

ESSAYS AND STUDIES

BY
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FOREWORD

English began to be seriously studied in India somewhere in the sixties of the last century, although a few stray Indians had begun expressing themselves in it a few years earlier. When the Universities were founded, English became immediately the favoured subject of study, primarily as providing the surest means of official preferment, but partly also as the language which enabled one to make the acquaintance of writers like Godwin, Burke, and Mill—whose political philosophy, immediately after the Rising of 1857 and the growth of a feeling of nationalism, suited the temper of young India and directed the aims and ambitions of the leaders of the Indian Renaissance. It was quite a common sight to see the Congress orators end with a passage from Burke or Byron or Swinburne. They were intoxicated, as Lord Morley said, with the ideas of freedom, nationality, self-government, that breathe the breath of life in those inspiring and illuminating pages. There was also, in many quarters, a genuine literary enthusiasm for the tongue that Shakespeare spake. To this day journalists refer to the Indian Shakespeare, the Indian Milton, the Indian Scott. Much of the literature of modern Bengali, Marathi, Gujrati, Hindi, Urdu is indebted both in spirit and in form to English. But, owing to the exigencies of administrative convenience, thousands of Indians have had to study English and waste priceless years in striving to attain a working knowledge of this exceedingly difficult language. That is how the ill-natured gibe against “Babu English” or “Indian English” came into existence; that is how so many bright men have wasted their intellectual efforts only to discover that their expression is weak, lifeless, full of errors, sometimes ludicrous. The attempt to impose a foreign language and compel every boy and girl to attach at school and college a superstitious importance to it is responsible for the antagonism towards it that is so marked a feature of Indian political and educational thought today. In the last generation it was the fond ambition of a political leader in this country that he might dream in English. Indian scholars and writers disdained at one time to use their mother-tongue. If they lisped in numbers, Tennyson and Pope were their models, and the shores of Albion the source of their second-hand inspiration. In everything they were content and indeed

ambitious to be mere imitators. The rising wave of nationalism checked the growth of this ambition. Must we remain mere imitators? Must our writings remain mere inane copies of those of the West? Must we borrow our critical canons from Aristotle, Horace, Dryden, Boileau, Walter Pater and Arnold and Croce? Had we not better examine our own law-givers, Vishwanath, Dandin, Mammata and Jagannath? Have these not something to convey, something more akin to our own national background, temperament, the genius of our race? And in any case why seek in vain for recognition as writers of English? Barring Joseph Conrad what other foreigner has won for himself an honoured position among English men of letters?

These and similar questions suggest a welcome return of balance and sanity. No Indian scholar of English imagines now that he will ever be a great English poet or a great master of English prose style. This is not to say that he is opposed to the study of English. Who can afford to ignore the rich treasures of English Literature? Or who can fail to recognise the importance of the language which is spoken and understood in every continent? The teacher of English in India does not need to apologise for his existence. He performs and will continue to perform an important function. He will help to enrich the literatures of the land, to point new lines of advance, to suggest fresh forms and unattempted themes, to adapt western methods of criticism and analysis, to broaden outlook and present a vaster prospect. Extensive rather than intensive study seems to be indicated. A broad view is needed. Perhaps it is inevitable that in the changed conditions scholarship and learning will suffer. But I am not sure that that will be a loss without "abundant recompense." Thanks to the desire to place literature on the academic map and to compete with such subjects as the exact sciences and history and economics, literature been allowed in the Universities to degenerate into a matter of dates, sources, editions, various readings, and all the other trappings and fopperies of so-called scholarship. The spirit is departed and only the dry bones are left. Researches having been regarded as indispensable in some subjects, literature also had, almost as a necessary condition for continued existence, to arrange for research theses, and authors, long left in well-earned oblivion, have been taken out of the dead covers of their books and musty manuscripts, and mummified and rejuvenated with all the artificial stimulus of foot-notes, search in libraries and museums, and the pseudo-scientific nostrums of psycho-analysis. The result of

this is that literature ceases to be alive, it is so thoroughly botanised over. The soul of the writer, the thoughts that he seeks to convey, the dreams and aspirations that he moulds into words, the deeps of personality that can be plumbed, recede into insignificance. Literature has suffered grievously at the hands of the professional scholar. The late Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch are excellent guides; but they are not beloved of the tribe of professional scholars. It has been said of Raleigh that one of the articles of his creed as a professor was that too much system kills the study of literature. His true function, as he saw it, was not to discuss theories, or to trace influences, or to show developments, so much as to exhibit what was great in literature.

What is great in literature: this must not be lost sight of, and the discovery, revelation, and interpretation of it is the teacher's task and delight and privilege. The first issue of "The Review of English Studies" (January, 1925) had some wise words on the subject of literary research. The editors said: "In matter of literary history 'research' is not quite the same thing as in the natural sciences. We have less to do with that which has never previously been known, and more with that which has never been rightly interpreted. There is little for us to discover in the way of bare fact that was not known to some person or other before our day: much of our work must necessarily be re-discovery, but it is no less important on that account and no less worthy of the name of research." To what extent we, teachers and students of English, working in India, have been able to enter into the spirit of English literature, to study its forms and origins, to assist in the growth and development of our own literatures, to do research in the way either of discovery or re-discovery, it is for others to say. In our branch of the English Association we have striven, in pursuance of its aims, to link together groups engaged in English work, to uphold the standards of English writing and speech, and to discuss methods of English teaching.

AMARANATHA JHA,

President, U.P. Branch of the English Association.

THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

*(Inaugural address delivered at Allahabad by Prof. S. G. Dunn,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts, Allahabad University.)**

The Royal Society at its inception exacted, we are told, from all its members "a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses"—a ruling that our new branch of the English Association would do well to adopt. At any rate, to-night, I hope you will not be shocked if I am naked or frank in what I have to say and will pardon me if my opinions are expressed positively. I intend, that is, to be natural, and if the particular aspect of nature which is in me incarnate does not please you, our Hon. Secretary, Mr. Deb, must take the blame, for it is under his compulsion that I appear thus before you. I trust, however, that my submission to his bidding will create a precedent, and that nobody who is put down by him in the future for a paper will dare to disappoint.

You are all, presumably, acquainted with the aims of the English Association. The first—"To promote the due recognition of English as an essential element in the national education"—has a special appeal to our Indian branch. We have two sets of opposition to meet here. The first, the rabid political. English people in India are for them, so they assert, exploiters and blood-suckers; the imposition of the English language in the education of Indians is designed to denationalize, to produce a slave mentality, to supplant native by foreign ideas. The impregnable answer to that is the existence and activity of the Swarajist party. I name no names, but the members of Bengal, the U.P., the Punjab, Madras, Bombay would be unintelligible to each other but for their education in the English language, and it is highly probable that they would be entirely ineffective in political action had they not studied English literature and assimilated the ideals of national freedom and the methods of attaining it with which that literature is saturated. The late Sir Walter Raleigh, in a passage which I shall not quote because it is too brutal, attributes the agitation in Bengal over the

* 11th March, 1927.

Curzon partition to the influence of Burke. No. If English has had any effect at all, it has been in the direction of evoking and making vocal national feeling—the spirit of self-assertion—the very opposite of a slave mentality. It was not merely in jest that I was greeted so often by the members of the superior services, when I first came out, as “a teacher of sedition.” I may quarrel with the word; I accept the imputation without shame. Was not one of my most brilliant pupils in jail during the *Gandhi-ki-jai* period? That incident knocks the bottom out of the idea that English education turns out slaves of the bureaucracy. The fact is that the progress of India towards self-government has been made possible by education in English and that alone. Without Macaulay no Montagu; without the Muir College no Malviyaji. The second set of opponents are more formidable at first sight. English education, they say, has kept back the vernaculars; by being compelled to learn a foreign language the Indian has neglected his own. Is this true? I suppose it will be conceded that, outside Madras, Bengal has assimilated more English than any other province. Result? Bengali is probably more alive, more prolific in literature than any other vernacular. Take Tagore. His English education has enabled him not only to infuse into Bengali literature a new vitality, but to make Bengali literature known throughout the world. If Tagore had not learned English nor gone to Europe, his school at Bolepur and his university would never have come into existence. No. The vernaculars have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the increase of English education—if it is *education*.

That brings us to the second purpose of the English Association, “To discuss methods of teaching English” and lands us right in the heart of the jungle. Why should we deceive ourselves? We have not yet discovered how to teach English in India. It is not altogether the fault of us teachers of English. When I came out to India, full of enthusiasm and illusions about my position as a “Professor of English,” I soon set to work to put up definite proposals that seemed to me reasonable, indeed obvious; the reply was illuminating. “In the opinion of Government nothing is needed for the teaching of English but a classroom.” Incredible as it may seem, undiscouraged, I pressed for, at least, a library; I got one, which has since been dispersed by the University Librarian. But even so, my list of books had to be passed by an assistant in the Director’s Office. And as for larger questions of educational policy, these were altogether beyond our grasp: secretaries to Government dealt with them. But this is by the way; it will, however,

explain why I, for one, voted for the freedom of the University from Departmental control. Free we are now, but of what worth is our freedom? We can do what we will with the material that comes to us, but the condition of that material is all-important. That depends on the teaching in earlier stages and over that the University has no control. Here the English Association comes in. We are an unofficial body; we have no axes to grind, nor are we interested to keep others' blunted. It should not be impossible for us to get together and devise a system of teaching English that shall be effective. When I say English I mean the English language. It is futile to discourse on Keats and Wordsworth to students who can't read English. And most of our University students cannot read English. I mean that. Reading with them is a word-by-word affair; the eye cannot run along the lines and gather the sense at a glance. I am not going into detail, but I conceive a language training to consist of these stages:

1. Vowel sounds.
2. An elementary vocabulary.
3. Construction of words in sentences which, at first, represent motor activities (sense) and, later, conceptions (thought).

I believe that a combination of the Hugo system with the new gramophone record system, the linguaphone, would enable an Indian boy to teach himself English in a year to a higher standard than he now attains in ten years under incompetent teachers.

The chief obstacle against reform in language teaching is vested interests. There are the teachers who don't want to alter their ways; there are the writers of "readers" who don't want to lose their royalties; there are the inspectors who know more or less what to look for now and would be inconvenienced to start fresh; there are higher authorities who resent any scheme that does not emanate from the central office.

However, my point is that the English Association is directly concerned with the teaching of English as a language in the schools and can, if it goes about it in the right way, influence public opinion more effectively than an official recommendation. The public is getting control of education; the public itself needs educating up to using that control wisely.

Finally, let me come to the third purpose of the Association: "To unite all those who are interested in English studies; to bring teachers into contact with one another and with writers and readers who do not

teach." Here we are concerned with English as literature. The Association can do immense good if it remembers this aim. Every year the Committee of Courses of Studies in English prescribes books to be read in the department. Suppose, for a moment, we could get the opinions of all who have read in the department in the past and others about (a) the books that they read when students, what they thought of them, (b) the books that they read now, why they read them.

I, for one, should like to know. Except in a few cases, I don't know. What books are suitable for Indian students of the undergraduate stage? I refuse to accept that the books must deal with Indian culture. We are teaching *English* literature, and for international purposes we want to give an idea of English life, not of Indian life. If I read French, I want a book that is typically French, not a book in French dealing with English life, let us say, as lived on the Riviera. It is often charged against our system of education that it deals with subjects beyond the environment of the Indian boy. Why not? If you would enlarge the mind, increase the stock of ideas, you must go beyond the *familiar*. That is why Latin and Greek have been so valuable in the education of English boys. That is a purely sentimental objection. The legitimate charge is that our prescribed books are uninteresting. That is an objection I can understand. We are all in danger of prescribing books for others which have interested ourselves without considering whether they will of themselves interest others for whom they have not the associations they have for us. Here the contact of the teachers with those who do not teach should be helpful. We who teach can keep in touch with contemporary taste and avoid that purely academic outlook which is fatal to interest.

And now for "bringing teachers into contact with one another." God forbid, some of you will exclaim: do we not see too much of one another already? In one way, perhaps, yes; but what about the secret life, the *side* of several planets *turned* to the sun? Each of us has a favourite literature of his own; it may be Wordsworth, R. L. S., O. Henry; but whatever it is he likes, just because he likes it, he will understand it, see more in it than the indifferent will. Let us get him to tell us what he sees. We who teach English and study it in India are too modest. We are put to silence by the publicity given to so-called "researches" in England. I will speak as a fool, but often I have found ideas that have seemed to me so obvious that I have thought them universal, published in England or America and hailed by a circle of confederate critics as new and marvellous. I am sure that here in

India we have unpublished and perhaps uncommunicated (to avoid that controversial term, unexpressed) theories and critical studies which are as much worth the consideration of the learned as any of those prominently placed in the home organs of the mutual admiration societies.

I believe that if we of this branch of the English Association will take the trouble to meet and tolerate the rendition of one another's ideas on literature, we shall be able to contribute between us something as worthy of a wider audience as anything produced by any branch of the English Association. But let me not end thus as if the spirit of advertisement were our patron deity. What we individually desire is knowledge and understanding, for ourselves and that we may impart it to our pupils or friends; we must have before we can give; we desire to have that we may give. The establishment of this branch should enable us to help one another to pool our knowledge, to co-operate in research. Let me suppose a concrete case. A in Allahabad is keen on the early 17th century. He says so and asks who can help him. B in Agra says "We have such and such books in our library" and C in the Opium Department has a special knowledge of the drugs mentioned in the "Anatomy." "That reminds me," says D, "that E has a rare copy of an emblem book which he picked up in the Crawford Market" and so *ad infinitum*. The one way of salvation in India is to have a hobby. Let us make the English Association ours.

Professor Dunn remarked that the Association could further have its activities, along such lines as the following:

- (1) Papers on subjects members are working at so that they may get some criticism on them and put their work into proportion with an audience making a higher demand than a student audience. Danger of being content with too low a standard.
- (2) Bibliographies and co-ordination of libraries.
- (3) Some attempt to maintain a good standard of public taste. Readings and production of plays possibly in a simple way.
- (4) Preparation of papers or articles to be sent to central branch and keep in touch with outer world.

KIPLING AS POET

By AMARANATHA JHA

JINGOISM, a blustering, bragging manner, plentiful use of slang broad humour, an incomplete quotation, all these have combined to prevent, in India at any rate, Kipling from occupying a high place among English poets. He is condemned as being anti-Indian. I shall say nothing here of his short stories or of his novels; I shall confine my attention to his verse, and make an attempt to estimate its real worth.

