

# UG TRB ENGLISH

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**SAMPLE MATERIAL**  
**UNIT 1 TO 10**



**Professor Academy**



# Sample Material

## **Unit 1 to 10**



## from Unit 1: History of English Literature

### The Present Age:

#### Modern Period

The application of the term “modern,” of course, varies with the passage of time, but it is frequently applied specifically to the literature written since the beginning of World War I in 1914; see modernism and postmodernism. This period has been marked by persistent and multi-dimensional experiments in subject matter, form, and style, and has produced major achievements in all the literary genres.

Among the notable writers are the poets W. B. **Yeats**, Wilfred **Owen**, T. S. **Eliot**, W. H. **Auden**, Robert **Graves**, Dylan **Thomas**, and Seamus **Heaney**; the novelists James **Joyce**, D. H. **Lawrence**, Dorothy **Richardson**, Virginia **Woolf**, E. M. **Forster**, Aldous **Huxley**, Graham **Greene**, and Doris **Lessing**; the dramatists Noel **Coward**, Samuel **Beckett**, Harold **Pinter**, Caryl **Churchill**, Brendan **Behan**, Frank **McGuinness**, and Tom **Stoppard**. The modern age was also an important era for literary criticism; among the innovative and influential English critics were T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, Virginia Woolf, F. R. Leavis, and William Empson.

#### a) T. S. Eliot

T.S. Eliot, in full Thomas Stearns Eliot, (born September 26, 1888, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.—died January 4, 1965, London, England), American-English poet, playwright, literary critic, and editor, a leader of the Modernist movement in poetry in such works as *The Waste Land* (1922) and *Four Quartets* (1943).

The publication of *Four Quartets* led to his recognition as the greatest living English poet and man of letters, and in 1948 he was awarded both the Order of Merit and the **Nobel Prize for Literature**. “**Burnt Norton**” was the first of the quartets; it had appeared in the *Collected Poems* of 1936. It is a subtle meditation on the nature of time and its relation to eternity. On the model of this, Eliot wrote three more poems—“**East Coker**” (1940), “**The Dry Salvages**” (1941), and “**Little Gidding**” (1942)—in which he explored through images of great beauty and haunting power his own past, the past of the human race, and the meaning of human history. Each of the poems was self-subsistent, but when published together they were seen to make up a single work, in which themes and images recurred and were developed in a musical manner and brought to a final resolution. His first important publication, and the first masterpiece of Modernism in English, was “**The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock**” (1915).

In the essay “**Tradition and the Individual Talent**,” appearing in his first critical volume, *The Sacred Wood* (1920), Eliot asserts that tradition, as used by the poet, is not a mere repetition of the work of the immediate past (“novelty is better than repetition,” he said); rather, it comprises the whole of European literature, from Homer to the present. Also in *The*

*Sacred Wood*, “**Hamlet and His Problems**” sets forth Eliot’s theory of the objective correlative: “The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an “**objective correlative**”; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula for that particular emotion; such that, when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked.”

Eliot’s second famous phrase appears in “**The Metaphysical Poets**”—“**dissociation of sensibility**,” invented to explain the change that came over English poetry after Donne and Andrew Marvell. This change seems to him to consist in a loss of the union of thought and feeling. The phrase has been attacked, yet the historical fact that gave rise to it cannot be denied, and with the poetry of Eliot and Pound it had a strong influence in reviving interest in certain 17th-century poets.

Eliot’s plays, which begin with *Sweeney Agonistes* (published 1926; first performed in 1934) and end with *The Elder Statesman* (first performed 1958; published 1959), are, with the exception of *Murder in the Cathedral* (published and performed 1935), inferior to the lyric and meditative poetry. *The Family Reunion* (1939) and *Murder in the Cathedral* are Christian tragedies—the former a tragedy of revenge, the latter of the sin of pride. *Murder in the Cathedral* is a modern miracle play on the martyrdom of Thomas Becket. The most striking feature of this, his most successful play, is the use of a chorus in the traditional Greek manner to make apprehensible to common humanity the meaning of the heroic action.

### ***Murder in the Cathedral:***

Poetic drama in two parts, with a prose sermon interlude, the most successful play by American English poet T.S. Eliot. The play was performed at Canterbury Cathedral in 1935 and published the same year. Set in December 1170, it is a modern miracle play on the martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket, archbishop of Canterbury.

The play’s most striking feature is the use of a chorus in the Classical Greek manner. The poor women of Canterbury who make up the chorus nervously await Thomas’s return from his seven-year exile, fretting over his volatile relationship with King Henry II. Thomas arrives and must resist four temptations: worldly pleasures, lasting power as chancellor, recognition as a leader of the barons against the king, and eternal glory as a martyr.

After Thomas delivers his Christmas morning sermon, four knights in the service of the king accost him and order him to leave the kingdom. When he refuses, they return to slay him in the cathedral.



## **b) Gerard Manley Hopkins**

Gerard Manley Hopkins, (born July 28, 1844, Stratford, Essex, Eng.—died June 8, 1889, Dublin), English poet and Jesuit priest, one of the most individual of Victorian writers. His work was not published in collected form until 1918, but it influenced many leading 20th-century poets.

When he joined the Jesuits, he symbolically burned his poems, though he sent some copies to Bridges for safe keeping. The writing stopped for eight years, but language and poetic



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theorizing did not. Ironically, a disaster at sea in 1875 revived his creativity and produced “**The Wreck of the Deutschland**”. While studying for ordination, inspired by “**God's grandeur**” in Wales, he composed a remarkable series of sonnets including “**The Windhover**”, “**Spring**”, and “**Pied Beauty**”. Aesthetic and moral questions intensify in subsequent poems such as 'Henry Purcell' and 'Binsey Poplars'. Feeling exiled in Dublin, 'selfwring, selfstrung', he composed the ‘**terrible sonnets**’ such as “**Carrion Comfort**” and 'No worst, there is none', and 'Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves'. But he was also inspired to write 'That Nature is a Heraclitean Fire' and 'To R.B.'

Schooled to discern the 'science of aspects', Hopkins developed theories of natural essence and expressive ness, and of metre, and coined the terms 'inscape', 'instress', and 'sprung rhythm', respectively, to define them. '**Inscape**' refers to 'the individual or essential quality of the thing' or 'individually-distinctive beauty of style'. '**Instress**' is the force or energy which sustains an inscape; it originates in the Creator and is felt by the responsive perceiver. '**Sprung rhythm**', which he believed 'gives back to poetry its true soul and self, is distinguished from regular or '**running rhythm**' (with its regular metrical feet) because it involves writing and scanning by number of stresses rather than by counting syllables.

**Robert Bridges** became the guardian of the manuscripts after Hopkins's death; he doubted public receptiveness.

#### “**The Windhover: To Christ Our Lord**”:

I caught this morning morning's minion, king-  
 dom of daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding  
 Of the rolling level underneath him steady air, and striding  
 High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing  
 In his ecstasy! then off, off forth on swing,  
 As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding  
 Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding  
 Stirred for a bird, – the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!  
 Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume, here  
 Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion  
 Times told lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!  
 No wonder of it: shéer plód makes plough down sillion  
 Shine, and blue-bleak embers, ah my dear,  
 Fall, gall themselves, and gash gold-vermilion.

"The Windhover" is a sonnet written in 1887 by the English poet and Jesuit priest Gerard Manley Hopkins, dedicated to "Christ our Lord." In the poem, the speaker recounts the awe-inspiring sight of a kestrel (a.k.a, a "windhover") soaring through the air in search of prey. The speaker is deeply moved by the bird's aerial skill—its ability to both hover in stillness and swoop down with speed—and sees the bird as an expression of the beauty and majesty of God's creation. The poem's octet (the first eight lines) concentrates primarily on the bird, while the sestet—the second and final section of the poem—discusses the creature in a wider



religious context. The speaker ultimately stresses that such beauty is in fact "no wonder," because all of God's creation is divinely beautiful.

This morning I was lucky enough to see a flying falcon, which seemed to me to be the morning's favorite creature, a prince of daylight with speckled feathers. He was riding the rolling air currents way up high. He seemed full of pure joy as he controlled the wind like a horse-rider does a horse. After hovering almost motionless, the bird suddenly dove in a smooth arc, like that of a skater's heel cleaning sweeping across the ice. The way the bird dove and glided revealed its authority over the strong wind. Watching the bird moved me profoundly—the bird's flight evidence of its sheer mastery and achievement!

All these different attributes meet together in this bird—beauty, honor, action, air and feathers all in one! But your fire, Christ, burns even more brightly, powerfully, and beautifully. Oh Christ, my knight in shining armor! The bird was nothing special when you really think about it—even hard and boring work like plowing a field makes the upturned soil glitter and shine beautifully. And hot coals, fallen from a fire my lord, break open to reveal their beautiful red and golden colors.

\*

### c) W. H. Auden

W. H. Auden, in full Wystan Hugh Auden, (born February 21, 1907, York, Yorkshire, England—died September 29, 1973, Vienna, Austria), English-born poet and man of letters who achieved early fame in the 1930s as a hero of the left during the Great Depression.

In 1925 he entered the University of Oxford (Christ Church), where he established a formidable reputation as poet and sage, having a strong influence on such other literary intellectuals as C. Day Lewis (named poet laureate in 1968), Louis MacNeice, and Stephen Spender, who printed by hand the first collection of Auden's poems in 1928. For the Group Theatre, a society that put on experimental and noncommercial plays in London, he wrote first *The Dance of Death* (a musical propaganda play) and then three plays in collaboration with **Christopher Isherwood**, Auden's friend since preparatory school: *The Dog Beneath the Skin* (1935), *The Ascent of F6* (1936), and *On the Frontier* (1938). *Another Time* (1940) contains some of his best songs and topical verse, and *The Double Man* (containing "New Year Letter," which provided the title of the British edition; 1941) embodies his position on the verge of commitment to Christianity.

\*

### d) Stephen Spender

Sir Stephen Spender, in full Sir Stephen Harold Spender, (born February 28, 1909, London, England—died July 16, 1995, London), English poet and critic, who made his reputation in the 1930s with poems expressing the politically conscience-stricken, leftist "new writing" of that period. A nephew of the Liberal journalist and biographer J.A. Spender, he was educated at University College School, London, and at University College, Oxford. While an undergraduate he met the poets W.H. Auden and C. Day-Lewis, and during 1930–33 he spent many months in Germany with the writer Christopher Isherwood. His reputation for

humanism and honesty is fully vindicated in subsequent volumes—*Ruins and Visions* (1942), *Poems of Dedication* (1947), *The Edge of Being* (1949).



### e) C. Day-Lewis

C. Day-Lewis, in full Cecil Day-Lewis, (born April 27, 1904, Ballintubbert, County Leix, Ire.—died May 22, 1972, Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire, Eng.), one of the leading British poets of the 1930s; he then turned from poetry of left-wing political statement to an individual lyricism expressed in more traditional forms. *Collected Poems* appeared in 1954. Later volumes of verse include *The Room and Other Poems* (1965) and *The Whispering Roots* (1970). *The Complete Poems of C. Day-Lewis* was published in 1992. At his death he was **poet laureate**, having succeeded John Masefield in 1968.



### f) Louis MacNeice

Louis MacNeice, (born Sept. 12, 1907, Belfast, Ire.—died Sept. 3, 1963, London, Eng.), British poet and playwright, a member, with W.H. Auden, C. Day-Lewis, and Stephen Spender, of a group whose low-keyed, unpoetic, socially committed, and topical verse was the “new poetry” of the 1930s. MacNeice’s first book of poetry, *Blind Fireworks*, appeared in 1929, followed by more than a dozen other volumes, such as *Poems* (1935), *Autumn Journal* (1939), *Collected Poems, 1925–1948* (1949), and, posthumously, *The Burning Perch* (1963).



### g) Dame Edith Sitwell

Edith Sitwell, in full Dame Edith Sitwell, (born September 7, 1887, Scarborough, Yorkshire, England—died December 9, 1964, London), English poet who first gained fame for her stylistic artifices but who emerged during World War II as a poet of emotional depth and profoundly human concerns. She was equally famed for her formidable personality, Elizabethan dress, and eccentric opinions. Her first book, *The Mother and Other Poems*, appeared in 1915. The notoriety sought by the Sitwells in their artistic battles may, at the time, have obscured the originality of her talent. The visual sensibility and verbal music of her early poetry, *Clowns’ Houses* (1918), *Bucolic Comedies* (1923), and *The Sleeping Beauty* (1924), in which she created her own world of beautiful objects, nursery symbols, and unfamiliar images, revealed the influence of W.B. Yeats and T.S. Eliot. Her emphasis on the value of sound in poetry was shown especially in *Façade* (1923), for which William Walton wrote a musical accompaniment.



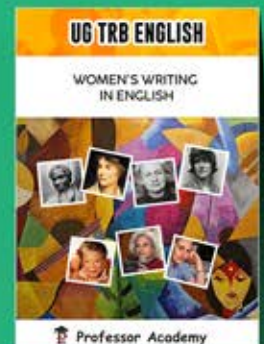
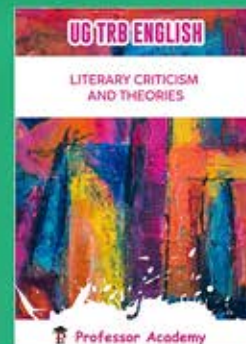
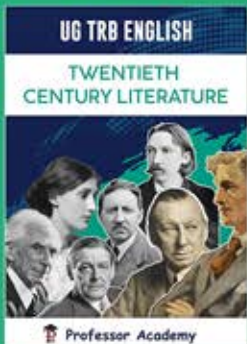
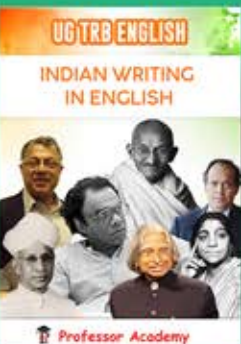
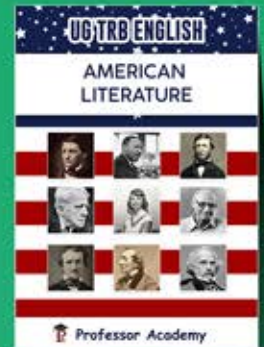
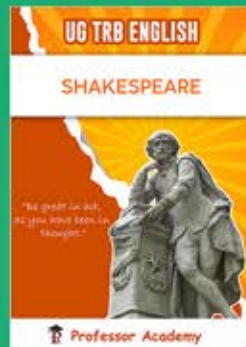
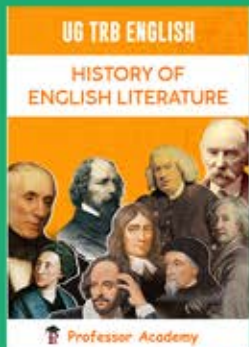
### h) Robert Graves

Robert Graves, in full Robert von Ranke Graves, (born July 24, 1895, London, England—died December 7, 1985, Deyá, Majorca, Spain), English poet, novelist, critic, and classical scholar who carried on many of the formal traditions of English verse in a period of experimentation. His more than 120 books also include a notable historical novel, *I, Claudius*



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(1934); an autobiographical classic of World War I, *Good-Bye to All That* (1929; rev. ed. 1957); and erudite, controversial studies in mythology.



### i) Dylan Thomas

Dylan Thomas, in full Dylan Marlais Thomas, (born October 27, 1914, Swansea, Glamorgan [now in Swansea], Wales—died November 9, 1953, New York, New York, U.S.), Welsh poet and prose writer whose work is known for its comic exuberance, rhapsodic lilt, and pathos. His personal life, punctuated by reckless bouts of drinking, was notorious.

Thomas spent his childhood in southwestern Wales. His father taught English at the Swansea grammar school, which in due course the boy attended. Because Dylan's mother was a farmer's daughter, he had a country home he could go to when on holiday. His poem "**Fern Hill**" (1946) describes its joys. The prose that Thomas wrote is linked with his development as a poet, and his first stories, included in *The Map of Love* and *A Prospect of the Sea* (1955), are a by-product of the early poetry. But in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog* (1940), the half-mythical Welsh landscapes of the early stories have been replaced by realistically and humorously observed scenes. A poet's growing consciousness of himself, of the real seriousness hidden behind his mask of comedy, and of the world around him is presented with that characteristic blend of humour and pathos which is later given such lively expression in his "play for voices," *Under Milk Wood* (1954).



### j) Seamus Heaney

Seamus Heaney, in full Seamus Justin Heaney, (born April 13, 1939, near Castledawson, County Londonderry, Northern Ireland—died August 30, 2013, Dublin, Ireland), Irish poet whose work is notable for its evocation of Irish rural life and events in Irish history as well as for its allusions to Irish myth. He received the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1995. Heaney's first poetry collection was the prizewinning *Death of a Naturalist* (1966). In this book and *Door into the Dark* (1969), he wrote in a traditional style about a passing way of life—that of domestic rural life in Northern Ireland. Heaney's translation of the Old English epic poem *Beowulf* (1999) became an unexpected international best seller, while his *The Burial at Thebes* (2004) gave Sophocles' Antigone contemporary relevance.

#### "Digging":

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
 Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
 He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
 To scatter new potatoes that we picked,  
 Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.  
 Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
 Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
 Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
 Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
 To drink it, then fell to right away  
 Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
 Over his shoulder, going down and down  
 For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
 Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
 Through living roots awaken in my head.  
 But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb  
 The squat pen rests.  
 I'll dig with it.



### k) James Joyce

James Joyce, in full James Augustine Aloysius Joyce, (born February 2, 1882, Dublin, Ireland—died January 13, 1941, Zürich, Switzerland), Irish novelist noted for his experimental use of language and exploration of new literary methods in such large works of fiction as *Ulysses* (1922) and *Finnegans Wake* (1939).

He had begun writing a lengthy naturalistic novel, *Stephen Hero*, based on the events of his own life, when in 1904 George Russell offered £1 each for some simple short stories with an Irish background to appear in a farmers' magazine, *The Irish Homestead*. In response Joyce began writing the stories published as *Dubliners* (1914). Three stories—"The Sisters," "Eveline," and "After the Race"—had appeared under the pseudonym Stephen Dedalus before the editor decided that Joyce's work was not suitable for his readers. Meanwhile, Joyce had met Nora Barnacle in June 1904; they probably had their first date, and first sexual encounter, on June 16, the day that he chose as what is known as "**Bloomsday**" (the day of his novel *Ulysses*).

He decided that *Stephen Hero* lacked artistic control and form and rewrote it as "a work in five chapters" under a title—*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*—intended to direct attention to its focus upon the central figure. An autobiographical novel, *A Portrait of the*

*Artist* traces the intellectual and emotional development of a young man named **Stephen Dedalus** and ends with his decision to leave Dublin for Paris to devote his life to art.



## 1) D. H. Lawrence

D.H. Lawrence, in full David Herbert Lawrence, (born September 11, 1885, Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, England—died March 2, 1930, Vence, France), English author of novels, short stories, poems, plays, essays, travel books, and letters. His novels *Sons and Lovers* (1913), *The Rainbow* (1915), and *Women in Love* (1920) made him one of the most influential English writers of the 20th century. Lawrence wrote *Kangaroo* in six weeks while visiting Australia in 1922. This novel is a serious summary of his own position at the time.

Finally reaching Taos, New Mexico, where he settled for a time, Lawrence visited Mexico in 1923 and 1924 and embarked on the ambitious novel *The Plumed Serpent* (1926). Lawrence returned to Italy in 1925, and in 1926 he embarked on the first versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and wrote *Sketches of Etruscan Places*, a “travel” book that projects Lawrence’s ideal personal and social life upon the Etruscans.

His poetry can be of great biographical interest, but his most original contribution is *Birds, Beasts and Flowers* (1923), in which he creates an unprecedented poetry of nature, based on his experiences of the Mediterranean scene and the American Southwest.

Lawrence’s short stories were collected in *The Prussian Officer, England My England, and Other Stories* (1922), *The Woman Who Rode Away, and Other Stories* (1928), and *Love Among the Haystacks and Other Pieces* (1930), among other volumes. His early plays, *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd* (1914) and *The Daughter-in-Law* (performed 1936), have proved effective on stage and television. Of his travel books, *Sea and Sardinia* (1921) is the most spontaneous; the others involve parallel journeys to Lawrence’s interior.

### ***Sons and Lovers:***

Semiautobiographical novel by D.H. Lawrence, published in 1913. His first mature novel, it is a psychological study of the familial and love relationships of a working-class English family. The novel revolves around Paul Morel, a sensitive young artist whose love for his mother, Gertrude, overshadows his romances with two women: Miriam Leivers, his repressed, religious girlfriend, and Clara Dawes, an experienced, independent married woman. Unable to watch his mother die slowly of cancer, Paul kills her with morphine. Despite losing her and rejecting both Miriam and Clara, Paul harbours hope for the future.

### ***The Rainbow:***

Novel by D.H. Lawrence, published in 1915. The novel was officially banned after it was labeled obscene, and unsold copies were confiscated. The story line traces three generations of the Brangwen family in the Midlands of England from 1840 to 1905. The marriage of farmer Tom Brangwen and foreigner Lydia Lensky eventually breaks down. Likewise, the marriage of Lydia’s daughter Anna to Tom’s nephew Will gradually fails. The novel is largely devoted to Will and Anna’s oldest child, the schoolteacher Ursula, who stops short of

marriage when she is unsatisfied by her love affair with the conventional soldier Anton Skrebensky. The appearance of a rainbow at the end of the novel is a sign of hope for Ursula, whose story is continued in Lawrence's *Women in Love*.

### ***Women in Love:***

Novel by D.H. Lawrence, privately printed in 1920 and published commercially in 1921. Following the characters Lawrence had created for *The Rainbow* (1915), *Women in Love* examines the ill effects of industrialization on the human psyche, resolving that individual and collective rebirth is possible only through human intensity and passion. *Women in Love* contrasts the love affair of Rupert Birkin and Ursula Brangwen with that of Gudrun, Ursula's artistic sister, and Gerald Crich, a domineering industrialist. Rupert, an introspective misanthrope, struggles to reconcile his metaphysical drive for self-fulfillment with Ursula's practical view of sentimental passion. Their love affair and eventual marriage are set as a positive antithesis to the destructive relationship of Gudrun and Gerald. The novel also explores the relationship between Rupert and Gerald. According to critics, Rupert is a self-portrait of Lawrence, and Ursula represents Lawrence's wife, Frieda.

### ***Lady Chatterley's Lover:***

Novel by D. H. Lawrence, published in a limited English-language edition in Florence (1928) and in Paris (1929). Constance (Connie) Chatterley is married to Sir Clifford, a wealthy landowner who is paralyzed from the waist down and is absorbed in his books and his estate, Wragby. After a disappointing affair with the playwright Michaelis, Connie turns to the estate's gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, a symbol of natural man, who awakens her passions.

\*

### **m) Somerset Maugham**

W. Somerset Maugham, in full William Somerset Maugham, (born Jan. 25, 1874, Paris, France—died Dec. 16, 1965, Nice), English novelist, playwright, and short-story writer whose work is characterized by a clear unadorned style, cosmopolitan settings, and a shrewd understanding of human nature.

He drew upon his experiences as an obstetrician in his first novel, *Liza of Lambeth* (1897), and its success, though small, encouraged him to abandon medicine. His reputation as a novelist rests primarily on four books: *Of Human Bondage* (1915), a semi-autobiographical account of a young medical student's painful progress toward maturity; *The Moon and Sixpence* (1919), an account of an unconventional artist, suggested by the life of Paul Gauguin; *Cakes and Ale* (1930), the story of a famous novelist, which is thought to contain caricatures of Thomas Hardy and Hugh Walpole; and *The Razor's Edge* (1944), the story of a young American war veteran's quest for a satisfying way of life.

\*

### **n) Dorothy Richardson**

Dorothy M. Richardson, in full Dorothy Miller Richardson, married name Dorothy Odle, (born May 17, 1873, Abingdon, Berkshire, Eng.—died June 17, 1957, Beckenham, Kent),

English novelist, an often neglected pioneer in **stream-of-consciousness** fiction. She commands attention for her ambitious sequence novel *Pilgrimage* (published in separate volumes—she preferred to call them chapters—as *Pointed Roofs*, 1915; *Backwater*, 1916; *Honeycomb*, 1917; *The Tunnel*, 1919; *Interim*, 1919; *Deadlock*, 1921; *Revolving Lights*, 1923; *The Trap*, 1925; *Oberland*, 1927; *Dawn's Left Hand*, 1931; *Clear Horizon*, 1935; the last part, *Dimple Hill*, appeared under the collective title, four volumes, 1938).



