, in the days of Clive and Warren Hastings and Dalhousie, developed to its own surprise into an Empire. The Company was also a way to great wealth for some—the Nabobs, as they came to be called—and a

convenient means of finding jobs for sons and nephews of its directors and their friends. But all that sort of thing came to an end about a hundred years ago.

At that time a band of reformers in Britain were getting rid of patronage in the Civil Service at home by the device of competitive examination, examination open to all clever young men without nomination or regard to their families. These reformers applied the same device to India and thus laid the foundations of a Civil Service there which has had few if any equals for ability, responsibility, integrity and devotion. My father was one of the earliest of this new class of young Britishers in India—the 'competition wallahs' as they were called by the sons and nephews of the old dispensation. In 1857 he sat for the third of the new examinations, came out top, went to India at twenty and spent thirty-five years there. He was no Nabob and he made no wealth. His tastes throughout life were of the simplest, with no extravagances except that of helping others, yet when on his death I came to administer his will, I found that after all those years of service and earning, he had died worth exactly £82.

He would no doubt have been more prosperous if he had not been always a bit of a revolutionary. From the beginning of the British adventure in India, it had been held by many of the leading figures in it—Macaulay among others—that the essential purpose of our being in India was to prepare her people for self-government, and so to bring about our own departure. But most, even of those who had this purpose, were inclined to go slowly. My father on the other hand wanted to go as fast as possible, not as slowly as possible, in meeting Indian aspirations. He did not think, indeed, seventy years ago, that we ought to leave India at once. 'Granted,' he said, 'that

we wrongfully got possession of India, still to abandon her now would be to act like a man-stealer who should kidnap a child, and then in a fit of repentance abandon him in a tiger-jungle.' But he wanted to take practical steps to hasten our going. As one immediate step he suggested that nearly all judicial posts in India should be filled by Indians. As another, he proposed transfer of the competitive examination in the Service from England to India, so as to break what he called the 'geographical monopoly' of the English. 'India,' he said, 'has now a sufficient supply of educated young men within her borders, and need not import administrators, except for special purposes.' Talking like that, eighty years ago, my father was before his time and was regarded naturally as a dangerous man. He was never promoted to the top of his service, and was sent almost always to unpopular districts. That is how I came to be born in a swamp, in what a contemporary of my father described as 'the dismal station of Rangpur'. Friends who came to dine with my parents at Rangpur said that they always expected to meet a cobra on the veranda.

But my father was only a little before his time. Many others more influential than he came in due course to follow him and to bring about changes towards responsible government in India. And year after year, irrespective of their views as to the rate at which India could become self-governing again, many of the best of our young men went from Britain to do their work of bringing order, fighting famine, diminishing disease, making railways, bridges and roads, administering justice and establishing integrity and efficiency, over the great continent of India.

But the Civil Servants were not the only Britons who went to India. There were the traders, there were doctors,

missionaries and scholars, there were people interested in education, and among these last was my mother. Her father, starting as a wage-earner, made a modest fortune and, dying early, left her enough to live on. So at twenty-eight she was giving most of her time in London to teaching in a College for Working Women. While she was thus engaged, a distinguished religious reformer from India—Keshub Chunder Sen—paid a visit to England and gave many addresses there. In one of these he made an eloquent appeal to English women to come and help their Indian sisters, to rescue them from ignorance and give them education. The point of Keshub's appeal was to ask for education without a new religion; Hinduism, he said, was or could be reformed into a satisfactory religion; teachers from England, not missionaries, were the prime need.

My mother listened to Keshub and was caught. She travelled out by herself in 1872—she had not heard of my father then—in order to start a school for Indian women and girls, independent of any mission. She did start it; I have met distinguished Indians whose mothers were among her pupils. She worked desperately hard at the school for two years in the sweltering heat of Calcutta. Then my father, who with his Indian sympathies had naturally helped her with the school, insisted that she should exchange looking after the school for the harder task, as he put it, of keeping him in order. So they married and after my father had finished his thirty-five years in India, they spent the rest of their long lives in this country, largely writing together about the history, languages and literature of India. My father did that quite consciously as something that he could still do for India, the country which, as he said, had been burned into him.

Both he and my mother had hosts of Indian friends.

My father made one such friend in a characteristic way—not the way of a Nabob. While still in his twenties he was watching on the roadside a public procession, and found at his feet a very small Indian boy unknown to him, struggling vainly to see the show between the legs of the grown spectators. My father hoisted the boy on his shoulders; the boy grew up to be Sir Krishna Govinda Gupta, a judge of the High Court, the first Indian member of the India Council, and a life-long friend. My mother went to India at the invitation of Indians and her first hosts there were Indians, Mr. and Mrs. Monmohan Ghose. Together my parents made a feature of 'international parties'. 'International' meant mixing not only British and Indians, but Hindus and Mohammedans. An English friend describing one such party in 1882, mentioned her curiosity to see how this problem of mixing would be solved, since Hindus and Mohammedans could not eat together. The problem was solved with complete satisfaction by having separate tables.

Last year I wrote the story of my parents in a book named *India Called Them,* in order to show what this British adventure meant in the family life of those who took part in it. I have referred to this story here to illustrate the British adventure as an adventure for service, the service of bringing to India from afar good government which should lead to self-government. It is fair to claim for this adventure that it brought many good things to India which otherwise she might not have had today. It was equally clear that the adventure was bound to end some time in India being governed from within, as it is governed now in its two separate states of India and Pakistan. I have been using the term India here to cover both.

The British adventure had to end, for there were some things which India needed that no government from outside could give her. The British tradition was that of leaving Indian ways of life in the main undisturbed, and they included some bad ways, like the caste system with its untouchable classes, like some of the marriage customs, like some of the laws of inheritance. Only a native government based on the free assent of the people can be strong enough to change such things. I am delighted that one of the earliest acts of the new Indian Government has been to change the first of them and to attack the evil custom of untouchability. I wish that my father could have known this.

India has to be governed from within. That is beyond question. Yet reflection on the British adventure in India suggests one final thought. The young men like my father, who from the middle of the nineteenth century went out from this country to serve in India included many of the very best of our young men, able, practical, sincere, devoted, highly trained. There are not too many such men in any nation in the world. India cannot help being somewhat poorer through not getting those we used to send her. My father's whole life in India was a protest against the idea that the only people capable of doing important work in India were people with white skins. It would be a sad opposite error if now no one was allowed or encouraged to do useful work in India unless he had a skin which was not white.

India, with all her ancient civilization, of which she has a right to be proud, has also problems of almost terrifying difficulty in dealing with want, squalor, disease and ignorance. In dealing with them she must, as far as government goes, be as independent as Australia or New Zealand, or

more so if that be possible. But I should be sorry if somehow people interested in attacking such problems could not still go easily to India to give their help to her as teachers, as scientists, as doctors, as social reformers, as organizers of business, could not go freely to serve, whatever the colour of their skin. I hope that some at least will still want to go there from Britain and will find a welcome.

LORD BEVERIDGE

XXIV

CRICKET

EVERY summer I travel north, south, east and west to watch cricket. I have seen the game played far down in Kent, at Dover, near the cliffs trodden by King Lear. There, one late August afternoon, I said good-bye to a cricket season on a field which lay silent in the evening sunshine; the match, the last of the year, was over and the players gone. I stayed for a while in the falling light and saw birds run over the grass as the mists began to spread. That day we had watched Woolley in all his glory, batting his way through a hundred felicitous runs. While he batted, the crowd sat with white tents and banners all around—a blessed scene, wisps of clouds in the sky, green grass for our feet to tread upon, 'laughter of friends under an English heaven'. It was all over and gone now, as I stood on the little field alone in the glow of the declining day. 'The passing of summer,' I thought. 'There can be no summer in this land without cricket.'

Whenever I am in love with cricket's beauty and sentiment I always think of the game as I saw it go to an end that day in Kent, as though to the strain of summer's cadence. Cricket, as I know and love it, is part of that holiday time which is the Englishman's heritage—a playtime in a homely country-side. It is a game that seems to me to take on the very colours of the passing months. In the spring, cricketers are fresh and eager; ambition within them breaks into bud; new bats and flannels are as chaste as the April winds. The showers of May drive the players from the field, but soon they are back again,

and every blade of grass around them is a jewel in the light. I like this intermittent way of cricket's beginning in spring weather. A season does not burst on us, as football does, full grown and arrogant; it comes to us every year with a modesty that matches the slender tracery of leaf and twig, which belongs to the setting of every true cricket field in the season's first days.

When June arrives, cricket grows to splendour like a rich part of the garden of an English summer time. In June the game is at the crown of the year; from Little Puddleton to London the fields of village and town are white with players in hot action. Batsmen move along their processional way to centuries at Lord's, while in a hundred hidden hamlets far and wide some crude but not inglorious Hobbs flings his bat at the ball, and either misses it or feels his body tingle as willow thwacks leather. Bowlers set their teeth and thunder over the earth, seeing nothing in the world but a middle stump. And when a wicket falls, fieldsmen in the deep give themselves to the grassy earth, stretch limbs, and look up into the blue sky. Now is the time of cricketer's plenty—June and July. Let him cherish every moment as it passes; never will he be so young again.