Rudyard Kipling is unfortunate in belonging to the generation to which he belongs. His poetic career began while Tennyson's mellifluous voice was still heard and Browning's verse was emerging from the obscurity of more than twenty years. Tennyson had become a legend: to make yourself a Tennysonian was to be on the side of grace, and Browningism was fast developing into a creed. Silently and subtly, but surely, Fitzgerald was beginning to cast his spell: the half-sceptical melancholy, the vague longing to escape from a world that yet was lovely, made the Persian Omar an English classic. Coming close after were the striking figures of William Morris, Swinburne, and Meredith. Mediæval romance, passion at white-heat, 'chaos illumined by lightning'; enchanted names and scenes, fervent enthusiasm for liberty in all its forms and shapes and hues; blend of psychology and imagination; these held public attention for a few years. Then, when Kipling might have been expected to come into his own, appeared on the horizon the meteoric figure of Oscar Wilde, half genius, half poltroon, the mystic Francis Thompson with his vision of 'a deep, but dazzling darkness,' Symonds with his wide humanism, the exuberant Le Gallienne. Condemn the 'nineties' as we may, decadent, æsthetic, cloying, characterise it as we like, while it flourished, nineties' verse allowed no other note to become audible. A. E. Housman attempted to break the charm: but in vain. 'A Shropshire Lad,' with its deep-seated and therefore quiet pessimism, its profound melancholy, its absence of enthusiasm, had to wait for more than twenty years for recognition. He sang before his due time of the laurels that were all cut; of the world

grown old; of the heart that's sold for endless rue; of lads that have had no luck at all. By the time these had had their day, and another race was come, the venerable figure of Thomas Hardy, like some Ancient of Days, moved into the realms of poetry, singing of the cruelty of time, of callous nature, of helpless humanity, of God's funeral. Then came the war and the war-poets with their brief existence brightened with the gleam of fame—Rupert Brooke, Ralph Hodgson, Julian Grenfell, Edmund Blunden, S. Sassoon, Robert Graves—who, passing through tears and famine and flame, severance and shock, saw yet the vision glorious, the distant gates of Eden, and 'did not dream it was a dream.' Now we have the Futurists, the Imagists, the Transcendentalists. In all these years, through all the stages of English poetry during the last forty or fifty years, Kipling has been a solitary figure, singing unceasingly, rising occasionally to real poetic heights, but without receiving the meed of serious recognition. . . .

* * * * *

Kipling's poetic work falls into three main divisions: those dealing with Anglo-India; those relating to the services; and those on general themes. It will readily appear that on subjects such as these—that do not give much scope either to the imagination or to thought—verse cannot be expected to sound the abysmal deeps of personality; feeling cannot be very intimate and thrilling. These limitations are inherent, and they must constantly be kept in view. It will be futile to expect in Kipling the mystic vision of Dante's *Inferno*; we shall await in vain the awful notes of *Othello* or *Lear*; the heroic chords of Milton's verse will not be sounded; nor can we expect the melting romance of Spenser. His poems will inevitably be matter-of-fact, practical, business-like; they will treat of familiar matter of today; they will not imagine so much as observe. There will be room, indeed, for humour, for pathos, for tears; they will be a leaf out of the book of life. They will not be tinted with the rainbow hues of the sky, nor will they echo the roar of the thunder. They will describe earthly life, with all its many aches and its ecstasies. And if in dealing with reality the poet can ever and anon have a vision of glory, to that extent will he succeed in lifting poetry from the level of historical narrative. If he discovers romance in the streets and beauty in the barracks, he is a genuine poet. A great man had a melancholy friend in distress who told him in surprise that, in spite of his troubles, cheerfulness kept breaking in. So for the true seer beauty and loveliness never pass away; the dirt and the dross,

the squalor and the smoke, all conceal the mystic wonder which the poet both discovers and interprets. But because of the materials Kipling uses, the atmosphere he creates, the environment in which he works, emotional intensity or concentration is not possible.

The simple art of

“ Strew on her roses, roses ”;

the energy of

“ There was a sound of revelry by night ”;

the deep-rooted dejection of

“ A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear ”;

the abandon of

“ Drink to me only with thine eyes ”;

the profound appeal of Kent's

“ Vex not his ghost,”

or of Othello's last speech, or the marvel of Hamlet's

“ The rest is silence ”—

these are achievements beyond the range of the singer who keeps his eyes on the ground. Nor have we any right to expect him to soar thus high: his aim is different.

Before I deal with the content of Kipling's work, I may say a word on his style. Wordsworth had rebelled against the inane phraseology of the classicists and had preached a doctrine that led Byron to describe him as one

“ Who both by example and by precept shows
That prose is verse and verse is merely prose.”

Coleridge had used, in his best pieces, simple language, but how marvellously did he use it:

“ Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.”

Shelley was not particularly influenced by this revolt against poetic diction, but Byron, in *Don Juan* and *Vision of Judgment*, was able to demonstrate that poetic diction was not essential to great poetry, that ordinary expressions could be made to do duty, that vulgar and slang words could find place in verses of great poetic excellence, and that triviality of phrase and sublimity of thought could be blended together.

“ As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
 Ne'er to be entered more by him or Sin,
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made Saint Peter wish himself within;
 He potted with his keys at a great rate,
 And sweated through his apostolic skin :
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.”

But soon came Tennyson with his verses faultily faultless, sweet and rounded; and then Swinburne even more perfect in phrasing and sweet beyond sweetness. The Victorian tradition was thus one of correct, formal, careful expression. Matthew Arnold was its great prose phrase-coiner. Words regained once more their lost importance: phrase became once again a matter of moment. Browning, it is true, was an exception; but even he was capable of such exquisite lines as :

“ That's the wise thrush : he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could re-capture
 The first fine careless rapture.”

On the whole, however, he was a rebel, writing a passage like the following from *Pompilia* :

“ I spent a good half-hour, paced to and fro
 The garden; just to leave her free awhile . . .
 I might have sat beside her on the bench
 Where the children were : I wish the thing had been,
 Indeed : the event could not be worse, you know :
 One more half-hour of her saved ! She's dead now, sirs ! ”

or the following from *Too Late* :

“ I liked that way you had with your curls,
 Wound to a ball in a net behind :
 Your cheek was chaste as a quaker-girl's,
 And your mouth—there was never, to my mind,
 Such a funny mouth, for it would not shut ;
 And the dented chin, too—what a chin !

There were certain ways when you spoke, some words
 That you know you never could pronounce :
 You were thin, however; like a bird's
 Your hand seemed—some would say, the pounce
 Of a scaly-fooled hawk,—all but !
 The world was right when it called you thin."

The heritage of Victorian poetry continued, despite Browning's example, to be purity, lusciousness, choiceness of phraseology, and when Kipling began writing his manner seemed jarring, harsh and crude. The 'decadents' made style yet more exquisite, and Kipling was regarded as a rude rhymers not worthy to be classed with such 'precious' artists as the contributors to the "Yellow-Book." Kipling did employ many cockney expressions, many phrases known to the Tommy alone and only heard in his Barracks, many words which none but Anglo-Indians could understand; he took great liberties with spelling; he manipulated pronunciation; he used an aggravatingly large number of abbreviations. His punctuation was haphazard. And all this cost him heavily; he suffered grievously for his mannerisms. Now that the modernists are guilty of greater excesses, make verse totally 'free,' and bid good-bye to grammar and idiom, Kipling is thought to be old-fashioned. But it is worth while observing that of the singing ballad, written in dialect, no one is a greater master. Has he not been called the Apollo of the Banjo?

* * * * *

Kipling's early career was in India, at Allahabad and Lahore. From my room in the University I can see the office where he worked in the Eighties and I sometimes see in imagination the young, bushy-browed, bespectacled young assistant sitting at his table, editing telegrams, reading blue-books, writing editorial notes, and then lost in thought, abstracting himself to the world of Kim and the Zamzamma. No English poet has written of India with such intimate knowledge. Politics, religion, civil life,—every aspect is touched by him, and according to the mood of the moment, touched with laughter or irony or tears. Even in the most boisterous and frivolous pieces the eternal note of sadness can be detected, and if it is sometimes difficult to tell on which side his own sympathies are, is that not true of most great poets?

The Indian poems deal either with some old legend, or some aspect of modern life, or else with Anglo-Indian administration. Some of the pieces belonging to the first category are perfectly delightful. What Hindu child has not heard from the lips of a grandmother or an old maid of stories related by Shiva to Parvati and hundreds of moral conundrums offered by her to him for solution? Here, in Kipling, is one entitled "*Shiva and the Grasshopper*":

" Shiv, who poured the harvest and made the winds to blow,
Sitting at the doorways of a day of long ago,
Gave to each his portion, food and toil and fate,
From the King upon his *guddee* to the Beggar at the gate.

*All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,—
Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,
And Mother's heart for sleepy head, O little Son of mine!*

Wheat he gave to rich folk, millet to the poor,
Broken scraps for holy men that beg from door to door;
Cattle to the tiger, carrion to the kite,
And rags and bones to wicked wolves without the wall at night
Naught he found too lofty, none he saw too low—
Parvati beside him watched them come and go;
Thought to cheat her husband, turning Shiv to jest—
Stole the little grasshopper and hid it in her breast.

*So she tricked him, Shiva the Preserver.
Mahadeo! Mahadeo, turn and see!
Tall are the camels, heavy are the kine,
But this was Least of Little things, O little Son of mine!*

When the dole was ended, laughingly she said,
' Master, of a million mouths is not one unfed? '
Laughing, Shiv made answer, ' All have had their part.
Even he, the little one, hidden neath thy heart.'

From her breast she plucked it, Parvati the thief,
Saw the Least of Little things, gnawed a new-green leaf!
Saw and feared and wondered, making prayer to Shiv,
Who hath surely given meat to all that live!

All things made he—Shiva the Preserver.

Mahadeo! Mahadeo! He made all,—

Thorn for the camel, fodder for the kine,

And Mother's heart for sleepy head, O little Son of mine!"

Or, take next, "A Song of Kabir":

"Oh, light was the world that he weighed in his hands!
Oh, heavy the tale of his fiefs and his lands!
He has gone from the *guddee* and put on the shroud,
And departed in guise of *bairagi* avowed!

Now the white road to Delhi is mat for his feet,
The *Sal* and the *Kikar* must guard him from heat.
His home is the camp, and the waste, and the crowd—
He is seeking the way, as *bairagi* avowed!

He has looked on man, and his eyeballs are clear—
(There was One; there is One, and but One, saith Kabir);
The Red Mist of-Doing has thinned to a cloud—
He has taken the path for *bairagi* avowed!

To learn and discern of his brother the clod,
Of his brother the brute, and his brother the God,
He has gone from the council and put on the shroud,
('Can ye hear?' saith Kabir), a *bairagi* avowed!"

These two poems are enough to show how thoroughly Kipling has entered into the spirit of Hindu tradition and how faithfully he is able to depict the Hindu mind. The trust in an all-seeing, all-protecting God, the confidence that whatever He does is for the best, the ideal of sacrifice, of renunciation, of the lowly path of poverty, and the curious mixture of faith and fatalism—all this he has appreciated and described.

One imagines some itinerant *sadhu* or mystic villager must have let him have a glimpse of these arcana.

But he is not silent about familiar matter of today. All that he saw around him he treasured in his memory: the small club talk, the hill exodus, the station scandals, the pettiness of the mighty and the patient heroism of the poor. The honesty of the humble, over-driven, hard-used Indian 'bearer' is brought out in the poem 'Ganga Din' with its last lines:

" Though I've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Ganga Din!"

The devotion and the camaraderie of the Indian soldier is the theme of the poem 'The Grave of the Hundred Dead.'

The most interesting and amusing pieces are those that relate to Anglo-Indian life and administration. One of the best is this "*The Post that Fitted*":

*Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains,
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the lover has brains.*

Ere the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little Carrie."
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.

Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight poor rupees a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scantily furnished quarters—
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's daughters.
Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another match.

So they recognised the business and, to feed and clothe the bride,
Got him made Something Something somewhere on the Bombay side.
Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry—
As the artless Sleary put it: "Just the thing for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin,—impulse of a baser mind?
No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.

[Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather:—

“Pears’s shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of lather.”]

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite
 Sleary with distressing vigour—always in the Boffkin’s sight.
 Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his ring,
 Told him his “unhappy weakness” stopped all thought of marrying.
 Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy,—
 Epileptic fits don’t matter in Political employ,—
 Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket, packed his kit
 Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.
 Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and laughed until she wept,
 Mrs. Boffkin’s warning letter on the “wretched epilept”
 Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits
 Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary’s fits.”

The next poem, that in these days of retrenchment has a topical flavour, deals with Sir Auckland Colvin, and is entitled “The Rupaayat of Omar Kal ‘Vin”: a brilliant parody, full of wit and delicate irony. Indeed, many of the Anglo-Indian verses are marked by these two qualities.

* * * * *

No English poet, I think, is more popular in the Army than Kipling. I have myself heard several poems of his quoted with enthusiasm and gusto by Tommies in their barracks, not on ceremonial occasions and in formal recitations, but as part of their daily speech. He speaks a language that they know; he describes things familiar to them; more than everything, he expresses their feelings exactly as they themselves would had they the gift of expression. The soldier all over the world appreciates kindness. He has primal impulses: be good to him, and there is nothing he will not do for you. He has chosen to join a school of hardship and iron discipline; all that he asks for is that you will be a frank comrade to him. A little goodwill, a little gentleness, a soft word, a kind look, and he is your slave. He has no home but the barracks; no family save the members of his section, no guide save his officer. All his loyalties are for his uniform which he will not stain and for his unit whose reputation he will not sully. Send him from

East to West, he will not mind it; put him on to any duty, he will work with a will. Yet underneath the apparent roughness and boisterousness and noise of his life there runs a current of pathos. And Kipling—in spite of the loud clang of his verse—seizes on this current of pathos and reproduces it. That is how he becomes par excellence the Soldier's Poet. He speaks of Tommy with respect and affection. The Prelude to *Barrack Room Ballads* ' is addressed to Thomas Atkins :

“ I have made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it's true.
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

O there'll surely come a day
When they'all give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you! ”

I shall quote only one soldier-poem, ' Tommy,' striking because of its righteous indignation :

“ I went into a public—'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, ' We serve no red-coats here.'
The girls be 'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
I outs into the street again an' to myself say I :

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' “ Tommy, go away ”;
But it's “ Thank you, Mister Atkins,” when the band begins to
play—
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
O it's “ Thank you, Mister Atkins,” when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;

They sent me to the gallery or round the music—'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";
But it's "Special Train for Atkins" when the Trooper's on the
tide—

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's "Special Train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
And huslin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's
yer soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll—
The drums began to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' Tommy, fall be'ind,
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in
the wind—

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in
the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldier—man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Chuck him out,
the brute! "

But it's " Saviour of 'is country " when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees! "

* * * * *

Before I refer to his poems on general subjects, let me devote a few lines to the charge of 'Jingoism' so often brought against Kipling. His generation had forgotten both 'the blind hysterics of the Celt' and 'the red fcolfury of the Seine'; the memories of Chartism and the Crimean War had become dim, and the disputes between Science and Religion had been put aside. Victorianism reached its apotheosis in the two Jubilees of 1887 and 1897. Imperial expansion, material prosperity, middle class rule, Tory democracy, Indian servants standing behind the Queen, alliances of the House of Windsor with several continental reigning dynasties—all these persuaded the Englishman that God was very much in His heaven, and all was certainly well with the world. Tennyson wore a crown of light. Gladstone and Disraeli trod the political stage like giants. Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer twitched the mantle of prophets. Carlyle and Ruskin rumbled darkly, but their voice was drowned in the pæans of self-complacency. No wonder self-satisfaction was the main feature of later Victorian thought, and no wonder pride of race, consciousness of national achievements, sense of glory in membership of an Empire on which the sun never sets should characterise the literature of this generation. Not until the Boer War broke out did Jingoism receive a shock and self-questionings and searchings of the heart begin. It cannot be urged as a special criticism of Kipling that in verses treating of Imperial subjects he reveals an Imperialistic outlook. Most others at the time were similarly Imperialistic. Kipling has indeed been called 'the unofficial M. P. for British Possessions.' The question to be asked, rather is, Is his Imperialism of an offensive kind? And in any case the question is one more of politics than of poetry. "The Song of the Cities"; "The Houses"; "The Young Queen"—these are all stirring pieces with little arrogance that offends.