## o) Virginia Woolf

Virginia Woolf, original name in full Adeline Virginia Stephen, (born January 25, 1882, London, England—died March 28, 1941, near Rodmell, Sussex), English writer whose novels, through their nonlinear approaches to narrative, exerted a major influence on the genre. While she is best known for her novels, especially *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925) and *To the Lighthouse* (1927), Woolf also wrote pioneering essays on artistic theory, literary history, women's writing, and the politics of power. Her essay "Modern Novels" (1919; revised in 1925 as "**Modern Fiction**") attacked the "materialists" who wrote about superficial rather than spiritual or "luminous" experiences. In two 1927 essays, "The Art of Fiction" and "The New Biography," she wrote that fiction writers should be less concerned with naive notions of reality and more with language and design.

In *A Room of One's Own* (1929), Woolf blamed women's absence from history not on their lack of brains and talent but on their poverty. For her 1931 talk "Professions for Women," Woolf studied the history of women's education and employment and argued that unequal opportunities for women negatively affect all of society. She urged women to destroy the "angel in the house," a reference to Coventry Patmore's poem of that title, the quintessential Victorian paean to women who sacrifice themselves to men.

Woolf's collection of essays *The Common Reader* (1925) was followed by *The Common Reader: Second Series* (1932; also published as *The Second Common Reader*). She continued writing essays on reading and writing, women and history, and class and politics for the rest of her life. Many were collected after her death in volumes edited by Leonard Woolf.

Born Virginia Stephen, she was the child of ideal Victorian parents. Her father, **Leslie Stephen**, was an eminent literary figure and the first editor (1882–91) of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

In 1917 the Woolfs bought a printing press and founded **the Hogarth Press**, named for Hogarth House, their home in the London suburbs. The Woolfs themselves (she was the compositor while he worked the press) published their own *Two Stories* in the summer of 1917. It consisted of Leonard's *Three Jews* and Virginia's *The Mark on the Wall*, the latter about contemplation itself.

In *Jacob's Room* (1922) she achieved such emotion, transforming personal grief over the death of Thoby Stephen into a "spiritual shape." *Orlando: A Biography* (1928) exposes the artificiality of both gender and genre prescriptions. Woolf took a holiday from *The Pargiters* to write a mock biography of Flush, the dog of poet Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Lytton Strachey having recently died, Woolf muted her spoof of his biographical method;



nevertheless, *Flush* (1933) remains both a biographical satire and a lighthearted exploration of perception, in this case a dog's. In 1935 Woolf completed *Freshwater*, an absurdist drama based on the life of her great-aunt Julia Margaret Cameron.

### ***To the Lighthouse:***

Novel by Virginia Woolf, published in 1927. The work is one of her most successful and accessible experiments in the stream-of-consciousness style. The three sections of the book take place between 1910 and 1920 and revolve around various members of the Ramsay family during visits to their summer residence on the Isle of Skye in Scotland. A central motif of the novel is the conflict between the feminine and masculine principles at work in the universe. In the first part, the reader looks at the world through Mrs. Ramsay's eyes as she presides over her children and a group of guests on a summer holiday. In the second section of the novel, Woolf illustrates time's passage by describing the changes wrought in the summer home over a decade. The third section relates the return of the Ramsay children, now grown, and Lily Briscoe, a painter and friend of the family.

With her emotional, poetical frame of mind, Mrs. Ramsay represents the female principle, while Mr. Ramsay, a self-centred philosopher, expresses the male principle in his rational point of view. Both are flawed by their limited perspectives. Lily Briscoe is Woolf's vision of the androgynous artist who personifies the ideal blending of male and female qualities. Her successful completion of a painting that she has been working on since the beginning of the novel is symbolic of this unification.



### **p) E. M. Forster**

E.M. Forster, in full Edward Morgan Forster, (born January 1, 1879, London, England—died June 7, 1970, Coventry, Warwickshire), British novelist, essayist, and social and literary critic. His fame rests largely on his novels *Howards End* (1910) and *A Passage to India* (1924) and on a large body of criticism. *The Longest Journey* appeared in 1907, *A Room with a View* in 1908

### ***A Passage to India:***

Novel by E.M. Forster published in 1924 and considered one of the author's finest works. The novel examines racism and colonialism as well as a theme Forster developed in many earlier works, namely, the need to maintain both ties to the earth and a cerebral life of the imagination.

The book portrays the relationship between the British and the Indians in India and the tensions that arise when a visiting Englishwoman, Adela Quested, accuses a well-respected Indian man, Dr. Aziz, of having attacked her during an outing. Aziz has many defenders, including the compassionate Cecil Fielding, the principal of the local college. During the trial Adela hesitates on the witness stand and then withdraws the charges. Aziz and Fielding go their separate ways, but two years later they have a tentative reunion. As they ride through the jungles, an outcrop of rocks forces them to separate paths, symbolizing the racial politics that caused a breach in their friendship.



### q) Aldous Huxley

Aldous Huxley, in full Aldous Leonard Huxley, (born July 26, 1894, Godalming, Surrey, England—died November 22, 1963, Los Angeles, California, U.S.), English novelist and critic gifted with an acute and far-ranging intelligence whose works are notable for their wit and pessimistic satire. He remains best known for one novel, *Brave New World* (1932), a model for much dystopian science fiction that followed.



### r) Graham Greene

Graham Greene, in full Henry Graham Greene, (born October 2, 1904, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England—died April 3, 1991, Vevey, Switzerland), English novelist, short-story writer, playwright, and journalist whose novels treat life's moral ambiguities in the context of contemporary political settings.

Greene's first three novels are held to be of small account. He began to come into his own with a thriller, *Stamboul Train* (1932; also published as *Orient Express*), which plays off various characters against each other as they ride a train from the English Channel to Istanbul. This was the first of a string of novels that he termed "entertainments". It was followed by three more entertainments that were equally popular with the reading public: *A Gun for Sale* (1936), *The Confidential Agent* (1939; film 1945), and *The Ministry of Fear* (1943). One of Greene's finest novels, *Brighton Rock* (1938; films 1947 and 2010), shares some elements with his entertainments—the protagonist is a hunted criminal roaming the underworld of an English sea resort—but explores the contrasting moral attitudes of its main characters with a new degree of intensity and emotional involvement.

Greene worked for the Foreign Office during World War II and was stationed for a while at Freetown, Sierra Leone, the scene of another of his best-known novels, *The Heart of the Matter* (1948; film 1953). This book traces the decline of a kindhearted British colonial officer whose pity for his wife and mistress eventually leads him to commit suicide. *The End of the Affair* (1951; films 1955 and 1999) is narrated by an agnostic in love with a woman who forsakes him because of a religious conviction that brings her near to sainthood. *The Quiet American* (1956; films 1958 and 2002) chronicles the doings of a well-intentioned American government agent in Vietnam in the midst of the anti-French uprising there in the early 1950s. *Our Man in Havana* (1958; film 1959) is set in Cuba just before the communist revolution there, while *The Comedians* (1966; film 1967) is set in Haiti during the rule of François Duvalier.



### s) J. B. Priestley

J. B. Priestley, (born Sept. 13, 1894, Bradford, Yorkshire, Eng.—died Aug. 14, 1984, Alveston, near Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire), British novelist, playwright, and essayist, noted for his varied output and his ability for shrewd characterization. He achieved enormous popular success with *The Good Companions* (1929), a picaresque novel about a group of traveling performers.



### t) Evelyn Waugh

Evelyn Waugh, in full Evelyn Arthur St. John Waugh, (born October 28, 1903, London, England—died April 10, 1966, Combe Florey, near Taunton, Somerset), English writer regarded by many as the most brilliant satirical novelist of his day. The most noteworthy are *Decline and Fall* (1928), *Vile Bodies* (1930), *Black Mischief* (1932), *A Handful of Dust* (1934), and *Scoop* (1938).



### u) Katherine Mansfield

Katherine Mansfield, pseudonym of Kathleen Mansfield Beauchamp, married name Kathleen Mansfield Murry, (born October 14, 1888, Wellington, New Zealand—died January 9, 1923, Gurdjieff Institute, near Fontainebleau, France), New Zealand-born English master of the short story, who evolved a distinctive prose style with many overtones of poetry. Mansfield did her best work, achieving the height of her powers in *The Garden Party* (1922), which includes “At the Bay,” “The Voyage,” “The Stranger” (with New Zealand settings), and the classic “Daughters of the Late Colonel,” a subtle account of genteel frustration. The last five years of her life were shadowed by tuberculosis.



### v) Doris Lessing

Doris Lessing, in full Doris May Lessing, original name Doris May Tayler, (born October 22, 1919, Kermānshāh, Persia [now Iran]—died November 17, 2013, London, England), British writer whose novels and short stories are largely concerned with people involved in the social and political upheavals of the 20th century. She was awarded the **Nobel Prize for Literature** in 2007. Her first published book, *The Grass Is Singing* (1950), is about a white farmer and his wife and their African servant in Rhodesia. Among her most substantial works is the series *Children of Violence* (1952–69), a five-novel sequence that centres on Martha Quest, who grows up in southern Africa and settles in England. *The Golden Notebook* (1962), in which a woman writer attempts to come to terms with the life of her times through her art, is one of the most complex and the most widely read of her novels.

#### *The Golden Notebook:*

The novel presents the crisis of a woman novelist, Anna Wulf, suffering from writer’s block. Immensely self-analytical, she seeks to probe her disorderly life by keeping four notebooks: a black one covering her early years in British colonial Africa; a red one about her years as a communist; a yellow one with the fictional story of her alter ego, Ella; and a blue one with her diary. Excerpts from these notebooks mingle with excerpts from an ostensibly fictional work, “Free Women,” which features a character named Anna Wulf. As the separate lines of plot development progress toward resolution, the novelist integrates her fragmented experiences and unifies the separate threads of her writing into a single golden notebook.



### w) Noël Coward

Noël Coward, in full Sir Noël Peirce Coward, (born December 16, 1899, Teddington, near London, England—died March 26, 1973, St. Mary, Jamaica), English playwright, actor, and composer best known for highly polished comedies of manners. his reputation as a playwright was not established until the serious play *The Vortex* (1924), which was highly successful in London. In 1925 the first of his durable comedies, *Hay Fever*, opened in London.



### x) James Bridie

James Bridie, pseudonym of Osborne Henry Mavor, (born Jan. 3, 1888, Glasgow, Scot.—died Jan. 29, 1951, Edinburgh), Scottish playwright whose popular, witty comedies were significant to the revival of the Scottish drama during the 1930s. His first play, *The Sunlight Sonata* (1928), written under the pseudonym of Mary Henderson, was staged by the Scottish National Players. Three years later Bridie achieved success with his London production of *The Anatomist* (1931), based on a well-known criminal case.



### y) Christopher Fry

Christopher Fry, original name Christopher Harris, (born December 18, 1907, Bristol, Gloucestershire, England—died June 30, 2005, Chichester, West Sussex), British writer of verse plays. He was an actor, director, and writer of revues and plays before he gained fame as a playwright for *The Lady's Not for Burning* (1948), an ironic comedy set in medieval times whose heroine is charged with being a witch.



### z) Samuel Beckett

Samuel Beckett, in full Samuel Barclay Beckett, (born April 13?, 1906, Foxrock, County Dublin, Ireland—died December 22, 1989, Paris, France), author, critic, and playwright, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1969. He wrote in both French and English and is perhaps best known for his plays, especially *En attendant Godot* (1952; *Waiting for Godot*).



### A) Harold Pinter

Harold Pinter, (born Oct. 10, 1930, London, Eng.—died Dec. 24, 2008, London), English playwright, who achieved international renown as one of the most complex and challenging post-World War II dramatists. In 2005 he won the **Nobel Prize for Literature**. After 1956 he began to write for the stage. *The Room* (first produced 1957) and *The Dumb Waiter* (first produced 1959), his first two plays, are one-act dramas that established the mood of comic menace that was to figure largely in his later works. His first full-length play, *The Birthday Party* (first produced 1958; filmed 1968), puzzled the London audiences and lasted only a week, but later it was televised and revived successfully on the stage. After Pinter's radio play *A Slight Ache* (first produced 1959) was adapted for the stage (1961), his reputation was secured by his second full-length play, *The Caretaker* (first produced 1960; filmed 1963),

which established him as more than just another practitioner of the then-popular Theatre of the Absurd. His next major play, *The Homecoming* (first produced 1965), helped establish him as the originator of a unique dramatic idiom.

### ***The Birthday Party:***

Stanley Webber is the only guest staying in Meg and Petey Boles's boarding house in a coastal resort town in England, where he has been holed up for the past year and has essentially no contact with the outside world. One morning, Meg and Petey sit at the breakfast table and make small talk. As Petey reads the newspaper, Meg repeatedly asks him if he's enjoying his cornflakes and fried toast. Before long, she remarks that Stanley should be downstairs by now. She then decides to "fetch" him, finally drawing him from his room and getting him to the breakfast table, where she presents him with cornflakes and fried toast.

After Petey leaves for work, Stanley tells Meg she's a "bad wife" for not giving her husband a fresh cup of tea. This conversation eventually turns into a back-and-forth in which Meg fluctuates between acting like Stanley's caretaker and his lover. They switch between flirting and arguing until Meg mentions that two new guests will be arriving soon. "What are you talking about?" Stanley asks, unsettled, and Meg tells him that Petey encountered two men on the beach the night before. "Two gentlemen asked Petey if they could come and stay for a couple of nights. I'm expecting them," she says, but Stanley claims he doesn't believe her, since no one has ever visited the boarding house the whole time he's been a resident.

Changing the topic, Stanley says, "When you address yourself to me, do you ever ask yourself who exactly you are talking to?" Then he groans and puts his head in his hands, but Meg fails to understand his question, instead asking if he enjoyed his breakfast. She says she used to like watching him play piano when he used to play as a professional. Urging him to get out of the house, she suggests that he get a job playing at the pier, and he unconvincingly insists that he's been offered a job playing at a night club in Berlin. As he explains this prospect, he adds that he would actually travel the world. Talking about his past life as a professional musician, he says, "I've played the piano all over the world. All over the country." Then he describes a concert he played where celebrated for his performance and his "unique touch," though when he went to give a second concert, the performance hall was locked. "They pulled a fast one," he says.

A knock sounds on the door, and Meg goes offstage to answer it, having a whispered conversation in which a voice says, "What shall I do with it?" Without identifying what "it" is, Meg gives this person instructions and then goes on her way. At this point, the person ventures into the living room. Her name is Lulu, and she's carrying a parcel, which she sets down on the sideboard and tells Stanley that he's "not to touch it." They then have a conversation about how "stuffy" it is inside, and Lulu encourages Stanley to go outside. Stanley lies and says that he went to the ocean early that morning, but Lulu hands him a compact mirror and points out that he doesn't look like a man who has been outside in a long time. Looking at himself, Stanley is visibly stricken, suddenly withdrawing from his reflection. He then asks Lulu if she'd like to "go away" with him, but when she asks where

they'd go, he simply says, "Nowhere," and when she asks if he'd like to go for a walk, he says, "I can't at the moment." Lulu departs.

When the two new guests finally knock on the boarding house's door, Stanley turns out the light and quickly exits before they come inside. Their names are Goldberg and McCann, and they talk about the "job" they have to do. Goldberg is clearly the boss, and he tells McCann that their task is "quite distinct" from their "previous work." It all depends, he upholds, on the "attitude" of their "subject." At this point, Meg enters and introduces herself, telling Goldberg and McCann about Stanley and saying that today is his birthday. Insisting that they refrain from mentioning anything, she says that they will have a party tonight in Stanley's honor, and Goldberg expresses thanks for being invited. She then shows them to their room, and when she returns, Stanley is in the living room.

Stanley asks Meg about Goldberg and McCann, pressing her for details until she cuts him off and gives him his birthday present—the package Lulu placed on the sideboard. It is a small drum. Slinging it around his neck, Stanley walks around the living room table beating the drum, much to Meg's satisfaction. As he keeps circling the table, though, his drumming becomes increasingly erratic, until the beat is "savage and possessed."

That evening, Stanley meets McCann in the living room. Suspicious of this newcomer, he tries to discern why he's come to the boarding house and begins asking questions about Goldberg, whom he hasn't met yet. "Has he told you anything? Do you know what you're here for?" he says, but McCann denies that he knows what Stanley's talking about, instead focusing on Stanley's birthday party until Goldberg himself enters and introduces himself. Desperate to keep Goldberg and McCann from staying in the house, Stanley pretends he's the manager and tells them there's no room, but they don't listen to him, instead insisting that he sit down. When they finally force him into a chair, they start asking him strange questions, which become increasingly inscrutable. They ask why he came to the boarding house in the first place, whether or not he properly stirs his headache medication, and when he last took a bath. They then accuse him of betraying "the organization," though they never specify what organization they're referring to. Later in the conversation, they ask why he killed his wife, and he says that he doesn't have a wife, but they hardly listen, moving on to ask if he recognizes "an external force." "What?" Stanley replies, but they don't make themselves clear, instead pushing on and asking him—among other things—if the number 846 is "possible or necessary." Finally, in response to a question about whether the chicken or the egg came first, Stanley screams, and their conversation is interrupted by the sound of a drumbeat as Meg enters wearing her evening dress and playing Stanley's drum.

Before long, Lulu arrives and Stanley's party begins without Petey, who's unable to attend. Pouring drinks, Goldberg suggests that Meg make a toast to Stanley. When she does, Goldberg and McCann turn out the lights and shine a flashlight in Stanley's face. In her toast, Meg hardly says anything about Stanley himself, instead focusing on how happy she is to be having a party in her home. Despite the impersonality of this speech, Goldberg upholds that he's quite moved by Meg's words, and then he delivers his own toast. Next the group decides to play a game, though Stanley himself has yet to say a word, still reeling from Goldberg and McCann's strange interrogation.

Producing a blindfold, the group decides to play “blind man’s buff,” a game in which one person has a scarf tied over their eyes and tries to find the other players, who are scattered throughout the room. As the game progresses, Goldberg and Lulu fondle one another while McCann and Meg flirt and Stanley stands catatonic on his own. When it’s Stanley’s turn to play the blind man, McCann puts the drum in his way and his foot breaks through it. Dragging the instrument on his foot, he falls over and Meg makes a noise. When he rises, he advances toward her, and then the lights suddenly cut out and he begins to strangle her. After great commotion, the others separate him from her, but he slips away. Then everyone hears Lulu scream and fall to the floor, having fainted as Stanley approaches. In silence, Stanley lifts her onto the table, and when McCann finally finds the flashlight, the audience sees that Stanley is about to rape Lulu. Goldberg and McCann wrest him away and back him against the wall as he lets out a psychopathic laugh before the curtain closes.

When the curtain opens again, it is the next morning and Meg and Petey are having breakfast as if nothing has happened. Meg claims to not remember anything about the party and focuses on serving breakfast, but there aren’t any cornflakes. Finding the broken drum on the floor, she hits it and says, “It still makes a noise.” She remarks that Stanley should be awake because he’s going to miss breakfast, and Petey says, “There isn’t any breakfast,” to which she responds, “Yes, but he doesn’t know that.” She tells Petey she went upstairs to check on Stanley, but McCann and Goldberg were in his room having an intense conversation with him. She then leaves the house to get food for lunch, and Goldberg comes downstairs and talks about the party to Petey, who asks him “what came over” Stanley. “Nervous breakdown,” Goldberg says. He then explains that these kinds of breakdowns sometimes brew “day by day” before erupting, though for some people there are no warning signs because their spiraling mental health is a “foregone conclusion.”

When Stanley finally comes downstairs, he’s completely incapable of speaking. As he spews gibberish, Goldberg tells Petey that he and McCann are taking him to a doctor, though it’s clear from his tone that this isn’t the case. Petey is suspicious, but he finds himself unable to do anything as they escort Stanley out the door. When they turn to go, Petey calls after them, saying, “Stan, don’t let them tell you what to do!” When Meg returns, Petey tells her that Stanley is still asleep upstairs, and she says he’ll be late for breakfast. She then talks about how “lovely” the party was the night before, insisting that everyone told her she was “the belle of the ball.” “Oh, it’s true,” she says, though nobody actually told her this. After a slight pause, she says, “I know I was,” and then the curtain falls.



## **B) Caryl Churchill**

Caryl Churchill, (born September 3, 1938, London, England), British playwright whose work frequently dealt with feminist issues, abuses of power, and sexual politics. *Cloud 9* (1979), a farce about sexual politics, was successful in the United States as well as in Britain, winning an Obie Award in 1982 for playwriting. The next year she won another Obie with *Top Girls* (1982), which deals with women losing their humanity in order to attain power in a male-dominated environment.

\*

### C) Tom Stoppard

Tom Stoppard, original name Tomas Straussler, in full Sir Tom Stoppard, (born July 3, 1937, Zlín, Czechoslovakia [now in Czech Republic]), Czech-born British playwright and screenwriter whose work is marked by verbal brilliance, ingenious action, and structural dexterity. Stoppard's play *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (1964–65) was performed at the Edinburgh Festival in 1966. The irony and brilliance of this work derive from Stoppard's placing two minor characters of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* into the centre of the dramatic action. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* transferred to Broadway in 1967 and later received a Tony Award for best play. Among the most-notable stage plays were *The Real Inspector Hound* (1968), *Jumpers* (1972), *Travesties* (1974; Tony Award for best play). The Tony-winning *The Real Thing* (1982), Stoppard's first romantic comedy, deals with art and reality and features a playwright as a protagonist.

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## from Unit 2

# BRITISH LITERATURE – I

### Richard Steele: “The Spectator Club”

#### Introduction:

**Sir Richard Steele**, pseudonym **Isaac Bickerstaff**, (born 1672, Dublin, Ire.—died Sept. 1, 1729, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, Wales), English essayist, dramatist, journalist, and politician, best known as principal author (with Joseph Addison) of the periodicals *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*.

He was sent to study in England at Charterhouse in 1684 and to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1689. At Charterhouse he met Joseph Addison, and thus began one of the most famous and fruitful of all literary friendships, which lasted until disagreements (mainly political) brought about a cooling and a final estrangement shortly before Addison’s death in 1719.

Steele moved to Merton College in 1691 but, caught up with the excitement of King William’s campaigns against the French, left in 1692 without taking a degree to join the army. He was commissioned in 1697 and promoted to captain in 1699, but, lacking the money and connections necessary for substantial advancement, he **left the army** in 1705.

Meanwhile, he had embarked on a second career, as a writer. Perhaps partly because he gravely wounded a fellow officer in a duel in 1700 (an incident that inspired a lifelong detestation of dueling), partly because of sincere feelings of disgust at the “irregularity” of army life and his own dissipated existence, he published in 1701 a moralistic tract, “**The Christian Hero**,” of which 10 editions were sold in his lifetime.

The tract’s moralistic tenor would be echoed in Steele’s plays. In the same year (1701) Steele wrote his first comedy, *The Funeral*. Performed at Drury Lane “with more than expected success,” this play made his reputation and helped to bring him to the notice of King William and the Whig leaders. Late in 1703 he followed this with his only stage failure, *The Lying Lover*, which ran for only six nights, being, as Steele said, “damned for its piety.” A third play, *The Tender Husband*, with which Addison helped him (1705), had some success, but Steele continued to search for advancement and for money.

Why exactly, in April, 1709, Steele, **the editor of the official Gazetteer**, embarked upon the novel literary experiment of issuing a chatty tri-weekly newspaper, and *Record of the Town*, is not clear.

Of Steele’s many later ventures into periodical journalism, some, such as *The Englishman*, were mainly politically partisan. *The Guardian* (to which Addison contributed substantially) contains some of his most distinguished work, and *The Lover* comprises 40 of his most attractive essays. Other, short-lived, periodicals, such as *The Reader*, *Town-Talk*, and *The Plebeian*, contain matter of considerable political importance. Steele became, indeed, the chief journalist of the Whigs in opposition (1710–14), his writings being marked

by an unusual degree of principle and integrity. His last extended literary work was *The Theatre*, a biweekly periodical.