With the advent of August, cricket loses the freshness and radiance of its heyday. Colour and energy begin to leave the game, even as colour and energy begin to leave summer itself. Cricketers grow weary; ambition wanes as the sun wanes. The season goes to its end with a modest and lovely fall. It does not finish rhetorically, as football does, vaunting a cup-tie final before a million eyes. One after another the cricketers say good-bye in the darkening evenings of late summer; they fold their tents and depart, and nobody sees them. The noisy crowds

have left the game for the new darling with the big ball. Down at Eastbourne (it may chance to be) the season comes to an end on a quiet day, on which the crack of the bat sends out a sweet melancholy. As the cricketer leaves the field, not to set foot again on his game's carpet for months and months to come, he has his moments of private sentiment. He glances back to take a last look at the field as the hours decrease and autumn grows in everything. He is glad that cricket belongs to summer, comes in with the spring, and gets ready to go when the trees are brown. Other games can be played in different parts of the world. Cricket is a game which must always be less than its true self if it is taken out of England and out of weather of our English summer.

So much for the season and the setting, the time and the place. The game itself is a capricious blend of elements, static and dynamic, sensational and somnolent. You can never take your eyes away from a cricket match for fear of missing a crisis. For hours it will proceed to a rhythm as lazy as the rhythm of an airless day. Then we stretch ourselves on deck-chairs and smoke our pipes and talk of a number of things—the old 'uns insisting that in *their* time batsmen used to hit the ball. A sudden bad stroke, a good ball, a marvellous catch, and the crowd is awake; a bolt has been hurled into our midst from a clear sky. When cricket burns a dull slow fire it needs only a single swift wind of circumstance to set everything into a blaze that consumes nerves and senses. In no other game do events of import hang so bodefully on a single act. In no other game does one little mistake lead to mischief so irreparable. You get another chance at football if you foozle a kick; but Hobbs in all his majesty must pass out of the scene for hours if for a second he should fall into

the error that hedges all mortal activity. Many a great match has been lost by a missed catch; terrible are the emotions of long-on when the ball is driven high towards him and when he waits for it—alone in the world—and the crowd roars and somebody cries out, ''E'll miss it—'e'll miss it!' Years ago, in a match for the rubber in Australia, Clem Hill and Victor Trumper were making a mighty stand, turning the wheel of the game against England. Here were two of the greatest batsmen of all time thoroughly set, scourging the English attack with unsparing weapons. Hour after hour they cut and drove right and left. Wilfred Rhodes, who seems always to have been playing cricket, tossed up over after over, angling for the catch in the deep. And at the very moment when the fortunes of the battle were on the turn, moving definitely Australia's way—at this moment of fate, Clem Hill let his bat swing at a ball for all he was worth in valour and strength. Up into the sky the ball went, and it began to drop where A. E. Knight was standing. All eyes rested on Knight; the vast Sydney multitude were dead still as the ball fell like a stone. Knight held his catch, but as he did so, he was seen to go down on one knee, and bow his head. Some of the English players, thinking Knight was ill, moved towards him. But as they approached, Knight raised himself, made an explanatory gesture, swallowed emotion in a gulp, and said to his anxious colleagues, 'It's all right, it's all right; I was only thanking my Maker.' Cricket can mean much to a man: responsibility can weigh down the strongest.

The laws of cricket tell of the English love of compromise between a particular freedom and a general orderliness, or legality. Macdonald's best break-back is rendered null and void if he should let his right foot stray merely

an inch over the crease as he wheels his arm. Law and order are represented at cricket by the umpires in their magisterial coats (in England it is to be hoped these coats will never be worn as short as umpires wear them in Australia, much to the loss of that dignity which should always invest dispensers of justice). And in England umpires are seldom mobbed or treated with the contumely which is the lot of the football referee. If everything else in this nation of ours were lost but cricket—her Constitution and the Laws of England of Lord Halsbury—it would be possible to reconstruct from the theory and the practice of cricket all the eternal Englishness which has gone to the establishment of that Constitution and the laws aforesaid.

Where the English language is unspoken there can be no real cricket, which is to say that the Americans have never excelled at the game. In every English village a cricket field is as much part of the landscape as the old church. Everybody born in England has some notion of what is a cricket match, even folks who have never had a cricket bat in their hands in their lives (few must be their number, since it is as natural to give a cricket bat as a present to a little boy as it is to give him a bucket and spade when he goes to the seaside). I should challenge the Englishness of any man who could walk down a country lane, come unexpectedly on a cricket match, and not lean over the fence and watch for a while. Has any true Englishman ever resisted the temptation, while travelling on the railway, to look through the carriage window whenever the train has been passing a cricket field? The train rushes round a curve just as the bowler is about to bowl; in a flash we are swept out of sight of the game, and never can we know what happened to that

ball! Cricket is not called the 'Sport of Kings'; it is the possession of all of us, high and low, rich and poor. It was born in a small place and it has conquered all the habitations of our race. Wherever cricket is taken, England and the flavours of an English summer go with it. The game's presiding genius is W. G. Grace, dead and therefore immortal. He gave his heart and soul to cricket, stamped the English stamp on it, and caused it to loom with his own genial bulk in the eyes of his countrymen for all time. Today, when it is regarded right and proper for the nation to pay honour to all heroes of the open air, Grace would have been knighted. But the very idea of 'Sir W. G. Grace' is comical. You see, he was an institution. As well might we think of Sir Albert Memorial, Sir National Debt, Sir Harvest Moon—or Sir Cricket!

NEVILLE CARDUS

XXV

INDIA AND GREECE

From *India Rediscovered*

ANCIENT Greece is supposed to be the fountain-head of European civilization and much has been written about the fundamental difference betwen the Orient and the Occident. I do not understand this; a great deal of it seems to me to be vague and unscientific, without much basis in fact. Till recently many European thinkers imagined that everything that was worth while had its origin in Greece or Rome. Sir Henry Maine has said somewhere that, except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not originally Greek. European classical scholars,, deeply learned in Greek and Latin lore, knew very little about India and China. Yet Professor E. R. Dodds emphasizes the 'Oriental background against which Greek culture rose, and from which it was never completely isolated save in the minds of classical scholars'.

If scholars believed so, much more so did the unread crowd believe in some essential differences between the East and the West. The industrialization of Europe and the consequent material progress impressed this difference still further on the popular mind, and by an odd process of rationalization ancient Greece became the father or mother of modern Europe and America. Additional knowledge of the past of the world shook these conclusions in the minds of a few thinkers, but so far as the mass of the people were concerned, intellectuals and non-intellectuals, the centuries-old ideas continued, phantoms floating about

applying themselves wholly to whatever they did, and thus somehow they appear to have been more alive than we are. Some such impression one gathers of life in India also from our old literature. There was an ascetic aspect of life in India, as there was later in Greece, but it was confined to a limited number of people and did not affect life generally. That aspect was to grow more important under the influence of Jainism and Buddhism, but even so it did not change materially the background of life.

Life was accepted as it was and lived fully both in India and Greece; nevertheless, there was a belief in the supremacy of some kind of inner life. This led to curiosity and speculation, but the spirit of inquiry was not so much directed towards objective experience as to logical reasoning fixed on certain concepts which were accepted as obviously true. That indeed was the general attitude everywhere before the advent of the scientific method. Probably this speculation was confined to a small number of intellectuals, yet even the ordinary citizens were influenced by it and discussed philosophical problems, as they did everything else, in their public meeting-places.

And yet Hellenism has among its many splendid achievements one that is even more unique than others, the early beginnings of experimental science. There is nothing to compare with this in India, or, for the matter of that, anywhere else till science again took a big stride from the seventeenth century onwards. Even Rome for all its empire and the Pax Romana over a considerable area, its close contacts with Hellenic civilization, its opportunities to draw upon the learning and experiences of many peoples, made no significant contribution to science, invention, or mechanical development. After the collapse of classical civilization in Europe, it was the

Arabs who kept the flame of scientific knowledge alight through the Middle Ages.

This burst of scientific activity in Alexandria was no doubt the social product of the time, called forth by the needs of a growing society and of seafaring, just as the advance in arithmetic and algebraic methods, the use of the zero sign and the place-value system in India were also due to social needs, advancing trade and more complex organization. But it is doubtful how far the scientific spirit was present in the old Greeks as a whole and their life must have followed traditional patterns, based on their old philosophic approach seeking an integration and harmony in man and with nature. It is that approach which is common to old Greece and India.

There is no seclusion of women in ancient India except to some extent among royalty and the nobility. Probably there was more segregation of the sexes in Greece than in India then. Women of note and learning are frequently mentioned in the old Indian books, and often they took part in public debates. Marriage, in Greece, was apparently wholly a contractual affair; but in India it has always been considered a sacramental union, though other forms are mentioned.

Greek women were apparently especially welcomed in India. Often the maids-in-waiting at royal courts mentioned in the old plays are Greek. Among the noted imports from Greece into India were, it is said, 'singing boys and pretty maidens'. Some of the wine certainly came from Grecian lands or colonies, for an old Tamil poet refers to 'the cool and fragrant wine brought by the Yavanas (Ionians or Greeks) in their good ships'. A Greek account relates that the king of Pataliputra (probably Ashoka's father, Bindusara) wrote to Antiochus asking

him to buy and send him sweet wine, dried figs, and a Sophist philosopher. Antiochus replied: 'We shall send you the figs and wine, but in Greece the laws forbid a Sophist to be sold.' . . .