* * * * *

Let me finally draw attention to another kind of work which also appears in large volume in most of his publications—verses that deal with eternal verities, with fundamental problems, with the mystery and

the wonder of the miracle called life, with the inscrutable ways of Providence, with the mighty living and the mightier dead. Has anyone, looking before and after, solved the riddle? Poets and philosophers have dreamt dreams and seen visions; preachers and professors have dogmatised; scientists have involved themselves in deep labyrinths—and we are nowhere near the light. Is there light and must we always seek, never find? Doubt and denial; instinct struggling against reason; science baffling faith; passionate devotion to the older sect: cold subservience to sunless creeds—with all this the mid-Victorian was familiar, through all these phases he had passed. And what was his momentous decision? What was the word of the Oracle? Its most succinct expression is found in a rendering of a mediæval Persian poet:

“ Unborn Tomorrow, and Dead Yesterday—
Why fret about them, if Today be sweet? ”

Omar Khayyam, as presented by Fitzgerald, became the Holy Book of the Victorians. His refusal to see beyond the immediate present was not, however, to satisfy the generation that was not so drunk with the sense of success and prosperity, and obstinate questionings came and came again. They could not be hushed. They were clamant for answer.

What is Kipling's answer? I venture to think that his attitude is very like Thomas Hardy's, in the last analysis. Hardy's "God's Funeral," is one of his grimmest utterances; but here is his "God's Education":

“ I saw him steal the light away
That haunted in her eye:
It went so gently none could say
More than that it was there one day
And missing by-and-by.

I watched her longer, and he stole
Her lily tincts and rose;
All her young sprightliness of soul
Next fell beneath his cold control,
And disappeared like those.

I asked: "Why do you serve her so?
 Do you, for some glad day,
 Hoard these her sweets—?" He said, "Oh,
 They charm not me; I bid Time throw
 Them carelessly away."

Said I: "We call that cruelty—
 We, your poor mortal kind."
 He mused. "The thought is new to me.
 Forsooth, though I men's master be,
 Theirs is the teaching mind!"

What does this poem exactly mean, or a dozen others that can be selected out of Hardy? God's helplessness or God's callousness, perhaps; perhaps, too, a difference in the values; perhaps pity for God or anger against Him—but ultimately perhaps a conviction that it is futile to appeal to God. He is helpless in Time's hands like the puniest and frailest of mortals. Time is the great master, relentless, mighty, elemental. Here is Kipling's poem, 1892, entitled, "The Answer":

A rose, in tatters on the garden path,
 Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst His wrath,
 Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush
 Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush,
 And God, Who hears both sun-dried dust and sun,
 Had pity, whispering to that luckless one
 "Sister, in that thou sayest We did not well—
 "What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell?"
 And the Rose answered, "In that evil hour
 "A voice said, 'Father, wherefore falls the flower?
 "'For lo, the very gossamers are still'"
 "And a voice answered, 'Son, by Allah's Will!'"
 Then softly as a rain-mist on the sward,
 Came to the Rose the Answer of the Lord:
 "Sister, before We smote the Dark in twain,
 "Ere yet the Stars saw one another plain,

" Time, Tide and Space, We bound unto the task
 " That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."
 Whereat the withered flower, all content,
 Died as they die whose days are innocent;
 While he who questioned why the flower fell
 Caught hold of God and saved his soul from Hell."

What is the riddle? Is there an answer? None, save that things happen as it is written that they shall happen, and that God must Himself, to preserve His Godhood, do as it is decreed. Small comfort, little consolation: but this is all the poet vouchsafes. More he will not tell. He says at one place: " I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man." Another poem, with a similar content, is the Prelude to " Puck of Pook's Hill " :

" Cities and Thrones and Powers
 Stand in Time's eye,
 Almost as long as flowers,
 Which daily die :
 But, as new buds put forth
 To glad new men,
 Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth.
 The Cities rise again.
 This season's Daffodil,
 She never hears,
 What change, what chance, what chill,
 Cut down last year's;
 But with bold countenance,
 And knowledge small,
 Esteems her seven days' continuance
 To be perpetual.
 So Time that is o'er-kind
 To all that be,
 Ordains us e'en as blind,
 As bold as she :

That in our very death,
 And burial sure,
 Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,
 ' See how our works endure! ' "

The spirit of the men who toil and spin and sweat and die, not because they gain but because of something within them that does not let them rest and urges them on to fresh effort and new endeavour, who go from danger to danger and greet peril with a smile, the spirit of such as these has never found better expression, not in Shelley nor in Browning, than in Kipling's " The Song of the Dead." No challenge is here, no defiance; a plain statement that yet moves more than rhetorical skill :

" We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
 We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
 Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
 Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
 As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the herd where they
graze
 In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
 Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then the last water
dried—
 In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
 On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-scrap we lay,
 That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
 Follow after—follow after! We have watered the root,
 And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
 Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
 For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
 Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown :
 By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own! "

The poet who teaches us that the game is more than the player, and the ship is more than the crew utters a new note to which the poor modern needs to listen. That is Kipling's main contribution. Loyalty and devotion to duty, to the cause one holds sacred, each working for the joy of the working, each having his own lode-star, working for the Good of Things as They are—there speaks all through this poet, a

compelling voice: "My speech is clean and single, I talk of common things." He gives us the tonic we need and gives it a form we understand. He speaks in the language of the common men and from their level: he is no Olympian threatening of the wrath to come, nor an Oracle on the tripod telling a tale signifying nothing. The words look trivial, but they sound true: the form is rough but is not without art: more than all, the message is one to which we shall respond more and more, and feel that here is the authentic voice of our century—finding no comfort in thought of God, seeing much misery and disgrace, but withal holding to the anchor, pointing the way to Light and bidding us have hope, for some there still are that do not shame their kind, not even with that wind blowing and that tide!

MEDIEVAL SIDELIGHTS ON *PARADISE LOST*

By P. E. DUSTOOR.

In "Legends of Lucifer in Early English and in Milton," a paper read before this Association some time back and subsequently published in *Anglia* (Vol. XLII, pp. 213ff.), I endeavoured to relate Milton's handling of the Lucifer legend to the use already made of it in Old and Middle English literature, and thereby to demonstrate how a study of Milton's medieval forerunners reveals that his originality consisted, to a greater extent than is commonly supposed, in skilfully appropriating traditions and doctrines which Hebrew Rabbis and Christian Fathers had promulgated and medieval clerks had helped to popularize. In further support of my contention I now adduce some analogues, mostly medieval, to a few, select, extra-biblical touches in Milton's handling of the story of Adam and Eve.

I

In his admirable study of Milton, the late Prof. Raleigh dwelt on what he considered a grave inconsistency in the scheme of *Paradise Lost*. "Milton," he writes, "seems to have hesitated as to which of two theories he would adopt concerning the Creation of Man. After their fall both Satan and Beelzebub mention a rumour which had long been current in Heaven of a new race, called Man, shortly to be created. The rumour could hardly have reached the rebels during the progress of the war. Yet in the Seventh Book the Creation appears as a compliment paid to Satan, a countermove devised after the suppression of the great war. The Omnipotent thus declares his intention:

But lest his heart exalt him in the harm
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—
My damage fondly deemed,—I can repair
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another world; out of one man a race
Of men innumerable "

"This last," continues Prof. Raleigh, "is the account we must accept. Milton no doubt was attracted by the dramatic superiority of this

version, which makes the Creation of Man a minor incident in the great war, so that the human race comes, a mere token and pawn—

Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

But he was probably also aware that this view had not the warrant of the highest orthodoxy." (*Milton*, pp. 112, 113)

I submit that, in the first place, even if it be allowed that Milton was attracted to the view that Man was a countermove and an after-thought, he *did* have the warrant of the highest orthodoxy. For, not only did he have a long line of medieval English forerunners—Pseudo-Caedmon, Aelfric, Richard Rolle of Hampole, Gower, and the playwrights of the York and Towneley Mystery Cycles among them—but also he could have cited as the ultimate authorities such orthodox teachers as Hilary, Augustine, and Gregory the Great.¹

But I am not so sure that Milton hesitated between the two theories indicated and finally accepted the more dramatic one of the two. I rather think he adopted a view in which both were reconciled and comprised.

There are other passages in *Paradise Lost* bearing upon the creation of man than those referred to by Prof. Raleigh. One of them is the following. Satan informs his daughter Sin that he goes

To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold
Should be—and by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round—a place of bliss
In the purlieu of Heaven; and therein placed
A race of upstart creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room. (II, 830—5)

Another occurs in the Tenth Book. Satan, returning successful from his adventure, tells his comrades how he found

The new-created World, which fame in Heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful.
Of absolute perfection; therein Man

¹ See *O. E. Genesis*, 92—395—7; Aelfric's *Homily on Creation*; *The Pricke of Conscience*, 388 ff; *Confessio Amantis*, VIII, 21—36; *The York Plays*, VII, 16—24; *The Towneley Plays*, I, 214—5; Hilary, *In Matthew*, c. 18 sect. vi; Augustine, *City of God*, XXII, c. 1; *Enchiridion*, cc. 29 and 61; Gregory, *Homily XXXIV*, 6; *Moralia*, XXXII, c. 23.

Placed in a paradise, by our exile
 Made happy. (X, 481—5)

The seemingly inconsistent views are here both used; they are harmonised. Milton apparently wishes it to be understood that they are not incompatible. Such a reconciliation, had in fact been favoured by no less a person than Anselm in the eleventh century. He had held that the world of Angels and Men had been foreseen by the Creator in its entirety and that men were made, not only to restore the number of the angels diminished by their fall, but also to complete the perfect number in which God had conceived the intellectual nature, and which the angels alone, even prior to the defection from their ranks, did not complete.² And this doctrine, in a modified form, had found a place in Middle English literature. Thus, it is clearly indicated in the fourteenth-century poem *Cursor Mundi*, and in the *Chester 'Fall of Lucifer,'* that Man, far from being an afterthought, had been contemplated long before the rebellion and expulsion of the Angels. *Cursor Mundi* maintains—the passage is too long to quote³—that though Man was made to take the place of the fallen angels, he had all along been part of God's original scheme, since the Creator in His foreknowledge knew that some of the Angels would fall. A similar conception of Man's place in the divine plan is implied in the following lines taken from the *Chester* pageant of Lucifer. 'Deus,' speaking more in sorrow than in anger after the eviction of the apostate angels, says:

And though they have broken my commandment
 Me ruethe yt sore full soveraynely;
 Nevertheless I will have my intent,
 What I first thought, yet so will I.
 I and two persons are at one assent,
 A solemn matter for to try.
 A full fair image we have i-ment
 That this same stead shall multiply. (261—268)

II

The second topic we shall consider is Milton's account of the Creation of Eve. In the Eighth Book of *Paradise Lost*, Adam, relating

² *Cur Deus Homo*, cc. 16—18.

³ See lines 416—432, 511—6.

to Raphael the story of his birth, discloses how when the Lord brought before him all the birds and beasts in couples that they might receive from him their names and pay him fealty with low subjection, he discovered that he too needed a mate, and consequently expressed a desire for a fellowship "wherein the brute cannot be human consort."⁴ Now, the mention of the beasts being led up to Adam in couples, their being presented to him so that he might not only know them but also receive their homage, and Adam's realization of his loneliness and God's subsequent avowal of His intention to provide him with a companion, are all frills on the *Genesis* account of the circumstances in which Eve came to be made. But for each of these elaborations there were precedents in earlier English writings and a more or less well-established tradition.

That the creatures were brought before Adam in pairs is commonly maintained in apocryphal and exegetical writings. It is maintained, for instance, in the early *Book of Jubilees*,⁵ in Josephus' *Antiquities*,⁶ in Rashi's eleventh-century *Commentary on Genesis*,⁷ and in that popular medieval compendium, Comestor's *Historia Scholastica*.⁸ And of English writers the author of *Cursor Mundi* for one anticipates Milton in the line,

The bestes all, both sco and he. (61)

It is *Cursor Mundi* again that furnishes one of the closest parallels to Milton's

I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection. (VIII, 343—5)

In it we read :

All were brought to serve Adam,
And that he should give ilkan name. (623, 624)

Another Middle English parallel that may be cited is these words of 'Deus' in the *Chester* Creation play :

Beasts and fowls that thou may see,
To thee obedient aye shall be;

⁴ Lines 338 ff.

⁵ Ed. R. H. Charles, Chap. iii, 1—4.

⁶ Loeb Classics Edition, Bk. I, sect. 35.

⁷ Edited by Rosenbaum and Silbermann, p. 11.

⁸ *Genesis*, Chap. xvi.

What name they be given by thee,
That name they shall hold. (125—8)

The *Historia Scholastica*, which states that the creatures on getting their names from Adam would straightway know him to be their master, probably served these Early English writers as their immediate authority.

But the most interesting of these elaborations is the third. It is true that Milton makes it very clear that the Almighty had realized Adam's loneliness before Adam himself discovered it and complained: "With me I see not who partakes. In solitude what happiness?"⁹ The Creator assures Adam,

I ere thou spak'st
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no such company as then thou sawest
Intended thee—for trial only brought
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet (VIII,
444—8)

Nevertheless, in *Paradise Lost*, Adam is made to express a yearning for a companion before we hear anything from the Creator Himself about its not being good for the man to be alone. Milton is here obviously utilizing a legendary elaboration. Even in such an early Jewish writing as the apocryphal *Book of Jubilees*, though Adam is not made to voice his feeling, he is shown feeling a hidden want before God declares that He will make a helpmate for him:

Adam saw all these, male and female, according to every kind
that was on the earth, but he was alone and found no help-
meet for him. And the Lord said unto us, It is not good
that the man should be alone; let us make a helpmeet for
him (iii, 1, 4)

Perhaps Chrysostom had this kind of uncanonical version in mind when he stated in one of his homilies that Adam "foresaw the making of a wife."¹⁰ And we have it on the authority of Mirkhund, the fifteenth-century Persian chronicler of the *Rauzat-us-Safa* that the belief was a wide-spread one. He writes:

Histories have recorded that the noble mind of Adam felt in
Paradise a yearning for a companion and intimate friend.

⁹ VIII, 363—5.

¹⁰ *Homily XVI in Genesis*.

and that the Beneficent Sovereign . . . willing to gratify the desire of the first man . . . created Eve. (Vol. I, p. 45)

But according to a development of the legend, Adam not only felt this desire but expressed it as well. Such a development may be encountered in *Genesis Rabbah*, where it is said that the Creator, knowing that the Woman would later be a source of complaint, delayed forming her till Adam should express a desire for her. It may be encountered too in Rashi's *Commentary on Genesis* :

When he brought them, He brought them before him male and female of each and every kind. Thereupon he said : All these have a mate, but I have no mate! Immediately he caused to fall an overpowering sleep upon him.

(Silbermann's Edition, pp. 11, 12.)