Steele's political writings had stirred up enough storms to make his career far from smooth. He resigned as commissioner of stamps in 1713 and was elected to Parliament, but, as a consequence of his anti-Tory pamphlets "**The Importance of Dunkirk Consider'd**" and "**The Crisis**" (advocating the Hanoverian succession), he was expelled from the House of Commons for "seditious writings." The language of his pamphlet on the Crisis was stigmatized as seditious and he was in consequence expelled the House. His expulsion brought forth *An Apology for himself and his Writings* which contains many biographical details of importance. Calmer weather, however, and rewards followed on George I's accession: Steele was appointed to the congenial and fairly lucrative post of governor of Drury Lane Theatre in 1714, knighted in 1715, and reelected to Parliament in the same year.

Steele's health was gradually undermined by his cheerful intemperance, and he was long plagued by gout. Nevertheless, he busied himself conscientiously with parliamentary duties and, more erratically, with his part in the management of Drury Lane. One of his main contributions to that theatre's prosperity was his last and most successful comedy, *The Conscious Lovers* (1722)—one of the most popular plays of the century and perhaps the best example of English sentimental comedy.

In 1724 Steele retired to his late wife's estate in Wales and began to settle his debts. His closing years were quiet, but his health continued to deteriorate.

### ***The Tatler***

- a periodical founded by Richard Steele ran from 12<sup>th</sup> April 1709 to 2<sup>nd</sup> Jan. 1711
- was issued **thrice weekly**: Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
- As the first number intimated, the subject was: "All accounts of Gallantry, Pleasure and Entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate-house; Poetry under that of Will's Coffee-house; Learning under the title of Grecian; Foreign and Domestic News you will have from St. James's Coffee-house; and what else I shall on any other subject offer, shall be dated from my own apartment."
- Steele's pseudonym: **Isaac Bickerstaff** (the character of Swift's Bickerstaff)
- Contributors: Jonathan Swift and Joseph Addison
- Addison had written more than 40 of *The Tatler's* total of **271 numbers** and had collaborated with Steele on another 36 of them.

### ***The Spectator***

- a periodical founded by Richard Steele with Joseph Addison
- ran from 1<sup>st</sup> Mar. 1711 to 6<sup>th</sup> Dec. 1712
- was issued **daily except Sunday**
- The papers are mainly concerned with manners, morals, and literature. Their object as stated in No. 10 is '**to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality**'.
- The real authors of the essays were free to consider whatever topics they pleased, with reference to the fictional framework (as in Steele's account of Sir Roger's views on

marriage, which appeared in issue no. 113) or without it (as in Addison's critical papers on *Paradise Lost*, John Milton's epic poem, which appeared in issues no. 267, 273, and others).

- Addison and Steele were the principal contributors, in about equal proportions; **other contributors** included Alexander Pope, Thomas Tickell, Eustace Budgell, Ambrose Philips, Eusden, and Lady M. W. Montagu.
- Addison wrote the first number, creating Mr. Spectator as the fictitious author. Steele wrote the second, introducing the members of the club, whom Tickell was the first to call the Dramatis Personae. The two shared the editorial work, and though Steele wrote and signed the final number. Addison's total contribution comprised almost half of the **555 papers** which made up the original run of the periodical.
- From the start, **Addison** was the leading spirit in *The Spectator*'s publication, contributing **274 numbers** in all. In bringing learning "out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables, and in coffee-houses,"
- Of the 555 daily numbers, **Steele contributed 236** (though about two-thirds made up from correspondents' letters).
- It should be noted here the number of papers contributed by Steele varies according to different sources: some go for 240 and some 251. However, the prescribed book *Coverley Papers from The Spectator* (Macmillan) says: "Addison's share in the work was nearly one half of the whole, his papers being 274 as against 236 contributed by Steele."
- More than 3,000 copies of *The Spectator* were published daily, and the 555 numbers were then collected into seven volumes.
- *The Spectator* was briefly revived in 1714 by Addison and was issued thrice weekly for six months (from June 18 to Dec. 20, 1714). **Addison published 80 additional numbers** (556-635), with the help of two assistants, and these were later reprinted as volume eight.
- His own gift for drawing realistic human characters found brilliant literary expression in the members of the Spectator Club, in which such figures as Roger de Coverley, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the Spectator himself represent important sections of contemporary society.
- **Sir Roger de Coverley**, a fictional character devised by Addison, is an English squire of Queen Anne's reign. Addison portrayed him as the ostensible author of papers and letters that were published in Addison and Richard Steele's influential periodical *The Spectator*. As imagined by Addison, Sir Roger was a baronet of Worcestershire and was meant to represent a typical landed country gentleman. He was also a member of the fictitious Spectator Club.
- Sir Roger de Coverley, with his simplicity, his high sense of honour, and his old-world reminiscences, reflects the country gentleman of the best kind; **Sir Andrew Freeport** expresses the opinions of the enterprising, hard-headed, and rather hard-hearted monied interest; **Captain Sentry** speaks for the army; **the Templar** for the world of taste and learning; **the Clergyman** for theology and philosophy; while, **Will**

**Honeycomb**, the elderly man of fashion, gives the Spectator many opportunities for criticizing the traditions of morality.

- These “members” were representatives of commerce, the army, the town (respectively, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, and Will Honeycomb), and of the country gentry (Sir Roger de Coverley).

### **The Gist of the Text: “The Spectator Club”**

In this essay, Steele has given an account of the members of the Club. These members represent important sections of society. Steele describes six of the members of the Club they are Sir Roger de Coverley, Captain Sentry, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, the Clergyman and the Student of Law.

Steele talks about the first gentleman of his company whose name is Sir Roger de Coverley. The people, who knew about the county of Sir Roger, knew Sir Roger. Sir Roger was a man of extraordinary nature and had a good sense. He always found fault with the ways of the world but this unusual nature never made him any enemies. Sir Roger had a unique capacity to please others. Sir Roger was a bachelor because he was disappointed in the love of a beautiful widow. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was a normal happy young man. He moved in society of important persons like Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege. However, after being ill-used by the widow he lost all his joviality and interest in social life for more than a year. He became very serious. Gradually his joviality returned. However, he grew careless about his dress. He wore a coat and jacket of a cut, which was in fashion at that time. Now Sir Roger was fifty-six years old but was quite hale and hearty. He had a house in village and town. He had such a good nature that people loved him. He also treated his servants well. He was also the justice of the quorum and showed his judicial abilities on the hair of the justice at a quarter-session.

After this, Steele has described another companion of the club. He is a lawyer. He was also a bachelor. He was a man of sharp wit and clear understanding. He chose his occupation rather to obey the direction of his old father than to incline to his own tendencies. He took to the study of law in obedience to his father. He was more interested in the study of drama and dramatic criticism. The philosophers like Aristotle and Longinus were well understood by him. His father used to send to him various questions on law in order to ensure his son’s progress in legal studies. The son outwitted the father by getting them answered through a lawyer whom he had engaged for the purpose. No body took him as a fool but only his friends knew that he had a great wit. He liked to read the books, which were not of the age he lived. He was familiar with the writings, customs, actions and manners of ancient writers, which made him a keen observer of the worldly affairs. He was a good critic. His real hour of business was the time of the play. The presence of an able critic among the audience would rouse the actors to give the best performance possible.

Next the author has discussed about Sir Andrew Freeport who was is a good businessman of London. He was very laborious, experienced and had a great understanding. His knowledge of commerce was extensive. He had his own ideals of the ways of enlarging a country’s trade. He was of the opinion that a dominion may be extended by art and industry than by power.

Diligence or industry alone would help the country to gain things of permanent value, and sloth or idleness more than the sword had caused the ruin of many nations. He knew many short maxims. He had a unique art of speech. He was a self-made person and believed that England too could become richer than other kingdoms, by methods which had so benefited him.

After Sir Andrew, the author has described the merits of Captain Sentry. He was very courageous intelligent and had good understanding. He was such a man who had not received good consideration of his abilities. He had been Captain in military for some years and fought bravely on fronts. He left the army because even though he rendered meritorious service, which any one could see and appreciate, promotion did not come to him. He used to say that only that man could hold a position in military who gets over his false modesty. He was of the opinion that it is cowardice to stand back modestly. Similarly, a man who failed to assert himself and demand what was his due was a coward. He was frank in speaking about the weaknesses of his officers. This frankness was a part of his character. Though he commanded many persons in military, he was never haughty. He never became a flatterer, although he obeyed his superiors.

The author then talks about Will Honeycomb. Though he was old, there were no traces of the passage of time in his brain or in his person. He had an attractive personality and could impress women by his talk. He dressed well and was well acquainted with the history of every fashion that remained in vogue in England. Will Honeycomb was always interested in matters pertaining to women. In his conventions he talked mostly of women, their dresses, their manners and their fashions. He had a good knowledge of history. He could tell that the hairstyles or hats of our wives and daughters resemble to those of the wenches of French Kings. But the author says that he was a gentleman. Leaving the relations of women he was an honest and worthy man.

At the end of the essay, the author tells us about one of his companions who seldom waited him. He was a philosopher and clergyman. He lived a sacred life. He was very weak in constitution. Because of ill health, he could not fulfill the responsibilities which promotion in the church might have brought him. He spoke on divine topic with authority. He wished for the good of the world even after his death.

**The Text:** “The Spectator Club”

[*The Spectator* No. 2; Friday, March 2, 1710-11]

Ast alii sex

Et plures uno conclamant ore. —Juvenal, “Satires,” vii. 166.

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

The first of our society is a gentleman of **Worcestershire**, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name **Sir Roger de Coverley**. His **great-grandfather** was inventor of that famous **country-dance** which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the

manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in **Soho Square**. It is said he keeps himself a **bachelor** by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful **widow of the next county** to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my **Lord Rochester** and **Sir George Etherege**, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully **Dawson** in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for **a year and a half**; and though, his temper being **naturally jovial**, he at last got over it, he grew **careless of himself** and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a **coat and doublet** of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out **twelve times** since he first wore it. It is said Sir Roger **grew humble** in his desires after he had forgot his **cruel beauty**, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended with **beggars and gypsies**; but this is looked upon, by his friends, rather as matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his **fifty-sixth year**, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. **His tenants** grow rich, his **servants** look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he **calls the servants by their names**, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a **justice of the quorum**; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause, by explaining a **passage in the Game Act**.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is **another bachelor**, who is a member of **the Inner Temple**, a man of great probity, **wit**, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study **the laws** of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. **Aristotle** and **Longinus** are much better understood by him than **Littleton** or **Coke**. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is **studying the passions** themselves, when he should be **inquiring into the debates** among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of **Demosthenes** and **Tully**, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a **great deal of wit**. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his **thoughts are drawn from business**, they are most of them fit for conversation. His **taste for books** is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and **writings of the ancients**, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an **excellent critic**, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly **at five** he passes through **New-inn**, crosses through **Russell-court**, and

takes a turn at **Will's** till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into **the Rose**. It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is **Sir Andrew Freeport**, a **merchant** of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls **the sea the British Common**. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and **barbarous way to extend dominion by arms**; for true power is to be got **by arts and industry**. He will often argue that, if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that **diligence** makes more lasting acquisitions than **valor**, and that **sloth** has ruined more nations than **the sword**. He abounds in several frugal **maxims**, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "**A penny saved is a penny got.**" A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his **fortune** himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as **plain methods** as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a **ship** in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the clubroom sits **Captain Sentry**, a gentleman of great **courage**, good understanding, but **invincible modesty**. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at **several sieges**; but having a small estate of his own, and **being next heir to Sir Roger**, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that, in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but **frankly confess** that he **left the world because he was not fit for it**. A **strict honesty** and an even regular behavior are in themselves **obstacles to him** that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk **excuse generals** for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come to me as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must **get over all false modesty**, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a **civil cowardice** to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same **frankness** runs through all his conversation. **The military part of his life** has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is **never overbearing**, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him;



nor ever too **obsequious**, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant **Will Honeycomb**, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be **in the decline of his life**; but having ever been very **careful of his person**, and always had a very **easy fortune**, time has made but a very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that **sort of discourse** with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and **laughs easily**. He knows **the history of every mode**, and can inform you from which of the **French king's wench**es our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of a **petticoat**, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all **his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world**. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you **when the Duke of Monmouth** danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a **blow of a fan** from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a **young commoner** that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirable begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn, and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of a man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, **where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man**.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him, whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for **he visits us but seldom**, but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a **clergyman**, a very **philosophic man**, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a **very weak constitution**, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore **among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers**. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He **seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon**; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some **divine topic**, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and **conceives hope from his decays and infirmities**. These are my ordinary companions.

# #

## from Unit 3

# SHAKESPEARE

### Shakespearean Theatre and Audience

#### Elizabethan Theatre:

Professional presentation of dramas as practiced in Shakespeare's time, especially during the reign of **Queen Elizabeth I** (1558–1603). Elizabethan theater was very different from today's theater in its organization, methods, and even the nature of the buildings used. Before the 1570s English theater barely existed, but in the course of Shakespeare's lifetime, a thriving center of dramatic art evolved in London.

At the outset of Elizabeth's reign, in 1558, English drama consisted largely of religious enactments such as **the morality play** presented at medieval festivals, and these were generally performed by members of the trade guilds of different towns. Professional entertainers were mostly wandering acrobats, musicians, and clowns, more like circus performers than actors. They were legally classed with vagabonds and could be jailed merely for pursuing their calling. Some troupes, however, were taken into the households of aristocrats and were therefore exempt from such laws. They provided entertainment for the lord and his guests, often performing an **interlude** at a meal, a much more drama-like feature than the "feats of activitie" commonly recorded. These troupes often traveled, performing for other nobles and gradually taking over the guilds' functions for the dramatic elements of seasonal festivals.

London naturally became a focus for such activities. London companies were still under the patronage of some great nobleman but were no longer closely affiliated with his household, though they might perform at his country home on special occasions. (The law required that actors be members of a noble household, and certain nobles cooperated with the actors, but the patrons generally had nothing else to do with the operations of a company.) Performances in London were usually held in large inns or taverns, most of which were within the walls of the city. However, the London government, largely controlled by Puritans, was particularly hostile to actors, so the companies began to arrange their performances in nearby areas. In 1576 **the Theatre**, the first building in England intended solely for the performance of plays, was built by **James Burbage**, just north of the city line. Other playhouses soon followed.

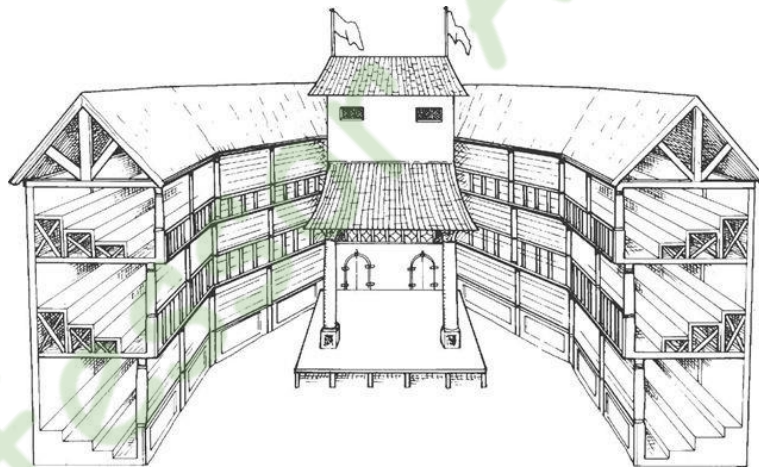
In a different social world, **Queen Elizabeth** catered extensively to performers, and the royal court became a second center of the nascent theater world. In 1574 the queen proclaimed one of the acting companies, **Leicester's Men**, to be members of her household and thus exempt from even London's laws against performing. Entrepreneurs such as Burbage and Philip HENSLOWE then began to hire dramatists to produce work that would attract sophisticated patrons and gain them the prestige of association with the court. **Elizabethan Drama** was born.

For almost a decade, Leicester's Men were the most important theater company in London, but the **Queen's Men**, created by Elizabeth in 1583, soon eclipsed them. In the early 1590s, two other companies arose that were to dominate Elizabethan theater thereafter: the **Admiral's Men** and **Strange's Men**, later the **Chamberlain's Men**, Shakespeare's company. Other companies included **Oxford's Men**, **Pembroke's Men**, and **Sussex's Men**. They played at court and at the Theatre and the other public playhouses:

- the **Curtain Theatre** (built near the Theatre in 1577),
- the **Rose Theatre** (the first in Southwark),
- the **Swan Theatre**,
- the **Globe Theatre**, and
- the **Fortune Theatre**.

Plays were also staged at the **Cross Keys Inn**, until London outlawed the theater in 1596, and in an outlying district, Newington Butts.

These theaters were generally roughly cylindrical, **three-storied buildings** surrounding a central, unroofed space containing the stage, built out from a section of the building that served as a backstage area. (Indoor theaters appeared somewhat later, in Shakespeare's lifetime but during the reign of King James I; they are part of the story of Jacobean Drama.) The actual appearance of these theaters is obscure, since the only evidence is a single drawing—of unknown reliability—depicting the interior of the Swan Theatre and the contract for the building of the Fortune.



Some spectators stood on the ground around the stage, within the **“wooden O”** (*Henry V*, Prologue, 13) of the building; the **“groundlings,”** as they were called, paid a cheap admission price. Each floor of the building was divided into galleries, which offered a better view of the stage and were more expensive. In the most expensive galleries, seating was provided; seats were also available, at the highest price, on the stage itself. A **canopy**, called the **“heavens”** or the “shadow,” extended over the stage from its rear wall. The stage itself probably contained one or more **trapdoors**, often used to represent graves or the mouth of hell. (Supernatural phenomena were popular on the Elizabethan stage, and Shakespeare often presented them—e.g., Apparition, Asnath, Ghost.)

Behind the stage, the building contained dressing rooms—the **“tiring [attiring] house”**—and upper rooms for musicians and for the machinery used to hoist actors or props in spectacular

ascents or descents through the “heavens.” A **balcony** or upper stage was commonly provided and was used in such scenes as the famous balcony scene (2.2) of *Romeo and Juliet*. Atop the whole structure was a hut, or “**penthouse**,” from which flags were flown and trumpets sounded to announce a performance.

Plays were **held outdoors** (very few seem to have been canceled by weather, suggesting a hardy audience). They usually began at **two o’clock in the afternoon**, and they had to be finished before nightfall, for the only illumination besides the sun were torches to provide partial relief on an overcast day or at the onset of dusk. (This limitation is often incorporated into the texture of the play. For instance, near the end of *Julius Caesar* a character witnesses the suicide of Cassius and observes, “O setting sun, / As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night, / So in his red blood Cassius’ day is set / The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone” [5.3.60–63], and the audience could confirm his remarks with their own eyes.) The average **duration** of a performance was about **two hours**—the Chorus of *Romeo and Juliet* speaks of “the two hours’ traffic of our stage” (Prologue, 12)— though many plays must have taken longer. Often the play was followed by a **jig**—a brief, often bawdy, miniature comic opera, with wild dancing and simple lyrics set to the melodies of popular songs.

Candles were used when daylight began to fade. The beginning of the play was announced by **the hoisting of a flag** and the blowing of a trumpet. There were **playbills**, those for tragedy being printed in red. Often after a serious piece a short farce was also given; and at the close of the play the actors, on their knees, recited an address to the king or queen. The price of entrance varied with the theater, the play, and the actors; but it was roughly a penny to sixpence for the pit, up to half a crown for a box. A three-legged stool on the stage at first cost sixpence extra; but this price was later doubled.

A performance in the Elizabethan theater was very different from one today. **The stages** were simply raised areas amid the audience, with very little if any scenery. **No curtain** opened on a prepared scene or closed on a finished one. The actors had to enter at the beginning and immediately command the audience’s attention, with the consequence that scenes tended to begin with powerful material. They also had to exit at the end to make room for the next sequence, so scenes generally did not end on a note of crisis, as is common in modern plays. At first there was little music, but soon players of instruments were added to the company. The stage was covered with straw or rushes. There may have been a painted wall with trees and hedges, or a castle interior with practicable furniture. A **placard** announced the scene. **Stage machinery** seems never to have been out of use, though in the early Elizabethan days it was probably primitive. The plays were often coarse and boisterous, closely associated with **bear-baiting** and **cock-fighting**. Playwrights and actors belonged to a bohemian, half-lawless class.

**Acting styles** seem to have been very different as well, according to written evidence that values a very formal and artificial style. Rhetorical flourishes and conventional poses created a distance that was felt to enhance the effect of the lines. Realistic portrayals were simply not expected, though some of Shakespeare’s characters begin the evolution toward modern dramatic realism. **Costumes** were contemporary for the most part, regardless of the setting of the play, except for special outfits that conventionally identified figures from the classical

world (a toga or a plumed helmet and armor), from the exotic Middle East (billowing trousers, a turban, and a scimitar), or supernatural beings such as gods or ghosts.

The strangest feature of the Elizabethan stage, by comparison with our own, was **the absence of women**. In the children's companies all the roles were taken by boys, but among the adult companies the effect was even stranger, for **the boys played the women** (though old, comical women, such as Mistress Quickly in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* or the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, could be played by men). Even then boys as the heroines of romance must have seemed somewhat comic, for playwrights often built on this peculiarity by having the heroine disguise herself as a boy. Thus, a boy played a girl who played a boy. A further complication was often invoked by having a woman (played by a boy) mistakenly fall in love with the disguised woman (also played by a boy). The situation was not only comical, but also suggestive of hidden depths of human sexuality. The use of boys as women was commonly attacked by Puritan critics as immoral, and many non-Puritans agreed. When the English theaters were reopened in **1660**, after being closed by the Puritan revolution, only women were allowed to play women.

In Elizabethan times the boys also played the parts of boys, of course, and some of these roles, though brief, were demanding (e.g., Boy in *Henry V*, Son in *Macbeth*, Moth in *Love's Labour's Lost*). A boy was sometimes apprenticed to an adult actor, who trained, educated, and supported him until he was capable of playing men's roles. The adult recovered his expenses by "selling" the trained boy to an acting company, perhaps his own. Neither party was bound by strict contracts, as in other trades, for members of noble households—as actors formally were—were not covered by the laws on apprenticeship.

**An actor's status** as an aristocratic retainer was merely a legal fiction, for acting companies were actually commercial enterprises, with **shareholding partners** and **paid employees**. Some companies, including the Admiral's Men, used a performance space owned by an entrepreneur, such as Philip Henslowe or Francis Langley, while others, typified by the Chamberlain's Men, controlled their own theater. **Five of the Chamberlain's Men**, including Shakespeare, **owned half of the Globe**, with Cuthbert Burbage and Richard Burbage—himself an actor in the company—owning the other half.

As owners, or "**housekeepers**," these men profited from the owner's share of the theater's receipts and paid the owner's expenses; as partners in the acting company, or "**sharers**," they profited from the other side of the arrangement. The housekeepers received half the receipts from the galleries, with which they maintained the building and paid the ground rent for the land on which it stood. The sharers received the company's part of a performance's receipts: all of the income from the cheaper admissions paid by the groundlings and half of that from the more expensive galleries. They shared this as profit after meeting their own expenses. They hired their employees—extra actors, stagehands, musicians, and others—and paid for costumes and props. Most important and most expensive, they commissioned dramas.

**Playwrights sold plays to acting companies**, who then owned the script; unless he was a member of the company, the author received no further income from his efforts. Some playwrights worked under **contract**, especially with Henslowe, who employed dozens of

writers. Others, most notably Shakespeare, wrote only for a company in which they were sharers. A few, like Ben Jonson, freelanced, writing for a variety of companies in succession.

Plays were **performed in a repertoire** that was rotated frequently; a given play was rarely staged more than once a week but might be staged frequently during a season, which might include a dozen or more plays. Popular plays, such as those of Shakespeare or Christopher Marlowe, might be revived periodically over many years or rewritten to appeal to changing fashions.