There is a tradition recorded in some Greek book that learned Indians visited Socrates and put questions to him. Pythagoras was particularly influenced by Indian philosophy, and Professor H. G. Rawlinson remarks that 'almost all the theories, religious, philosophical, and mathematical, taught by the Pythagorians were known in India in the sixth century B.C.'. A European classical scholar, Urwick, has based his interpretation of *The Republic* of Plato upon Indian thought.[1] Gnosticism is supposed to be a definite attempt to fuse together Greek Platonic and Indian elements. The philosopher Apollonius of Tyana probably visited the university of Taxila in North-West India about the beginning of the Christian era.

Though inevitably influencing each other, Greek and Indian civilizations were each strong enough to hold their own and develop on their distinctive lines. 'Considered broadly,' says Professor Tarn, 'what the Asiatic took from the Greek was usually externals only, matters of form; he rarely took the substance—civil institutions may have been an exception—and never spirit. For in matters of spirit Asia was quite confident that she could outstay the Greeks, and she did.' Again: 'Except for the Buddha statue the history of India would in all essentials have been precisely what it has been, had the Greeks never existed.'

It is an interesting thought that image-worship came to India from Greece. The Vedic religion was opposed

[1] Zimmern in his *The Greek Commonwealth*, p. 446, refers to Urwick's book, *The Message of Plato*.

to all forms of idol and image worship. There were not even any temples for the gods. There probably were some traces of image worship in the older faiths in India, though this was certainly not widely prevalent. Early Buddhism was strongly opposed to it and there was a special prohibition against the making of images and statues of the Buddha. But Greek artistic influence in Afghanistan and round about the frontier was strong and gradually it had its way. Even so, no statues of the Buddha were made to begin with, but Apollo-like statues of the Bodhisattvas (supposed to be the previous incarnations of the Buddha) appeared. These were followed by statues and images of the Buddha himself. This encouraged image-worship in some forms of Hinduism though not in the Vedic religion, which continued to be free of it. The word for an image or statue in Persian and in Hindustani still is *but* (like put), derived from Buddha.

The human mind appears to have a passion for finding out some kind of unity in life, in nature and the universe, and the search for unity in India, Greece, and elsewhere, yielded positive results and produced a harmony, a balance, and a richness in life. It is true that the tremendous inertia of age and size have weighed India down, degrading custom and evil practice have eaten into her, many a parasite has clung to her and sucked her blood, but behind all this lie the strength of ages and the subconscious wisdom of an ancient race. For we are very old, and trackless centuries whisper in our ears. It is not some secret doctrine or esoteric knowledge that has kept India vital and going through those long ages, but a tender humanity, a varied and tolerant culture, and a deep understanding of life and its mysterious ways.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

XXVI

THE DISCOVERY

From *India Rediscovered*

THE discovery of India—what have I discovered? It was presumptuous of me to imagine that I could unveil her and find out what she is today and what she was in the long past. Today she is four hundred million separate individual men and women, each differing from the other, each living in a private universe of thought and feeling. If this is so in the present, how much more difficult is it to grasp that multitudinous past of innumerable successions of human beings! Yet something has bound them together and binds them still. India is a geographical and economic entity, a cultural unity amidst diversity, a bundle of contradictions held together by strong but invisible threads. Overwhelmed again and again, her spirit was never conquered, and today when she appears to be the plaything of a proud conqueror, she remains unsubdued and unconquered. About her there is the elusive quality of a legend of long ago; some enchantment seems to have held her mind. She is a myth and an idea, a dream and a vision, and yet very real and present and pervasive. There are terrifying glimpses of dark corridors which seem to lead back to primeval night, but also there is the fullness and warmth of the day about her. Shameful and repellent she is occasionally, perverse and obstinate, sometimes even a little hysterical, this lady with a past. But she is very lovable, and none of her children can forget her wherever they go or whatever strange fate befalls them. For she is part of them in her greatness as well as her

failings, and they are mirrored in those deep eyes of hers that have seen so much of life's passion and joy and folly, and looked down into wisdom's well. Each one of them is drawn to her, though perhaps each has a different reason for that attraction or can point to no reason at all, and each sees some different aspect of her many-sided personality. From age to age she has produced great men and women, carrying on the old tradition and yet ever adapting it to changing times. Rabindranath Tagore, in line with that great succession, was full of the temper and urges of the modern age and yet was rooted in India's past, and in his own self built up a synthesis of the old and the new. 'I love India,' he said, 'not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born on her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great ones.' So many will say, while others will explain their love for her in some different way.

The old enchantment seems to be breaking today and she is looking around and waking up to the present. But however she changes, as change she must, that old witchery will continue and hold the hearts of her people. Though her attire may change, she will continue as of old, and her store of wisdom will help her to hold on to what is true and beautiful and good in this harsh, vindictive, and grasping world.

The world of today has achieved much, but for all its declared love for humanity, it has based itself far more on hatred and violence than on the virtues that make man human. War is the negation of truth and humanity. War may be unavoidable sometimes, but its

progeny are terrible to contemplate. Not mere killing, for man must die, but the deliberate and persistent propagation of hatred and falsehood, which gradually become the normal habits of the people. It is dangerous and harmful to be guided in our life's course by hatreds and aversions, for they are wasteful of energy and limit and twist the mind and prevent it from perceiving the truth.

India will find herself again when freedom opens out new horizons, and the future will then fascinate her far more than the immediate past of frustration and humiliation. She will go forward with confidence, rooted in herself and yet eager to learn from others and co-operate with them. Today she swings between a blind adherence to her old customs and a slavish imitation of foreign ways. In neither of these can she find relief or life or growth. It is obvious that she has to come out of her shell and take full part in the life and activities of the modern age. It should be equally obvious that there can be no real cultural or spiritual growth based on imitation. Such imitation can only be confined to a small number which cuts itself off from the masses and the springs of national life. True culture derives its inspiration from every corner of the world, but it is home-grown and has to be based on the wide mass of the people. Art and literature remain lifeless if they are continually thinking of foreign models. The day of a narrow culture confined to a small fastidious group is past. We have to think in terms of the people generally, and their culture must be a continuation and development of past trends, and must also represent their new urges and creative tendencies.

Emerson, over a hundred years ago, warned his countrymen in America not to imitate or depend too much culturally on Europe. A new people as they were, he

wanted them not to look back on their European past but to draw inspiration from the abounding life of their new country. 'Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves . . . there are creative manners, there are creative actions and creative words . . . that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing, spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.' And again in his essay on 'Self-Reliance': 'It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so not by rambling round creation as a moth round a lamp but by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. . . . The soul is no traveller: the wise man stays at home with his soul . . . and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still, . . . and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes as the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.'

'I have no churlish objection,' continues Emerson, 'to the circumnavigation of the globe, for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth

among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

'But the rage of travelling is itself only a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. . . . We imitate . . . Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties, lean on and follow the past and the distant. The Soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. . . . Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession.'

We in India do not have to go abroad in search of the Past and the Distant. We have them here in abundance. If we go to foreign countries it is in search of the Present. That search is necessary, for isolation from it means backwardness and decay. The world of Emerson's time has changed and old barriers are breaking down; life becomes more international. We have to play our part in this coming internationalism and, for this purpose, to travel, to meet others, learn from them and understand them. But a real internationalism is not something in the air without roots or anchorage. It has to grow out of national cultures and can only flourish today on a basis of freedom and equality and true internationalism. Nevertheless Emerson's warning holds today as it did in the past, and our search can only be fruitful in the conditions mentioned by him. Not to go anywhere as interlopers, but only if

we are welcomed as equals and as comrades in a common quest. We are citizens of no mean country and we are proud of the land of our birth, of our people, our culture and traditions. That pride should not be for a romanticized past to which we have to cling; nor should it encourage exclusiveness or a want of appreciation of other ways than ours. It must never allow us to forget our many weaknesses and failings or blunt our longing to be rid of them. We have a long way to go and much leeway to make up before we can take our proper station with others in the van of human civilization and progress. And we have to hurry, for the time at our disposal is limited and the pace of the world grows ever swifter. It was India's way in the past to welcome and absorb other cultures. That is much more necessary today, for we march to the One World of tomorrow where national cultures will be intermingled with the international culture of the human race. We shall therefore seek wisdom and knowledge and friendship and comradeship wherever we can find them, and co-operate with others in common tasks, but we are no suppliants for others' favours and patronage. Thus we shall remain true Indians and Asiatics, and become at the same time good internationalists and world citizens.

My generation has been a troubled one in India and the world. We may carry on for a little while longer, but our day will be over and we shall give place to others, and they will live their lives and carry their burdens to the next stage of the journey. How have we played our part in this brief interlude that draws to a close? I do not know. Others of a later age will judge. By what standards do we measure success or failure? That too I do not know. We can make no

complaint that life has treated us harshly, for ours has been a willing choice, and perhaps life has not been so bad to us after all. For only they can sense life who stand often on the verge of it, only they whose lives are not governed by the fear of death. In spite of all the mistakes that we may have made, we have saved ourselves from triviality and an inner shame and cowardice. That, for our individual selves, has been some achievement. 'Man's dearest possession is life, and since it is given to him to live but once, he must so live as not to be seared with the shame of a cowardly and trivial past, so live as not to be tortured for years without purpose, so live that dying he can say: "All my life and my strength were given to the first cause of the world—the liberation of mankind".'[1]

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

[1] Attributed to Lenin; but see Ostrovsky (N): *How the Steel Was Tempered,* Vol. II, p. 105 (Foreign Languages Publishing House, Moscow, 1952).