And in England, the Old English poem known as *Genesis B* and the Cornish mystery-cycle called *Origo Mundi* present an Adam more than dumbly aware of his loneliness, and a Creator who seems to fashion Eve only in response to the man's expressed desire for a companion. In the Old English poem we gather this retrospectively from the following utterance put into the mouth of a bitter Adam bewailing his fall : (I translate the passage into modern prose)

Now I repent that I prayed the God of Heaven, the Gracious Lord, so that he fashioned thee of my limbs; for now thou hast made me incur the wrath of my Lord. (816—9)

In the Cornish play, Adam's first speech ends with the cry :

Very great is my want to me
Of the true helpmate ordained. (91, 92)

Immediately God declares his intention to create the wished-for companion :

It is not good, very certainly,
That a man should be alone
Without a fellow or a helpmate. (93—95)

When it comes to recounting the actual making of Eve, the Adam of *Paradise Lost* tells Raphael that the Heavenly Power sent a deep sleep upon him, but

open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,

Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh;

The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands.

(VIII, 460ff)

I have not found anything in earlier literature exactly like this dream of Adam's,—a dream in which he sees the making of Eve. Nor, I believe, is there anything to be found. As none but Adam could relate to Raphael how Eve was born, the situation demanded that Adam should be conceived as having somehow come by the knowledge. But this device of his having seen it all in a trance was perhaps suggested to Milton by a very widely accepted interpretation of the deep sleep into which, as *Genesis* simply says, Adam was cast. This sleep was explained as not the vulgar "norige of digestioun" but a supernatural ecstasy. Petavius, the most distinguished French theologian of the seventeenth century, gives us a glimpse of the way in which Hebrew and Christian commentators consistently viewed it. His Latin account may be thus rendered:

The majority of the ancients interpret this not as an ordinary or common sleep. Indeed they hold that it was a kind of sacred trance. Thus, Augustine says: 'Adam's spirit became a part, as it were, of the angelic assembly and, entering the sanctuary of God, comprehended the greatest mysteries.' And thus too Procopius and Rupert and Bernard. 'It seems to me,' says the last-named, 'that, while sleeping, Adam, with more than his bodily senses, perceived the Incommutable Truth and dived into the abyss of Divine Wisdom.' From this argument it would follow that, since in this sleep Adam either saw or was divinely instructed in all that was made by God, he revealed it all immediately on waking. (*The Work of the Six Days of Creation*, Bk. II, Chap. 6.)

In at least two Middle English texts there is a reference to this ecstasy of Adam's. But they both follow the more elaborate version of

the *Historia Scholastica*, according to which Adam, having in this state visited the Court of Heaven, on waking foretold the conjunction of Christ and the Church, and the Deluge-to-be, and the Judgement by Fire, and later communicated the knowledge to his children. The thirteenth-century poem *Genesis and Exodus* glances at all this in very general terms :

God did that he on swevene came,
And in that swevene he let him see,
Mickle that after should be. (224—226)

But the playwright of the *Chester 'Creation'* does ample justice to this prophetic sleep. He begins modestly enough by making Adam merely suggest that he has had a strange sleep. On coming to himself :

O lorde, where have I longe bene!
for sithe I slepte, much have I seene—
wonders that, withoutten wene,
hereafter shall be wiste. (137—140)

But, taking Comestor's hint that Adam afterwards related his experience to his children, he puts an elaborate account of the entire vision into the mouth of his Adam, who is presently shown relating the story to Cain and Abel. Adam decides

To make them know, in good manner,
What I saw, when Eve, my feare,
Was taken of my side. (438—40)

And he does; and in "good manner" too, for he takes over thirty lines to do it in!

However, as Adam, thus sleeping, saw visions and dreamed dreams, the Lord, says the Bible, "took one of his ribs" and made it a woman. But Milton goes further in *Paradise Lost* and says that the rib was extracted from the left side (VIII, 469), the side nearest the heart (IV, 484); he even suggests that it was a supernumerary one, for he makes Adam, in the Tenth Book, complain that Eve was

all but a rib
Crooked by nature—bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister—from me drawn;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found! (X, 884—8)

In all this Milton has, however, invented nothing. In fixing upon the left side he was but following a common Mohammedan and Christian tradition. The fourteenth-century *Gospel of Barnabas*,¹¹ which makes a large use of Mohammedan legend, countenances it, and so too does Bishop Avitus in his poetization of Mosaic history.¹² Among early English texts it finds a place in the dialogue known as *Adrian and Ritheus*,¹³ in Grosetete's *De Principio Creationis Mundi*,¹⁴ and in the *Third York Pageant*.¹⁵ Though the notion that the rib was a superfluous one does not seem to have been taken up in medieval English literature, it too is a very ancient one. It was known to those Rabbis who, though favouring the right side, indicated a thirteenth rib; and readers of Sir Thomas Browne will recall how, referring to the dispute "out of which side Eve was formed"—a dispute, by the way, in which he would not take sides—he mentions not only "the opinion of Oleaster, that she was made out of the ribs of both sides, or such, as from the expression of the text, maintain there was a plurality of ribs required," but also "the parabolical exposition of Origen, Cajetan and such, as fearing to concede a monstrosity or mutilate the integrity of Adam, preventively conceive the creation of thirteen ribs."¹⁶

When, moreover, Milton wrote of the extraction of the rib that, thereafter,

wide was the wound
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed,
(VIII, 467, 8)

he may well have had in mind the doctrine of a painless extraction which had been promulgated by such teachers as Chrysostom¹⁷ and Augustine.¹⁸ Bede¹⁹ and Aquinas,²⁰ and which had been echoed in more than one early English text. For example, the Old English *Genesis*,²¹ the thirteenth-century *Genesis and Exodus*,²² and *Cursor Mundi*,²³

¹¹ Ragg's Edition, p. 91.

¹² *De Initio Mundi*, ed. Migne; col. 327.

¹³ See Kemble, *Salomon and Saturnus*, p. 198.

¹⁴ Line 87.

¹⁵ Line 38.

¹⁶ *Pseudodoxia*, Bk. VIII, Chap. 2; *Religio Medici*, I, sec. 21.

¹⁷ *Homily XI in Genesis*.

¹⁸ *De Gen. ad Litt.*, XI, c. 15.

¹⁹ *In Pentateuch—Genesis*, c. 2.

²⁰ *Summa Theologica*, I. Q. 92, art. iii.

²¹ Lines 176—183.

²² Lines 227—230.

²³ Lines 627, 628.

make it plain, each in its own way, that Adam emerged from the ordeal unscathed; indeed the second-named text actually anticipates Milton's reference to the healing of the wound, when it declares:

“ Ut of his side he toc a tib
 And made a wimman him full sib,
 And heled him that side wel,
 That it ne wrocte him neuer a del. (227—230)

Before we leave the subject of the creation of Adam and Eve, we must, finally, consider the attempts made by Milton and his predecessors to reconcile the two distinct and seemingly irreconcilable versions of the first and second chapters of *Genesis*. The so-called Priestly narrative of the opening chapter of *Genesis* suggests that Man and Woman were created simultaneously and in God's own image; the more circumstantial Jehovistic narrative of the second chapter distinctly says that Adam was made first and Eve was later, after he had been placed in Eden, made from him. Now, so disturbing was this discrepancy in the sacred text that thoughtful minds had early been exercised in many desperate efforts to explain it away. Comestor, in his *Historia*, refers to a couple of Jewish attempts in this direction. Commenting on the words “ This now is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh ” in the second chapter of *Genesis*, he says (to translate his Latin):—

This adverb ‘ now ’ led the Jews into error, so that they say that there was first created the woman who made it possible to write ‘ male and female created he them; ’ and now there was a second one. As if Adam had said: The first woman was made together with me out of the dust of the ground, but this one is now drawn from my rib. And Josephus says that the woman was formed outside Eden and was placed in Paradise at the same time as the man. Thus he says: ‘ Into the garden God brought Adam and his wife and bade them tend the plants.’ (*Hist. Schol.—Genesis*, Chap. 17.)

Comestor does not here mention the fantastic rabbinical view that ‘ male and female ’ meant that Adam was created androgynous, a view to which Milton, in his *Tetrachordon*,²⁴ and Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Pseudodoxia*,²⁵ both refer. As for the first of the two views that

²⁴ *Milton's Prose Works* (Bohn Library), Vol. III, p. 324.

²⁵ III, c. 17.

Comestor does mention, Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* attributes it to the Talmudists: "The Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils." (I 2, i 2). But of the two kinds of legends indicated in the *Historia*, the commoner was the one associated with the name of Josephus, though Josephus had perhaps himself had it from earlier writings like *The Book of Jubilees*, which, even while attempting a reconciliation of the rival canonical versions, maintains that Eve was, in any case, made outside Eden.²⁶ Accordingly though the majority of Old and Middle English writings unhesitatingly follow the version of the second chapter of *Genesis*, there are at least three medieval dramatic texts—the Anglo-Norman *Adam*,²⁷ the *Ludus Coventriae*,²⁸ and the Towneley, *Creation*²⁹—which, like Avitus in his fifth-century Latin poem,³⁰ present Eve being made from Adam's rib, but outside Eden.

Milton's solution of the problem is an ingenious one. Adam alone, according to *Paradise Lost*, is first created of the dust of the ground and in God's own image; and Eve is later made out of his rib and inside Eden. The words, "Male and female created he them," of the Priestly code are thus treated by the poet as merely anticipatory. As Raphael tells Adam,

He formed thee, Adam, thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
Female, for race. (VII. 524—30)

At least two equally ingenious efforts to justify both the scriptural versions are found in Middle English literature, and the more convincing one of them is curiously like Milton's. The cruder attempt is contained in the *York Mystery Plays*. Agreeing with the Jehovistic narrator, the York dramatist holds that the woman's body was shaped subsequent to,

²⁶ Chap. 3, viii-ix.

²⁷ Studer's Edition, lines 9 ff.

²⁸ Play II, 100 ff.

²⁹ Lines 186 ff.

³⁰ See *Patrologia Latina*, Vol. 59; col. 327.

and out of, an earth-made man; but, conscious of the "male and female" of the Priestly text, he holds also that the man and his wife came to life simultaneously. For, though they have been formed, the one from the earth and the other from her companion's side, neither is regarded as a living soul till, animated by the divine spirit, they draw breath together. Witness these words of their Creator:

Rise vppe, thou erthe in bloode and bone,
In shappe of man, I comaunde the.

A female shalte thou haue to feere,
Here schalle y make of thy lefte rybbe.
Allone so shall thou nought be heare,
With-outyn faithfull freende and sibbe.

Takis nowe here the goste of liffe,
And ressayue bothe youre soules of me.
This femalle take thou to thi wiffe;
Adam and Eue youre names shalle bee. (Play III, 35—44)

Inevitably, therefore, Eve, equally with Adam, is, in this play, represented as made outside Eden, and the pageant ends with God leading the two of them to Paradise.

The *Chester 'Creation'*, which is our second and more successful medieval English attempt at harmonizing the conflicting versions, offers a solution which is not very different from Milton's. For, here, as in *Paradise Lost*, the Priestly narrative is utilized to indicate that the man was shaped in the image of His Maker, and that the divine plan comprehended the creation of a woman also. "Man and Woman I will there be," says the Lord, though it is only the man that He fashions straightway. But, for the animation of the man so made, and for the actual creation of the promised counterpart, the Chester playwright, once more like Milton, draws upon the Jehovistic version: into the lifeless form of the man the Creator presently breathes the "ghost of life," and after he is installed in Paradise, Eve is taken from his side.³¹

III

Coming to the Temptation, we may begin with a consideration of what, after Milton's use of it, may be called the Pandemonium legend. The Second Book of *Paradise Lost* opens with a solemn council summoned

³¹ See lines 81—144 of the Play.

in Pandemonium, "the high capital of Satan and his peers." In it "Devil with devil damned Firm concord holds" and it is finally agreed that their best revenge against their Conqueror would be to seduce His darling sons, the newly-created race of men. And, as none responds to the Arch-rebel's appeal,—

But, first, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet,
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss?—(403—5)

he determines to undertake the perilous task himself, and presently "explores his solitary flight."

There is no question but that the loftiness of Milton's conception makes his presentation of the theme a thing apart, but it is not impossible that the suggestion for the Stygian council came to our poet from earlier handlers of the legend. For, various degrees of approximation to the "great consult" of *Paradise Lost* are achieved by the Pseudo-Caedmonian *Genesis*,³² the Cornish *Creation* of William Jordan,³³ the French mystery of the *Viel Testament*,³⁴ and the Chester *Fall of Lucifer*,³⁵ in which last the "great consult" is least elaborately presented, is, in fact, hardly a "consult" at all, but in which too no sooner have the demons recovered from their fall than their leader unfolds his plans for the destruction of Man. Nor, probably, was the conception of such an infernal council a new one even when the earliest of these medieval texts was written; for, in howsoever rudimentary a state, it can be said to have entered into the apocryphal *Gospel of Bartholomew*, of which the Greek text is perhaps as old as the fifth century. This is the picture—a picture, incidentally, which in more than one of its details recalls the opening scene of *Paradise Lost*—which the fallen angel of this Gospel paints of himself and his peers awakening in Hell:

And when we were cast down upon the earth we were senseless for forty years; and when the sun shone forth seven times brighter than fire, suddenly I awaked; and then I looked about and saw the six hundred that were under me senseless. And I awaked my son, Salpsan, and took him

³² Lines 349—440.

³³ Davies Gilbert's Edition, pp. 33—40.

³⁴ Troyes MS., lines 989—1084.

³⁵ Lines 209—252.

to counsel how I might deceive the man on whose account
I was cast out of the heavens.

(Chap. iv, 57, 58; in James's *Apocryphal N.T.*)

As for the volunteer to undertake the perilous mission for whom Milton's Satan appeals (even though, as was epically inevitable, he appeals in vain), it is a curious circumstance that in three of the four medieval writings mentioned above the consultation ends with a subordinate demon being commissioned to tempt Eve. In the Old English *Genesis* it is "a herald of the fiend who fought with God" that is entrusted with the task;³⁶ in the French mystery it is a "Satan" who is different from the Arch Rebel, Lucifer;³⁷ in the Chester play it is a subaltern with the homely name Ruffian.³⁸ And it may be mentioned for what it is worth that the ultimate source of the legend that the fallen archangel employed one of his followers to corrupt Man is, possibly, the following passage of the Ethiopic *Book of Enoch*:

And the third was named Gadreel: he it is who showed the
children of men all the blows of death, and led astray
Eve (Ixix, 6)

In spite of what he is made to say in the Second Book of the epic, it is not merely a desire to revenge himself against God that ultimately urges Milton's Satan to seduce His darling sons, the race of Man. Envy of man's glorious destiny, envy of his present earthly happiness, also prick the sides of his intent. In his famous apostrophe to the Earth in the Ninth Book Satan complains bitterly that in order to be avenged on the rebel angels and to repair the numbers impaired by their secession, God had

Determined to advance into our room
A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. (IX, 148—151)

But whenever, as in this utterance, Milton makes his Archfiend's heart burn at the thought of Adam's inheriting his lost place in heaven, he is following a Christian tradition established by teachers like

³⁶ Lines 490 ff.

³⁷ *Viel Testament* (Troyes MS.), 1033.

³⁸ Play I, 237—240.