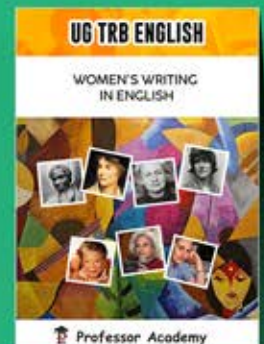
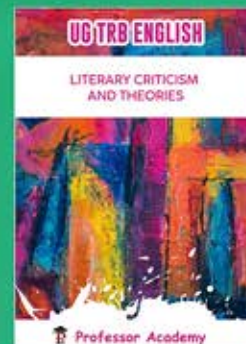
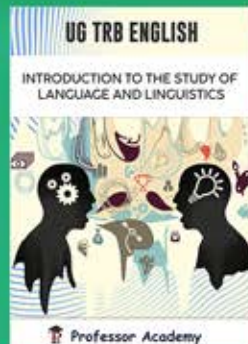
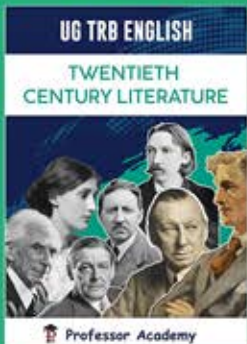
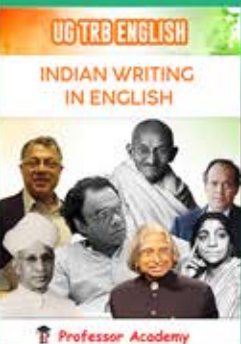
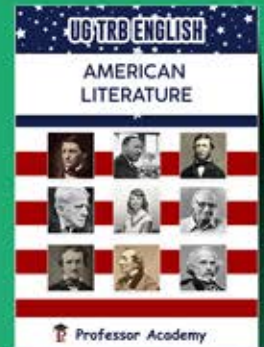
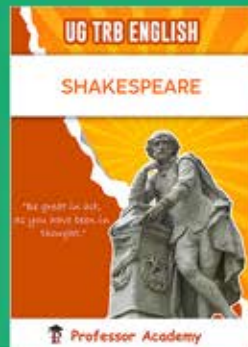
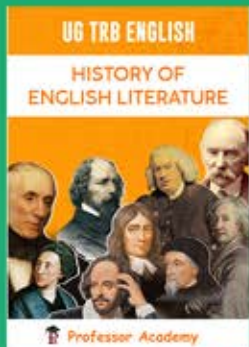
New plays were in great demand and were produced at an extraordinary rate. It has been estimated that at least several thousand plays were written for London theater companies during the years of Shakespeare's career; he himself wrote 40 (including *Cardenio*), for an average of almost two a year (though at least three of these—and probably more—were collaborative). Thomas Heywood declared that he had written or collaborated on 220 plays. Once a company bought a play, they submitted it, with the necessary fee, to the **Master Of The Revels**, who had to approve it for performance. He might refuse or demand changes for political or religious reasons. The company might sell **a script to a publisher**, who then profited exclusively from it, but they preferred not to, for as long as they owned it, they could anticipate further profits. Thus, the vast majority of the plays that were written in Shakespeare's time were never published and are lost.

# #



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## from Unit 4

# BRITISH LITERATURE – II

### John Ruskin: “Of Kings’ Treasuries”

#### Introduction:

**John Ruskin**, (born February 8, 1819, London, England—died January 20, 1900, Coniston, Lancashire), English critic of art, architecture, and society who was a gifted painter, a distinctive prose stylist, and an important example of the Victorian Sage, or Prophet: a writer of polemical prose who seeks to cause widespread cultural and social change.

In 1843 Ruskin published the first volume of *Modern Painters*, a book that would eventually consist of five volumes and occupy him for the next 17 years. Three years later, in the second volume of *Modern Painters* (1846), Ruskin would specifically distinguish this strenuously ethical or Theoretic conception of art from the Aesthetic, undidactic, or art-for-art’s sake definition that would be its great rival in the second half of the 19th century. In 1856 he published the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*, with their penetrating inquiry into the reasons for the predominance of landscape painting in 19th-century art and their invention of the important critical term “pathetic fallacy.”

In 1848, newly married to Euphemia (Effie) Gray, Ruskin went on a honeymoon tour of the Gothic churches of northern France and began to write his first major book on buildings, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* (1849). Conceived in the disturbing context of the European revolutions of 1848, the book lays down seven moral principles (or “Lamps”) to guide architectural practice. *The Stones of Venice* was published in three volumes, one in 1851 and two more in 1853. In part it is a laboriously researched history of Venetian architecture, based on long months of direct study of the original buildings, then in a condition of serious neglect and decay. *Unto This Last* and *Munera Pulveris* (1862 and 1872 as books, though published in magazines in 1860 and 1862–63) are attacks on the classical economics of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill.

*The Crown of Wild Olive* (1866, enlarged in 1873) collects some of the best specimens of Ruskin’s Carlylean manner, notably the lecture “Traffic” of 1864. In *The Queen of the Air* (1869) he attempted to express his old concept of a divine power in Nature in new terms calculated for an age in which assent to the Christian faith was no longer automatic or universal. Through an account of the Greek myth of Athena, Ruskin sought to suggest an enduring human need for—and implicit recognition of—the supernatural authority on which the moral stresses of his artistic, political, and cultural views depend.

Ruskin’s appointment as Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford in 1870 was a welcome encouragement at a troubled stage of his career, and in the following year he launched *Fors Clavigera*, a one-man **monthly magazine** in which, from 1871 to 1878 and 1880 to 1884 he developed his idiosyncratic cultural theories. Like his successive series of Oxford lectures (1870–79 and 1883–84), *Fors* is an unpredictable mixture of striking insights,



powerful rhetoric, self-indulgence, bigotry, and occasional incoherence. Ruskin wrote his last major work: his autobiography, *Praeterita* (1885–89). Unfinished, shamelessly partial (it omits, for example, all mention of his marriage), and chronologically untrustworthy, it provides a subtle and memorable history of the growth of Ruskin's distinctive sensibility.

### *Sesame and Lilies*:

John Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, first published in **1865**, stands as a classic 19th-century statement on the natures and duties of men and women. It consisted of **two lectures**: "Of Kings' Treasuries" and "Of Queens' Gardens".

In "Of Kings' Treasuries", Ruskin critiques Victorian manhood, and in "Of Queens' Gardens", he counsels women to take their places as the moral guides of men and urges the parents of girls to educate them to this end. Feminist critics of the 1960s and 1970s regarded "Of Queens' Gardens" as an exemplary expression of repressive Victorian ideas about femininity, and they paired it with **John Stuart Mill's** more progressive "Subjection of Women".

The second lecture, "**Of Queens' Gardens**", was delivered about a week later (on December 14<sup>th</sup>, 1864) at the Town Hall, King Street, Manchester, now the free Reference Library, in aid of the St Andrew's Schools. The main subject is therefore education, the education of women, and so Ruskin discusses 'why women should read'. It is woman's function to be Queen of her Garden, like the **lily**, the symbol of beauty and purity.

Ruskin's **third lecture**, "**The Mystery of Life and Its Arts**," delivered to the Royal College of Science in Dublin, 1868, was appended, along with a Preface, by the author in his **1871 (3<sup>rd</sup>) edition** of *Sesame and Lilies*.

### The Gist of the Text: "Of Kings' Treasuries"

"**Of Kings' Treasuries**" was delivered on December 6<sup>th</sup>, 1864, at Rusholme Town Hall, Manchester, in aid of a library fund for the Rusholme Institute. The central theme is books: how and what to read. '**Sesame**' is the key to the royal treasure-house of books and the magic grain of education that will unlock the wisdom contained in them.

It begins with an enquiry into what it means to "advance in life". Ruskin wants to redefine the idea of advancement, which in Victorian self-help culture was normally limited to improving one's financial and social position, to include cultivation of the mind and spirit by reading great literature. He gives several examples, beginning with an extended analysis of a passage from Milton's "**Lycidas**". Ruskin believes that the mental possession of such great works makes every man a king with a treasury in his mind.

### The Text: "Of Kings' Treasuries"

You shall each have a cake of sesame — and ten pound.

— LUCIAN: *The Fisherman*

My first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for **the ambiguity of title** under which the subject of lecture has been announced: for indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as

regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and another material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives, in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But — and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purposes — I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about the treasures hidden in books; and about the way we find them, and the way we lose them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education; and the answeringly wider spreading on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connection with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a “position in life” takes above all other thoughts in the parents’ — more especially in the mothers’ — minds. “**The education** befitting such and such a *station in life*” — this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract right-ness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education “which shall keep a good coat on my son’s back; — which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors’ bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; — in a word, which shall lead to ‘**advancement in life**’; — *this* we pray for on bent knees — and this is *all* we pray for.” It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, *is* advancement in life; — that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first — at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion — is this of “Advancement in Life.” May I ask you to consider with me what this idea practically includes, and what it should include?

Practically, then, at present, “**advancement in life**” means, becoming conspicuous in life; — obtaining a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest im-pulsive influence of average humanity: the greatest efforts of the race

have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it “mortification,” using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognize the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called “My Lord.” And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the State, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as “Your Majesty,” by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of “**advancement in life**,” the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call “getting into good society.” We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its good-ness depends primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: I do not much care which, in beginning; but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity — or what used to be called “**virtue**” — may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, “You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business.” I begin, accordingly, to-night low in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men’s minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen hands held up — the audience, partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and, partly, shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious — I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good; I see you

are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question, I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure, for the sake of beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise — and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, what-ever our rank or occupation; — talk to us in the best words they can choose, and of the things nearest their hearts. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle, and can be kept waiting round us all day long — kings and statesmen lingering patiently, not to grant audience, but to gain it! — in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves — we make no account of that company — perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them; and the passion with which we pursue **the company**, probably of the ignoble who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this — that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces; — sup-pose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied,

determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men; — this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings — **books**, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, **the books of the hour**, and **the books of all time**. Mark this distinction — it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. **The good book of the hour**, then — I do not speak of **the bad ones** — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would — the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice.

You cannot talk to your friend in India, if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him; — this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if any-

thing of mine, is worth your memory.” That is his “**writing**”; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a “Book.”

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written.

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

11. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages **by their greatest men**: — by great readers, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; — yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you can-not read that — that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

12. “The place you desire,” and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this: — it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name over-awe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates, In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question: — “Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence.”

13. This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your **ambition**. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways:

(1) First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

(2) Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is — that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but as-certain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once; — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the rea-son of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it to you by way of help, but of reward; and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might now that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble and digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting-furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into **the habit of looking intensely at words**, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable — nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real fact: — that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough) and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter — that is to say, with real accuracy — you are forevermore in some measure an educated person. The entire

difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it) consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages — may not be able to speak any but his own — may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly; above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood at a glance, from words of modern canaille; remembers all their ancestry, their inter-marriages, distant relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know, by memory, many languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person: so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence, will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing forever.

16. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. It is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English *meaning* should *not* excite a frown there. Let the accent of words be watched; and closely: let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. **A few words well-chosen and distinguished**, will do work that a thousand cannot, when everyone is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now — (there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious, “information,” or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools in-stead of human meanings) — there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks — “ground lion” cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man’s fancy: on that ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There never were creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men’s ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherish-es, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him — you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men’s hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin words for an idea when they want it to be awful; and **Saxon or otherwise common words** when they want it to be vulgar. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the “Word” they live by, for the Power of which that Word tells them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form “biblos,” or “biblion,” as the right expression for “book” — instead of employing it only in the one in-stance in which we wish to give dignity to the



idea, and translating it into English everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for many simple persons, if, in such places (for instance) as *Acts* xix. 19, we retained the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read — “Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver”! Or if, on the other hand, we translated where we retain it, and always spoke of “The Holy Book,” instead of “Holy Bible,” it might come into more heads than it does at present, that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store,<sup>1</sup> cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any way-side by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form “damno,” in translating the Greek κατακρίνω, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temper-ate “condemn” for it, when they choose to keep it gentle; and what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on — “He that believeth not shall be damned”; though they would shrink with horror from translating *Hebrews* xi, 7, “The saving of his house, by which he damned the world”; or *John* viii, 10-11, “Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more.” And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest leaves — though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes — have nevertheless been rendered practicably possible, namely, by the European adoption of **the Greek word** for a public meeting, “ecclesia,” to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word “**priest**” as a contraction for “**presbyter.**”

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in your language has been first a word of some other language — of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these; — that is to say, have been **Greek first, Latin next, French and German next, and English last**: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep vital meaning, which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old — girl or boy — whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Müller’s lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word es-cape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through

which the English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet few perhaps have been read with less sincerity. I will take these few following lines of *Lycidas*:

Last came, and last did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake.  
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)  
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,  
     “How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,  
     Enow of such as for their bellies' sake  
     Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
     Of other care they little reckoning make,  
     Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
     And shove away the worthy bidden guest;  
     Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
     A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least  
     That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!  
     What recks it them? What need they?  
     They are sped; And when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
     Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
     The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
     But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,  
     Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
     Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
     Daily devours apace, and nothing said.”

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find **Milton** assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His “mitred” locks! Milton was no Bishop — lover; how comes St. Peter to be “mitred”? “Two massy keys he bore.” Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical license, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help his effect?

Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too — is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, “I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven” quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand *him*, we must understand

that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, “for their bellies’ sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.”

21. Never think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; especially those three, and no more than those — “creep,” and “intrude.” and “climb”; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who “*creep*” into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who “intrude” (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who “climb,” who by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become “lords over the heritage,” though not “ensamples to the flock.”

22. Now go on:

Of other care they little reckoning make,  
Than how to scramble at the shearers’ feast.

***Blind mouths*** —

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church — those of bishop and pastor.

A “**Bishop**” means a “person who sees.”

A “**Pastor**” means a “person who feeds.”

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,

— to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have “blind mouths.” We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king’s office to rule; the bishop’s office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history, from

childhood, of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out! — Does the bishop know all about it? Has he *had* his eye up-on them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop — he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. “Nay,” you say, “it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street.” What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces — you think it is only those he should look after, while (go back to your Milton) “the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf with privy paw” (bishops knowing nothing about it) “daily devours apace, and nothing said”?

“But that's not our idea of a bishop.” Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

But, swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.

This is to meet the vulgar answer that “if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food.”

And **Milton** says, “They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind.” At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of “Spirit.” It is only a contraction of the Latin word “breath,” and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for “wind.” The same word is used in writing, “The wind bloweth where is listeth”; and in writing, “So is every one that is born of the Spirit”; born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words “inspiration” and “expire.” Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath — the word which *he* calls spiritual — is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first and last, and fatalest sign of it is that “puffing up.” Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives, suddenly awakening to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work: — these are the true fog children — clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with — corrupt, and corrupting,

Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw.

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between **Milton and Dante** in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key of the prison in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who “have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves.”

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see and feed; and of all who do so it is said, “He that watereth, shall be watered also himself.” But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself, and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight — shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle is the image, “Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out,” issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as “the golden opes, the iron shuts amain.”

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called “**reading**”; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author’s place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, “Thus Milton thought,” not “Thus *I* thought, in misreading Milton.” And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own “Thus I thought” at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance; — that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon: — in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any “thoughts” at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters; — no right to “think,” but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your life (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an “opinion” on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can al-ways find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much more than an “opinion” on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered; — that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations; — that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones; — on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong, opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find That, on the whole, you can know NOTHING — judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though

you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for *indecision*, that is all they can generally do for you! — and well for them and for us, if indeed they are able “to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts.” This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest: he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves — it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare’s opinion, instead of Milton’s, on this matter of Church authority? — or for Dante’s? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in *Richard III* against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him — “disteso, tanto vilmente, nell’ eterno esilio”; or of him whom Dante stood beside, “come ’l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin?” **Shakespeare and Alighieri** knew men better than most of us, I presume! They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess. But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare’s or Dante’s creed into articles, and send *it* up for trial by the Ecclesiastical Courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own “judgment” was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought: nay, you will see that most men’s minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes, and venomous, wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, “Break up your fallow ground, and *sow not among thorns.*”

27. (II) — Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make; — you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them, that you may share at last their just and mighty **Passion**. Passion, or “sensation.” I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another — between one animal and another — is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earthworms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But, being human creatures, it *is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion 28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow “no vain or vulgar person to enter there.” What do you think I meant by a “vulgar” person? What do you yourselves mean

by “vulgarity”? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, with-out pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are forever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy — of quick understanding — of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or “touch — faculty” of body and soul; that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures; — fineness and fullness of sensation beyond reason; — the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true: it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

29. We come then to **the great concourse of the Dead**, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is just. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge — not the first thought that comes — so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion — not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master’s business; — and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand — the place of the great continents beyond the sea; — a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven — things which “the angels desire to look into.” So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonized nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness, minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day; — sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revel-ings and junketings; in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, without an effort or a tear.

30. I said “**minuteness**” and “**selfishness**” of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said “injustice” or “unrighteousness” of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this — that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be — usually are — on the whole, generous and right; but it has no foundation

for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching an opinion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on; — nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds or thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its land-lords; and then debate, with drivelling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its murderers. Also, a great nation, having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or grey-haired clodpate Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," at the very moment that it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their father's sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about **reading**. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we can-not read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for **the English public**, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing — so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that every-thing should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our two pence and give them to the host without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me four pence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work — in our war — even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the



day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle; and are still true in affection to our own flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, how-ever generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline *it*, one day, with scorpion whips. Above all a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity — it cannot with existence — go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. (I) — I say first **we have despised literature**. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library you call him mad — a bibliomaniac. But you never call anyone a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the bookshelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body; now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and reread, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good: but there is bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be poor indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries!

33. (II) — I say **we have despised science**. "What!" you exclaim, "are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions?" Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done *in spite of* the nation; by

private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for his own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes, and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him; but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to *us*? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some *discredit* to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil.) This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred; but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich Museum at this moment, if Professor Owen had not with loss of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus) is at least fifty millions. Now £700 is to £50,000,000 roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose, then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you four pence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra three pence yourself, till next year!"

34. (III) — I say **you have despised Art!** "What!" you again answer, "have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do we not pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools and institutions, more than ever nation had before?" Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; **1** not being able to do that, your ideal of life is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate

apprentices, screaming to every passer-by, “What d’ye lack?” You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs; — that Art may be learned as bookkeeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read — never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute) in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck — (in Venice you saw the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the fine pictures in Europe were made into sand-bags to-morrow on the Austrian forts, it would not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of game less in your own bags, in a day’s shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. (IV.) — **You have despised Nature**; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth. Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars. You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell’s chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not tram-pled coal ashes into— nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers’ shops: the Alps themselves, which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again with “shrieks of delight.” When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the “towers of the vineyards,” and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. **You despise compassion**. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year (1867) (date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that “yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul’s”); it relates only one of such facts as happen now daily; this, by chance, having taken a form in which it came before the corner. . . . “An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White

Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's Court, Christ Church. Deceased was a 'translator' of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (2s. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday night week, deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, "Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more." There was no fire, and he said, 'I would be better if I was warm.' Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots<sup>1</sup> to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, 'We must have our profit.' Witness got 14 lbs. of coal and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the 'translations,' to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat — Coroner: 'It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse.' Witness: 'We wanted the comforts of our little home.' a juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in a week. They then always saved towards the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse — Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4-lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should 'get the stones.' That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a half penny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning — A juror: 'You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.' — Witness: 'If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better.' Dr. G.P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion, from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting. The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict: 'That deceased died from exhaustion, from want of food and the common necessities of life; also through want of medical aid.'"

37. "Why would witness not go into **the workhouse**?" you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for, of course, everyone who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale; only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and

pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory speculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to the conditions. Meantime, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.<sup>1</sup> “Christian,” did I say? Alas, if we were but wholesomely *un-Christian*, it would be impossible; it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival — the Christianity which we do not fear to mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our Satanellas — Roberts — Faustus; chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the “Dio” through variation on variation of mimicked prayer (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment); — this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon — we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ-pipes, both; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property-man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures, then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride, would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the black lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there, and may have his brains beaten out, and be maimed for life, at any moment, and never be thanked; the sailor wrestling with the sea’s rage; the quiet student poring over his book or his vial; the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance, while the mind is gone. Our National wish and purpose are to be amused; our National religion is the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes — sense-less, dissolute, merciless. How literally that word *Dis-Ease*, the Negation and impossibility of Ease, expresses the entire moral state of our English Industry and its Amusements!

39. When men are rightly occupied, their **amusement** grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower; — when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse of the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough; — the measure of national fault involved in them is, perhaps, not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults and miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dullness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one of the lovely, **neglected works of the last of our great painters**. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So, also, we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will; little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault — nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery; because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them; — which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, "Art thou also become weak as we — art thou also become one of us?" so would these kings, with their undimmed, unshaken

diadems, meet us, saying, “Art thou also be-come pure and mighty of heart as we — art thou also become one of us?”

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind — “magnanimous” — to be this, is, indeed, to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, to “**advance in life**,” — in life it-self — not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends’ houses; and each of them placed him at his table’s head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have more orders on its breast-crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables’ heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull; — no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its full-ness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and — *not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living<sup>1</sup> peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth — they, and they only. All other king-ships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties — costly shows, set off, indeed, with real jewels instead of tinsel — but still only the toys of nations; or else they are no royalties at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, “Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more.”

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles’ indignant epithet of base kings, “people-eating,” were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king’s dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man’s estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gadflies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, band-mastered trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make “il

gran rifiúto”; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make *its* “gran rifiúto” of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it — not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, “Go,” and he goeth; and to another, “Come,” and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people, as you can Trent — and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and indefinite equator.

45. Measure! — nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between **the power of those who “do and teach,”** and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven — and **the power of those who undo, and consume** — whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth; and the Rusk-kings, who are to their peoples’ strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding — treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent; helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered; — there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web made fair in the weaving, by Athena’s shuttle; an armour, forged in divine fire by Vulcanian force — a gold to be mined in the sun’s red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs; — deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold! — the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, with their winged power, and guide us, with their unerring eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of — Wisdom — for their people?

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom! That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise! — organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers! — find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle — grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand (if anything stand) surest and longest of all work of mine.

It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists’ wealth that supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to



support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which make such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the "science" of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person.

48. **France and England** literally, observe, **buy panic of each other**; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

50. I could shape for you other plans for **art galleries**, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious — many, it seems to me, needful — things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it dealing in a better bread; — bread made of that old enchanted Arabian grain, **the Sesame**, which opens doors; — doors not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

# #



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## from Unit 5

# AMERICAN LITERATURE

### H. D. Thoreau: “The Battle of the Ants”

#### Introduction:

**Henry David Thoreau**, (born July 12, 1817, Concord, Massachusetts, U.S.—died May 6, 1862, Concord), American essayist, poet, and practical philosopher renowned for having lived the doctrines of **Transcendentalism** [see 7. Walt Whitman] as recorded in his masterwork, *Walden* (1854), and for having been a vigorous advocate of civil liberties, as evidenced in the essay “**Civil Disobedience**” (1849; first published in May 1849 under the title “Resistance to Civil Government”).

*Walden; or, Life in the Woods*, series of **18 essays** by Henry David Thoreau, published in 1854. An important contribution to New England **Transcendentalism**, the book was a record of Thoreau’s experiment in simple living on the northern shore of **Walden Pond** in eastern Massachusetts (1845–47). *Walden* is viewed not only as a **philosophical treatise on labour, leisure, self-reliance, and individualism** but also as an influential piece of nature writing. It is considered Thoreau’s masterwork.

#### The Gist of the Text: “The Battle of the Ants”

“Battle of the Ants” is an excerpt from Chapter Twelve titled “**Brute Neighbours**” in *Walden; or, Life in the Woods* (1854).

This chapter (“Brute Neighbours”) begins with a dialogue between a Hermit and a Poet. Thoreau makes clear that these two characters represent himself and a visitor who used to come to his cabin. The gist of the dialogue is that the Poet—the visitor—tempts the Hermit to leave his meditations and go fishing. The Hermit wonders, “Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing?” and ends by going fishing.

After this dialogue is completed, the narrator describes the various animals, the “brute neighbours,” that harmoniously lived with him at Walden. There is the friendly mouse that climbed up his sleeves and gobbled the crumbs given him. A phoebe built her nest in his shed and a robin dwelt in the pine tree next to his cabin. Partridges filed beneath his window, and beyond his window the woods were busy with animal activity. The narrator gives us lively descriptions of otters, racoons, woodcocks, turtledoves, squirrels, jays, and many other animals.