NOTES

GULLIVER AND THE GIANTS

Jonathan Swift, Dean of St Patrick's in Dublin, 1667-1745, was 'by far the greatest writer of his time in originality and intellectual power'. He was an Irishman and was born in Dublin, from where he came to London in search of employment. In London he was Secretary for several years to the diplomat and master of graceful prose, Sir William Temple, in whose house he made his acquaintance with the lady, Esther Johnson, the 'Stella' of the famous series of letters Swift wrote to her known as *The Journal to Stella.* In London for a time, Swift wielded enormous influence and was an intimate friend of the Minister, Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, the poet, Pope, the physician Dr Arbuthnot and the politician, Lord Bolingbroke. But he himself obtained no preferment other than the Deanery of St Patrick and disappointment undoubtedly soured his nature. Besides *Gulliver's Travels,* Swift is the author of *A Tale of the Tub* and the *Battle of the Books* and the *Journal* already mentioned.

Gulliver's Travels is one of the great books of the world and is most enjoyable reading. Part I describes Gulliver's voyage to the Island of Lilliput peopled by pigmies, while in Part II Gulliver finds himself in a country peopled by human beings of a gigantic size. Swift is a satirist and master of the narrative art. Satire has been defined by the poet Dryden, the master of verse-satire as Swift is of prose-satire, as the amendment of vices by correction. An idealist, turned sour by disappointment, Swift is often most bitter in his attack on the foibles and vices of humanity. Swift's English fully illustrates his own definition of style 'as proper words in proper places'. Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, who edited Swift's works, commenting on the character of the satire in 'A Voyage to Brobdingnag', from which the passage in the text is taken, writes: 'in the "Voyage to Brobdingnag", the satire is of a more general character than in the voyage to Lilliput. It exhibits human actions and sentiments as they might appear in the apprehension of beings of immense strength and at the same time, of a cold, reflecting and philosophic character.' See the edition of the first two books by F. W. Payne, London University Press.

p. 3, top-mast: the uppermost mast, now the second section of a mast above the deck.

whether: which of the two, a usage, now obsolete, but common in Shakespeare and the Bible.

long-boat: the largest boat belonging to a sailing vessel.

hollow: shout.

p. 4, prospect: view.
computation: reckoning.
spire-steeple: a steeple of a church or cathedral surmounted by a spire—the tapering portion of the tower. (Notice the art of Swift in the careful use of details designed to build up the impression of the enormous size of everything in the land of the giants.)
p. 5, scythes: scythes are implements for mowing grass or other crops and are wielded with both hands; reaping-hooks or sickles are much smaller and are used with one hand.
made a shift: succeeded with some effort.
dispirited: dejected; disheartened.
Lilliput: Lilliput, the land of the pigmies where Gulliver was cast ashore after his shipwreck, described in Part I of *Gulliver's Travels*.
prodigy: something monstrous, gigantic. The Lilliputians were only six inches high.
an Imperial Fleet: this feat of Gulliver is described in Chapter V of the 'Voyage to Lilliput'.
p. 6, squashed: crushed.
espied me: caught sight of me.
weasel: a very small, carnivorous animal.
p. 7, supplicating: making an earnest and humble prayer.
articulate: made up of distinct sounds and words as in the utterance of human beings.
lappet: flap.
substantial: well-to-do, possessing considerable property.
hinds: farm servants, no longer used in this sense.
p. 8, intent: intention.
motions: movements, still used in this sense in the U.S.A.
pistoles: pistolet, a former name of a Spanish gold coin worth about 16 to 18 shillings.
p. 9, tender of me: fond of me.
husbandman: a farmer.
trencher: a large, wooden plate on which food was formerly served or carved.
small: light, of little alcoholic strength.
cyder: cider, a drink made from apple juice.
indulgent: not over-critical; disposed to overlook failings.
p. 10, huzzas: *hurrahs*.
mischief: harm, injury, used in this sense in the U.S.A.
arch: waggish, mischievous.
owe me a spite: bear me ill-will, used in the U.S.A.

HINTS TOWARD AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION

This is one of Swift's occasional compositions and is an admirable example of his manner both as a stylist and satirist. Full of sound sense, the essay reveals also his powers of withering

sarcasm. It has been said that 'Swift used the English language, not merely better than most, but so purely that his writings have become a sort of standard by which good style can be judged'.

p. 11, obvious: frequently met.

slightly: insufficiently.

subsist but in idea: exist only in our minds.

niceness: careful attention. (Swift argues that a reasonable perfection in conversation is attainable by anyone who really makes an effort.)

not so much as tolerable: not even moderately successful.

p. 12, seldomer: less frequently; an obsolete use of the word as an adjective.

exploded: exposed as worthless.

constraint: embarrassment.

insipid: not appealing to one's intelligence.

p. 13, make a vanity of: take a foolish pride in.

p. 14, men of wit: people in fashionable society who cultivate brilliant and sparkling speech.

upon the rack: in torment. Rack was an old instrument of torture on which a person was fastened and stretched.

answer: justify.

standers-by: those looking on, now rarely used.

Will's coffee-house: it was a favourite resort in London of literary men such as Dryden, Addison and Pope, and also of wits and gamblers, in the 17th and 18th centuries.

prologues: discourses or poems introducing a drama; it was customary in this age for playwrights to have their plays provided with prologues from the pen of literary celebrities.

composures: compositions, no longer used in this sense.

the Inns of Court: law societies in London, four in number, where students are given legal training, and are admitted to the Bar.

p. 15, belles lettres: is a phrase in French for polite literature, literary writings contrasted with commercial, technical or scientific books.

pedantry: unnecessary and conceited display of knowledge. Swift was never tired of attacking this affectation of learning.

p. 16, raillery: good-humoured teasing or scoffing.

repartee: witty, clever retort.

put him out of countenance: cause him to feel troubled.

take a jest: be not offended by it.

politer age of our fathers: Swift is thinking of the age of his ancestors, probably the Court of Charles I.

p. 17, discover: to take the cover off; to reveal.

upon occasion: as opportunity arises.

endued: furnished or endowed with. The Earl of Chesterfield makes the following observations on the subject of Good Talk, in one of his letters to his son: 'Talk often, but never long: in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to

tire your hearers. . . . Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination. Never hold anybody, in order to be heard out; for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them. Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible.'

main stock: capital.

p. 18, paradox: a statement which seems absurd.

superficies: surface layer.

haranguing: speaking in a pompous manner.

wits: 'persons of lively fancy who have the faculty of saying smart and brilliant things.'

pragmatical: making strong statements without proof.

Bedlam: a corruption of Bethlehem, a hospital for lunatics in London.

p. 19, lewd or profane talk: indecent or irreverent and blasphemous conversation.

take up with: put up with, tolerate; in current English the phrase means associate with.

play, drink and vicious amours: these vices had a strong hold on fashionable English society in the latter half of the 17th and 18th centuries. A vivid picture of the life of the Restoration age is seen in the plays of Congreve, Wycherley and others.

fopperies: follies. The Victorian novelist, George Meredith in his *Essay on Comedy,* expressed the view that good comedy will flourish only in a society where women enjoy equal rights with men.

amour: secret love affair. Swift is referring here to the decay of manners and morals in England in the second half of the 17th century.

the peaceable part of King Charles's reign: the earlier part, 1625-40, of the reign of Charles I, before the beginning of the struggle with Parliament, which ended disastrously for the King and his party.

the poets of that age: Several ladies are celebrated in their songs by the 17th-century poets such as Johnson, Donne and Carew.

p. 20, Platonic: notions based on, or inspired by, the idealistic philosophy of the Greek philosopher Plato. Reference here is to the pure spiritual attraction between men and women.

personated: pretended to have.

if there were no other use: Chesterfield remarked: 'the company of women of fashion will improve your manners, though not your understanding, and that complaisance and politeness, which are so useful in men's company, can only be acquired in women's.'

the rudeness of our northern genius: the lack of refinement of

the Teutonic, as opposed to the Latin, peoples.

vizard mask: a woman wearing a mask, a loose character.

accent: the English spoken in the North was a dialect far removed from the polite form used in the South and in London. Observe how Swift suggests that a good talker must be prepared to listen, and to give a chance to his audience.

ON ENUNCIATION

This and the next extract are two letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, the Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), one of the great masters in English of the familiar letter, of the epistolary art. Chesterfield was a member of Parliament, a diplomat and acted for sometime as Secretary of State. The Letters were addressed to his natural (illegitimate) son who was sent to the Continent to complete his education.

p. 21, enunciation: clear and distinct utterance is an important aspect of all speech, whatever be the language one speaks.

Cicero: Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 B.C.) was a great Latin orator, statesman and master of Latin prose, who set the standard of stately Latin composition for all time.