Ambrose,³⁹ Cassian,⁴⁰ Augustine⁴¹ and Gregory the Great,⁴² and popularized by a long line of medieval writers stretching from the poet of the Pseudo-Caedmonian *Genesis* to the playwrights of the Mystery and Morality plays.⁴³

Nor is Milton entirely original in suggesting, as he does, that what, however, Satan envies the human pair most is the conjugal bliss enjoyed by them. The passages where Milton suggests this occur in the Fourth and Ninth Books of *Paradise Lost*. In the first of these, Satan, spying Adam and Eve in a lovers' embrace, turns aside with envy:

Aside the Devil turned

For envy; yet with jealous leer malign
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained:—
‘Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,
Imparadised in one another’s arms,
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our torments not the least,
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines!’ (IV, 502—11)

In the second, Adam warns Eve not to leave his side, for he fears danger or dishonour for her at Satan’s hands; though he is not sure

Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealty from God, or to disturb
Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss
Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—
Or this, or worse. (IX, 261—5)

Now, this is not a point of view which, as far as I am aware, can be encountered in either patristic or popular medieval literature. In such literature there is indeed not a little about Satan’s envy of

³⁹ *De Paradiso*, Chap. 12.

⁴⁰ *The Second Conference*, Chap. 10.

⁴¹ *Commentary on the Psalms*.

⁴² *Pastoral Care*.

⁴³ See *O. E. Genesis*, 364—8; *Torneley Plays* I, 260—5; *Lud. Cov.* II, 317—34; *Wisdom*, 325—40, etc.

Man's enjoyment of an earthly paradise, of his lordship over all things—the kind of envy implicit in these words of Milton's Satan :

Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounced. (IX, 152, 153)

There is also, in these early writings, occasional reference to Satan's envy being excited by Man's being made in God's own image; of which there is not a hint in Milton's epic. But nowhere, in them, have I encountered anything even vaguely suggestive of the satanic envy being stirred by the conjugal bliss of Adam and Eve. And yet Milton was probably aware, when he emphasized Satan's envious interest in the sexual life of the first pair, that early Hebrew writers at least, if not Christian ones, had sometimes maintained that it was Satan's desire to possess Eve that led him to tempt her. Thus Rashi, commenting on the words, "Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field," of *Genesis*, iii, 1, observes :

What connection is there between the following narrative and the statement just made? The latter should have been followed by: 'and He made for Adam and his wife garments of skin and clothed them' (iii, 21), but Scripture informs you with what plan the serpent assailed them: he saw them naked and unashamed and he coveted her (Eve). (Silbermann's Edition, p. 12)

Milton's Satan is shocked too at the indignity of the new favourite of God having

Subjected to his service Angel-wings,
And flaming ministers to watch and tend
Their earthly charge. (IX, 155, 157)

As a protest this seems to be entirely unparalleled; but it has not, perhaps, been previously observed that, when Milton thus referred to the angelic ministry enjoyed by Adam, and, a little later, made Eve propose to Adam: "Let us divide our labours," he possibly had in mind the Hebrew legend that the Garden was divided between the man and his wife, and that, only when the angels who had been specially deputed to guard them had ascended to Heaven to worship the Almighty, did the tempter seduce Eve. Among those texts that gave currency to this legend were the Latin *Vita Adae et Evae* and the *Apocalypse of Moses*; and Middle English versions of it are provided by the Harleian MS. *Story of the Holy Rood*, the *Canti-*

cum de Creatione and the prose *Lyff of Adam and Eue*. I quote from the Vernon MS. rendering of the *Lyff*:

Adam hedde the north-syde and the east of paradys, and Eue hedde to hire dele the south and the west. Heo hedden two angelus to kepen hem and to wissen hem, that heo ne schulde haue no doute, for no maner drede. Tithinges coome anon to the angelus that kepten hem, that heo schulden come anon to worschupe god almihti and him to honcure. Asscone as the angelus weore went forth, to seon heore creatour, tho was the stude empti ther thei hedden Iben . . . The fend com as a neddre forte begylen Eue (C. Horstmann. *Sammlung Altenglischer Legenden*, p. 222.)

But apart from this legend, the angelic guards whom Satan refers to and whom we see in action in the Fourth Book are a common feature of the Jewish conception of Adam's glory in Paradise. "The ministering angels," says the *Chronicles of Jerahmeel*, for instance, "walked before Adam like shepherds who watch the flocks of birds." And, in the fifteenth century, Lydgate had already appropriated the belief: in his *Fall of Princes* we read:

Angels also their state to magnify
 Among to serve them did their diligence
 In divers offices, with humble reverence. (612—4)

As a whole the motivation of the temptation in *Paradise Lost* is strikingly original, and yet it is interesting to note how some of its more striking touches were probably inspired by earlier writings, and some others, if not suggested by, can at least be paralleled from, them. Thus, there is the argument by touch which Satan employs when he boasts before Eve—

look on me,

Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live
 And life more perfect have attained than Fate
 Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot: —(IX, 687—90)

and by which Eve is so deeply impressed that she cannot help musing to herself:

How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. (IX, 764—6)

There can be little doubt that Milton here draws upon an effective detail found in some Jewish accounts of the temptation. Thus, in the *Chronicles of Jerahmeel* it is said,

When Eve saw the serpent touch the tree and not die she said
to herself that the words of her husband were false.
(xxii, 4)

The *Chronicles of Jerahmeel* may also be cited, along with other Hebrew writings (like *Genesis Rabbah* and *Rashi's Commentary on Genesis*) to show that, when Milton's Eve determines to make Adam share her fate, lest death ensue,

And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct! (IX, 28, 29)

she takes her cue from a passage like the following from the *Chronicles*:

She then said in her heart, 'Woe unto me that I have eaten of
this death, for now I will die; and Adam, my husband,
who has not eaten of it will live for ever, and God will
couple him with another woman. It is better that we die
together, for God has created us together even unto
death.' So when her husband came she gave him some
of the fruit to taste. (xxii, 4.)

Neither of these features is, however, to be encountered in Old or Middle English writings, which, on their side, present elaborations that are not all found in Milton's epic. But there are nevertheless two or three remarkable points of resemblance between Milton's handling of the temptation and that of some of his forerunners in England.

To begin with the least significant of these, Milton makes it very clear that Adam ate the forbidden fruit only out of love for Eve. When Eve tempts him with the fruit, he, though fully aware of the sin of eating, yields with these words of love:

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom. If death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own—
My own in thee; for what thou art is mine.
Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself. (IX, 952—959)

And a little further the poet himself thus sums up Adam's transgression :

He scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm. (IX, 997—999)

But in their own way Milton's medieval predecessors had painted the same picture of what Milton, in his *Christian Doctrine*, has called Adam's "excessive uxoriousness." In both the Cornish Mysteries Adam stoutly refuses to be deceived by Eve's story of an angelic counsellor, or to be tempted by her promise of divine wisdom; he yields only when Eve threatens him with the loss of her love. Again, the Vernon MS. *Lyff of Adam and Eve* declares :

And Eue thorw the fendes red eet of this fruit, and Adam for here love.

And in another Middle English text, *De Principio Creationis Mundi*, we read :

The naturall and the posytyfe
Adam breke for lufe of hys wyfe;
Buxumere he was forto do
The dede that hys wyfe bad hym to,
Than to god that hym hade wrought. (149—153)

Nor is the source of this tradition hard to discover. St. Paul in his First Epistle to Timothy had stated: "And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." (ii. 14); and the early Christian exegetes had elaborated the doctrine and given it wide currency. It is, indeed, remarkable how closely Milton's Adam echoes the sentiments expressed in the following Augustinian commentary :

We cannot believe that Adam was deceived, and supposed the devil's word to be truth, and therefore transgressed God's law, but that he by the drawings of kindred yielded to the woman, the husband to the wife, the one human being to the only other human being. For not without significance did the apostle say, 'And Adam . . . transgression'; but he speaks thus, because the woman accepted as true what the serpent told her, but the man could not bear to be severed from his only companion, even

though this involved a partnership in sin. (*The City of God*, Bk. XIV, Chap. 11)

But this is a small point. More interest attaches to the coincidence that the ecstasy which Milton's Eve experiences immediately upon eating the fruit, and Satan's presence as an interested spectator during the temptation of Adam by his wife, are both to be found in the Pseudo-Caedmonian *Genesis*, which scholars have sometimes been inclined to consider one of the sources of *Paradise Lost*.

"Heightened as with wine, jocund and boon," the First Mother is conceived by Milton apostrophising the precious tree whose fruit has bred such joy within her, and, later, thus describing to Adam her rapturous state:

opener mine eyes,
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,
And growing up to Godhead. (IX, 875—7)

The same experience of "high exaltation" had been hers in the evil dream which she relates to Adam in the beginning of the Fifth Book. In that dream, likewise, no sooner had she tasted the fruit irresistibly dangled before her by the tempter than, as she relates,

Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
And various. (V, 86—89)

In the Old English *Genesis* we read that no sooner does Eve eat the forbidden fruit than the fiend's cunning makes earth and heaven appear brighter and more radiant. Here is the narrative in translation:

Then could she see afar by gift of the fiend, whose lies deceived and artfully ensnared her, so that it came to pass the heavens appeared to her more radiant and the earth and all the world more fair, the great and mighty handiwork of God, though she beheld it not by human vision; but eagerly the fiend deceived her soul and gave her vision that she might see afar across the heavenly kingdom. (600—9)

And later, seeking to impress her husband with the greatness of

the miracle that has been worked in her, she thus relates what her condition has disclosed to her :

I can behold where in the south and east He who shaped the world sits veiled in splendour. I see the angels circling round His throne, in winged flight, unnumbered myriads, clothed in beauty . . . Widely may I hear and widely see through all the world across the broad creation. I hear the hymn of rapture from on high. Radiance blazes on my soul without and within, since I first tasted of the fruit. (667—77)

I have not quite succeeded in tracing this peculiar embellishment to an earlier source. It has been suggested by a critic of the Old English poem that it goes back to the " great glory " that is said, in the *Apocalypse of Moses* (xviii, 5), to surround the Tree of Knowledge. But it is difficult to see how this can be. In the apocryphal narrative indicated, so far from Eve being inspired and uplifted, even temporarily, by the fruit, her eyes are immediately and only too cruelly opened to her spiritual and physical nakedness, so that even before she approaches Adam she perceives her fall from grace and becomes conscious of her shame. What may perhaps help us is a passage in Avitus's poetization of the story in his *De Originali Peccato*. Eve, there, urging a timid Adam to eat the fruit, commends it as having the power to make him equal to God, and assures him that she brings him this gift, not as one ignorant of its virtues, but as one who has already experienced them.

The other point of resemblance between *Paradise Lost* and the Old English *Genesis* can, on the other hand, be definitely traced to the *Apocalypse of Moses* and may be detected even in the fourteenth-century English descendant of it, the *Canticum de Creatione*. In the Tenth Book of *Paradise Lost* the poet says of Satan that

He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband. (X, 332—5)

Pseudo-Caedmon's account of Eve's seduction of Adam may be thus rendered :

Long she pled, and urged him all the day to that dark deed,
to disobey their Lord's command. Close stood the evil
fiend, inflaming with desire, luring with wiles, and boldly

tempting him. The fiend stood near at hand who on that fatal mission had come a long, long way. He planned to hurl men down to utter death, mislead them and deceive them; with his lying words he tricked the beauteous maid, fairest of women, unto that deed of folly, so that she spake according to his will; and aided her in tempting unto evil the handiwork of God. (691—703)

Here the fiend is more than an interested spectator; he actively assists Eve in overcoming her husband's scruples. The active part played by the Adversary is even more strongly emphasised in the *Canticum* and in its original, the *Apocalypse of Moses*. The former tells us of the adder that after seducing Eve "To Adam anon him came," and, of Adam, that

Through the fiendes cumberment,
And through his wive's enticement,
Godes commandment he broke. (101—3)

In the *Apocalypse*, Eve, relating the story of the Fall to her children, says:

But when your father came, I spoke to him words of transgression which have brought us down from our great glory. For, when he came, I opened my mouth and the devil was speaking and I began to exhort him . . . (xxi, 2, 3.)

I think Milton's position with regard to the two elaborations just considered and others that are noticed in this paper was that, being thoroughly conversant with the literature of his subject, he readily seized upon a legendary feature which he could turn to good account, but, at the same time, refrained from adopting anything that positively conflicted with the story as told in the Book of Genesis. It is on this principle that we can explain the subdued way in which the ecstasy-theme and Satan's part in the temptation of Adam are handled by Milton. And it is on the same principle that we may explain also, I suggest, the fact that, though Milton, in the actual temptation scene, adheres to the scriptural narrative which speaks of Eve's seducer being a serpent, he does not hesitate, when imagination and individual choice are not circumscribed by the necessity of adhering to the sacred text, to picture the tempter as an angel. I refer to Eve's dream of the tempter standing beside the interdicted tree as

One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven
By us oft seen. (V, 55, 56)

The legend that Satan, when he appeared before Eve, looked like an angel and posed as a messenger sent by God was widely current, and possibly inspired this particular of the dream-episode in the Fifth Book of Milton's epic, as it certainly later inspired the following lines in the fifth canto of Byron's *Don Juan* :

Her form had all the softness of her sex,
Her features all the sweetness of the devil
When he put on the cherub to perplex
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the road to evil. (stza. 109)

This legend was fully developed as early as the *Apocalypse of Moses*; witness this extract from Eve's version of the temptation :

And instantly he hung himself from the wall of Paradise, and when the angels ascended to worship God, then Satan appeared in the form of an angel and sang hymns like the angels. And I bent over the wall and saw him like an angel. But he saith to me, ' Art thou Eve?' and I said to him, ' I am.' ' What are thou doing in paradise?' And I said to him, ' God set us to guard and to eat of it.' The devil answered through the mouth of the serpent, ' Ye do well, but ye do not eat of every plant.' (xvii, 1—4)

There was also the legend in the apocryphal Latin *Vita Adae et Euae* that at the later temptation of Eve during her penance in the Tigris, Satan presented himself in the likeness of an angel and as an emissary of God. Consequently, in the Pseudo-Caedmonian *Genesis*⁴⁴ and some of the medieval mysteries—e.g., *Ludus Coventriae*,⁴⁵ the *Norwich Creation*,⁴⁶ the Cornish *Origo Mundi*⁴⁷ and Jordan's *Creation*⁴⁸—Satan, though he has assumed the form of a serpent, is still said to have appeared as an angel and to have posed as a messenger from Heaven.

One way of reconciling these conflicting avatars of the tempter is provided by the Mohammedan tradition in which the serpent is only the

⁴⁴ See lines 491 ff.

⁴⁵ See Play II, 238, 301 ff.

⁴⁶ See Text B, lines 40; 61—64.

⁴⁷ Lines 149—204; 213—248.

⁴⁸ Gilbert's Edition, pp. 41 ff.

initial means by which Satan enters Paradise. Thus, in the *Gospel of Barnabas* we read :

Then said the serpent : ' And how shall I set thee within ? '
 Said Satan : ' Thou art great ; therefore open thy mouth, and I will enter thy belly, and so thou entering into Paradise shalt place me near to those two lumps of clay that are newly walking upon the earth.' Then the serpent did so and placed Satan near Eve, for Adam, her husband, was sleeping. Satan presented himself before the woman like a beauteous angel and said to her : ' Wherefore eat ye not of these apples and of corn ? ' (41b, 42a)

But it was also maintained by the Rabbis that when the tempter approached Eve his body was the body of a serpent, but his face the face of an angel or a beautiful maiden. Pope turns this belief to good account when, satirising Lord Hervey, he remarks :

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.