In such a setting, his ability to perceive natural phenomena was developed to such an extent that he was able to observe and depict in minute detail **a battle between red and black ants** near his woodpile. While he was doing this, his imagination was so stimulated that he turned the ant fight into an epic war between “the red republicans” and “the black imperialists” and

thus he ‘skimmed off’ another truth for man: is a war between ants any more or any less significant than one between men?

### **The Summary of the Text:**

One day when Thoreau went out to his wood-pile, he saw two large ants fighting with one another. When he looked farther he saw that there was a war between two races of ants, the **red ants** and the **black ants**. Usually, two smaller red ants fought with one larger black ant. The whole area was covered with fighting ants. Both sides were equally determined to fight a deadly fight. In this war the **red republicans** and the **black imperialists** were taking part. They were fighting noiselessly and more seriously than human soldiers.

Then the writer observed a couple embracing each other and determined to fight till the end of the day or their lives. The red fighter was in the enemy area. He had cut off one feeler of the enemy. The black ant was dashing him from side to side and he had killed several red ants. Both parties seemed to have decided not to move back. They were fighting either to win or to die. At that time a single red ant arrived there getting excited. He had not lost any of his limbs. He arrived there like Achilles to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. When he got an opportunity, he sprang upon the black ant. Now the three of them were fighting for life. The writer felt that there were musical bands on both sides to excite the slow fighters and to cheer the dying fighters. They were like human beings. The more one compared them with human beings, the less difference one would find between them. Such a battle had never taken place there. They were fighting for principle heroically and like patriots. The results of this battle would be important and memorable.

The writer took up the chip on which the three were struggling, carried it into his house and placed it under a glass. Holding a microscope to the red ant, he saw that the ant had cut the foreleg of the enemy and that his own breast was torn by the black ant. After half an hour he found that the black ant had cut off the heads of the red ants and was carrying them as the signs of victory. When the glass was raised the black ant went off over the window-sill in a crippled state. The writer thought of the battle all the daylong and he was sad at the ferocity and the widespread destruction.

### **The Text: “The Battle of the Ants”**

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed **two large ants**, the one **red**, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and **black**, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these **Myrmidons** covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine

war; the **red republicans** on the one hand, and the **black imperialists** on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched **a couple** that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The **smaller red champion** had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the **stronger black one** dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was "**Conquer or die.**" In the meanwhile there came along **a single red ant** on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some **Achilles**, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his **Patroclus**. He saw this unequal combat from afar -- for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red -- he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he **sprang upon the black warrior**, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have **wondered** by this time to find that they had their **respective musical bands** stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their **national airs** the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in **Concord history**, at least, if in the history of **America**, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an **Austerlitz or Dresden**. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and **Luther Blanchard** wounded! Why here every ant was a **Buttrick** -- "Fire! for God's sake fire!" -- and thousands shared the fate of **Davis and Hosmer**. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid **a three-penny tax on their tea**; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the **battle of Bunker Hill**, at least.

I took up the chip on which **the three** I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to **the first-mentioned red ant**, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled **half an hour** longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again **the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies**, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of

him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after **half an hour more**, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some **Hotel des Invalides**, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I **never learned which party was victorious**, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of **a human battle** before my door.

**Kirby and Spence** tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that **Huber** is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "**Aeneas Sylvius**," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "'This action was fought in the pontificate of **Eugenius the Fourth**, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole, history of the battle with the greatest fidelity.' A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by **Olaus Magnus**, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant **Christiern the Second** from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in **the Presidency of Polk**, five years before the passage of **Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill**.

# #

from Unit 6  
INDIAN WRITING IN ENGLISH

## M. K. Gandhi: “The Gospel of Non-violence”

### Introduction:

Mahatma Gandhi, byname of **Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi**, (born October 2, 1869, Porbandar, India—died January 30, 1948, Delhi), Indian lawyer, politician, social activist, and writer who became the leader of the nationalist movement against the British rule of India. As such, he came to be considered the father of his country. Gandhi is internationally esteemed for his doctrine of nonviolent protest (**satyagraha**) to achieve political and social progress.

Gandhi was the youngest child of his father’s fourth wife. His father—**Karamchand Gandhi**, who was the *dewan* (chief minister) of Porbandar, the capital of a small principality in western India (in what is now Gujarat state) under British suzerainty—did not have much in the way of a formal education. Gandhi’s mother, **Putlibai**, was completely absorbed in religion, did not care much for finery or jewelry, divided her time between her home and the temple, fasted frequently, and wore herself out in days and nights of nursing whenever there was sickness in the family.

**1882:** Gandhi, only 13 years old, marries **Kasturba Kapadia**, who is also 13. Kasturba will later participate in a number of her husband’s civil disobedience campaigns.

He studied **law in England** from 1888 to 1891, and in 1893 he took **a job with an Indian firm in South Africa**. There he became an effective advocate for Indian rights. While traveling to Pretoria, he was unceremoniously thrown out of a first-class railway compartment and left shivering and brooding at the rail station in Pietermaritzburg. In the further course of that journey, he was beaten up by the white driver of a stagecoach because he would not travel on the footboard to make room for a European passenger, and finally he was barred from hotels reserved “for Europeans only.” In retrospect the journey from **Durban to Pretoria** struck him as one of the most-creative experiences of his life; it was his moment of truth.

Gandhi felt an irresistible attraction to a life of simplicity, manual labour, and austerity. In 1904—after reading **John Ruskin’s *Unto This Last***, a critique of capitalism—he set up a farm at Phoenix near Durban where he and his friends could live by the sweat of their brow. Six years later another colony grew up under Gandhi’s fostering care near Johannesburg; it was named Tolstoy Farm for the Russian writer and moralist, whom Gandhi admired and corresponded with.

In 1906 he first put into action satyagraha, his technique of **nonviolent resistance**. His success in South Africa gave him an international reputation, and in 1915 he returned to India and within a few years became the leader of a nationwide struggle for Indian home rule. By 1920 Gandhi commanded influence hitherto unattained by any political leader in India.

He refashioned the **Indian National Congress** into an effective political instrument of Indian nationalism and undertook major campaigns of nonviolent resistance in 1920–22, 1930–34 (including his momentous march to the sea to collect salt to protest a government monopoly), and 1940–42. In the 1930s he also campaigned to end discrimination against India’s lower-caste “untouchables” (Dalits; officially designated as Scheduled Castes) and concentrated on educating rural India and promoting cottage industry.

### **1930–31: Dandi March**

In March 1930 he launched **the Salt March**, a satyagraha against the British-imposed tax on salt, which affected the poorest section of the community. One of the most spectacular and successful campaigns in Gandhi’s nonviolent war against the British raj, it resulted in the imprisonment of more than 60,000 people. A year later, after talks with the viceroy, Lord Irwin (later Lord Halifax), Gandhi accepted a truce (**the Gandhi-Irwin Pact**), called off civil disobedience, and agreed to attend the **Round Table Conference** in London as the sole representative of the Indian National Congress.

India achieved dominion status in 1947, but the partition of the subcontinent into India and Pakistan was a great disappointment to Gandhi, who had long worked for Hindu-Muslim unity. In September 1947 he ended rioting in Calcutta (Kolkata) by fasting. Known as the Mahatma (“Great-Souled”), Gandhi had won the affection and loyalty of millions. In January 1948 he was shot and killed by **Nathuram Godse**, a young Hindu fanatic.

*The Story of My Experiments with Truth* is his autobiography published in a weekly journal, Navjivan, between 1925 and 1929, it covers the span of time between Gandhi’s early childhood through roughly 1921. Gandhi was compelled to write the autobiography by his close friend, Swami Anand, who would become his literary manager. The autobiography seeks to explain the experiential roots of Gandhi’s activist vocation. The book has been recognized as one of the most important spiritual works of the twentieth century.

### **The Text: “The Gospel of Non-violence”**

[Chapter 21 in *The Mind of Mahatma Gandhi* (Encyclopedia of Gandhi’s Thoughts)  
Compiled & Edited by R. K. Prabhu & U. R. Rao

Abbreviations:

**YI** – *Young India*: (1919-1932) English weekly journal, published from Bombay as a bi-weekly, under Gandhiji's supervision from May 7, 1919, and as a weekly from Ahmedabad, with Gandhiji as editor from October 8, 1919.

**H** – *Harijan*: (1933-1956) English weekly journal founded by Gandhiji and published under the auspices of the Harijan Sevak Sangh, Poona, and from 1942, by the Navajivan Trust, Ahmedabad. The weekly suspended publication in 1940 during the “Individual Satyagraha”; resumed in January 1942, but stopped appearing during the Quit India Struggle. It reappeared in 1946.

**FYM** – *From Yeravda Mandir: Ashram Observances*: M.K. Gandhi; translated by V. G. Desai; Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad, 1933; edition used: 1957.]



## The Law of Our Species

I am not a visionary. I claim to be a **practical idealist**. The religion of non-violence is not meant merely for the rishis and saints. It is meant for the common people as well. Non-violence is the law of our species as violence is the law of the brute. The spirit lies dormant in the brute and he knows no law but that of physical might. The dignity of man requires obedience to a higher law-to the strength of the spirit.... **The rishis** who discovered the law of non-violence in the midst of violence were greater geniuses than **Newton**. They were themselves known the use of arms, they realized their uselessness, and taught a weary world that **its salvation** lay not through violence but through non-violence.

(YI, 11-8-1920, p3)

## My Ahimsa

I know only one way-the way of ahimsa. **The way of himsa goes against my grain**. I do not want to cultivate the power to inculcate himsa...The faith sustains me that He is the help of the helpless, that He comes to one's succor only when one throws himself on His mercy. It is because of that faith that I cherish the hope that God will one day show me a path which I may confidently commend to the people.

(YI, 10-10-1928, p342)

I have been a '**gambler**' all my life. In my passion for finding truth and in relentlessly following out my faith in non-violence, I have counted no stake too great. In doing so I have erred, if at all, in the company of the most distinguished scientist of any age and any clime.

(YI, 20-2-1930, p61)

I learnt the lesson of non-violence from **my wife**, when I tried to bend her to my will. Her determined resistance to my will, on the one hand, and her quiet submission to the suffering my stupidity involved, on the other, ultimately made me ashamed of myself and cured me of my stupidity in thinking that I was born to rule over her and, in the end, she became my teacher in non-violence.

(H, 24-12-1938, p394)

The doctrine that has guided my life is not one of inaction but of the highest action.

(H, 28-6-1942, p201)

I must not...flatter myself with the belief--nor allow friends...to entertain the belief that I have exhibited any heroic and demonstrable non-violence in myself. All I can claim is that I am sailing in that direction without a moment's stop.

(H, 11-1-1948, p504)

## Character of Non-violence

Non-violence is **the law of the human race** and is infinitely greater than and superior to brute force. In the last resort it does not avail to those who do not possess **a living faith in the God of Love**. Non-violence affords the fullest protection to **one's self-respect** and sense of honour, but not always to **possession of land or movable property**, though its habitual practice does prove **a better bulwark** than the possession of armed men to defend them. Non-violence, in the very nature of things, is of **no assistance in the defence of ill-gotten**

**gains and immoral acts.** Individuals or nations who would practice non-violence must be prepared to sacrifice (nations to last man) their all except honour. It is, therefore, inconsistent with the possession of other people's countries, i.e., **modern imperialism**, which is frankly based on force for its defence. Non-violence is **a power** which can be wielded equally by all – children, young men and women or grown-up people, provided they have a living faith in the God of Love and have therefore equal love for all mankind. When non-violence is accepted as the law of life, it must pervade the whole being and not be applied to isolated acts. It is **a profound error** to suppose that, whilst the law is good enough for individuals, it is **not for masses of mankind.**

(H, 5-9-1936, p236)

For the way of **non-violence and truth is sharp as the razor's edge.** Its practice is more than our daily food. Rightly taken, **food** sustains the body; rightly practiced **non-violence sustains the soul.** The body food we can only take in measured quantities and at stated intervals; non-violence, which is **the spiritual food**, we have to take in continually. There is no such thing as satiation. I have to be conscious every moment that I am pursuing the goal and have to examine myself in terms of that goal.

### **Changeless Creed**

The **very first step** in non-violence is that we cultivate in our daily life, as between ourselves, **truthfulness, humility, tolerance, loving kindness.** Honesty, they say in English, is the best policy. But, in terms of non-violence, it is not mere policy. Policies may and do change. Non-violence is **an unchangeable creed.** It has to be pursued in face of violence raging around you. Non-violence with a non-violent man is no merit. In fact it becomes difficult to say whether it is non-violence at all. But when it is pitted **against violence**, then one realizes the difference between the two. This we cannot do unless we are ever wakeful, ever vigilant, ever striving.

(H, 2-4-1938, p64)

The only thing lawful is non-violence. **Violence can never be lawful** in the sense meant here, i.e., not according to man-made law but according to the law made by Nature for man.

(H, 27-10-1946, p369)

### **Faith in God**

[A living faith in non-violence] is impossible without **a living faith in God.** A non-violent man can do nothing save by the power and grace of God. Without it he won't have **the courage to die** without anger, without fear and without retaliation. Such courage comes from the belief that God sits in the hearts of all and that there should be no fear in the presence of God. The knowledge of **the omnipresence of God** also means respect for the lives even of those who may be called opponents. . . .

(H, 18-6-1938, p64)

Non-violence is **an active force of the highest order.** It is soul force or the power of Godhead within us. **Imperfect man** cannot grasp the whole of that Essence – **he would not be able to bear its full blaze**, but even an infinitesimal fraction of it, when it becomes active within us, can work wonders. **The sun** in the heavens fills the whole universe with its life-

giving warmth. But if one went too near it, it would consume him to ashes. Even so it is with God-head. We become Godlike to the extent we realize non-violence; but **we can never become wholly God.**

(H, 12-11-1938, p326)

The fact is that non-violence does not work in the same way as violence. It works in the opposite way. **An armed man** naturally relies upon his arms. A man who is intentionally **unarmed relies upon the Unseen Force** called **God** by poets, but called **the Unknown** by scientists. But that which is unknown is **not necessarily non-existent**. God is the Force among all forces known and unknown. Non-violence without reliance upon that Force is poor stuff to be thrown in the dust.

(H, 28-6-1942, p201)

Consciousness of the living presence of God within one is undoubtedly the first requisite.

(H, 29-6-1947, p209)

### **Religious Basis**

My **claim to Hinduism** has been **rejected by some**, because I believe and advocate non-violence in its extreme form. **They say** that I am **a Christian in disguise**. I have been even seriously told that I am distorting the meaning of **the Gita**, when I ascribe to that great poem the teaching of unadulterated non-violence. Some of my Hindu friends tell me that killing is a duty enjoined by the Gita under certain circumstances. A very learned **shastri** only the other day scornfully rejected **my interpretation of the Gita** and said that there was no warrant for the opinion held by some commentators that the Gita represented **the eternal duel between forces of evil and good**, and inculcated the duty of eradicating evil within us without hesitation, without tenderness. I state these opinions against non-violence in detail, because it is necessary to understand them, if we would understand the solution I have to offer.... I must be dismissed out of considerations. **My religion is a matter solely between my Maker and myself**. If I am a Hindu, I cannot cease to be one even though I may be disowned by the whole of the Hindu population. I do however suggest that **non-violence is the end of all religions**.

(YI, 29-5-1924, p175)

The lesson of non-violence is present **in every religion**, but I fondly believe that, perhaps, it is here in India that its practice has been reduced to a science. Innumerable saints have laid down their lives in tapashcharya until poets had felt that the Himalayas became purified in their snowy whiteness by means of their sacrifice. But all this practice of non-violence is nearly dead today. It is necessary to **revive the eternal law of answering anger by love** and of violence by non-violence; and where can this be more readily done than in this land of Kind Janaka and Ramachandra?

(H, 30-3-1947, p86)

### **Hinduism's Unique Contribution**

Non-violence is **common to all religions**, but it has found the highest expression and application in Hinduism. (I do not regard **Jainism or Buddhism** as separate from Hinduism). Hinduism believes in the oneness not of merely all human life but in **the oneness of all that**

**lives. Its worship of the cow** is, in my opinion, its unique contribution to the evolution of humanitarianism. It is a practical application of the belief in the oneness and, therefore, sacredness of all life. The **great belief in transmigration** is a direct consequence of that belief. Finally, the discovery of **the law of Varnashrama** is a magnificent result of the ceaseless search for truth.

(YI, 20-10-1927, p352)

I have also been asked wherefrom in Hinduism I have unearthed ahimsa. **Ahimsa is in Hinduism**, it is in **Christianity** as well as in **Islam**. Whether you agree with me or not, it is my bounden duty to preach what I believe to be the truth as I see it. I am also sure that ahimsa has never made anyone a coward.

(H, 27-4-1947, p126)

### **The Koran and Non-violence**

[Barisaheb] assured me that there was warrant enough for Satyagraha in the Holy Koran. He agreed with the interpretation of the Koran to the effect that, whilst violence under certain well-defined circumstances is permissible, self-restraint is dearer to God than violence, and that is the law of love. That is Satyagraha. Violence is concession to human weakness, Satyagraha is an obligation. Even from the practical standpoint it is easy enough to see that violence can do no good and only do infinite harm.

(YI, 14-5-1919, quoted in Communal Unity, p985)

Some Muslim friends tell me that Muslims will never subscribe to unadulterated non-violence. With them, they say, **violence** is as lawful and necessary as **non-violence**. The use of either **depends upon circumstances**. It does not need Koranic authority to justify the lawfulness of both. That is the well-known path the world has traversed through the ages. There is no such thing as unadulterated violence in the world. But I have heard it from many Muslim friends that **the Koran teaches the use of non-violence**. It regards forbearance as superior to vengeance. The very word **Islam** means **peace**, which is non-violence. Badshahkhan, a staunch Muslim who never misses his namaz and Ramzan, has accepted out and out non-violence as his creed. It would be no answer to say that he does not live up to his creed, even as I know to my shame that I do not one of kind, it is of degree. But, argument about non-violence in the Holy Koran is an interpolation, not necessary for my thesis.

(H, 7-10-1939, p296)

### **No Matter of Diet**

**Ahimsa is not a mere matter of dietetics**, it transcends it. What a man eats or drinks matters little; it is the self-denial, **the self-restraint behind it that matters**. By all means practice as much restraint in the choice of the articles of your diet as you like. The restraint is commendable, even necessary, but it touches only the fringe of ahimsa. A man may allow himself **a wide latitude in the matter of diet** and yet **may be a personification of ahimsa** and compel our homage, if his **heart overflows with love** and melts at another's woe, and has been purged of all passions. On the other hand **a man always over-scrupulous in diet** is an utter stranger to ahimsa and pitiful wretch, if he is **a slave to selfishness** and passions and is hard of heart.

(YI, 6-9-1928, pp300-1)

## Road to Truth

My love for non-violence is superior to every other thing mundane or supramundane. It is equaled only by my love for **Truth**, which is to me **synonymous with non-violence** through which and which alone I can see and reach Truth.

(YI, 20-2-1930, p61)

. . . Without ahimsa it is not possible to seek and find Truth. **Ahimsa and Truth** are so intertwined that it is practically impossible to disentangle and separate them. They are like **the two sides of a coin**, or rather of a smooth, unstamped, metallic disc. Who can say which is the obverse, and which is the reverse? Nevertheless **ahimsa is the means; Truth is the end**. Means to be means must always be within our reach, and so **ahimsa is our supreme duty**. If we take care of the means, we are bound to reach the end sooner or later. When once we have grasped this point, final victory is beyond question.

(FYM, pp12-3)

Ahimsa is not the goal. **Truth is the goal**. But we have no means of realizing truth in human relationships except through the practice of ahimsa. A steadfast pursuit of ahimsa is inevitably bound to truth--not so violence. That is why I swear by ahimsa. **Truth came naturally to me. Ahimsa I acquired after a struggle**. But ahimsa being the means, we are naturally more concerned with it in our everyday life. It is ahimsa, therefore, that our masses have to be educated in. Education in truth follows from it as a natural end.

(H, 23-6-1946, p199)

## No Cover for Cowardice

My non-violence does **not admit of running away from danger** and leaving dear ones unprotected. Between violence and cowardly flight, I can **only prefer violence to cowardice**. I can **no more preach non-violence to a coward** than I can tempt a blind man to enjoy healthy scenes. **Non-violence is the summit of bravery**. And in my own experience, I have had no difficulty in demonstrating to men trained in the school of violence the superiority of non-violence. **As a coward**, which I was for years, **I harboured violence**. I began to prize non-violence only when I began to shed cowardice. Those Hindus **who ran away from the post of duty** when it was attended with danger did so not because they were non-violent, or because they were afraid to strike, but because they were **unwilling to die or even suffer an injury**. **A rabbit that runs away from the bull terrier** is not particularly non-violent. The poor thing trembles at the sight of the terrier and runs for very life.

(YI, 28-5-1924, p178)

Non-violence is **not a cover for cowardice**, but it is the supreme virtue of the brave. Exercise of non-violence requires far greater bravery than that of swordsmanship. Cowardice is wholly inconsistent with non-violence. Translation from swordsmanship to non-violence is possible and, at times, even an easy stage. **Non-violence, therefore, presupposes ability to strike**. It is a conscious deliberate restraint put upon one's desire for vengeance. But vengeance is any day superior to passive, effeminate and helpless submission. **Forgiveness is higher still. Vengeance too is weakness**. The desire for vengeance comes out of fear of harm, imaginary or real. **A dog barks and bites when he fears**. A man who fears no one on earth would

consider it too troublesome even to summon up anger against one who is vainly trying to injure him. **The sun does not wreak vengeance upon little children** who throw dust at him. They only harm themselves in the act.

(YI, 12-8-1926, p285)

The path of true non-violence requires much more courage than violence.

(H, 4-8-1946, pp248-9)

**The minimum** that is required of a person wishing to cultivate the ahimsa of the brave is first **to clear one's thought of cowardice** and, in the light of the clearance, regulate his conduct in every activity, great or small. Thus **the votary must refuse to be cowed down** by his superior, without being angry. He must, however, **be ready to sacrifice his post**, however remunerative it may be. Whilst sacrificing his all, if the votary has **no sense of irritation** against his employer, he has ahimsa of the brave in him. Assume that **a fellow-passenger** threatens my son with assault and I reason with the would-be-assailant who then turns upon me. **If then I take his blow with grace and dignity**, without harbouring any ill-will against him, I exhibit **the ahimsa of the brave**. Such instances are of every day occurrence and can be easily multiplied. If I succeed in curbing my temper every time and, though able to give blow for blow, I refrain, I shall develop the ahimsa of the brave which will never fail me and which will compel recognition from the most confirmed adversaries.

(H, 17-11-1946, p404)

Inculcation of cowardice is against my nature. Ever since **my return from South Africa**, where a few thousand had stood up not unsuccessfully against heavy odds, I have made it my mission to preach true bravery which ahimsa means.

(H, 1-6-1947, p175)

### **Humility Essential**

If one has . . . **pride and egoism**, there is no non-violence. Non-violence is impossible **without humility**. My own experience is that, whenever I have acted non-violently, I have been led to it and sustained in it by the higher promptings of an unseen power. Through my own will I should have miserably failed. **When I first went to jail**, I quailed at the prospect. I had heard terrible things about jail life. But I had faith in God's protection. Our experience was that **those who went to jail in a prayerful spirit came out victorious**, those who had gone in their own strength failed. There is **no room for self-pitying** in it either when you say God is giving you the strength. Self-pity comes when you do a thing for which you expect recognition from others. But there is **no question of recognition**.

(H, 28-1-1939, p442)

It was only when I had learnt to reduce myself to zero that I was able to evolve **the power of Satyagraha** in South Africa.

(H, 6-5-1939, p113)

**# #**

## from Unit 7

# TWENTIETH-CENTURY LITERATURE

### R. L. Stevenson: “An Apology for Idlers”

#### Introduction:

**Robert Louis Stevenson**, in full **Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson**, (born November 13, 1850, Edinburgh, Scotland—died December 3, 1894, Vailima, Samoa), Scottish essayist, poet, and author of fiction and travel books, best known for his novels *Treasure Island* (1881), *Kidnapped* (1886), *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), and *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889).