Quintilian: a Roman rhetorician of the 1st century A.D., who made a great name at the bar and as a professor of rhetoric; author of *The Institutes of Oratory*. It sketched the training of an orator from the most elementary stage. Acknowledged masters, Cicero and Quintilian, were much studied in this age in England.

vastus: the Latin word from which the English *vast* is derived.

by their hearts than by their understandings: more by their feelings and emotions than by reason and intelligence.

p. 22, genteel: polished, well-bred, now used with a touch of sarcasm.

parts: abilities.

Roscius: the most celebrated of Roman comic characters, died in 62 B.C.

aver: state positively.

p. 23, rapid and unintelligible mutter: an all too-frequent defect in speech met with every day.

Carriage: manner of carrying oneself, deportment. In one of his letters, the Earl passed severe strictures on Dr Johnson for Johnson's want of these very qualities.

p. 24, fencing: the art of using the sword scientifically for self-defence, very much cultivated in fashionable circles.

l'air d'un honnête homme: French, meaning the appearance of a respectable man.

ON SPEAKING IN PARLIAMENT

p. 25, rugged period: a sentence lacking in grace and harmony.

Cicero, who is referred to in the previous letter, was much admired for his rhythmic and harmonious periods.

reputation as a speaker: Dr Johnson, who resented Chesterfield's offer of help to him on the publication of his Dictionary, and wrote a famous letter declining the Earl's patronage, admitted that the Earl was the best speaker of his time in the House of Lords.

dressing: treating and preparing.

the vulgar: the common people.

p. 26, elect: *the chosen ones.*

adventitious plumes: ornamental feathers added from without.

the House of Commons: it is a much larger assembly now and has more than 600 members.

round and harmonious periods: this style of oratory was much admired in the 18th and 19th centuries, but is out of fashion in the present age. 'Periods' are usually long sentences with many clauses rhetorically constructed.

opera: dramatic performance in which music forms an essential part. The Earl reveals a great deal of contempt for the vulgar, the common crowd, who, he states, has little or no judgement.

p. 27, de Oratore: the Latin title of Cicero's work, *On the Orator,* laying down the laws of rhetoric.

singly: solely; the word is used but rarely now in this sense. It is sad to reflect that the Earl's labours were in vain! His son who did not shine as his father had hoped, died in his father's life-time.

Adieu: may God be with you, farewell.

THE CHARACTER OF THE AMERICANS

Edmund Burke (1729-97) was an Irishman who came to London and distinguished himself there as a statesman, speaker in the House of Commons and writer of English prose. Outside Parliament he was an important and much-loved member of the literary circle that gathered round Dr Johnson. Burke is a political philosopher of the first rank and he had the gift of creating great literature out of topics of current interest. His works include his *Speeches on American Taxation; Conciliation with America,* from which 'the Character of the Americans' is extracted, and *Reflections on the French Revolution.* Injustice and oppression always moved him to indignation. Burke is one of the great Britishers who raised his powerful voice in favour of a just and humane administration of India. See the 'Life' by Lord Morley in the English Men of Letters series.

The 'Conciliation' speech was delivered in Parliament in 1775 at a time when there was some faint hope of winning over the rebel American colonists, and it has been described by Morley 'as the most perfect manual in our literature for one who

approaches the study of public affairs, whether for knowledge or for practice'.

p. 28, ardent: fiery, eager.

untractable: not easily controlled or led.

shuffle . . . by chicane: 'get from them by underhand measures.'

the colonists emigrated: the earliest English colonists, known as the Pilgrim Fathers, arrived in Massachusetts in 1620. They were Puritans jealous of their freedom to worship God in their own fashion and according to their conscience.

bias: a leaning of the mind in some direction.

English ideas: 'as Englishmen understand it, viz., a freedom to dispose of their own money: and as Englishmen justify it, viz., on the ground that a man who can be robbed of his money is not free.' (F. G. Selby)

abstract liberty: 'liberty in general'; this is one of the great ideas of Burke which he was never tired of stressing.

inheres: exists.

by way of eminence: especially, pre-eminently.

p. 29, ancient commonwealths: the city-states of Greece and Rome. In Rome the two important orders were the Patricians or the nobles and the Plebs or the common people. The latter won representation for themselves after a fierce struggle. In Greece the struggle raged between the oligarchic and democratic factions.

p. 30, Protestants: followers of the reformed church in Europe in the 16th century who protested against the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church with the Pope in Rome as its head.

coeval with: of the same age as; Burke has in mind Roman Catholic countries such as Italy, France and Spain.

support from authority: this started in the 4th century A.D., when Constantine, the Roman Emperor, accepted the Christian faith and started encouraging it. The English Church started in Canterbury in A.D. 597 when St Augustine, under the patronage of King Ethelbert of Kent, began his work of converting the English people into Christianity.

natural liberty: liberty 'which is not created by and cannot be taken away by government; natural liberties are rights which men were supposed to have enjoyed' before organized government came into being.

p. 31, dissidence of dissent: diagreement carried to its extreme limits.

THE LURE OF LOTTERY

Dr Samuel Johnson (1709-84) was poet, essayist, literary critic, lexicographer and a great master of the English language. A friend of Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and

many other great men of his time, Dr Johnson was a great conversationalist, a most earnest moralist and one of the wisest and truly human men of all time. His biography by the Scot, James Boswell, is one of the great books in the language, and gives a singularly vivid portrait of Johnson and his times. The *Rambler* from which the following essay is taken was a periodical which was started by him in 1750 and which ran for two years.

p. 32, lure: strong attraction, temptation.

uncaptivated: not fascinated or enchanted.

p. 33, plantations: an estate or farm, especially in a tropical country, in which cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, coffee, etc., are cultivated.

prognostication: prediction, prophecy.

p. 35, propitious vendor: seller whose transactions brought good luck.

p. 36, an event which no human intelligence: It is Johnson the moralist who speaks here and below through the mouth of the imaginary clergyman, Eumathes.

ascendant: ascendancy. Johnson, a learned Latin scholar, was rather fond of using words of Latin origin.

fretting away: wearing out and wasting by fruitless regret.

AN ACCOUNT OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

This and the following essay are by Oliver Goldsmith, and are selected out of his collections of essays known as *The Citizen of the World* (Blackie) and *The Bee* respectively. Oliver Goldsmith (1730-74) was an Irishman, like Burke, who sought his fortune in London where, after a great deal of struggle against poverty, he won recognition for his genius by his works, notably the novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and the poem, *The Deserted Village*. His essays, which are some of the finest in the language, are specimens of his admirable prose, and reveal his kindly, satiric humour and his tender, human sympathy. *The Bee* was the earlier of the two collections of essays and was published in 1759 and *The Citizen of the World*, letters supposed to be written by or to an imaginary Chinese philosopher Lien Chialtangi, in 1762.

p. 38, Westminster Abbey: English church in Westminster, London, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world, and dates from the 13th and 14th centuries. An appeal recently made for repairs and renovation met with very favourable response from the English people.

sepulture: interment, burial, now an archaic form. Goldsmith's aim is satire, but his satire, unlike that of Swift, is neither harsh nor bitter.

fretted: adorned with carved work.

colonnades: a series of columns placed at regular intervals.

no attendant but the worm: Goldsmith may be thinking of the passage in Shakespeare's play where Hamlet, when questioned

by the King as to what had happened to Polonius, remarked that 'Polonius is at supper, not where he eats, but where he is eaten'.

epitaph: an inscription upon a tomb.

gentleman dressed in black: An imaginary character created by Goldsmith in *The Citizen of the World,* whose character and history are given in detail in the essays. The Man in Black is a person after Goldsmith's own heart, and it is through him that Goldsmith delivers his satire.

p. 39, adulation: servile flattery.

monumental pride: pride in erecting monuments.

p. 40, head of my ancestors: an oath, supposed to be characteristic of the imaginary Chinese speaker.

got by: caught, contracted the illness.

p. 41, Drayton: Drayton was a noted Elizabethan poet and a contemporary of Shakespeare and a fellow Warwickshire-man. His best-known poems are *The Ballad of Agincourt* and a sonnet, 'Since there is no help, come, let us kiss and part'. Drayton was little known during the time of Goldsmith.

Prior: Matthew Prior (1664-1721) was a master of light, graceful, occasional verse. Prior was buried in the Abbey.

Pope: Alexander Pope (1688-1744) was the greatest poet of the age and was held in great esteem by Johnson, Goldsmith and other literary men of the time. Pope, along with his friends, Swift and others, waged a perpetual war against the dunces, the inferior hack-writers, whom he held up to merciless ridicule in his poem *Dunciad.* Goldsmith, in this essay, appears as an apologist of Pope.

answerers of books: a derogatory term used for authors who subsist wholly by criticizing or commenting upon others.

the sheet: quantity of printed matter contained in a sheet.

scribbler: writer without merit or worth.

praise the dead and revile the living: Pope in his *Epistle to Augustus* refers to this habit in the following lines:

> I lose my patience, and I own it too,
> When works are censured, not as bad, but new;
> While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
> These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

revile the moral character: there was a great deal of this mode of criticism in the period, and Pope himself indulged in it.

seraglio: women's apartments in a princely Muslim dwelling.

p. 42, mandarin: a Chinese official; the word is based on the Sanskrit *Mantrin,* counsellor.

farm: take for a term on a fixed payment.

p. 43, slovenly figures in wax: 'the wax effigies were known as the Ragged Regiment.'

king with golden head: 'the head of the effigy of Henry V.'