(*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*)

Sir Thomas Browne too refers to this " ancient tradition and conceived reality " ; and, possibly because it is noticed also in the *Historia Scholastica*, it appears in several medieval texts,—in Langland's *Piers Plowman*⁴⁹ in *The Destruction of Troy*,⁵⁰ in the *Chester* cycle,⁵¹ in the French *Viel Testament*,⁵² and in Jordan's *Cornish Creation*.⁵³

IV

From the story of the Judgement and Expulsion I shall pick out only two points.

In some medieval texts—for example, in the Auchinleck MS. *Canticum de Creatione*⁵⁴ and in the Brome MS. version of *Adrian and Epotys*⁵⁵—it is God the Son rather than God the Father that is spoken of as coming down to judge the sinners. The substitution is possibly only an illustration of the common medieval failure to discriminate between the Maker of man and the Mediator for him. But this can-

⁴⁹ B, XVIII, 335.

⁵⁰ Lines 4451-2.

⁵¹ Play II, 193—196.

⁵² Lines 1045; 1066-67.

⁵³ Gilbert's Edition, p. 41.

⁵⁴ Lines 113—116; 123—126.

⁵⁵ Lines 278, 279.

not be said of Milton's identical divergence from the letter of the *Genesis* narrative. For, in *Paradise Lost*, the Son of God who, as in those medieval texts, pronounces judgement on the sinners is, in full heavenly conclave, deputed by the Father with these words:

To Thee I have transferred

All judgement, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.

Easy it may be seen that I intend

Mercy colleague with Justice, sending Thee,

Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed

Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,

And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen. (X, 56—62)

The Son, that is, is appointed judge so that he may combine Mercy with Justice and

temper so

Justice with Mercy, as may illustrate most

Them fully satisfied. (X, 77—79)

When it is further realised that, in the Third Book, the Son is shown offering Himself as the Redeemer of Man in order that God's mercy no less than His justice may be operative in shaping Man's destiny, then it will be readily granted that Milton was conversant with the allegory of the Four Daughters of God inspired by the Psalmist's words: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." This allegory had been popularized by Bernard of Clairvaux and Bonaventura, among others, and had found a place in several medieval writings,—in, for example, the twelfth-century poem *Vices and Virtues*, Bishop Grossetete's *Chateau d'Amour*, *Cursor Mundi*, and the Parliament of Heaven scene in the *Ludus Coventriae*.⁵⁶ Indeed, Milton may have been acquainted even with medieval debates between Justice and Mercy at this precise stage in the story of the Fall of Man. Such a debate—which may be traced to the Midrash which declares that justice and mercy had a share in the expulsion of man from Paradise⁵⁷—occurs, for instance, in the French *Viel Testament*.⁵⁸ For, in that mystery-cycle, 'Justice' and

⁵⁶ See Miss Hope Traver, *The Four Daughters of God* (Bryn Mawr Dissertation, 1907).

⁵⁷ See *Genesis Rabbah*, xxi; and cf. Kohler, *Jewish Theology*, pp. 202 ff.

⁵⁸ Lines 1295 ff.

'Misericorde' strive to sway the judgement of God, each to her side; and only after listening to them both does He determine on the sentences to be passed on the guilty trio and send a Cherub to expel Adam and Eve.

Mention of the expulsion of the transgressors leads us to our second and last point. The Book of Genesis declares that the Lord God made "coats of skins and clothed them." (iii, 21) But Hebrew and Christian commentators had variously glossed this plain scriptural statement. Thus, it was not unusual to suppose that the skins were those of dead beasts and betokened man's mortality. Bede, for one, developing Augustine's comment on the words of Scripture, writes in his *Hera-meron*: (I translate the Latin original)

For by such garments the Lord suggests that they have now become mortal; certainly the skins, which could have been taken from none but dead animals, are a symbol of death. (Bk. I, col. 60)

Similarly, Comestor declares that they are the skins of dead animals so that man may carry the sign of his mortality with him. And the identical construction is put on the text in some Old and Middle English writings; witness Aelfric's *Homily on the Creation*, the Vernon MS. *Lyff of Adam and Eue*,⁵⁰ and the Second *Chester Pageant*, from which last I quote the following words of *Deus*:

Now shall ye parte from this lea.
hilled yow behoves to be,
dead beastes skinnes, as thinketh me,
is best yow on yow bear.

For deadlie both now bene yee,
And death no way may you flee;
Such clothes are best for your degree,
And such now ye shall wear. (II, 361—8)

Possibly, then, the Stern Judge of Lyndesay's *Monarchie* was only indulging in divine sarcasm, when, after covering the sinners with "skins and ragged raiments," He exclaimed:

Now, Adam, are ye like till us,
With your gay garment glorious. (1097-1098)

But it is curious that, according to rabbinical tradition, the robes

⁵⁰ See Horstmann, *Sammlung Altenglischer Legenden*, p. 222.

made for Adam were robes of glory made from the slough of the serpent, and even robes, not of skin at all, but of light. These strange notions are enshrined, for instance, in *Genesis Rabbah*⁶⁰ and the Sayings of Rabbi Eliezer;⁶¹ and the Koran too speaks of God's gift of "splendid garments."⁶²

Milton's version of the incident recalls all these amplifications. The Son of God, according to *Paradise Lost*, clad

Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;
And thought not much to clothe his enemies.
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight. (X, 217—223)

It is surely not extravagant to hold that Milton, familiar with the patristic and rabbinical utterances on the subject, deliberately wove them into the fabric of his epic narrative.

⁶⁰ xx, 12.

⁶¹ *Pirke de R. Eliezer* (tr. Friedlander), p. 144.

⁶² Sura vii.

WALTER DE LA MARE*

By BHAWANI SHANKAR.

WALTER DE LA MARE has been described as a riddle. He has an alluring gift of fantasy and an elusive charm, which may justify the description. But he is not a literary "non-descript" like Bernard Shaw. He is a poet and every poet is something of an anachronism and a paradox. Mr. de la Mare is both to an unusual degree. His fairies and ghosts are out of date in an age of psycho-analysis and Zolaesque realism. The paradox about him is that he combines originality with the widest literary kinship of all the living poets. He has, like Spenser, not only superb music, but also a duality of vision which apprehends both the earthly and the unearthly beauty. He has the dreaminess and subtlety of Coleridge, and something of Keats' sensuousness and Rossetti's love of Pre-Raphaelite detail; and occasionally, a suggestion of Poe's atmosphere. Spiritually his descent can be traced from Vaughan, Crashaw and Traherne. And though in method and treatment he differs from the poets of his generation, in spirit and outlook he is quite modern, for he has, what is not often recognized, a poetic grasp of reality that is unafraid of dreams. It is a bold statement to make of the laureate of dreamland and creator of a fairy-world. It is true none the less. His poetry has the finest quintessence of romance—adventure and beauty, wonder and mystery, the remote and the supernatural; but it has no sop of a Platonic philosophy. It promises no eternity of spring or sunshine. Nor does it surrender man to any cosmic law or ubiquitous force called nature. By divesting romance of transcendentalism Mr. de la Mare has been able to conform to the new values of art. They may be wrong, but they are clear in their enunciation. They ask not of art to elevate the soul of man, but to strengthen it. They demand of the artist not to be a pilgrim but an explorer of life; not to be devout, but earnest; not to idealise life, but to fathom it as it is, with the scum and the dross that are on the surface and the spiritual bedrock that is underneath.

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This has resulted in two serious objections being raised to modern poetry. First, that it suffers from a "levelling down," a lowering of the key, a kind of emotional bathos. Second, that it lacks artistic elimination. The first implies the loss of pyramidal grandeur for mere expansiveness. The loss is only apparent, for the range of poetry has widened, and with it, the vision of the poet. It is the various panorama and its vastness, not the concentric symmetry of a narrow superstructure, that affects the modern mind. But the implication of the second objection is that modern poetry has sacrificed suggestiveness for the sake of photographic realism; and it would strike at the root of all art, were it true. Elimination in art is an arbitrary, though essential, process. It is not the principle, but the matter of elimination, that has undergone a change. What was considered unromantic a generation ago is now regarded as romantic. But this does not mean that ideas and impressions do not pass through the crucible of the poet's mind, or that, if his pursuit of beauty is ruthless, he is therefore lacking in restraint. An emotional orgy cannot produce the poems of Hardy or A. E. Housman. No welter of images can bring forth poetry like that of William Butler Yeats or Walter de la Mare. Even Masefield's *Cargoes*, which has been called a mere inventory of names, is the outcome of an artistic discipline. The material is sifted and is subordinated to a purpose, such as the painter has when he effects a contrast by colours. This is why *Cargoes* is a poem.

Mr. de la Mare combines in his poetry the modernist quality of courage in facing the facts of life with variety of outlook and suggestiveness of expression. He knows how soon beauty fades away, and how transient life is. Yet he is fascinated by them. This is the secret of his strength, of his original, individual charm. This is why he has never been a pessimist—a pessimist could not have written child poetry—nor, indeed, has he ever sought to cleave to the sunnier side of things. For him the dream has a more abiding reality than the fact. "It is," says he, "it is indeed the unseen, the imagined, the untold of, the fabulous, the forgotten that alone lies safe from mortal moth and rust." In this world of ephemeral realities, it is not that the dream is immortal. Only he makes a willing surrender, and herein lies his courage, to its fading charm:

But words are shallow, and soon

Dreams fade that the heart once knew;

And youth fades out in the mind,
 In the dark eyes too.

What can a tired heart say,
 Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
 Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
 "Return again, come!"¹

This conscious surrender to the fascination of the dream is also the secret of Mr. de la Mare's child poetry, for among the child poets of England he is a prince. He excels not only Stevenson, who is clever when not experimental, but also Thomas Traherne and William Blake, both in the width and range of the subject-matter of his child poems and in the dramatic presentation of childhood's moods and mental states. Here we may, for critical convenience, classify his poems, first, in accordance with the mood of his earlier poems, usually called "child poems"; and second, the later lyrics which have a more serious intent. The two moods are distinct, but not different from each other. In fact the earlier has grown into the later. When in 1902 Andrew Lang reviewed *Songs of Childhood*, he praised Mr. Ramal, the pseudonym which the poet then assumed, for having "what Charles Lamb calls 'a fairy way of writing.'" To-day, after a generation, Mr. Ramal bears the laurels of a poet, not for the "fairy way" which has always been his, but for an intensely humanized way of writing. In his later poetry² there is a more virile contact with life and men than there was in his earlier poems. Even so, it will be wrong to dismiss *The Songs of Childhood* and *Peacock Pie: A Book of Rhymes* as merely intended for children, because in these volumes, not to mention *Poems of 1906* and *The Listeners*, there are anticipations of the later mood. Sometimes the fairies and witches and the far-off shades of Arabia are forgotten, and there bursts forth a cry that has the bewildering plangency of *The Song of the Mad Prince*.

The child poetry of Mr. de la Mare reveals an amazing variety of subject and treatment. It is a medley of all sorts of things—of nursery rhymes and stories, of songs and vignettes. It has a Circean charm which captures for us the glamour of childhood as the solemn sophistries of Wordsworth never do. No poet has recorded with such fidelity and vividness the states of childhood as Mr. de la Mare. He has made even

¹ *Dreams*.

² *Motley; The Veil and Other Poems; Fleeting and Other Poems*.

nonsense charming like the idle prate of a child and has preserved in his poetry the very thrills and excitements of childhood :

Ann, Ann!

Come! quick as you can!

There's a fish that *talks*

In the frying-pan.³

In his child poems there is no externality of approach, no kindly condescension towards the lost glories of childhood. I do not mean that in his poems the adult consciousness does not assert itself. He himself doubts "if the adult can do more than very fleetingly occupy that far away consciousness"—that is, of a child. Even Traherne and Blake often wander away from that "consciousness," and regard childhood as essentially a stage of beatification. But Mr. de la Mare is a subtle psychologist and has the gift of dramatic delineation, which enables him to identify his own mood with the one that he portrays as belonging to a child.

His children are not so much naive as mischievous. You can often hear their impish laugh or half-suppressed giggle. They are always quick and agile and curious. The moment you take your eye off them, they start digging the earth or breaking butterflies on the wheel. They are sometimes vain and ostentatious, and are thoroughgoing epicures in their loves. You can easily woo them by promising

' Honey sweet,
Curds to eat,
Cream and frumenty,
Shells and beads,
Poppy seeds,
You shall have plenty.'⁴

They are incorrigible voluptuaries, loving not only display, but also jealous and selfish—and yet how lovable :

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;

³ *Alas, Alack.*

⁴ *Sleepy-head.*

And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
 And in my forests tigers haunt,
 And in my pools great fishes slant
 Their fins athwart the sun.⁵

Mr. de la Mare's children—Jemima and Elaine, Jennie and Lettice—have a life-like quality which is surprising in a poet of fancy. And his fancy itself is compounded of strange things: it has the delicacy of the chrysalis, the softness of dew, the rich hues of the rainbow, and a fairy daintiness all its own. But when we recoup from the delirium of fantasy through which we must pass in reading his child poems, we realise that although in his later poetry his fancy yields entirely to the stress of imagination, in his earlier poems fancy and imagination work together. The one enables the poet to catch the grotesque and the bizarre; the other makes him work with the elaborateness of a Chinese painter. He seizes upon minute details, trivial in themselves, but in their accumulated effect, very much like what may be called, not picture, but enchanted tapestry.

Mr. de la Mare has not only the child's curiosity, flitting and restless, but also his sense of unmitigated wonder, a gift that makes the distinction between the real and the unreal superfluous. For children it is not the incongruous or the out of the way that alone is fraught with mystery. Anything may absorb or interest them. "Facts to them," says the poet, "are the liveliest of chameleons. Between their dream and their reality looms no impassable abyss. There is no solitude more secluded than a child's, no absorption more complete, no insight more exquisite and, one might even add, more comprehensive." Mr. de la Mare has this gift of absorption. He has, as all children have, a sixth sense which lets him see the invisible shades of the real and the unseen substance of shadows. And dreams nor facts can waylay him in his search for the beautiful.

Mr. de la Mare's supernatural poetry may also be included in his poems meant for children and as emanating from the sixth sense of which I have just now spoken. There is a whole crowd of these supernatural beings—witches and fairies, gnomes and ghosts and ogres. They are intruders upon the modern sceptical world and they call for that "willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." They appear like figures dancing against a wall seen through the gleam

⁵ *Tartary.*

of a half-shut door, unearthly beings seen in more unearthly atmosphere. In fact a good deal of their charm lies, not in their corporeal presence, but in what may be called their "atmosphere," in the mere suggestion of something weird and uncanny, such as a suppressed whisper or an unexpected vision of doubtful reality. What an uncanny effect *The Hare* has :

In the black furrow of a field
 I saw an old witch-hare this night;
 And she cocked a lissom ear,
 And she eyed the moon so bright,
 And she nibbled of the green;
 And I whispered 'Wh-s-st! witch-hare,'
 Away like a ghostie o'er the field
 She fled, and left the moonlight there.

This is Mr. de la Mare's gift of making the familiar unfamiliar, the real unreal. These weird suggestions are enough to make the children's flesh creep. But he spares them what is grisly or macabre. In him the evil powers never triumph. They have no demoniac energy though their intentions may be wicked, and ultimately no violence is done to the young-folk.