In July 1875 he was called to the Scottish bar, but he never practiced. Stevenson was frequently abroad, most often in France. Two of his journeys produced *An Inland Voyage* (1878) and *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes* (1879). His career as a writer developed slowly. His essay “Roads” appeared in the *Portfolio* in 1873, and in 1874 “Ordered South” appeared in *Macmillan’s Magazine*, a review of Lord Lytton’s *Fables in Song* appeared in the *Fortnightly*, and his first contribution (on Victor Hugo) appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, then edited by Leslie Stephen, a critic and biographer. It was these early essays, carefully wrought, quizzically meditative in tone, and unusual in sensibility, that first drew attention to Stevenson as a writer.

Stevenson, accompanied by his wife and his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, went, on medical advice (he had tuberculosis), to Davos, Switzerland. The family left there in April 1881 and spent the summer in Pitlochry and then in Braemar, Scotland. There, in spite of bouts of illness, Stevenson embarked on **Treasure Island** (begun as a game with Lloyd), which started as a serial in *Young Folks*, under the title *The Sea-Cook*, in October 1881. Stevenson finished the story in Davos, to which he had returned in the autumn, and then started on *Prince Otto* (1885), a more complex but less successful work. *Treasure Island* is an adventure presented with consummate skill, with atmosphere, character, and action superbly geared to one another. The book is at once a gripping adventure tale and a wry comment on the ambiguity of human motives.

In 1881 Stevenson published *Virginibus Puerisque*, his first collection of essays, most of which had appeared in *The Cornhill*. The winter of 1881 he spent at a chalet in Davos. In April 1882 he left Davos; but a stay in the Scottish Highlands, while it resulted in two of his finest short stories, “Thrawn Janet” and “The Merry Men,” produced lung hemorrhages, and in September he went to the south of France. There the Stevensons finally settled at a house in Hyères, where, in spite of intermittent illness, Stevenson was happy and worked well. He revised *Prince Otto*, worked on **A Child’s Garden of Verses** (first called *Penny Whistles*), and began *The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses* (1888), a historical adventure tale deliberately written in anachronistic language.

In October 1890 he returned to Samoa from a voyage to Sydney and established himself and his family in patriarchal status at Vailima, his house in Samoa. The climate suited him; he led an industrious and active life; and, when he died suddenly, it was of a cerebral hemorrhage, not of the long-feared tuberculosis. His work during those years was moving toward a new maturity. While *Catriona* (U.S. title, *David Balfour*, 1893) marked no advance in technique or imaginative scope on *Kidnapped*, to which it is a sequel, *The Ebb-Tide* (1894), a grim and powerful tale written in a dispassionate style (it was a complete reworking of a first draft by Lloyd Osbourne), showed that Stevenson had reached an important transition in his literary career. The next phase was demonstrated triumphantly in *Weir of Hermiston* (1896), the unfinished masterpiece on which he was working on the day of his death. “The Beach of Falesá” (first published 1892; included in *Island Night’s Entertainments*, 1893), a story with a finely wrought tragic texture, as well as the first part of *The Master of Ballantrae*, pointed in this direction, but neither approaches *Weir*. Stevenson achieved in this work a remarkable richness of tragic texture in a style stripped of all superfluities. The dialogue contains some of the best Scots prose in modern literature. Fragment though it is, *Weir of Hermiston* stands as a great work and Stevenson’s masterpiece.

### **The Gist of the Text: “An Apology for Idlers”**

“An Apology for Idlers,” by Robert Louis Stevenson, first appeared in the July 1877 issue of the *Cornhill Magazine* and was later published in his essay collection *Virginibus Puerisque, and Other Papers* (1881). Stevenson’s essay **defends idle time** in the face of steadfast ambition. His treatise on idleness scolds blind devotion to professionalism, scholarship mostly, in favor of the educative qualities of “idle” observation. His idler is no slacker. His idler is not apathetic in the least. Instead, idleness, to Stevenson, demands the difficult work of appreciating one’s environment, one’s friends and family. To idle is to allow one the time to enjoy his or her own mind at work.

Throughout “An Apology,” Stevenson establishes an opposition between those who choose “Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market,” and the “truant student” that rests “on some tuft of lilacs, [...] smokes innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones” while birds “sing in the thicket.” Career oriented determination “to what a man calls his business,” Stevenson writes, “is only to be sustained by **perpetual neglect of many other things**,” and therefore demonstrates “a symptom of deficient vitality.” Though it is not entirely a life overburdened by obligations that Stevenson argues against, instead, it is the person who ignores friends and environment in favor of ambition.

It is **the scholar** who takes the biggest lashing. Because, as Stevenson writes, “Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.” Stevenson writes, “The ends for which they give away their priceless youth, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent.”

Stevenson never suggests that hard work is bad, but he does argue that overwork apparently makes men and women anxiously “deranged.” Instead, he seems to argue for an inclusion of joy that can only come from being present and observant. “There is no duty we so much



underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.” Thus Stevenson calls for a balance between idleness and busyness. He demands that duty to one’s happiness is as important, if not more, as duty to one’s career and life goals.

### **The Text:** “An Apology for Idlers”

BOSWELL: *We grow weary when idle.*

JOHNSON: *That is, sir, because others being busy, we want company; but if we were idle, there would be no growing weary; we should all entertain one another.*

Just now, when every one is bound, under pain of a decree in absence convicting them of *lèse-respectability*, to enter on some lucrative profession, and labour therein with something not far short of enthusiasm, a cry from the opposite party, who are content when they have enough, and like to look on and enjoy in the meanwhile, savours a little of bravado and gasconade. And yet this should not be. **Idleness** so called, which does not consist in doing nothing, but in doing a great deal not recognised in the dogmatic formularies of the ruling class, has as good a right to state its position as **industry itself**. It is admitted that the presence of people who refuse to enter in the great handicap race for sixpenny pieces, is at once an insult and a disenchantment for those who do. A fine fellow (as we see so many) takes his determination, votes for sixpences, and in the emphatic Americanism, it “goes for” them. And while such an one is ploughing distressfully up the road, it is not hard to understand his resentment, when he perceives cool persons in the meadows by the wayside, lying with a handkerchief over their ears and a glass at their elbow. **Alexander** is touched in a very delicate place by the disregard to **Diogenes**. Where was the glory of having taken Rome for these tumultuous barbarians, who poured into the Senate-house, and found the Fathers sitting silent and unmoved by their success? It is a sore thing to have laboured along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement. Hence physicists condemn the unphysical; financiers have only a superficial toleration for those who know little of stocks; literary persons despise the unlettered; and people of all pursuits combine to disparage those who have none.

But though this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. You could not be put in prison for speaking against industry, but you can be sent to **Coventry** for speaking like a fool. The greatest difficulty with most subjects is to do them well; therefore, please to remember this is an apology. It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favour of **diligence**; only **there is something to be said against it**, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say. To state one argument is not necessarily to be deaf to all others, and that a man has written a book of travels in Montenegro, is no reason why he should never have been to Richmond.

It is surely beyond a doubt that people should be a good deal idle in youth. For though here and there a **Lord Macaulay** may escape from school honours with all his wits about him, most boys pay so dear for their medals that they never afterwards have a shot in their locker, and begin the world bankrupt. And the same holds true during all the time a lad is educating himself, or suffering others to educate him. It must have been a very foolish old gentleman

who addressed **Johnson** at Oxford in these words: "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task." The old gentleman seems to have been unaware that many other things besides reading grow irksome, and not a few become impossible, by the time a man has to use spectacles and cannot walk without a stick. **Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life.** It seems a pity to sit, like the **Lady of Shalott**, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamour of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

If you look back on your own education, I am sure it will not be the full, vivid, instructive hours of truancy that you regret; you would rather cancel some lack-lustre periods between sleep and waking in the class. For my own part, I have attended a good many lectures in my time. I still remember that the spinning of a top is a case of **Kinetic Stability**. I still remember that Emphyteusis is not a disease, nor Stillicide a crime. But though I would not willingly part with such scraps of science, I do not set the same store by them as by certain other odds and ends that I came by in the open street while I was playing truant.

This is not the moment to dilate on that mighty place of education, which was the favourite school of **Dickens** and of **Balzac**, and turns out yearly many inglorious masters in the Science of the Aspects of Life. Suffice it to say this: if a lad does not learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty of learning. Nor is the truant always in the streets, for if he prefers, he may go out by the gardened suburbs into the country. He may pitch on some tuft of lilacs over a burn, and smoke innumerable pipes to the tune of the water on the stones. A bird will sing in the thicket. And there he may fall into a vein of kindly thought, and see things in a new perspective. Why, if this be not education, what is? We may conceive **Mr. Worldly Wiseman** accosting such an one, and the conversation that should thereupon ensue:

"How now, young fellow, what dost thou here?"

"Truly, sir, I take mine ease."

"Is not this the hour of the class? and should'st thou not be plying thy Book with diligence, to the end thou mayest obtain knowledge?"

"Nay, but thus also I follow after Learning, by your leave."

"Learning, quotha! After what fashion, I pray thee? Is it mathematics?"

"No, to be sure."

"Is it metaphysics?"

"Nor that."

"Is it some language?"

"Nay, it is no language."

"Is it a trade?"

"Nor a trade neither."

"Why, then, what is't?"

"Indeed, sir, as a time may soon come for me to go upon Pilgrimage, I am desirous to note what is commonly done by persons in my case, and where are the ugliest Sloughs and Thickets on the Road; as also, what manner of Staff is of the best service. Moreover, I lie here, by this water, to learn by root-of-heart a lesson which my master teaches me to call Peace, or Contentment."

Hereupon Mr. Worldly Wiseman was much commoved with passion, and shaking his cane with a very threatening countenance, broke forth upon this wise: "Learning, quotha!" said he; "I would have all such rogues scourged by the Hangman!"

And so he would go his way, ruffling out his cravat with a crackle of starch, like a turkey when it spread its feathers.

Now this, of Mr. Wiseman's, is the common opinion. A fact is not called a fact, but a piece of gossip, if it does not fall into one of your scholastic categories. An inquiry must be in some acknowledged direction, with a name to go by; or else you are not inquiring at all, only lounging; and the work-house is too good for you. **It is supposed that all knowledge is at the bottom of a well, or the far end of a telescope.** Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, came to regard all experience as a single great book, in which to study for a few years ere we go hence; and it seemed all one to him whether you should read in Chapter xx., which is the differential calculus, or in Chapter xxxix., which is hearing the band play in the gardens. As a matter of fact, an intelligent person, looking out of his eyes and hearkening in his ears, with a smile on his face all the time, will get more true education than many another in a life of heroic vigils. There is certainly some chill and arid knowledge to be found upon the summits of formal and laborious science; but it is all round about you, and for the trouble of looking, that you will acquire the warm and palpitating facts of life. While **others are filling their memory with a lumber of words**, one-half of which they will forget before the week be out, **your truant** may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men. Many who have "plied their book diligently," and know all about some one branch or another of accepted lore, come out of the study with an ancient and owl-like demeanour, and prove dry, stockish, and dyspeptic in all the better and brighter parts of life. Many make a large fortune, who remain underbred and pathetically stupid to the last. And meantime there goes **the idler**, who began life along with them--by your leave, a different picture. He has had time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for both body and mind; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose. Might not the student afford some Hebrew roots, and the business man some of his half-crowns, for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large, and Art of Living? Nay, and the idler has another and more important quality than these. I mean his wisdom. He who has much looked on at the childish satisfaction of other people in their hobbies, will regard his own with only a very ironical indulgence. **He will not be heard among the dogmatists.** He will have a great and cool allowance for all sorts of people and opinions. If he finds no out-of-the-way truths, he will identify himself with no very burning falsehood. His way takes him along a by-road, not much frequented, but very even and pleasant, which is called Commonplace Lane, and leads to the Belvedere of Common-sense. Thence he shall command an agreeable, if no very noble prospect; and while others behold the East and West, the Devil and the Sunrise, he will be contentedly aware of a sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things, with an army of shadows running speedily and in many different directions into the great daylight of Eternity. The shadows and the generations, the shrill doctors and the plangent wars, go by into ultimate silence and emptiness; but underneath all this, a man may see, out of the Belvedere windows, much green and peaceful landscape; many firelit parlours; good people laughing, drinking,

and making love as they did before the Flood or the French Revolution; and the old shepherd telling his tale under the hawthorn.

**Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality;** and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive, hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. **They have no curiosity;** they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will even stand still. It is no good speaking to such folk: **they cannot be idle,** their nature is not generous enough; and they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious moiling in the gold-mill. When they do not require to go to the office, when they are not hungry and have no mind to drink, the whole breathing world is a blank to them. If they have to wait an hour or so for a train, they fall into a stupid trance with their eyes open. To see them, you would suppose there was nothing to look at and no one to speak with; you would imagine they were paralysed or alienated: and yet very possibly **they are hard workers in their own way,** and have good eyesight for a flaw in a deed or a turn of the market. They have been to school and college, but all the time they had their eye on the medal; they have gone about in the world and mixed with clever people, but **all the time they were thinking of their own affairs.** As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train. Before he was breeched, he might have clambered on the boxes; when he was twenty, he would have stared at the girls; but now the pipe is smoked out, the snuff-box empty, and my gentleman sits bolt upright upon a bench, with lamentable eyes. **This does not appeal to me as being Success in Life.**

But it is not only the person himself who suffers from his busy habits, but his wife and children, his friends and relations, and down to the very people he sits with in a railway carriage or an omnibus. **Perpetual devotion to what a man calls his business,** is only to be sustained by **perpetual neglect of many other things.** And it is not by any means certain that a man's business is the most important thing he has to do. To an impartial estimate it will seem clear that many of the wisest, most virtuous, and most beneficent parts that are to be played upon **the Theatre of Life** are filled by gratuitous performers, and pass, among the world at large, as phases of idleness. For in that Theatre, not only the walking gentlemen, singing chambermaids, and diligent fiddlers in the orchestra, but those who look on and clap their hands from the benches, do really play a part and fulfil important offices towards the general result.

You are no doubt very dependent on the care of your lawyer and stockbroker, of the guards and signalmen who convey you rapidly from place to place, and the policemen who walk the streets for your protection; but is there not a thought of gratitude in your heart for certain other benefactors who set you smiling when they fall in your way, or season your dinner with good company? **Colonel Newcome** helped to lose his friend's money; **Fred Bayham** had an ugly trick of borrowing shirts; and yet they were better people to fall among than **Mr. Barnes.** And though **Falstaff** was neither sober nor very honest, I think I could name one or

two long-faced **Barabbases** whom the world could better have done without. **Hazlitt** mentions that he was more sensible of obligation to [James] **Northcote**, who had never done him anything he could call a service, than to his whole circle of ostentatious friends; for he thought a good companion emphatically the greatest benefactor. I know there are people in the world who cannot feel grateful unless the favour has been done them at the cost of pain and difficulty. But this is a churlish disposition. A man may send you six sheets of letter-paper covered with the most entertaining gossip, or you may pass half an hour pleasantly, perhaps profitably, over an article of his; do you think the service would be greater, if he had made the manuscript in his heart's blood, like a compact with the devil? Do you really fancy you should be more beholden to your correspondent, if he had been damning you all the while for your importunity? **Pleasures are more beneficial than duties because, like the quality of mercy, they are not strained, and they are twice blest.** There must always be two to a kiss, and there may be a score in a jest; but wherever there is an element of sacrifice, the favour is conferred with pain, and, among generous people, received with confusion.

There is no duty we so much underrate as **the duty of being happy**. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. The other day, **a ragged, barefoot boy** ran down the street after a marble, with so jolly an air that he set every one he passed into a good humour; one of these persons, who had been delivered from more than usually black thoughts, stopped the little fellow and gave him some money with this remark: "You see what sometimes comes of looking pleased." If he had looked pleased before, he had now to look both pleased and mystified. For my part, I justify this encouragement of smiling rather than tearful children; I do not wish to pay for tears anywhere but upon the stage; but I am prepared to deal largely in the opposite commodity. **A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note.** He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted. We need not care whether they could prove the **forty-seventh proposition**; they do a better thing than that, they practically demonstrate the great Theorem of the Liveableness of Life. Consequently, if a person **cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain.** It is a revolutionary precept; but thanks to hunger and the workhouse, one not easily to be abused; and within practical limits, it is one of the most incontestable truths in the whole Body of Morality. **Look at one of your industrious fellows** for a moment, I beseech you. He sows hurry and reaps indigestion; he puts a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receives a large measure of nervous derangement in return. Either he absents himself entirely from all fellowship, and lives a recluse in a garret, with carpet slippers and a leaden inkpot; or he comes among people swiftly and bitterly, in a contraction of his whole nervous system, to discharge some temper before he returns to work. I do not care how much or how well he works, this fellow is an evil feature in other people's lives. They would be happier if he were dead. They could easier do without his services in **the Circumlocution Office**, than they can tolerate his fractious spirits. He poisons life at the well-head. It is better to be beggared out of hand by a scapegrace nephew, than daily hag-ridden by a peevish uncle.

And what, in God's name, is all this pother about? For what cause do they embitter their own and other people's lives? That a man should publish three or thirty articles a year, that he should finish or not finish his great allegorical picture, are questions of little interest to the world. The ranks of life are full; and although a thousand fall, there are always some to go

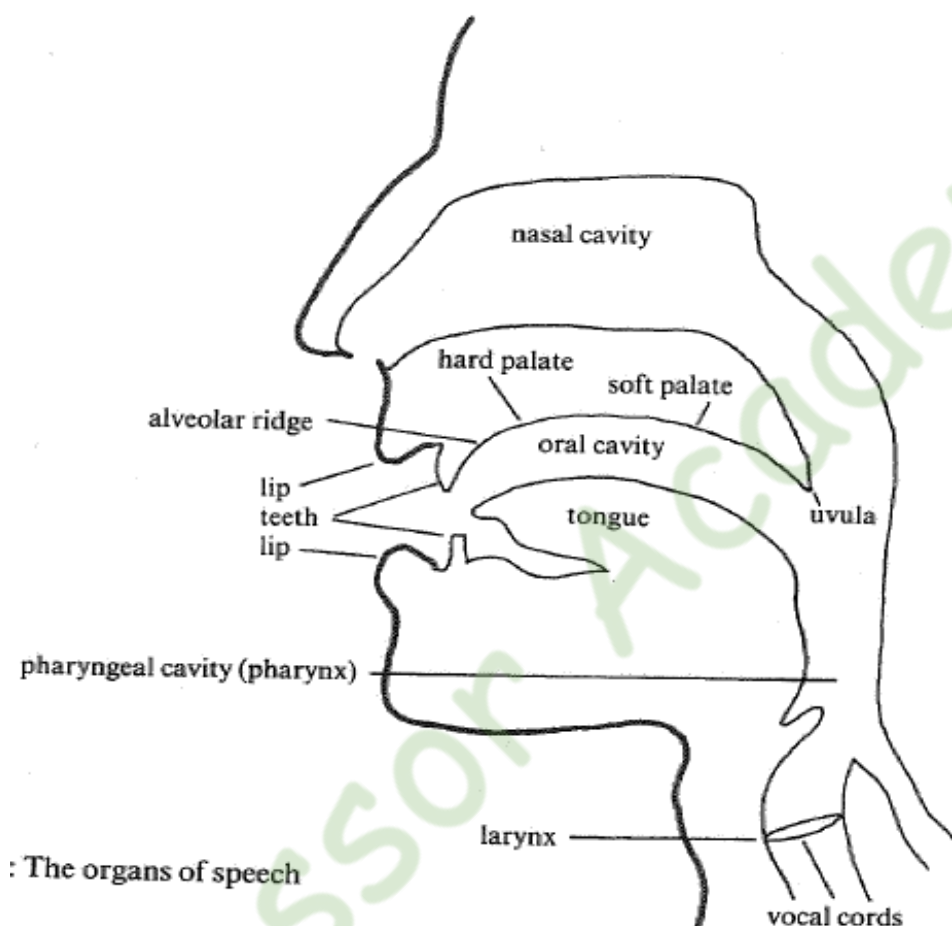
into the breach. When they told **Joan of Arc** she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "**so careless of the single life,**" why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance? Suppose Shakespeare had been knocked on the head some dark night in **Sir Thomas Lucy's** preserves, the world would have wagged on better or worse, the pitcher gone to the well, the scythe to the corn, and the student to his book; and no one been any the wiser of the loss. There are not many works extant, if you look the alternative all over, which are worth the price of a pound of tobacco to a man of limited means. This is a sobering reflection for the proudest of our earthly vanities. Even a tobacconist may, upon consideration, find no great cause for personal vainglory in the phrase; for although tobacco is an admirable sedative, the qualities necessary for retailing it are neither rare nor precious in themselves. Alas and alas! you may take it how you will, but the services of no single individual are indispensable. **Atlas** was just a gentleman with a protracted nightmare! And yet you see merchants who go and labour themselves into a great fortune and thence into the bankruptcy court; scribblers who keep scribbling at little articles until their temper is a cross to all who come about them, as though Pharaoh should set the Israelites to make a pin instead of a pyramid; and fine young men who work themselves into a decline, and are driven off in a hearse with white plumes upon it. Would you not suppose these persons had been whispered, by the Master of the Ceremonies, the promise of some momentous destiny? and that **this lukewarm bullet** on which they play their farces was the bull's-eye and centre-point of all the universe? And yet it is not so. The ends for which they give away **their priceless youth**, for all they know, may be chimerical or hurtful; the glory and riches they expect may never come, or may find them indifferent; and they and the world they inhabit are so inconsiderable that the mind freezes at the thought.

# #

## from Unit 8

# LANGUAGE AND LINGUISTICS

## Speech Organs



- **Airstream mechanism**

Pulmonic egressive (the travelling of the air used in speech from the lungs outwards) [In Latin, *pulmo* means 'lung'.]

Airstream mechanism: Any way of producing a stream of air for use in speech. We produce speech by using our vocal organs to modify a stream of air flowing through some part of the vocal tract, and all speech sounds require this airstream for their production. There are several very different ways of producing an airstream, only some of which are used in languages, and only one of which is used in all languages.

To begin with, an airstream may be either **egressive** (flowing out of the mouth) or **ingressive** (flowing into the mouth). Further, the air which is moving may be lung air (this is the **pulmonic** mechanism), pharynx air (the **glottalic** mechanism) or mouth air (the velaric mechanism). This gives six possible combinations, only four of which are used in speech.

In the **pulmonic egressive** airstream mechanism, air is squeezed out of the lungs by the diaphragm and the rib muscles and passes out through the mouth (and possibly the nose). This is the principal mechanism in all languages and the only one used in most languages (including English). In the **pulmonic ingressive** mechanism, air is drawn in from the outside through the mouth into the lungs; no language uses this, but you may hear it intermittently from a child sobbing and talking at the same time.

In the **glottalic egressive** mechanism, the glottis is closed and the larynx is driven up in the throat like a piston, pushing the air of the pharynx out through the mouth. The sounds produced are ejectives, which occur in only a few languages. If the larynx is driven downward instead, outside air is pulled into the mouth and pharynx, and we have the **glottalic ingressive** mechanism. The sounds produced are **injectives** (or **voiceless implosives**); these are very rare in their pure form, but, if the glottis is left open slightly, so that air can leak out from the lungs, we get a complex ingressive-egressive mechanism, producing **voiced implosives**, which are much commoner.

In the **velaric egressive** mechanism, the back of the tongue is pressed against the velum and another closure is made in front of this; the tongue body is pushed up, so that, when the front closure is released, mouth air is driven outward. The resulting sounds are **reverse clicks**, which do not occur in any language. If, instead, the tongue body is pulled downward, when the front closure is released, air is pulled into the mouth; this is the **velaric ingressive** mechanism, and the resulting sounds are **clicks**. Clicks occur as speech sounds in some languages of southern Africa; elsewhere, these sounds occur only paralinguistically, as in the English *tsk-tsk* noise of disapproval or the clack-clack noise for geeing up a horse. All speech sounds can be described in these ways by their manner of articulation, even non-linguistic sounds: a velaric ingressive bilabial plosive is a kiss. There is one other airstream mechanism, which is very unusual. Persons who have had their larynxes removed surgically can learn to produce an airstream by swallowing air and then forcing it up through the oesophagus; this **oesophagic egressive** airstream is effectively a controlled belch.