Jacob's pillow: 'the old Scottish coronation stone which was taken from Scone to Westminster in 1296.'

Kobi: the Gobi desert in North China.

General Monk: George Monk (1608-1700) was largely instrumental in bringing about the Restoration after which Charles II created him Duke of Albemarle.

Addison also describes his visit to the Abbey in *Spectator*, No. 329: 'the lofty serenity of his (Addison's) paper contrasts well with the whimsicality and practical indignation of the Chinaman.'

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE

This essay reveals Goldsmith's tenderness of heart and his genuine sympathy for the destitute and the down-trodden.

p. 45, meditation . . . despair: a favourite mode of expression in the 18th century; abstract terms used for the concrete.

the page of antiquity: the works of Greek and Roman writers.

sallies: sprightly or audacious literary compositions.

pageants: empty shows.

froward: disposed to go against what is demanded or is reasonable; naughty, wayward.

Goldsmith is recalling here the concluding passage of the 'Essay on Poetry' by Sir William Temple, Swift's patron:

'When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little, to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.'

importunities: inopportune and troublesome entreaties. The same idea occurs in the following famous passage, often quoted by Carlyle, in *The Tempest*:

> These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea all which it inherit, shall dissolve
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

hardly trace the situation: like that of the city of Nineveh, on the banks of the Tigris, destroyed by the Medes.

p. 46, sublunary: existing beneath the moon, terrestrial, worldly.

luxury and avarice: cause of the decay of great empires like Rome.

emaciated: become lean or wasted in flesh.

flattered into beauty: flattered into thinking that they are beautiful.

the gay luxurious villain: like the 'Gay Lothario', a profligate in *The Fair Penitent*, a play by Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718).

debauchee: one given to excessive indulgence in sensual pleasures.

p. 47, subordinate species of tyranny: the persecutions, for example, of petty officialdom.

sensibility: readiness to feel compassion for suffering.

DREAM-CHILDREN

This is one of the finest and most characteristic essays of Charles Lamb (1775-1834), in his *Essays of Elia*. Lamb was a Londoner and he loved the city with all his heart. At Christ's Hospital school, where he was educated, he formed an enduring friendship with the poet of 'The Ancient Mariner', S. T. Coleridge. From 1792-1825 Lamb worked as a clerk in the East India House, and his literary works, his Essays, Letters, Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, were produced during his leisure hours. Lamb's life was marked by his life-long devotion to his sister Mary Lamb who, in a fit of insanity, killed her mother, and the brother, who undertook the responsibility of looking after his sister, never married, for Mary Lamb was subject to periodic attacks.

The *Essays of Elia*, published in 1823, are a unique blend of personal reminiscence, humour and tenderness.

p. 48, traditionary: traditional.

Field: 'Mrs Field, Lamb's grandmother, lived in the "Plumers" family mansion at Blakesware in Hertfordshire. It was here that Lamb spent his holidays when he was in Christ's Hospital.'

Children in the Wood: also known as The Babes in the Wood, a famous ballad, the sad story of which was connected with Norfolk. 'In it some Robin Redbreasts are represented as finding the dead bodies of the children and covering them over with leaves.'

p. 49, tawdry: showy or gaudy without real value.

John: the delicate characterization of the two 'dream-children' in this essay has been much admired by students of Lamb.

concourse: a crowd of people.

Psaltery: the Psalter or Book of Psalms. The word is now used only in the sense of a kind of stringed instrument.

Testament: the New Testament.

p. 50, the Twelve Caesars: the Emperors of Rome from Julius Caesar to Domitian.

orangery: a place set apart for the cultivation of orange-trees.

sulky: silent, unfriendly because of bad temper.

friskings: jumping and moving about playfully.

p. 51, uncle John: Lamb's elder brother, John, who was then recently dead. 'The death of this brother, wholly unsympathetic as he was with Charles, served to bring home to him his loneliness. He was left in the world with but one near relation, Mary

Lamb, and that one too often was removed from him by the saddest of afflictions.' Ainger, *Life of Lamb*.

p. 52, for seven long years: 'We gather from Lamb's letters that he definitely abandoned all idea of marriage after 1796: his reference therefore to his seven years' courtship of Ann Simmons, the Alice Winterton of the Essays, we must accept with reservation.'

Bartrum: Ann Simmons married Mr Bartrum the pawn-broker in Leicester Square.

the tedious shores of Lethe: the shores of Lethe, the river of Oblivion, where souls have to wait long years before they are born again upon earth.

bachelor arm-chair: note the suggestiveness of this phrase.

the faithful Bridget: Mary Lamb.

THE LAMBS IN THE LAKES

The letter was written by Lamb after a visit by him and his sister to the Lake District in August 1802. Thomas Manning (1772-1840) was a mathematical tutor in Cambridge, who later travelled and resided for a considerable time in the Far East, and learned the Chinese language.

The Lake District in the north of England covers some 400 square miles in the counties of Cumberland, Westmoreland and Lancashire, and is a picturesque district of mountains, lakes and valleys. The chief centres are Keswick, Ambleside, Grasmere and Bowness, and in the district are the three highest mountains in England, Scafell, Helvellyn and Skiddaw. The principal lakes are Windermere, Derwentwater, Ulswater and Grasmere. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, the Lake Poets, made the district their home and were much inspired by the natural beauty of the country.

p. 53, Stoddart: John Stoddart (1775-1856), who afterwards became Chief Justice of Malta, was a friend of the Lambs.

floundering: struggling as when in deep mud or snow.

couchant: lying down.

Penrith: an ancient market-town of Cumberland.

p. 54, Skiddaw: the mountain just outside Keswick is over 3,000 feet.

the Clarksons: Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846) and his wife. Clarkson took a prominent part in the abolition of the slave-trade.

Helvellyn: a mountain slightly higher than Skiddaw overlooking Ulswater.

romantic: an ironic reference to the extravagant language often used by the tourists.

spluttering: speaking quickly and with excitement.

p. 55, the border countries: the countries along the boundary line between England and Scotland were in the early days a

scene of almost continual warfare. One of the most famous of the Border Ballads is the 'Song of Percy and Douglas'.

Fleet Street and Strand: famous districts of the city of London, the former being the journalistic centre of the capital.

THE INDIAN JUGGLERS

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) was a master essayist and critic of the early 19th century, and 'it was his life-work to be preaching the joys of good books, good plays and good pictures'. His several volumes of essays and criticism include his stimulating Lectures on the Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.

The extract describing the amazing dexterity of the Indian Juggler is the opening portion of the Essay which appears in his collection *Table Talk*.

p. 56, Man, thou art a wonderful animal: One of the choric odes of the Athenian tragic dramatist, Sophocles, opens thus:

> Many are the wonders of this world,
> But none so wonderful as Man.

thy ways past finding out: a reminiscence of *Romans,* in the Bible. Hazlitt is fond of quotations which come to his pen spontaneously out of his richly-stored mind.

admiration breathless: in endeavouring to catch up with its theme admiration becomes exhausted and breathless.

p. 57, lambent: playing lightly upon a surface without burning it.

drawl: speak in a slow, lazy manner.

the Honourable Member or the Noble Lord: the member of either the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

p 58, ringing the changes: keeping on producing different effects with the same things.

abortions: imperfect things.

polish my periods: perfect my sentences.

indifferent: a commonplace, neither good nor bad.

THE CHARACTER OF BURKE

The extract is taken from 'On the Character of Burke' in the collection known as *Winterslow,* the name of a village in Wiltshire where Hazlitt loved to stay.

p. 60, no single speech: among his great speeches, besides the one On Conciliation, are the speeches on American Taxation and the address to the Sheriffs of Bristol.

most other speakers: in *Winterslow* there are 'Characters' of Fox, Pitt and Chatham besides that of Burke.

p. 61, Proteus: the name, in Greek and Roman mythology, of a sea-god who was fabled to assume various shapes and eluded the grasp of those who approached him to learn what the future

held in store for them, for, as the son of Poseidon, he had the gift of prophecy from the gods.

his speeches are writings: they have the beauty and permanence of great literature.

preamble: an introduction, especially of a legal document, a preface.

minuet: a slow and stately dance for two people; here used figuratively.

superficial dulness: Burke's speeches were not very effective in Parliament, 'for the very qualities which are excellences in literature were drawbacks to the spoken discourses'.

those lines of Milton: Paradise Lost, iv, 346-7. Hazlitt's quotations are often inexact. The lines in Milton run thus:

> Th' unwieldy elephant
> To make them mirth us'd all his might, and wreath'd
> His lithe proboscis.

proboscis: an elephant's trunk.

p. 62, endued: brought up, educated.

'WHAT IS PAGANISM?'

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was a powerful writer whose works, prophetic and historical, have had a considerable influence on life and thought in the 19th century. He was a Scot, and a prophet of work, strength and sincerity; he believed that the progress of humanity was due to the 'Heroes' or individuals of superior mental and physical gifts and moral purpose. Carlyle wrote a vivid, imaginative and original prose style. Among his important works are *Sartor Resartus, Past and Present* and the *French Revolution.*

p. 63, Hero as Divinity: the subject of the first lecture in *Heroes and Hero-worship.*

Life: Carlyle was a great student and admirer of German literature and following the German habit, he uses capital letters where, according to English usage, small letters are sufficient.

stocks and stones: gods of wood and stone.

distracted: confused.

hallucinations: seeming to see or hear something which is really not present.