Edmund Gosse spoke of Herrick as the last laureate of the fairy-world. Mr. de la Mare can claim that title. With him, as with Mr. Yeats a few years earlier, the fairies came into their own after more than two hundred years. His fairies do not have the same commerce with men as those of Shakespeare, nor have they the human character of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan fairies. They are creatures of Mr. de la Mare's fancy, dainty little beings who might pry at your window or walk behind you unseen. They are given to dancing and midnight revels. They are fond of children, sing lullabies to them or offer temptations. Mr. Yeats brought the fairies in vogue as more or less "supernatural machinery" designed for the revival of Celtic folklore and mythology. Mr. de la Mare's use of the supernatural has, it seems to me, a subtler motive than what is apparent. Ordinarily he seems to delight in recording the simple faith of the child, which is like the faith of the primitive man. In it fear and wonder are mingled—the dread of the unseen and the worship of the mysterious or the inscrutable. But there are poems which make us feel that the ghosts and fairies of Mr. de la Mare that delight and thrill children may be viewed

from another angle. These are poems in which the grown-up self of the poet asserts itself. You see the shadows lengthening. You feel the sterner stress of time and age. The fancy that beguiled him in his earlier days appears now intermittently, even rarely. It is true, from time to time he has continued writing for children, because his dramatic powers have remained undecayed even when his lyric impulse has been most potent. But there are years and years—and they remain—during which the poet feels like a pilgrim benighted in a strange land. The gloom fills him with an awful sense of unreality. And this makes us suspect that perhaps his ghosts and fairies are the objects of his waking dreams, the “viewless wings” with which he wants to fly. They are the ghastly companions of a dark hour:

‘Who knocks?’ ‘I, who was beautiful,
Beyond all dreams to restore,
I, from the roots of the dark thorn am hither,
And knock on the door.’

‘Who speaks?’ ‘I—once was my speech
Sweet as the bird’s on the air.
When echo lurks by the waters to heed;
’Tis I speak thee fair.’

‘Dark is the hour!’ ‘Ay, and cold.’
‘Lone is my house?’ ‘Ah, but mine?’
‘Sight, touch, lips, eyes yearned in vain.’
‘Long dead these to thine . . .’

Silence. Still faint on the porch
Brake the flames of the stars.
In gloom groped a hope-wearied hand
Over keys, bolts, and bars.

A face peered. All the grey night
In chaos of vacancy shone;
Nought but vast sorrow was there—
The sweet cheat gone.⁶

The sweet cheats last but for a while, and soon the wayfarer of life learns that he is forlorn in this land of exile. Again and again he

⁶ *The Ghost*,

yearns for his home, for "a dream-like habitation, close-shut, festooned, and grey,"⁷ for some unknown and unseen Mecca of his dreams. Again and again he flits across this world with fairies and phantoms wandering through Alulvan and Arroar, through the land of Queen Djenira and the Kingdom of Never-to-be. He roams in dreamlands and realms of fancy where impossible things happen. Like a child he asks :

Suppose . . . and . . . suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic
 Came cantering out of the sky,
 With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
 To fly—and to fly.⁸

Voices come to him "calling by the darkened river" and voices in the wood "crying across the pool." He hears Pan

Piping his notes forlorn
 Of sorrow never to be allayed.

When these whisperless echoes of a world that was once his home die out, then, alas,

Comes no more dawn to me,
 Nor bird of open skies.
 Only his woods' deep gloom I see
 Till, at the end of all, shall rise,
 Afar and tranquilly,
 Death's stretching sea.⁹

This is a grim hope of "death's stretching sea," an austere comfort that the poet finds, weary as he is of this strange world. He suffers from the homesickness of the soul, the spirit hankering for freedom from its clayey bonds. He is weighed down by an aching sense of loneliness. He is hope-weary and sorrow-laden in an alien land. Here dreams do not abide and fancy is soon dissolved. In *Imagination's Pride* he confesses to the "lure of fantasy," which leads to where "human pathways end." And alas, in this alien land, the traveller knocks, but the listeners heed not :

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;

⁷ *The Unfinished Dream.*

⁸ *Suppose.*

⁹ *Sorcery.*

And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor.¹⁰

Here he must wait till

Evening will come. And alone
The dreamer the dark will beguile;
All the world will be gone
For a dream's brief while.¹¹

After "a dream's brief while," when its spell is over, the poet turns to the more human themes of love and beauty. The melancholy of the restless itinerant spirit is now settled into the gloom of age. Its aching wistfulness now becomes the anguish of despair. Doubt, incertitude, death and decay make his lyrics intensely poignant; and if they have not inordinate passion, they have exquisite power. In these more human moods of the poet, years loom large. "Time, with a popped hand," steals the youth's simplicity.¹² And

the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me—
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.¹³

The sorrow of age comes upon him, the past melts away, and memories die out :

Old and alone, sit we,
Caged, riddle-rid men;
Lost to Earth's 'Listen!' and 'See!'
Thought's 'Wherefore?' and 'When?'

* * * * *

We speak not; trembles each head;
In their sockets our eyes are still;
Desire as cold as the dead;
Without wonder or will.¹⁴

¹⁰ *The Listeners.*

¹¹ *Envoy to Songs of Childhood.*

¹² *Foreboding.*

¹³ *A Song of Enchantment.*

¹⁴ *The Old Men.*

When the dead weight of years is upon him, he cries out :

Heavenly Archer, bend thy bow;
 Now the flame of life burns low,
 Youth is gone; I, too, would go.¹⁵

He has no final hope or assurance. Even love is no solace. If it abides life, death brings separation. The poet knows no dizzy raptures or ungovernable tempests. It is rarely that he speaks of love that "sets stars and kindles fire in the darkling deep above." Change and inconstancy do not affect him. Complaint and importunity are there, but not due to distrust or unrequited love. His moods are many and varied, and his gloom is not black as Gehenna. Yet the shadow of death is always upon him. Hardly a lyric of love in which he does not feel its sting. It blights the lover in him and leaves only the mourner. He feels lonely and forlorn, and gives vent to his sense of loss :

Where is my love—

In silence and shadow she lies,

Under the April-grey calm waste of the skies;¹⁶

or again :

My candle a silent fire doth shed,
 Starry Orion hunts o'er head;
 Come moth, come shadow, the world is dead :
 Alas, my loved one is gone,
 I am lone;
 It is winter.¹⁷

He broods upon death and upon the journey of death, which is life. He feels the inadequacy of love, the power of death which makes him "Love's infidel" till a more serious mood grows upon him, and he does not lament any more. Then the plangent note disappears, and we hear a voice, grave and majestic. It is not the cry of an agitated heart, but the sobered utterance of a soul that has lost its anchor and rest :

Men all are shades, O Women. Winds wist not of the way they blow.

Apart from your kindness, life's at best but a snare.

¹⁵ *Dust to Dust.*

¹⁶ *Where?*

¹⁷ *Alone in Motley.*

Though a tongue, now past praise, this bitter thing doth say, I know
What solitude means, and how, homeless, I fare.

Strange, strange, are ye all—except in beauty shared with her—

Since I seek one I loved, yet was faithless to in death.

Not life enough I heaped, so thus my heart must fare with her,

Now wrapped in gross clay, bereft of life's breath.¹⁸

Death is one of the chief impulses of Mr. de la Mare's lyric poetry. It will be wrong to educe from it any particular philosophy of life or death. Occasionally he seems to think of a final beyond, for nothing can "lull poor mortal longingness asleep." But, at best, this is an occasional mood. * Oftener there is the mood of doubt and uncertainty. Always there is the feeling of pain at death which makes life so transient. The poet's treatment of the subject of death is varied. In *Ding Dong Bell*, a medley of prose and verse, he wanders about the smouldering graves of a country churchyard, and the faint epitaphs on their tombstones composed by him are quaint, whimsical and sad. Then there are elegies scattered in his works which vary in their appeal from the pure naïveté of a child missing a pet sailor to grief that has the depth and intensity of some of Wordsworth's Lucy poems. His *An Epitaph* is a classic of simple elegy. Even the grim realities of death have been pictured in *Anatomy* and in *Alone*,¹⁹ in which he speaks of "the scampering mouse in the hollow wall."

The elegiac strain is kept up in poems which do not deal with men. The poet knows that in this fleeting world beauty lives only for a while,

But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;

However rare—rare it be;

And there is nothing permanent. Birds, flowers and beasts are "Angels of a flying day." Here "Love is quenched" and "dreams drown in sleep," and the loveliest things on earth have "a dark and livelong hint of death."²⁰ For him beauty is not an eternal joy but a delight that is short-lived and therefore sad. The easy formula of epicurean philosophy, to capture the fleeting and make the most of it, does not serve his turn. Yet his faith in beauty is invincible. He does

¹⁸ *The Revenant*.

¹⁹ In *The Listeners and Other Poems*.

²⁰ See *The Phantom; Shadow*, etc.

not succumb to gloom, because "when the rose is faded, its memory may still dwell on." It is thought which makes the ephemeral lasting:

'Tis the immortal thought
Whose passion still
Makes of the changing
The Unchangeable.²¹

In a brave moment when he feels how short man's stay on earth is and how soon dust is gathered to dust, he discovers in the very transience of beauty, a permanence of delight and appeal, a stream of life before which the single man sinks into insignificance:

Oh, when this dust surrenders
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,
May these loved and loving faces
Please other men!

May the resting harvest hedgerow
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,
And as happy children gather
Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
Till to delight

Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
In other days.²²

Mr. de la Mare's vision of beauty has two special features. First, it has a comprehension, a duality of which I spoke at the beginning, an ability to perceive, not only the beauty of the earth, but also the beauty that is not of the earth, the beauty that finds its characteristic expression in all those poems in which he feels like an exile who

still must roam
A world where sin, and beauty, whisper of Home.²³

²¹ *When the Rose is Faded.*

²² *Farewell.*

²³ *The Exile.*

And though the exile resigns himself to the earth,—
 Peace not on earth have I found,
 Yet to earth am resigned;—²⁴

he calls life “ a livelong tangle of perplexities,” and believes that the final refuge of beauty is elsewhere :

Where blooms the flower when her petals fade,
 Where sleepeth echo by earth's music made,
 Where all things transient to the changeless win,
 There waits the peace thy spirit dwelleth in.²⁵

Second, the poet's vision is suffused with a delicate, even exquisite, sensitiveness to the finer objects of nature. The feeling is refined to the utmost degree, till the senses are obliterated and an almost unearthly effect is produced. In *The Song of the Secret* he asks where is beauty gone, and answers :

The cold winds have taken it
 With their faint moan;
 The white stars have shaken it,
 Trembling down,
 Into the pathless deeps of the sea :
 Gone, gone
 Is beauty from me.

The rudeness or might of nature does not impress him. Night and noon, stars and dew, glimmering lights and faint sounds of birds, autumn and winter and clouds—these are the objects which usually inspire him in his nature poems. A fine etheréal quality pervades them, an impression of haunting loveliness, a transcendental sensibility. What is curious is that this poet of fantasy has the insight and knowledge of a naturalist, as when he speaks of “ *faint-heart* pimpernel ” or of “ *The primrose palely burning* through the night.” There are also poems in which the personal feeling is fused with nature, and her beauty solaces the poet in his grief.²⁶

Many a poet has been moved by the peace, the sheer quietude of nature. In Mr. de la Mare's nature poems the most characteristic mood

²⁴ *The Familiar.*

²⁵ *Vain Questionings.*

²⁶ *cf. Mistress Fell; Remonstrance.*

is inspired by the silence that pervades the sensible world at dawn or dusk :

There, when the dusk is falling,
Silence broods so deep
It seems that every wind that breathes
Blows from the fields of sleep.²⁷

He hears in the silence of nature a vibrant speech or sees in it trembling shadows. Sometimes it awes him, as if, the very stillness of nature were fraught with an urgent mystery.

Mr. de la Mare's contact with life is not as meagre as it is supposed to be. In his later works there are poems which have been inspired by ugly and unpleasant aspects of life, poems like *Hospital*, *The Suicide*, *The Slum Child*. In *Drugged* he speaks of a man :

Inert in his chair,
In a candle's guttering glow;
His bottle empty,
His fire sunk low;

Another called *In the Dock* begins thus :

Pallid, mis-shapen he stands. The world's grimed thumb,
Now hooked securely in his matted hair,
Has hailed him struggling from his poisonous slum
And flung him mute as fish close-netted there.
His bloodless hands entalon that iron rail.
He gloats in beastlike trance.

There is a silent anguish in these poems, for "when howls man's soul, it howls inaudibly." But my contention is that even in earlier poems this contact with life is as direct and immediate, if not so grim, as in *The Veil* and *The Fleeting*; that in *Peacock Pie* and *The Listeners*, as also in *Poems of 1906*, there are poems which are inspired by the realities of life. And if the ugly details have not always been insisted upon, it does not mean that the poet's knowledge is therefore the less intimate. Soldiers, sailors, the tailor and the chimney-sweep, old Susan, old Ben, Poor "Miss 7" are all portrayed with sympathy and pathos, and sometimes with a touch of humour, as in the description of Miss Loo :

And one would think that poor Miss Loo
Asked nothing else, if she had you.

²⁷ *The Stranger*.

There are poems like *Keep Innocency* or the famous War poem *Motley*, which also show that the poet is neither oblivious of life, nor ignorant of the world. Here is *A Widow's Weeds* beginning,

A poor old widow in her weeds
Sowed her garden with wild-flower seeds;
Not too shallow, and not too deep,
And down came April—drip—drip—drip.

I take it as an instance of one of the most touching and graphic pictures of real life. It ends thus :

Weeps she never, but sometimes sighs,
And peeps at her garden with bright brown eyes;
And all she has is all she needs—
A poor old widow in her weeds.

One of the jeremiads of modern ignorance is that the poetry of our age is lacking in craftsmanship. Not to mention others, Mr. de la Mare's work alone is sufficient to vindicate the claims of modern poetry to artistry. I confess there are one or two mannerisms which may be better avoided. There are a few instances of inversions, as "Terror them among," or "You Angels bright who men defend;" or even one or two bad lines, such as, "Life like a moment passed seemed then to be." There is also work like the *Descriptive Pieces and Characters* from Shakespeare in the *Poems of 1906*, which I regard as a result of conscious experiment. Here the lines are packed with metaphor and strained to an artificial effect.

The craftsmanship of Mr. de la Mare is better revealed by the poems in which the most nebulous and fugitive traits of atmosphere and feeling have been preserved. His diction itself reveals an artistic principle. Words like "flutter mouse," "lichen," "moss," "spider," "moth," "gleam," "enchanted," "silver horn;" and others like "eft soon," "eyne," "waesome," "glamourie," "wea;" or compound epithets like "taper-tipped," "icy-lipped," "watch-stars," "gaudy-green"—these are not used without plan and purpose. He can suggest remoteness by the use of archaic words and lay emphasis by clever repetition. The proper names like "Alulvan" and "Arroar," "Annie Maroon" and "Elaine" have been devised, not merely for their soft labial or liquid sounds, but also to intensify the effect of atmosphere.