- **The roof of the mouth**
  1. Alveolar ridge [Alveolar]
  2. Hard palate [Palatal]
  3. Soft palate (or Velum) [Velar]
  4. Uvula [Uvular]
- **Tongue:** tip, blade, front, body, back, root
- **Articulators**
  1. Active articulators: the lower lip, the tongue
  2. Passive articulators: the upper lip, the teeth, the roof of the mouth, the pharynx
- **Stricture:** The distance between the active and the passive articulators



- **Articulation**

The physical movements involved in altering the flow of air to produce speech sounds

- i. **Manner of articulation:** How a speech sound is produced  
Plosives, Affricates, Fricatives, Nasals, Laterals, Rhotic / Trills, Glides (semi-vowels), Frictionless continuants (Approximants)
- ii. **Place of articulation:** From where a speech sound is produced  
Bilabial, Labio-dental, dental, alveolar, palato-alveolar, palatal, velar, glottal, labial-velar

- **State of the vocal cords (vocal folds)**

**Larynx** (also called 'the voice box') contains vocal cords.

- i. **Voiced**  
The sounds that are those produced when the vocal cords vibrate: /b/  
A plus sign ( + ) is used to indicate a voiced phoneme.
- ii. **Voiceless**  
The sounds are those produced when the vocal cords do not vibrate: /p/  
A minus sign ( – ) is used to indicate a voiceless phoneme.

- **Pharynx:** (a tubular cavity above the larynx) acts as a resonator.

- **Minimal pair**

- ❖ A pair of words (pin, pen) which differ in meaning when only one sound (*i* for *e*) is changed is called a 'minimal pair'. For example: **ten – den; big – beg; pin – pig**
- ❖ Thus, a minimal pair which is distinguished by a single phoneme shows phonemic differences.

## PHONOLOGY OF BRITISH ENGLISH

- i. The English language has 1 alphabet (a series of 26 letters). But, **44 phonemes:**
  - Vowels (20)
  - Consonants (24)
- ii. Vowels (20):
  - Monophthongs or Pure vowels (12)
    - ❖ Front (4), Central (3), Back (5)
  - Diphthongs (8)
    - ❖ Closing (5), Centering (3)
- iii. Consonants (24):
  - Pure consonants (22)
    - ❖ Plosives (6), Fricatives (9), Affricates (2), Nasals (3), Lateral (1), Trill / Rhotic (1)
  - Semi-vowels (2)

## VOWELS AND THEIR CLASSIFICATION

1. All the vowels are VOICED.

### 2. Vowel Height

- a) It's determined by measuring the distance between the articulators (the tongue and the roof of the mouth).
- b) Classified as: High, Mid, Low [Manner of articulation]
- c) Sometimes 'Close' is used instead of 'High' and 'Open' instead of 'Low'  
[High = Close; Low = Open]

### 3. Backness

- a) It refers to which part of the tongue is highest.
- b) Classified as: Front, Central, Back [Place of articulation]

### 4. Rounding

- a) Rounding of the lips
- b) Classified as:
 

Rounded	– / ʊ /
Unrounded	– / e /

### 5. Vowel Length

- a) How long the vowel sound can last
- b) Classified as: Short / ɪ /, Long / iː /
- c) The colon indicates a long vowel.

## VOWELS: (20)

- They are speech sounds produced without any obstruction to the flow of air from the lungs.
- Two types of vowels:
  - a) **Monophthongs or Pure vowels:** (12)  
Vowels which do not involve tongue movement and the tongue is relatively steady and stays almost in the same position.  
E.g. / e / as in 'bed'
  - b) **Diphthongs:** (8)  
They are combination of two vowels and they involve tongue movement.  
Diphthongs are therefore called 'gliding vowels': the voice glides from one vowel to another.  
E.g. / eɪ / as in 'pay'
- **Stricture**
  - a) **'Open approximation'** (the articulators are wide apart and the air flows out unhindered)

For instance, the long vowel / i: / as in 'beat' is produced by letting the air flow freely between the raised tongue and the roof of the mouth.

Further, the vowel sound can be kept producing until one runs out of breath.

'Frictionless continuants':

The sounds produced with an extremely less degree of stricture (or narrowing) and without audible friction is classified as '**approximants**' (also called 'frictionless continuants'), which include all vowels, semi-vowels ( / w /, / j / ), lateral ( / l / ), and rhotic ( / r / ).

### Pure vowels: (12)

#### 1. Front vowels (4)

/ ɪ / – hit or / i / – many, happy

/ i: / – heat

/ e / – get or / ɛ /

/ æ / – gap or / a /

#### 2. Central vowels (3)

/ ə / – about

/ ɜ: / – thirst

/ ʌ / – run

#### 3. Back vowels (5)

/ ʊ / – put

/ u: / – fool

/ ɑ: / – father part cart

/ ɒ / – got pot cot

/ ɔ: / – prawn port caught

### Vowel chart

	Front	Central	Back
High	i: ɪ		u: ʊ
Mid	e	ɜ: ə	ɔ:
Low	æ	ʌ	ɑ: ɒ

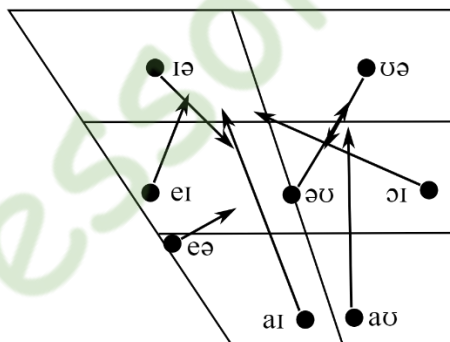
### General classification (vowel)

E.g.: The phoneme /i:/ is a high front unrounded vowel.  
 /e/ is a mid front unrounded vowel.  
 /ɜ:/ is a mid central unrounded vowel.  
 /ʌ/ is a low-mid central unrounded vowel.  
 /ʊ/ is a high back rounded vowel.  
 /ɑ:/ is a low back unrounded vowel.

### Diphthongs: (8)

1. /ɔɪ/ – toy
2. /eɪ/ – say
3. /aɪ/ – buy
4. /ɪə/ – near
5. /eə/ – hair
6. /ʊə/ – poor
7. /əʊ/ – go
8. /aʊ/ – now

- Closing diphthongs: /ɔɪ/ / eɪ/ / aɪ/ / əʊ/ / aʊ/
- Centering diphthongs: /ɪə/ / eə/ / ʊə/



##

## from Unit 9

# LITERARY CRITICISM AND THEORY

### Quintilian: *Institutio oratoria*

#### Introduction:

**Quintilian**, Latin in full Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, (born AD 35, Calagurris Nassica, Hispania Tarraconensis—died after 96, Rome), **Latin teacher and writer** whose work on rhetoric, *Institutio oratoria*, is a major contribution to educational theory and literary criticism. Quintilian was born in northern Spain, but he was probably educated in Rome, where he afterward received some practical training from the leading orator of the day, Domitius Afer. He then practiced for a time as an advocate in the law courts. He left for his native Spain sometime after 57 but returned to Rome in 68 and began to teach rhetoric, combining this with advocacy in the law courts. Under the emperor Vespasian (ruled 69–79) he became **the first teacher to receive a state salary for teaching Latin rhetoric**, and he also held his position as Rome's leading teacher under the emperors Titus and Domitian, retiring probably in 88.

Toward the end of Domitian's reign (81–96) he was entrusted with the education of the Emperor's two heirs (his grandnephews), and through the good agency of the boys' father, Flavius Clemens, he was given the honorary title of consul (*ornamenta consularia*). His own death, which probably took place soon after Domitian's assassination, was preceded by that of his young wife and two sons.

Two collections of declamations attributed to Quintilian have also survived: the *Declamationes majores* (longer declamations) are generally considered to be spurious; the *Declamationes minores* (shorter declamations) may possibly be a version of Quintilian's oral teaching, recorded by one of his pupils. 'Declamation' was originally a practice for training speakers. Fictional legal cases were imagined and a speaker would be required to speak for the prosecution or the defence in a mock trial or debate. There was also a practice in which a speaker addressed a historical personage in a reconstructed situation.

The text of his *Institutio* was rediscovered by a Florentine, Poggio Bracciolini, who, in 1416, came across a filthy but complete copy of it in an old tower at St. Gall, Switz., while he was on a diplomatic mission there. Its emphasis on the dual importance of moral and intellectual training was very appealing to the 15th and 16th centuries' humanist conception of education. Although its direct influence diminished after the 17th century, along with a general decline in respect for the authority of classical antiquity, the modern view of education as all-around character training to equip a student for life follows in a direct line from the theories of this 1st-century Roman.



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### **The Gist of the Text:** *Institutio oratoria*

Quintilian's great work, the *Institutio oratoria*, in **12 books**, was published shortly before the end of his life. He believed that the entire educational process, from infancy onward, was relevant to his major **theme of training an orator**.

In Book I he therefore dealt with **the stages of education before a boy entered the school of rhetoric itself**, to which he came in Book II. These first two books contain his general observations on educational principles and are notable for their good sense and insight into human nature.

**Books III to XI** are basically concerned with **the five traditional "departments" of rhetoric**: invention, arrangement, style, memory, and delivery. He also deals with the nature, value, origin, and function of rhetoric and with the different types of oratory, giving far more attention to forensic oratory (that used in legal proceedings) than to other types. During his general discussion of invention he also considers the successive, formal parts of a speech, including a lively chapter on the art of arousing laughter.

**Book X** contains a well-known and much-praised survey of Greek and Latin authors, recommended to the young orator for study. Sometimes Quintilian agrees with the generally held estimate of a writer, but he is often independent in his judgments, especially when discussing Latin authors. **Book XII** deals with the ideal orator in action, after his training is completed: his character, the rules that he must follow in pleading a case, the style of his eloquence, and when he should retire.

### **The Outline of the Text:**

*Institutio Oratoria* is a **treatise in 12 books** dealing with the education of the orator.

Quintilian works through the early and later phases of schooling (**books I-II**), then turns to technicalities of oratory, categorising subject-matter and examining the proper organisation of material (**books III-VII**).

He deals with questions of style and delivery in **books VII to IX**; but the most fascinating section of his work has proved to be **book X**, in which is included a survey of the literature appropriate for an orator to study. Homer, Pindar, and the Greeks are dealt with and then Quintilian turns to Latin writers. His distribution of praise and disapproval when dealing with Virgil, Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, Sallust, Livy, Cicero and others constitutes a kind of 'literary criticism', but it is directed to the specific and limited purpose of refining the rhetorical technique of aspirants to a career in oratory.

**Book XI** deals, among other things, with delivery, deportment, and the use of gesture, while **book XII** portrays the finished orator, 'the good man skilled in speaking'. Here Quintilian insists on the importance of reading. 'Eloquence can never be mature and tough if it has not drawn strength from constant writing, and without the pattern supplied by reading effort devoted to writing will drift unguided.'

### **An Appreciation of the Text:** *Institutio Oratoria*

In **book I**, concerning **the education of children**, Quintilian urges education in a public school over private tuition; the latter does not necessarily guard against possible bad habits and immorality at a school. Moreover, an eminent teacher will seek out a larger audience of students; one student alone will not provide an adequate forum for his speaking ability and teaching gifts. As Quintilian puts it, “There would be no eloquence in the world, if we were to speak only with one person at a time” (I.ii.31). However, by being a “kind friend” to his students, the teacher can establish a relationship of affection which will make every student feel individually treated rather than a member of a multitude. The caring teacher will also “let himself down to the capacity of the learner” (I.ii.15–16, 27–28). Quintilian goes on to say that the chief symptoms of ability in children are memory and imitation. He recommends some relaxation and play, which is both a sign of vivacity and expresses a child’s moral disposition. He is **against corporal punishment** since it produces no change for the better in a child.

Once a child has learned **how to read and write**, he must next learn **grammar**. Quintilian defines the province of grammar as comprising two parts, the art of speaking correctly and the interpretation of literature. He warns against viewing grammar as trivial, since it lays a sure foundation for the future orator. The grammarian needs **a knowledge of music** in order to understand meter and rhythm; he must know some astronomy and philosophy, since poetry often draws upon these (I.iv.2–5). In general, Quintilian tells us that language is based on reason, antiquity, authority, and custom.

While the judgment of eminent men of the past can sometimes be followed and while moderate use of archaic language is permissible, the surest guide to proper use of language in speaking is custom; it must have “the public stamp” (I.vi.2–3). However, Quintilian cautions that custom cannot be aligned with the practice of the majority; rather, it is “the agreement of the educated” (I.vi.45). This principle will reemerge in many writers, and is active in many reader-response theories of literature.

Regarding **exercises in reading**, Quintilian suggests that a student’s mode of reading aloud should be “manly,” uniting gravity with sweetness (I.viii.2). The passages chosen for reading should portray moral goodness; Quintilian recommends the reading of Homer and Vergil in order to sense the sublimity and magnitude of conception of heroic verse; the reading of tragedy and lyric poetry; and comedy, since it can contribute much to eloquence. Quintilian’s appeal to Homer, Vergil, and Horace indicates the authority achieved by these poets as models for rhetorical composition.

In **analyzing poetry**, the student must be taught to read closely, to specify the parts of speech, the feet and meter, to identify the correct usage of words, to know the various senses of a given word, to recognize all kinds of tropes, figures of speech, and figures of thought, to be acquainted with relevant historical facts, and above all, to understand the merit in the way the whole work is organized (I.viii.5–18). He defines **a trope** as “the conversion of a word or phrase from its proper signification to another, in order to increase its force” (VIII.vi.1). He defines **a figure** as “a form of speech artfully varied from common usage”



(IX.i.14). In addition, boys should learn to relate orally Aesop's fables, and should practice paraphrasing poetry in their own words. They should practice writing aphorisms and character sketches. In general, the stories told by poets should be used to increase their knowledge rather than simply treated as models of eloquence (I.ix.2–6).

Having thus described the studies preliminary to rhetoric, Quintilian turns, in **book II**, to the teaching and learning which fall under the province of **rhetoric proper**. His foremost point here is that the teacher of rhetoric, receiving boys at an impressionable age, should be of exemplary morality. His description of **the ideal teacher** is still pertinent in our own time and is worth quoting in full:

Let him [the teacher] adopt, then, above all things, the feelings of a parent toward his pupils, and consider that he succeeds to the place of those by whom the children were entrusted to him. Let him neither have vices in himself, nor tolerate them in others. Let his austerity not be stern, nor his affability too easy, lest dislike arise from the one, or contempt from the other. Let him discourse frequently on what is honourable and good, for the oftener he admonishes, the more seldom will he have to chastise. Let him not be of an angry temper, and yet not a conniver at what ought to be corrected. Let him be plain in his mode of teaching, and patient of labor . . . Let him reply readily to those who put questions to him, and question of his own accord those who do not. In commending the exercises of his pupils, let him be neither niggardly nor lavish; for the one quality begets dislike of labor, and the other self-complacency. In amending what requires correction, let him not be harsh, and, least of all, not reproachful . . . Let him speak much every day himself, for the edification of his pupils. Although he may point out to them, in their course of reading, plenty of examples for their imitation, yet the living voice . . . feeds the mind more nutritiously – especially the voice of the teacher, whom his pupils, if they are but rightly instructed, both love and reverence. (II. ii.4–8)

This passage seems strangely modern in its precepts – especially those concerning responding to students' work – with the exception, perhaps, that we are not quite so insistent on stressing the instructor's moral character. So important is the moral element of teaching to Quintilian that, in its absence, he maintains, all other rules are useless (II.ii.10–11, 15).

Quintilian also suggests that, from the very beginning, **the child should be given the best teachers**; it is a mistake to think that his early education can be turned over to inferior teachers. Eminent teachers, who know their subject well and accurately, will not be above teaching elementary matters. Moreover, they will be people of good sense who know how to adapt their teaching to the standards of their pupils. Above all, their command of their learning will enable them to achieve in their teaching the virtue of clarity, which is “the chief virtue of eloquence.” The less able a teacher is, the more obscure and pretentious he will be (II.iii.2–9).

It will be recalled that Cicero divided a speech into six parts, an essential one of which was the narration. Quintilian suggests that the teacher of rhetoric might begin with a subject such as narration, which has already been studied. He observes that there are **three kinds of narration: the fable**, which draws on imaginary material as exemplified in tragedies and poetry, **the argumentum**, which has an appearance of truth, as used in comedy, and **the**

**history**, which is a statement of facts. It is this last and most substantial kind that the student must learn from the teacher of rhetoric. The student should be taught to compose a narrative which is neither dry or insipid nor adorned with far-fetched ornamentation (II.iv.2–4). Here also Quintilian offers valuable advice on pedagogy. A dry instructor should be avoided, and maturity should not be encouraged with overdue haste. A teacher should **not be severe in correcting faults**; he should be as agreeable as possible; he “ought to praise some parts of his pupils’ performances, to tolerate some, and to alter others, giving his reasons why the alterations are made; and also to make some passages clearer by adding something of his own” (II.iv.8–12).

As well as **practicing narrations**, students must engage in the tasks of refuting and confirming them, praising illustrious characters and censuring immoral ones, and studying *commonplaces* (general claims on points of morality or law) and *theses* (arguments on a general topic, often comparing the virtues of two things) (II.iv.18–25). Students must also undergo exercises in the praise or denunciation of laws. It is within the province of the teacher of rhetoric, says Quintilian, to point out the beauties and faults of texts, helping them, if necessary, line by line through a text. He should point out to his students anything significant in thought or language. In particular, he should be on the alert for the purpose of the entire passage, the clarity of the narration, the subtlety and urgency of the argumentation, and the speaker’s ability to control his own and the audience’s feelings. He should also remark stylistic elegances and defects, as, for example, in the appropriate use of metaphors and figures (II.v.7–9). In a subsequent chapter Quintilian stresses that **the art of declamation** is by far the most useful of exercises (II.x.2–3). Exercises in declamation are to be properly regarded as preparation for the pleading of actual cases and therefore should imitate them (II.x.12–13).

Quintilian has a number of interesting general observations on the nature and value of rhetoric. **Rhetoric** is foremost **a practical art** which is concerned with action, rather than a theoretical art concerned with understanding or a productive art such as painting or sculpture (II.xviii). As such, there are no rigid rules for rhetoric; the rules must be adapted to the specific nature and circumstances of each case (II.xiii). Quintilian refuses the classical definition of rhetoric as the art of persuasion since the latter can be achieved by many means. He prefers to name rhetoric the science of speaking well (II.xv). Rhetoric is by no means a morally indifferent art; it belongs to the province of a good person since one cannot give forensic and epideictic speeches without a knowledge of goodness and justice (II.xx). Finally, like Cicero, Quintilian turns Plato’s critique of rhetoric against him: the material of rhetoric can indeed be anything, and this is why the orator must receive a comprehensive education (II.xxi).

In **books III and IV** Quintilian goes over some of **the history of rhetoric** and informs us that his own position is eclectic rather than affiliated to any given school (III.i). He basically accepts the traditional division of rhetoric into forensic, deliberative, and epideictic branches, and states that questions pertain either to law or to fact (III.iv–v). His account of the various parts of a speech – exordium, narration, confirmation, proof, partition – is similar to Cicero’s.

Having dealt with invention, Quintilian turns in **book VII** to **arrangement**. Among the general principles he advocates are that the prosecution should assemble its proofs while the defense should consider them separately, and that arguments should move from the general to the particular (VII.i). **Book VIII** deals with **style**, which Quintilian regards as the most difficult subject. He advocates a style which has clarity, elegance, and is adapted to its audience (VIII.i–ii). However, tropes, such as metaphor, synecdoche, and metonymy, can be used to enhance one’s meaning or to decorate one’s style (VIII.vi).

Simply to follow these stylistic precepts, however, is not enough in Quintilian’s eyes to make a good orator. One must develop a certain facility and **habitual competence**, both through writing (which Cicero too had emphasized) and through reading and imitation of the best authors, ancient and modern, in poetry, history, philosophy, and oratory. However, mere passive imitation is not enough; the student must be inventive, adding something of his own. As regards writing, Quintilian insists that this should be careful rather than hasty and that self-correction through extensive revision is an integral part of the process of composition (X.i–iv). In achieving fluency and facility, other exercises, such as translation, paraphrase, theses, commonplaces, and writing out declamations, are also valuable (X.v). Moreover, young men should start to attend actual cases in court and learn to think out a plan for various kinds of cases. This will foster their ability in improvisation, which Quintilian calls the “highest achievement” of the orator (X.vi–vii).

Turning now to **memory and delivery**, Quintilian urges memorizing a speech. As to delivery, he concurs with Cicero that it has the most powerful effect; indeed, it is even more important than the content itself of the speech since it is what will move the audience. Delivery must follow the same principles as style: it must be clear, correct, duly ornamented, and appropriate to the given audience, occasion, and nature of the case (XI.iii).

In the final and most renowned book of the *Institutio*, Quintilian stakes a claim to **originality** inasmuch as he describes the character of the ideal orator. He repeats his initial affirmation that no man can be an orator unless he is a good man. His reasoning is that a truly intelligent man will not choose vice over virtue, and that only a good man can be sincere in his speeches. Moreover, the goal of oratory is to express what is good, just, and honorable (XII.i). Hence the orator must form himself into a noble character by acquiring an extensive knowledge of what is just and honorable from the philosophers, as well as real and fictitious examples of justice and honor through history and poetry. However, he must not become a philosopher, since the latter merely thinks without acting. The orator’s duty is to utilize his learning and knowledge in practical affairs. He must also have a knowledge of civil law, religion, and the customs of his country, as well as a sound command of the three levels of style.

Quintilian urges that the robust Attic style of oratory is superior to the more extravagant Asiatic style. Finally, he urges the orator to engage in constant practice, referring pointedly to the decadence and distractions of the current day – such as the theater and feasting – which surround him (XII.x–xi).

In general, it can be seen that Quintilian’s major contribution to the fields of rhetorical and educational theory lies in his insistence that all aspects of these fields are

underlain by morality. The purpose of his entire treatise is to indicate the type of training a person must undergo in order to be an orator and a statesman, one who can contribute in a virtuous and effective manner to the administration of the state.

# #

Professor Academy

## from Unit 10

# WOMEN'S WRITING IN ENGLISH

### ***Mary Wollstonecraft: A Vindication of the Rights of Woman: with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects***

#### **Introduction:**

**Mary Wollstonecraft**, (born April 27, 1759, London, Eng.—died Sept. 10, 1797, London), English writer. She taught school and worked as a governess and as a translator for a London publisher. In 1786, after writing *Thoughts on the Education of Daughters* (1787), she went to Ireland as governess to Lord Kingsborough's children; she returned in 1788 and spent some years writing reviews and translations for the radical publisher J. Johnson, who published her novel *Mary* (1788), her *A Vindication of the Rights of Men* (1790, a reply to Burke) and her most famous work, *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), whose core is a plea for equality in the education of men and women. The *Vindication* is widely regarded as the founding document of modern feminism.

In 1797 she married the philosopher **William Godwin**; she died days after the birth of their daughter, Mary (later **Mary Shelley**), that same year. Godwin published a memoir in 1798, edited her *Posthumous Works* (which included her unfinished novel *Maria*) in the same year, and portrayed her in his novel *St Leon* (1799).

#### **The Gist of the Text:**

In *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), which consists of **thirteen chapters**, Wollstonecraft attacks the educational restrictions and 'mistaken notions of female excellence' that keep women in a state of 'ignorance and slavish dependence'. She argues that girls are forced into passivity, vanity, and credulity by lack of physical and mental stimulus, and by a constant insistence on the need to please; she attacks the educational theories of the 'unmanly, immoral' Chesterfield, of Rousseau (who in her view made false and discriminatory distinctions in his approach to the sexes in *Émile*), and of other writers, concluding that 'From the tyranny of man . . . the greater number of female follies proceed.' The work was much acclaimed, but also inevitably attracted hostility; **Horace Walpole** referred to its author as 'a hyena in petticoats'.

#### **The Contents of the Text:**

Chapter 1:

THE RIGHTS AND INVOLVED DUTIES OF MANKIND CONSIDERED.

Chapter 2:

THE PREVAILING OPINION OF A SEXUAL CHARACTER DISCUSSED.

Chapter 3:  
THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Chapter 4:  
OBSERVATIONS ON THE STATE OF DEGRADATION TO WHICH  
WOMAN IS REDUCED BY VARIOUS CAUSES.

Chapter 5:  
ANIMADVERSIONS ON SOME OF THE WRITERS WHO HAVE  
RENDERED WOMEN OBJECTS OF PITY, BORDERING ON CONTEMPT.