Theory of the Universe: a more or less reasonable explanation of the world and of human existence.

speculators: those who devote themselves to speculation, theoretical reasoning.

quackery: ignorant or dishonest methods and practices.

dupery: the art or practice of cheating.

p. 64, hypothesis: assumption; a supposition put forward to explain certain facts.

Plato: the great Greek philosopher born about 428 B.C., the author of *The Republic* and other dialogues.

rapt: seized or carried away with delight.

p. 65, preternatural: out of the ordinary course of nature, supernatural.

we can never know at all: Carlyle often expresses this view: the inscrutable mystery of the Universe and all God's creation.

levity: treating solemn and important things lightly and without respect.

Nescience: absence of knowledge.

THE STAGE COACH

Washington Irving (1783-1859), the son of an Englishman, was born in New York, and spent some years in England earning his living by writing. He is the author of the famous story of 'Rip Van Winkle' included among the pleasant collection of tales and essays entitled *The Sketch Book*. His *Life of George Washington* is his best work. His descriptions of the English people and of life in the English country-side are full of humour and careful and sympathetic observation.

p. 66, hampers: large baskets with lids.

buxom: vigorous.

Bucephalus: favourite war-horse of Alexander which died in 326 B.C. in the Punjab.

p. 67, potation: drinking.

p. 68, conferences: conversations.

oracle: person held as an infallible guide, adviser or judge.

cant: special words and phrases used by a class of people.

ragamuffin: ragged and dirty person.

Coachey: coachman, a colloquial form.

p. 69, billet-doux: love-letter.

juntos: groups of persons.

cyclops: one-eyed giants in Greek mythology who made thunderbolts for the God Zeus: hence, here, the workers at the smithy.

the sooty spectre: the worker covered with soot.

p. 70, holly: the evergreen shrub much used for Christmas decorations.

pointer: a dog of the class of hounds used by sportsmen to point at game.

p. 72, smoke-jack: an apparatus for turning a roasting-spit fixed in a chimney and set in motion by the current of air passing through it.

Poor Robin: the name of a facetious almanac, first published in 1661 or 1662.

post-chaise: 'a covered carriage, drawn by two or more horses, used by travellers before there were railways.'

Frank Bracebridge: the son of Squire Bracebridge, a character, like Addison's Sir Roger, created by Washington Irving.

'WORK, NOBLE AND IGNOBLE'

John Ruskin (1819-1900), one of the great masters of English prose in the 19th century, was a critic of art, society and morals. He took great interest in economics and in education and his *The Crown of Wild Olive,* from which the passage in the text is taken, is one of his most memorable works.

Note the distinction that Ruskin makes between the two kinds of work, though we may not now accept the view that work done by the hand is ignoble.

p. 74, the honourableness of manual labour: Carlyle, who preached a great deal on the nobility of manual labour, wrote in his autobiography, *Sartor Resartus*: 'Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her Man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue.'

Sancho Panza: the squire of Don Quixote in the famous classic of that name by the Spanish writer Cervantes, published in 1605. Sancho Panza's talk is full of common sense and significance.

fine words: 'fair promises do not clothe or feed the persons to whom they are made.'

collier: a ship used for carrying coal.

lee shore: the shore towards which the wind is blowing.

p. 75, sweat of thy brow: hard labour; from *Genesis* in the Bible. Ruskin was steeped in the English Bible and was also much interested in the origins and meanings of words.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LIBERAL EDUCATION?

Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-95) was a powerful champion of the ideas of the scientist, Darwin, the author of *The Origin of the Species,* and helped a great deal in the spread of scientific education in the 19th century. His essays and addresses on scientific subjects are marked by their admirable clarity and vigour of expression. Huxley's 'Idea of a Liberal Education' was expounded in his address to the South London Working Men's College given in 1868.

p. 76, agricultural interest: group of people engaged in agriculture.

panacea: a remedy for everything.

going to be masters: in a democracy like that of India with adult franchise.

Ichabod: 'inglorious', the name which the wife of Phinehas in the Bible gave to her child saying, 'the glory is departed from Israel'.

p. 77, gambit: in chess a method of opening the game; a pawn, the least important piece, is sacrificed for position.

knight: one of the pieces (chessman) with the figure of a horse's head.

p. 78, checkmated: used in the game of chess; defeated completely; the expression is derived from Persian and means the king is in danger.

In a letter addressed to Charles Kingsley in 1863 Huxley uses the same idea of the game of chess: 'This universe is, I conceive, like to a great game being played out, and we poor mortals are allowed to take a hand. By great fortune the wiser among us have made out some few of the rules of the game, as at present played. We call them "Laws of Nature", and honour them because we find that if we obey them we win something for our pains.'

Retzsch: a German etcher and painter who died in 1857. He illustrated the works of Goethe, Schiller and others.

A UNIVERSITY IN ITS ESSENCE

John Henry, Cardinal Newman (1801-90) is a distinguished name in the England of the later 19th century. He is the master of a highly cultivated prose and is the author of a well-known autobiography, *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*. Newman joined the Church of Rome in 1845. The passages in the text are from his Addresses in the Catholic University of Dublin. These are among his most thoughtful and finished writings.

p. 81, Studium Generale: Latin for 'a school of general resort'.

rudimental: concerned with the first principles or elements of a subject.

personal intercourse: note the great stress Newman lays on this aspect of his idea of a University—the supreme importance of the contact of mind with mind and of oral instruction.

p. 82, litera scripta: Latin for written letters, writings as opposed to oral communication.

exuberant: abundantly fertile.

Sibyl: one of various women of antiquity reputed to possess powers of prophecy.

sermons in stones: from Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, 1.

p. 83, the ancient method: the personal influence of the Master as in the Indian *Gurukula*.

p. 84, Books at home: Carlyle wrote: 'Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! ....The true University in these days is a Collection of Books.'

Florence: Italian city intimately associated with Michaelangelo and other great painters and sculptors of the world.

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION

p. 85, state of nature: as opposed to civilized society.

jostle: push one's way.

habituation: the process of getting accustomed to.

p. 86, viscera: the bowels, the heart, the lungs, etc., in the human body.

a creature of progress: the Idea of Progress was much discussed in the 19th century.

p. 87, expedience: expediency, consideration of what is suitable and fitting to the occasion.

THE SAMPHIRE-GATHERER

W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) was a great lover and observer of nature and of birds and animals and is the author, among others, of a most delightful autobiography, *Far Away and Long Ago*. The present essay is from *A Traveller in Little Things*, 1921, and may be studied in conjunction with Wordsworth's poem 'The Leech-Gatherer'.

Samphire is a plant growing on rocks by the sea, the aromatic, fleshy, saline leaves of which are used in pickles.

p. 88, sea-flat: level tract over which the tide flows.

p. 89, saltings: salt lands.

ladies and gentlemen players: note the effectiveness of the contrast.

p. 90, debts of honour: debts which depend for their validity solely on the honour of the debtor, e.g., gambling debts.

caddies: persons who go round the course with golf-players and carry their clubs.

p. 91, rankled: caused painful, bitter feelings.

p. 92, ignored by the landscape painter: because he realizes his inability to transfer them to his canvas.

Strand: like Fleet Street and Oxford Street a busy thoroughfare in the city of London.

lustrum: a period of five years.

MY SCHOOL

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), the great Indian-Bengali-poet and patriot, first became famous with the translation into English of *The Gitanjali* in 1913. Tagore gave concrete expression to his educational ideals in his school which he started in 1900 at Santiniketan with four students. The poet developed the institution into the Viswa-Bharathi, the 'World-University' of India, which was opened in 1921.

p. 94, personal love: the idea stressed by all spiritual leaders and by Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi.

method of discipline: modern methods of education have taken full note of the poet's criticism here.

p. 95, the legend: the story of the expulsion of Adam and Eve, the first parents according to the Bible, from Paradise for disobedience of God's injunction not to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

decency: no clothes were worn in Paradise.

the full penal term: Tagore's biographer, Edward Thompson, writes: 'It was on his return home (from Bolpur) that he put into effect his magnificent powers of passive resistance, and won the first of many victories. He was sent to the Bengal Academy, and then to St Xavier's, but his resolute refusal to be educated stood proof against authority and blandishment and he was allowed to study at home.'

harmony with all existence: Tagore stresses this idea in his essay on *Sakuntala* when he refers to the life of the hermits and of Sakuntala in the Asrama of Kanva, the hermit.

p. 96, the Epic: great narrative like the *Ramayana*.

original sin: innate evil or imperfection traced to the transgression of Adam and Eve.

p. 97, chlorophyll: the green colouring matter in plants.

p. 99, idealization of poverty: poverty was one of the great ideals of the Franciscans, the Mendicant Friars in the Middle Ages, founded by St Francis of Assissi.

p. 101, a spiritual world: it is Tagore, the poet and mystic, and the devout student of the Hindu scriptures that speaks here.

an eternal nowhere: this is the view of the materialist, the unbeliever.

p. 102, Cattle to pasture: recalls the famous story of Lord Krishna and Kuchela living together as fellow pupils under the roof of their guru Sandipani Maharshi.

p. 105, evil reputation of a poet: as a dreamer, a man of no practical wisdom.

Brahma Samaj: a reformed Hindu religious society, founded in 1845 by the poet's father, Maharshi Devendranath Tagore (1817-1905), under the inspiration Ram Mohan Ray, who had exhorted the Hindus to go back to the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*.

other sects of Hinduism: such as the Arya Samaj, founded in 1875 by Dayananda Saraswati.

p. 107, free from all convention: the poet's grandfather, Dwarakanath Tagore, offended Hindu orthodoxy in Bengal by crossing the seas and visiting England. The poet's father 'was a theist of the most uncompromising sort; he withstood idolatry even in his own family, with ever-increasing opposition.' E. Thompson.

p. 108, to everywhere: an incorrect usage, as everywhere is strictly an adverb.

Browning: the great Victorian poet (1812-89) was very popular among the English-educated intellectuals in India in this period.

p. 109, have not our books: Compare Wordsworth's poem 'The Tables Turned'.

> Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
> Or surely you'll grow double;
> Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
> Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

p. 110, Gitanjali; the book of lyrics, written originally in Bengali, between 1907 and 1910, for which the Nobel Prize was awarded to Tagore.

Luria: Browning's poetical drama, portraying the heroic life and death of the Moorish commander of Florence in the struggle with Pisa, published in 1846.

p. 113, self-idolatry: as in Nazi Germany under Hitler.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Augustine Birrell (1850-1933), lawyer and politician, was a considerable literary critic, and author of *Obiter Dicta* and books on Hazlitt and Andrew Marvell. This extract is from an address delivered in his constituency when he was a Member of Parliament, and gives an interesting description of the character of the Mother of Parliaments.

p. 114, purgatorial flames: the heat and excitement of the election campaign is thus humorously described. Purgatory is a 'condition after death in which (according to certain Christian beliefs) the soul is purified by temporary punishment for small sins committed on earth'.

p. 115, Government of Ireland... Free Trade: Both were subjects which caused violent differences of opinion and crises in the government.

p. 116, bawbee: a Scotch coin of the value of half-penny.

lobby: the large entrance hall, open to the public, in the House of Commons, where members may interview people.

Lord Melbourne: Queen Victoria's Prime Minister from 1835-41.

p. 118, Sir William Harcourt: Liberal statesman who succeeded Gladstone as the Leader of the House of Commons. He was one of the great debaters of his time and was well known for his powerful intellect and ready wit.

Mr Balfour: Conservative statesman, succeeded Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister in 1902.

WHAT IS COURAGE?

Field Marshal Sir William Slim commanded the British army in Burma during World War II. This admirable discourse was a talk broadcast by the B.B.C.

p. 120, overdraft: metaphor from banking; drawing a cheque in excess of one's account.

foolhardiness: note this distinction between real courage and foolish venturesomeness.

p. 121, V.Cs.: the Victoria Cross, an award for the highest acts of personal bravery on the battle-field, instituted by the Queen in 1856.

p. 122, windy: 'apt to get the wind up', flunky; not in polite usage.

Gurkha: Nepalese soldier—a splendid fighting-man. The British army in India had a number of Gurkha regiments.

p. 123, strafed: bombarded or pelted with bullets from the air. This German word got into British army slang during the first world war.

p. 124, Master Races: Sir William is referring to the Herrenvolk theory which maintains that some races are inherently superior to others.

this going on being brave: it was this sterling virtue in the British that, among other things, pulled them through the last war.

p. 125, the Mediterranean: the culture of Greece and Rome considered as the foundation of that of western Europe.

BRITISH ADVENTURE IN INDIA

Lord Beveridge (1897-), civil servant and notable economist, is the author of a report, produced in 1941-2, on the basis of which a great programme of social service was launched in Britain a decade ago.

p. 126, William Hickey: (1749-1830) described his experiences in his *Memoirs*, written between 1749 and 1809, of his numerous voyages to India and other parts of the world.

young man about town: Boswell uses the same frankness in his description of his life in London.

Clive . . . Dalhousie: three of the famous British governors in India during the period of the East India Company's rule.

the Nabobs: Nawabs, Indian noblemen; here persons of British birth who had lived in India and amassed much wealth.

p. 127, Civil Services: Satyendranath Tagore was the first Indian who passed the Civil Service examination in London in 1863.

Macaulay: (1800-59) politician, historian and a master of English prose whose famous minutes ushered English education in India.

p. 128, all judicial posts: 'By the High Courts Act of 1861 Indians became eligible for the highest judicial posts.'

p. 129, Keshub Chunder Sen: (1838-84) a member of the Brahma Samaj was the author of *Sulabh Samachar* (Easy News), one of the early prose works meant for the masses in Bengali.

p. 130, the problem of mixing: See *A Passage to India* by E. M. Forster (1924).

CRICKET

Neville Cardus made a name for himself as the cricket connoisseur in the *Manchester Guardian*. He is also a music critic and his *Autobiography* and *Second Innings* are well known.

p. 133, cliffs trodden by King Lear: the reference is to Dover Cliffs near which a great deal of the action in the latter part of Shakespeare's *King Lear* is imagined to take place.

Woolley: a great stylist in English cricket, from the beginning of the present century up to the thirties; he was known as 'the Pride of Kent'.

laughter of friends under an English heaven: Phrases from Rupert Brooke's sonnet, 'The Soldier', put together.

p. 134, tracery: delicate inter-weaving.

Little Puddleton: humorously suggestive name for a small English village. Cricket started as a simple village game.

Crude but not inglorious: humorous perversion of 'Some mute inglorious Milton' in Gray's poem, 'The Elegy'.

Hobbs: 'the complete batsman', with a reputation next only to that of W. G. Grace, holds the record of 197 centuries in first-class cricket.

cup-tie final: the final in the England football cup.

p. 135, Eastbourne: county borough and watering place on the English Channel, in Sussex, 66 miles from London.

somnolent: tending to cause sleepiness.

bodefully: ominously.

foozle: fail in; bungle—a slang.

p. 136, the rubber: the series of cricket matches in which two 'test' teams of the Commonwealth engage.

Clem Hill: an outstanding Australian left-hander.

Victor Trumper: also Australian, a great stylist in cricket.

Wilfrid Rhodes: famous left-hand slow bowler and opening batsman.

A. E. Knight: Leicestershire player.

Macdonald: famous Australian fast bowler who later played for Lancashire.

break-back: turning of ball, after pitching, from the off-side to the leg.

p. 137, Lord Halsbury: English lawyer (1823-1921) was Lord Chancellor and editor of *The Encyclopaedia of the Laws of England*.

p. 138, W. G. Grace: (1848-1915) the most famous of English cricketers round whom many legends have gathered; he put batting on a scientific basis.

Albert Memorial: erected in Kensington Gardens, London, in memory of the Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria, and unveiled in 1876.

National Debt: the public debt of England going back to the days of William III.

Harvest Moon: the full moon nearest the autumn equinox, September 22nd or 23rd, associated with harvest celebrations.

INDIA AND GREECE

Jawaharlal Nehru (1889-), son of the stalwart Indian patriot, Motilal Nehru; educated at Harrow and Cambridge; statesman and Prime Minister of India. His writings include *An Autobiography, Glimpses of World History* and *The Discovery of India.* These are masterpieces and are known all over the world. Every good prose has its own characteristic rhythm and one of the fascinating qualities of the prose of *The Discovery of India,* from which these passages are extracted, is its beautiful rhythm, its musical quality.

p. 139, fundamental difference between the Orient and the Occident: this is an assumption regarded as axiomatic, but now questioned by many scholars.

Sir Henry Maine: (1822-88), a noted Cambridge scholar; author of *Ancient Law* (1861), and many other books on the philosophy of law, history and politics.

strange questions: questions about the meaning and mystery of life now and hereafter.

Olympus: mountain range in Greece, the highest point of which rises to about 10,000 feet.

p. 142, Jainism: dated from the 6th century B.C.

Pax Romana: Roman Peace, the peace and security which prevailed throughout the Roman Empire, thanks to the might of the Roman arms and the efficiency of Roman administration.

no significant contribution: the genius of Rome was largely in its powers of organization.

collapse of classical civilization: in the middle of the 5th century A.D.

p. 143, Alexandria: city and seaport of Egypt founded by Alexander the Great, noted in ancient times as a centre of learning and for its fine library.

no seclusion of women: 'the old Indian books' like the *Upanishads* make mention of women like Maitreyi, Gargi and Vacaknavi taking keen interest in philosophical speculations.

p. 144, Sophist: lover of wisdom; the Sophists were prominent in Greece in the 5th century B.C.

H. G. Rawlinson: a professor of history and member of the Indian Educational Service, historian and student of English literature.

Gnosticism: 'Spiritual and metaphysical system antecedent to Christianity, it sought to combine oriental religious cults with Greek philosophy.' It lost its hold about A.D. 600.

THE DISCOVERY

p. 148, Emerson: Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82), American

poet, essayist and friend of the historian Thomas Carlyle, is the author, among others, of *The Essays* and *Representative Men*.
p. 150, Palmyra: ancient city of Syria situated on the river Euphrates.
p. 151, One World of tomorrow: All his life Nehru has been nobly striving towards its attainment.