Chapter 6:  
THE EFFECT WHICH AN EARLY ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS HAS UPON  
THE CHARACTER.

Chapter 7:  
MODESTY. COMPREHENSIVELY CONSIDERED, AND NOT AS A  
SEXUAL VIRTUE.

Chapter 8:  
MORALITY UNDERMINED BY SEXUAL NOTIONS OF THE  
IMPORTANCE OF A GOOD REPUTATION

Chapter 9:  
OF THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS WHICH ARISE FROM THE  
UNNATURAL DISTINCTIONS ESTABLISHED IN SOCIETY.

Chapter 10:  
PARENTAL AFFECTION.

Chapter 11:  
DUTY TO PARENTS

Chapter 12:  
ON NATIONAL EDUCATION

Chapter 13:  
SOME INSTANCES OF THE FOLLY WHICH THE IGNORANCE OF  
WOMEN GENERATES; WITH CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS ON THE  
MORAL IMPROVEMENT THAT A REVOLUTION IN FEMALE  
MANNERS MAY NATURALLY BE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE.

## **The Summary of the Text:**

*A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* is the first comprehensive statement about **the need for women to be educated** and for philosophical treatises on the nature of gender differences.

Wollstonecraft's primary concern is the education of women. *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* is, in large part, **a rebuttal to Jean-Jacques Rousseau's ideas**, expressed primarily in his book *Émile: Ou, De l'éducation* (1762; *Emilius and Sophia: Or, A New System of Education*, 1762- 1763; better known as *Émile: Or, Education*, 1911) concerning the proper education of men and women. Rousseau contends that civilization has debased humanity, which would be better off in what he calls the state of nature. He argues that women should be educated to be the solace and companions of men when men wish to turn from serious pursuits and be entertained and refreshed. Accordingly, the guiding principles of a woman's education should be to teach her to obey and to please.

The title of Wollstonecraft's collection also reflects that of another work, *A Vindication of the Rights of Man*, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Edmund Burke (1790), which Wollstonecraft wrote in response to English conservative philosopher **Edmund Burke's** criticisms of the French Revolution, which he expressed in *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790). Burke rejects not only the revolution's violence, but also the premise that all men could and should govern themselves. Wollstonecraft's critique points out the flagrant problems among the working classes in England, effectively disputing Burke's claims.

Wollstonecraft bases much of her argument in favor of women's education on the fact, which had only recently been agreed on, that women do have souls. She asserts that because women are immortal beings who have a relationship to their creator, they must be educated in the proper use of reason. She believes that the quality that sets humans apart from animals is reason, and the quality that sets one human apart from another is virtue. Rousseau argues that emotion is the preeminent human quality; **Wollstonecraft contends that humans have passions** so they can struggle against them and thereby gain self-knowledge. From God's perspective, the present evil of the passions leads to a future good from the struggle to overcome them.

The purpose of life for all humans, not just men, is to perfect one's nature through the exercise of reason. This leads to knowledge and virtue, the qualities God wishes each person to gain. It is, therefore, immoral to leave women in ignorance or to be formed merely by the prejudices of society. **An education that develops the mind is essential for any mortal creature.**

The essay argues that both **wealth and gender roles create major problems in society**, because both tend to create unequal relationships among humans. Inequality leads either to slavery or to despotism, both of which warp the human character. Wollstonecraft contends that all humans have a will to exert themselves, and that they will do so. Dependence on a

father or husband, which was woman's lot at the time in which Wollstonecraft wrote, creates cunning and deceit just as slavery did. Wollstonecraft argues that women's typical **education in the home** is a common knowledge of human nature, the use of power in indirect ways (cunning), a soft temper, outward obedience, a "puerile propriety," and an overemphasis on beauty. This type of education **does not develop a good person**, but one who is immature; incapable of sustained, orderly thought; and, therefore, easily influenced. However, this person will still exert her will indirectly. Such an education does not produce a good citizen, Wollstonecraft argues, and it would be for the good of society to educate women's reason.

**This type of domestic education does not produce good wives or mothers either**, she argues, and these are the primary human (not female) duties of women. A woman is taught to earn her way by charming and flirting, fascinating a man. Wollstonecraft is quick to point out that love does not last: **The cornerstone of any good marriage is friendship**. A woman would do better to inspire respect rather than sensual fascination. Furthermore, a woman who is constantly concerned with pleasing men does not make a good mother. She does not have the character to guide her own children, and sometimes views her daughters as rivals rather than becoming their mentor and friend. This can be damaging to the family, particularly if she is left a widow, and, in turn, damages society. Here, Wollstonecraft employs her most famous image, stating that this current miseducation produces women much like hothouse flowers, which are artificially induced to bloom too early and, therefore, become weak.

Wollstonecraft argues that **having too much power over another person also damages human character**. Monarchs, she points out, are frequently put on the throne through treachery and crime. How can a person be properly educated in reason and morality when that person is surrounded by such activity? Wealth, in fact the entire aristocratic system, produces abuses of power and cripples the human character, she contends. **All military branches are based on inequality**, on obeying without understanding. Not only the monarch, the aristocracy, and the military, but also priests and husbands rely on blind obedience for their power. She contends that as the divine right of kings has been rejected through reason, the divine right of husbands over their wives should end as well. Society should work to develop well-educated, moral citizens. To that end, society would do well not to develop professions that produce warped human beings, since all human character, not just of women, is formed by the habits of one's occupation and society at large.

Wollstonecraft concedes that men are superior to women in physical strength, but writes that this is a superiority of degree, not kind. Women and men are similar in the kind of virtues they should and do possess, if not in the amount. Therefore, **women should be educated in a manner similar to that of men and be treated as human beings**, not as a special subspecies called feminine. Having made this concession, Wollstonecraft states that since a natural physical superiority exists, men should feel no need to produce unnatural weakness in women. She argues for natural exercise for girls, rejects feminine garments that restrict and damage the body, and encourages girls to express themselves naturally rather than developing simpering, weak ways to entice men.



This essay often **argues directly with Rousseau, John Milton**, and other poets and philosophers. It also addresses itself to a variety of books and manuals written as advice on how women should conduct themselves and raise young girls. The same points underlie these direct critiques: Women should be encouraged to be reasonable, not simply feminine; girls should be allowed healthy exercise and play; an overemphasis on being feminine rather than human is harmful not only to women but also to men and society in general.

Wollstonecraft anticipates psychological models of human development in her discussion of the source of gender differences. While **the authors she critiques argue that girls naturally have a fondness for dress and appearance, or love to play with dolls or listen to gossip because it is their nature**, Wollstonecraft points to the everyday circumstances of little girls' lives to explain their predilections. She also points out, anticipating novelist-critic Virginia Woolf in her feminist essays, that men also have a fondness for dress: One could simply observe military men, judges, or priests. In this same vein, in her critique of some male professions, Wollstonecraft argues that miseducation can produce foolish men. The foolishness of women that men often criticize has been produced by society through women's miseducation. **Foolishness is not a gender characteristic**, but a trait that comes from miseducation, a condition that can be remedied.

The essay concludes with recommendations on how to correct the problems it has outlined. First, **women should be properly educated**. Women must be able to **support themselves** in case a husband or family member cannot do so. Giving women **access to the professions** will reduce prostitution and social problems. Women also should have the legal rights of citizens—**the rights to own property**, have custody of their children, and participate in government.

### **An Appreciation of the Text:**

A **manifesto of Feminism**, Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Women: With Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects* resonates into the present with valid complaints of sexism during the so-called Age of Enlightenment.

In the introduction she attacks the libeling of **assertive women** as "masculine" as a sexist means of forcing the female half of the population to act the part of polite second-class citizen. She chooses to present females as **rational** rather than graceful or fascinating to men for speaking "pretty feminine phrases," a gibe that vents her anger at the era's faddish small talk.

Wollstonecraft's arguments challenge obvious fallacies of contemporary philosophy, especially that of **Jean Jacques Rousseau**. She repudiates home training of little girls in "cunning, softness of temper, outward obedience, and a scrupulous attention to a puerile kind of propriety," a gendered curriculum that instills infantilism and deceit. Her text **attacks Rousseau** for stressing submission as the core value in female virtue: "What nonsense! When will a great man arise with sufficient strength of mind to puff away the fumes which pride and sensuality have thus spread?"

To discredit the view of the female as sex kitten, she describes **an ideal marriage** as one in which the husband shares family responsibilities with a wife whom he respects for her strength and pragmatism.

The essay batters the trivialization of women as personal adornments of men. By forcing girls to acquire “an artificial character,” men mold themselves into tyrants and slave mongers. Wollstonecraft proposes that **equal education** restores women to a rightful dignity as citizens. She pities the young widow, whom social constraints force into celibacy, and denounces the sex object, whom libertines exploit while “insultingly supporting their own superiority”. For the sake of civilization she urges that women receive training appropriate to their calling as shapers of the next generation. Employing scriptural gravity, she warns, “It would be as wise to expect corn from tares, or figs from thistles, as that a foolish ignorant woman should be a good mother”.

In conclusion Wollstonecraft foresees a revolution in the female realm more than 260 years before the upsurge of the feminist movement.

### **Excerpts from the Text:**

#### **Chapter 1:**

#### **THE RIGHTS AND INVOLVED DUTIES OF MANKIND CONSIDERED.**

In the present state of society, it appears necessary to go back to first principles in search of the most simple truths, and to dispute with some prevailing prejudice every inch of ground. To clear my way, I must be allowed to ask some plain questions, and the answers will probably appear as unequivocal as the axioms on which reasoning is built; though, when entangled with various motives of action, they are formally contradicted, either by the words or conduct of men.

In what does man's pre-eminence over the brute creation consist?

The answer is as clear as that a half is less than the whole; in Reason.

What acquirement exalts one being above another? Virtue; we spontaneously reply.

For what purpose were the passions implanted? That man by struggling with them might attain a degree of knowledge denied to the brutes: whispers Experience.

Consequently the perfection of our nature and capability of happiness, must be estimated by the degree of reason, virtue, and knowledge, that distinguish the individual, and direct the laws which bind society: and that from the exercise of reason, knowledge and virtue naturally flow, is equally undeniable, if mankind be viewed collectively.

The rights and duties of man thus simplified, it seems almost impertinent to attempt to illustrate truths that appear so incontrovertible: yet such deeply rooted prejudices have clouded reason, and such spurious qualities have assumed the name of virtues, that it is necessary to pursue the course of reason as it has been perplexed and involved in error, by various adventitious circumstances, comparing the simple axiom with casual deviations.

Men, in general, seem to employ their reason to justify prejudices, which they have imbibed, they cannot trace how, rather than to root them out. The mind must be strong that resolutely forms its own principles; for a kind of intellectual cowardice prevails which makes many men shrink from the task, or only do it by halves. Yet the imperfect conclusions thus drawn, are frequently very plausible, because they are built on partial experience, on just, though narrow, views.

Going back to first principles, vice skulks, with all its native deformity, from close investigation; but a set of shallow reasoners are always exclaiming that these arguments prove too much, and that a measure rotten at the core may be expedient. Thus expediency is continually contrasted with simple principles, till truth is lost in a mist of words, virtue in forms, and knowledge rendered a sounding nothing, by the specious prejudices that assume its name.

That the society is formed in the wisest manner, whose constitution is founded on the nature of man, strikes, in the abstract, every thinking being so forcibly, that it looks like presumption to endeavour to bring forward proofs; though proof must be brought, or the strong hold of prescription will never be forced by reason; yet to urge prescription as an argument to justify the depriving men (or women) of their natural rights, is one of the absurd sophisms which daily insult common sense.

The civilization of the bulk of the people of Europe, is very partial; nay, it may be made a question, whether they have acquired any virtues in exchange for innocence, equivalent to the misery produced by the vices that have been plastered over unsightly ignorance, and the freedom which has been bartered for splendid slavery. The desire of dazzling by riches, the most certain pre-eminence that man can obtain, the pleasure of commanding flattering sycophants, and many other complicated low calculations of doting self-love, have all contributed to overwhelm the mass of mankind, and make liberty a convenient handle for mock patriotism. For whilst rank and titles are held of the utmost importance, before which Genius "must hide its diminished head," it is, with a few exceptions, very unfortunate for a nation when a man of abilities, without rank or property, pushes himself forward to notice. Alas! what unheard of misery have thousands suffered to purchase a cardinal's hat for an intriguing obscure adventurer, who longed to be ranked with princes, or lord it over them by seizing the triple crown!

Such, indeed, has been the wretchedness that has flowed from hereditary honours, riches, and monarchy, that men of lively sensibility have almost uttered blasphemy in order to justify the dispensations of providence. Man has been held out as independent of his power who made him, or as a lawless planet darting from its orbit to steal the celestial fire of reason; and the vengeance of heaven, lurking in the subtile flame, sufficiently punished his temerity, by introducing evil into the world.

Impressed by this view of the misery and disorder which pervaded society, and fatigued with jostling against artificial fools, Rousseau became enamoured of solitude, and, being at the same time an optimist, he labours with uncommon eloquence to prove that man was naturally a solitary animal. Misled by his respect for the goodness of God, who certainly for

what man of sense and feeling can doubt it! gave life only to communicate happiness, he considers evil as positive, and the work of man; not aware that he was exalting one attribute at the expense of another, equally necessary to divine perfection.

Reared on a false hypothesis, his arguments in favour of a state of nature are plausible, but unsound. I say unsound; for to assert that a state of nature is preferable to civilization in all its possible perfection, is, in other words, to arraign supreme wisdom; and the paradoxical exclamation, that God has made all things right, and that evil has been introduced by the creature whom he formed, knowing what he formed, is as unphilosophical as impious.

When that wise Being, who created us and placed us here, saw the fair idea, he willed, by allowing it to be so, that the passions should unfold our reason, because he could see that present evil would produce future good. Could the helpless creature whom he called from nothing, break loose from his providence, and boldly learn to know good by practising evil without his permission? No. How could that energetic advocate for immortality argue so inconsistently? Had mankind remained for ever in the brutal state of nature, which even his magic pen cannot paint as a state in which a single virtue took root, it would have been clear, though not to the sensitive unreflecting wanderer, that man was born to run the circle of life and death, and adorn God's garden for some purpose which could not easily be reconciled with his attributes.

But if, to crown the whole, there were to be rational creatures produced, allowed to rise in excellency by the exercise of powers implanted for that purpose; if benignity itself thought fit to call into existence a creature above the brutes, who could think and improve himself, why should that inestimable gift, for a gift it was, if a man was so created as to have a capacity to rise above the state in which sensation produced brutal ease, be called, in direct terms, a curse? A curse it might be reckoned, if all our existence was bounded by our continuance in this world; for why should the gracious fountain of life give us passions, and the power of reflecting, only to embitter our days, and inspire us with mistaken notions of dignity? Why should he lead us from love of ourselves to the sublime emotions which the discovery of his wisdom and goodness excites, if these feelings were not set in motion to improve our nature, of which they make a part, and render us capable of enjoying a more godlike portion of happiness? Firmly persuaded that no evil exists in the world that God did not design to take place, I build my belief on the perfection of God.

Rousseau exerts himself to prove, that all WAS right originally: a crowd of authors that all IS now right: and I, that all WILL BE right.

But, true to his first position, next to a state of nature, Rousseau celebrates barbarism, and, apostrophizing the shade of Fabricius, he forgets that, in conquering the world, the Romans never dreamed of establishing their own liberty on a firm basis, or of extending the reign of virtue. Eager to support his system, he stigmatizes, as vicious, every effort of genius; and uttering the apotheosis of savage virtues, he exalts those to demigods, who were scarcely human—the brutal Spartans, who in defiance of justice and gratitude, sacrificed, in cold blood, the slaves that had shown themselves men to rescue their oppressors.

Disgusted with artificial manners and virtues, the citizen of Geneva, instead of properly sifting the subject, threw away the wheat with the chaff, without waiting to inquire whether the evils, which his ardent soul turned from indignantly, were the consequence of civilization, or the vestiges of barbarism. He saw vice trampling on virtue, and the semblance of goodness taking place of the reality; he saw talents bent by power to sinister purposes, and never thought of tracing the gigantic mischief up to arbitrary power, up to the hereditary distinctions that clash with the mental superiority that naturally raises a man above his fellows. He did not perceive, that the regal power, in a few generations, introduces idiotism into the noble stem, and holds out baits to render thousands idle and vicious.

Nothing can set the regal character in a more contemptible point of view, than the various crimes that have elevated men to the supreme dignity. Vile intrigues, unnatural crimes, and every vice that degrades our nature, have been the steps to this distinguished eminence; yet millions of men have supinely allowed the nerveless limbs of the posterity of such rapacious prowlers, to rest quietly on their ensanguined thrones.

What but a pestilential vapour can hover over society, when its chief director is only instructed in the invention of crimes, or the stupid routine of childish ceremonies? Will men never be wise? will they never cease to expect corn from tares, and figs from thistles?

It is impossible for any man, when the most favourable circumstances concur, to acquire sufficient knowledge and strength of mind to discharge the duties of a king, entrusted with uncontrolled power; how then must they be violated when his very elevation is an insuperable bar to the attainment of either wisdom or virtue; when all the feelings of a man are stifled by flattery, and reflection shut out by pleasure! Surely it is madness to make the fate of thousands depend on the caprice of a weak fellow creature, whose very station sinks him NECESSARILY below the meanest of his subjects! But one power should not be thrown down to exalt another—for all power intoxicates weak man; and its abuse proves, that the more equality there is established among men, the more virtue and happiness will reign in society. But this, and any similar maxim deduced from simple reason, raises an outcry—the church or the state is in danger, if faith in the wisdom of antiquity is not implicit; and they who, roused by the sight of human calamity, dare to attack human authority, are reviled as despisers of God, and enemies of man. These are bitter calumnies, yet they reached one of the best of men, (Dr. Price.) whose ashes still preach peace, and whose memory demands a respectful pause, when subjects are discussed that lay so near his heart.

After attacking the sacred majesty of kings, I shall scarcely excite surprise, by adding my firm persuasion, that every profession, in which great subordination of rank constitutes its power, is highly injurious to morality.

A standing army, for instance, is incompatible with freedom; because subordination and rigour are the very sinews of military discipline; and despotism is necessary to give vigour to enterprises that one will directs. A spirit inspired by romantic notions of honour, a kind of morality founded on the fashion of the age, can only be felt by a few officers, whilst the main body must be moved by command, like the waves of the sea; for the strong wind of authority pushes the crowd of subalterns forward, they scarcely know or care why, with headlong fury.

Besides, nothing can be so prejudicial to the morals of the inhabitants of country towns, as the occasional residence of a set of idle superficial young men, whose only occupation is gallantry, and whose polished manners render vice more dangerous, by concealing its deformity under gay ornamental drapery. An air of fashion, which is but a badge of slavery, and proves that the soul has not a strong individual character, awes simple country people into an imitation of the vices, when they cannot catch the slippery graces of politeness. Every corps is a chain of despots, who, submitting and tyrannizing without exercising their reason, become dead weights of vice and folly on the community. A man of rank or fortune, sure of rising by interest, has nothing to do but to pursue some extravagant freak; whilst the needy GENTLEMAN, who is to rise, as the phrase turns, by his merit, becomes a servile parasite or vile pander.

Sailors, the naval gentlemen, come under the same description, only their vices assume a different and a grosser cast. They are more positively indolent, when not discharging the ceremonials of their station; whilst the insignificant fluttering of soldiers may be termed active idleness. More confined to the society of men, the former acquire a fondness for humour and mischievous tricks; whilst the latter, mixing frequently with well-bred women, catch a sentimental cant. But mind is equally out of the question, whether they indulge the horse-laugh or polite simper.

May I be allowed to extend the comparison to a profession where more mind is certainly to be found; for the clergy have superior opportunities of improvement, though subordination almost equally cramps their faculties? The blind submission imposed at college to forms of belief, serves as a noviciate to the curate who most obsequiously respects the opinion of his rector or patron, if he means to rise in his profession. Perhaps there cannot be a more forcible contrast than between the servile, dependent gait of a poor curate, and the courtly mien of a bishop. And the respect and contempt they inspire render the discharge of their separate functions equally useless.

It is of great importance to observe, that the character of every man is, in some degree, formed by his profession. A man of sense may only have a cast of countenance that wears off as you trace his individuality, whilst the weak, common man, has scarcely ever any character, but what belongs to the body; at least, all his opinions have been so steeped in the vat consecrated by authority, that the faint spirit which the grape of his own vine yields cannot be distinguished.

Society, therefore, as it becomes more enlightened, should be very careful not to establish bodies of men who must necessarily be made foolish or vicious by the very constitution of their profession.

In the infancy of society, when men were just emerging out of barbarism, chiefs and priests, touching the most powerful springs of savage conduct—hope and fear—must have had unbounded sway. An aristocracy, of course, is naturally the first form of government. But clashing interests soon losing their equipoise, a monarchy and hierarchy break out of the confusion of ambitious struggles, and the foundation of both is secured by feudal tenures. This appears to be the origin of monarchial and priestly power, and the dawn of civilization.

But such combustible materials cannot long be pent up; and getting vent in foreign wars and intestine insurrections, the people acquire some power in the tumult, which obliges their rulers to gloss over their oppression with a show of right. Thus, as wars, agriculture, commerce, and literature, expands the mind, despots are compelled, to make covert corruption hold fast the power which was formerly snatched by open force. And this baneful lurking gangrene is most quickly spread by luxury and superstition, the sure dregs of ambition. The indolent puppet of a court first becomes a luxurious monster, or fastidious sensualist, and then makes the contagion which his unnatural state spreads, the instrument of tyranny.

(\*Footnote. Men of abilities scatter seeds that grow up, and have a great influence on the forming opinion; and when once the public opinion preponderates, through the exertion of reason, the overthrow of arbitrary power is not very distant.)

It is the pestiferous purple which renders the progress of civilization a curse, and warps the understanding, till men of sensibility doubt whether the expansion of intellect produces a greater portion of happiness or misery. But the nature of the poison points out the antidote; and had Rousseau mounted one step higher in his investigation; or could his eye have pierced through the foggy atmosphere, which he almost disdained to breathe, his active mind would have darted forward to contemplate the perfection of man in the establishment of true civilization, instead of taking his ferocious flight back to the night of sensual ignorance.

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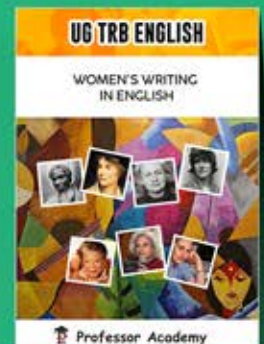
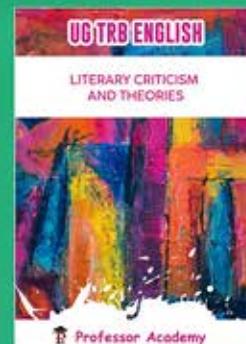
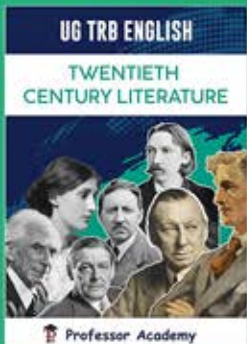
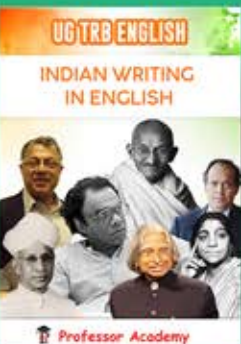
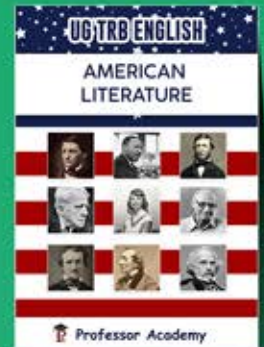
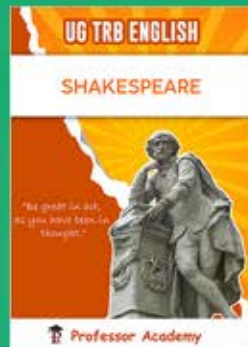
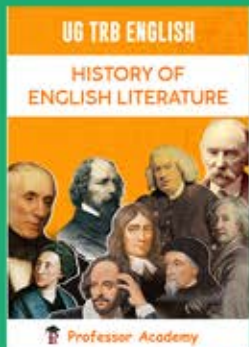
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