He has also a lively sense of colour : the hues and shades of sunset or evening, of trees and flowers have been reproduced with a surprising pre-Raphaelitism. His imagery is unlike that of Shelley : it suggests stillness and the dark, or faint mellow lights ; that of Shelley is characterised by swiftness and translucent or gay light. Sometimes he draws for his imagery upon charms of nature which give it an almost magical effect :

The gold of evening in her hair,
The blue of morn shut in her eyes.²⁸

He has revitalised the old ballad measures and used them with astonishing effect. As Mr. F. L. Lucas remarked in a brilliant review,

Mr. de la Mare . . . gets his effects not so much, like Swinburne, by devising regular new metrical schemes, as by loosening the limbs of long-familiar forms. It is his artful irregularity and variation of length with monosyllabic and quadrisyllabic feet that restores to verse arrangements almost decrepit, a youth and spring in his hands, as different from their usual jog-trot as a living thing from the mechanical duck of the encyclopédiste.²⁹

And sometimes there is, as Mr. Forrest Reid says of *The Veil*,

a new flexibility and subtley in [his] rhythms, which linger, rise, drop, following a wavering sinuous course, like the tremulous fall of a snow-flake which the wind catches, holds, and releases again.³⁰

There are other Georgian poets, besides Mr. de la Mare, whose poetry is distinguished for its simplicity. A. E. Housman has combined restraint with simplicity and surcharged it with passion. W. H. Davies' simplicity is unexcelled for its artlessness ; that of Ralph Hodgson has a transparent quality which it is difficult to describe. Mr. de la Mare can be stately when he so chooses ; but his simplicity endows words with a symbolic significance. He has been called a mystic, but he is a mystic without ecstasy, and though he has vision and power, I believe, his symbolism is only an artistic creation. I am not referring to poems like *The Cage* or *The Old House*, which are obvious

²⁸ *Sleeping Beauty*.

²⁹ *Authors Dead and Living*; 1926.

³⁰ *Walter de la Mare; A Critical Study*; 1929.

allegories. I refer to poems like *The Listeners* and *The Scribe* and *The Outskirts*, or poems like *The Huntsmen* or *The Horseman* :

I heard a horseman
Ride ov'r the hill;
The moon shone clear,
The night was still;
His helm was silver,
And pale was he;
And the horse he rode
Was of ivory.

Here there is a marvellous suggestiveness; and it is this sheer suggestive power which makes Mr. de la Mare not a craftsman, but a wizard. Where he is not a wizard, his poetry has always a twilight sadness, the feeling of dusk when the shadows advance after the last faint glimmer of a distant sundown.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION : ITS IMPORTANCE IN INDIAN SCHOOLS

By R. R. SRESHTA.

Teaching—I need hardly stress the point—is an art. Composition too is an art. The teaching of composition, therefore, is the art of an art. Now, every art implies a technique, the knowledge of which is the science of it, the practice of which is the art itself. Between a technique and an art lies, if we look at it carefully, the same distinction as between theory and practice, principle and performance, thought and action. The successful man of action, in whatever sphere of life, is an artist in his own way, whether as a great general he disposes massed armies in battle array, or as a surgeon manipulates his knife in an appendix or as a billiard-player handles his cue. It is the *manner* in which he does a thing that distinguishes the artist from the bungler proving once for all the superiority of mind over matter. The manner—that is where the personal element enters making all the difference again not only between the artist and his less fortunate fellow, but between one artist and another. It is therefore said that the poet is born, not made. That merely means that not all the rules of verse will make a poet, but it does not mean that he has no rules at all. Prosody alone never made a good poet, but there never was a good poet without prosody. Similarly the good teacher, the inspired and inspiring one is an artist, born not made. No amount of pedagogic theory will make him one. Yet the born teacher will be found to be intuitively following a method or methods, which he adds to, alters, modifies and perfects, as he gains in experience. It is his own experience that guides him not the experience of others which he may, if he wishes to, seek embodied in books of pedagogy. Whether he will be a better teacher for being trained in the technique of his art depends ultimately upon his own intelligence, discrimination and aptitude. Let it be admitted at once that excessive concern with technique is for dunces only. Nor should it be forgotten that before the artist of genius all the rules of all the schools fall like nine-pins.

Is there no use then whatever for a formal training in theory, in method, in the principles of one's art? Happily, there is. Other-

wise, for those of us who are not teachers by instinct there would remain but a counsel of despair. After all, it is a consolation to reflect that although prosody cannot make a poet, it can make a competent versifier. Given some aptitude a sound theory will make a competent teacher. Devise therefore we must ways and means by which we can improve the teaching of composition, put it on a sounder basis in these Provinces and initiate a movement which will make composition not merely an end in itself but a means to a wider end.

The keeping of this wider end in view is a very vital matter. Without being clear about the end we cannot hope to adopt the requisite correct methods. What does the English language mean to us? Rightly or wrongly, English which is a foreign language to us has come to take an all-important place in our lives. It has completely usurped the pride of place which in normal circumstances our own vernacular should have held. This has been neither an unmixed blessing nor an unmixed evil. Whether the English language has been such a unifying force as is generally supposed is doubtful, for a *lingua franca* is not quite the same thing as a common vernacular, and may even have the effect of accentuating the differences between province and province rather than of minimising them. Whether, again, it has cramped and retarded the natural growth of the vernaculars is a question which cannot be answered without investigation, but a sound knowledge of a foreign language should have a stimulating influence upon our own literature, and if it be found that our own literatures have remained untouched and even suffered decay due to neglect—which probably will be the finding in most of our provinces—it is surely not English that is to blame but an unsound knowledge of English, the result of unsound methods prevalent in India of teaching and learning it. A heavy responsibility, therefore, lies on teachers of English throughout the country.

Further, divided as we may be on these two questions, it can hardly be disputed that English has helped to establish a contact with the life and thought of the West—a contact which could have been effected, no doubt, by means of translations, but not so directly nor so rapidly, nor so effectually. We are not concerned here to determine whether this has resulted in a balance of advantage or disadvantage to us. But the plain fact is that the English language has come to stay. As things are, economic, social and political pressure combined makes a knowledge of English indispensable to us. And the English language has become as necessary to civilised existence in India as it is in England.

Without it an Indian is cut off from important sources of livelihood, from office and power, and what is more important still, from the higher levels of social and intellectual intercourse. Without it, however well-off and well-born he may be, he is at once reduced to a cypher and relegated to the mediæval age.

One might at this stage quite legitimately inquire "What has all this to do with the teaching of composition?" Well, it has a great deal to do—much more than has ever been recognised. Where English has assumed so important a place in our life, it is obvious that the standard of English expected from our graduates is a very high one—as high, I should say, as the standard expected of graduates of English Universities. Our ambitious curricula bear witness to that fact. Theoretically, there can be no difference between the two standards, so long as the medium of instruction is English and the methods of instruction and examination are modelled on those of universities in England.

To put it briefly, but precisely enough, we expect of our students as good a command of English as that possessed by the English student. It means that, in theory at least, they ought to be able to understand spoken English as it is spoken by Englishmen, to speak English like them; also in the same degree to write and to understand the written language. The young Indian whose command of English is good at all these points is likely to score all along in the University examinations, in the competitive examinations, in the services, in the professions and in public life. Obviously, since all this cannot be denied, we shall have so to devise our methods of teaching English that our student can speak with the ease, fluency and accuracy of a native of England.

If we could imagine an India without the English, a smattering of the language, tourists' English, hotelkeeper's English, business English or some form of pidgin English would have sufficed for all practical purposes. But this will not carry us far today. Consider the simple fact that we conduct in English our instruction and examination for the High School or Intermediate certificates, and for a University degree. Even to barely scrape through any of these tests implies that the candidate ought to understand and write English. Since this is the desired end our present methods of teaching English are solely directed towards it. It is not an uncommon experience to come across men who have acquired a fair mastery of the written language but whose pronunciation and intonation betray their inadequate command of the speech. Convocation addresses delivered by our eminent countrymen at our various Universities towards the end of every year furnish ample

proof of this phenomena, if proof were required. In their literary form they might be mistaken for Burke or Macaulay redivivus—so pseudo-classic and magniloquent is their style, but oh! the voice, the accent, the manner! There are even men who profess it, who teach it in the schools and colleges but whose English speech does not sound quite English. Something certainly is lacking in their English education. Things do not appear to be any better today. The heavy English tradition is luckily passing away but no evidence can yet be found of a sounder method of teaching English replacing it.

For, consider how English is being taught today. As the aim, so the method. The aim appears to be to produce men who will be able to read and write English, who will be able to keep in running order the vast machinery of Government and semi-Governmental institutions. It is no elevated aim but one need not quarrel with it on that score. But on the score that the method of teaching English which it has encouraged is limited to developing the student's capacity for studying the literature, which means studying certain standard authors, preferably dead, and for reproducing, in imitation of them a literary form of English which, mark it well, is somewhat remote from the current idiom. Remote from the current idiom—that is to say, even in its written form it is not quite modern English. This can be seen again and again in books written by Indians, or in the editorial pages of leading Indian newspapers. As for speech, as for English as she is spoken, only a fortunate few of us who came under the influence of English teachers in their childhood, or have spent a few years in residence at an English University at an impressionable age, have acquired any command of it.

There seems to be something radically wrong with the teaching of English in India. What is it that is wrong? one might ask. Well, it is simply this: we treat English almost as though it were a dead language. We teach and learn its grammar, its philology, its literature, its literary forms, its literary history, forgetting all the while that English is a living language, and that like all things that have life it is constantly undergoing change and growth; forgetting too that this change and growth take place on a wider scale than in any other language, spread as English is over a far-flung Empire and the American sub-continent, the melting-pot of different races.

The very words 'language' and 'tongue' and 'speech' indicate its primary function, so that the phrase 'dead language' is something of a contradiction in terms. To the great majority of us, who teach

or learn English it is as good as a dead language. What the average educated man among us speaks isn't the living idiom. He can but speak as he writes. And he writes, if clever enough, in the classical manner of Addison or Macaulay, and never quite in the contemporary manner. Except for the fact that English as the official language is in daily use, and that for official purposes a pseudo-classic style or jargon passes muster, it would have been in no better position than Sanskrit or Greek or any other dead language. The fact too that English is not an entirely alive tongue to us explains perhaps the little influence it has had on the vernaculars. Most of our vernacular literatures are in a state of neglect and decay. The impact of Western life and thought ought to have done something to stop the rot, if not to revitalise them. But English we treat almost as a dead language, and a dead language can have no vitalising power.

If there is any person who can do something to remedy this state of affairs it is the teacher of English Composition. On him is imposed a special task in the system of our education. He can only fulfil this task adequately provided he has an adequate conception of his subject, and the ability to teach it on the right lines.

First then, for a right conception of the subject. 'Composition,' the putting together of ideas or their symbols, namely, words and word-groups, is too often confined to literary composition, to all kinds of written exercises. But we do compose in this sense when we speak as well as when we write. In fact, speech is a much more natural form of composition than writing. Writing after all, is a highly artificial form, enlisting the aid of the eye and the hand, and the mechanical means anciently of stylus and tablet, or modernly of print and paper, to convert the sounds of speech into visible symbols. It demands, too, more rigid modes of expression. As Jespersen says: "In our so-called civilised life print plays such an important part that educated people are apt to forget that language is primarily speech, *i.e.*, chiefly conversation (dialogue) while the written (and printed) word is only a kind of substitute—in many ways a most valuable, but in other respects a poor one—for the spoken and heard word. Many things that have vital importance in speech—stress, pitch, colour of the voice, thus especially those elements which give expression to emotions rather than to logical thinking disappear in the comparatively rigid medium of writing or are imperfectly rendered by such means as underlining (*italicising*) and punctuation. What is called the life of language consists in oral intercourse with its continual give-and-take

between speaker and hearer. In the natural order of things we speak before we learn to write, and first we learn our mother-tongue. To limit the teaching of composition to the art of writing, good as that is, is to cut off the natural way of learning a language, which is also by far the quicker and easier way. How quickly and easily little children will pick up the vocabulary of the mother-tongue and begin to make use of it forthwith! The ear is a far better guide, more rapid and more reliable in many respects than the eye. What is not sufficiently recognised is that this holds true of a foreign tongue as well. Again, children, it has been observed, pick up the vocabulary of a foreign tongue with an astonishing ease—with as much ease and rapidity as they do their mother-tongue. They become bilingual so perfectly that they have the sounds and intonations of both languages without mixing them up. In the process of learning it is the ear they have relied upon and the living human voice. And surprising as it may seem, it is the children of tender age that become more expert than the older ones. For the older children are self-conscious, they compare the new with their own tongue, and tend to rely upon the eye rather than the ear, upon the written and printed rather than the heard and spoken word. Among the thousands of Belgian refugee children who made their home in England during the war, it was found, Mr. Palmer states, that the younger ones acquired an "English speech hardly to be distinguished from the speech of English children," that is, they spoke quite English English, while their elder brothers and sisters acquired a speech which was to a certain extent foreigner's English." To point the moral of it, therefore, by far the best way of learning a language is to learn it in the child's way: by hearing and speaking it and not by reading and writing it. Hence it is of the utmost importance to realise that composition should include both literary and oral—the oral part coming first. At present a University student need hardly utter a word of English if he does not wish to, throughout the two or more years he spends there. And even at school, except for the oral lesson, conducted catechetically, the young Indian student hardly speaks English inside or outside the school-room. Nor would a lesson in grammar which concentrates on accident and syntax enable the student to acquire a fluent and accurate speech. It is better to allow the rules and exceptions of grammar—those of them which are essential and in daily use—to be insensibly and spontaneously absorbed in the process of learning how to talk. The advantage of this combined with the advantage of being able to speak well, with the proper sounds,

stresses, and their proper distribution, that is, with all that is meant by correct pronunciation and intonation has a direct bearing on the understanding and use of the written language. In speech we enlist the auditory memory which can facilitate and supplement the visual memory. Accurate pronunciation will often assist accurate spelling even in a language like English, the words of which are so often spoken in one way and spelt in another. For a large number of sounds are after all represented by distinctive written symbols.

But the primary advantage of putting oral composition before written lies in the employment of the innate capacities of the student for language-learning. The fact is, we are all born with a gift for languages. Parents are often surprised when they hear their children come out with new expressions and wonder when and where they got them. But children are marvellously attentive, retentive and imitative—they not only receive and retain their auditory impressions, but reproduce the sounds, stresses and tones—a complex affair—to perfection. But unfortunately when we grow up we allow this inborn aptitude to learn a foreign language, we do it slowly, consciously and laboriously, by all sorts of artificial means, by reducing the sounds to symbols—in writing; by converting the written or printed word into sounds—in reading aloud; by the use, that is, of the hand and the eye rather than the voice and ear; by translating from a foreign tongue into our own or *vice versa*; by grinding at the grammar—declensions, conjugations, analysis, parsing and so on. This is how English is generally taught in India. By doing this we are not only retarding the student's rate of progress, marring his sense of accuracy, loading his memory with inessentials but are inhibiting his natural capacity by a constant comparison with his mother-tongue. His already acquired knowledge of his own language comes in the way of the new. Yet there is no reason why he should not learn English or any other foreign language in almost the same natural way as he learnt his own. The ideal plan would be to learn it through speech from English teachers when he is young, very young for it is in childhood that the spontaneous capacities are at their most active. Failing this, the next best thing would be a sojourn in England. Failing this also, a scheme of oral composition would be, in the last resort, the only adequate substitute.

Frankly, to judge from the kind of students who enter the Universities there must be something seriously wrong in the way they have been trained or left untrained. They are the unconscious witnesses to the inadequacy of the methods that obtain in the High Schools and

Intermediate Colleges. The University yearly absorbs the Intermediate products. The University is expected to put the finishing touches to them. But the Intermediate Colleges are expected to supply their products not in the semi-raw condition but in a fair state of completion. In this respect the Universities are the victims of the Intermediate Colleges and these in turn perhaps of the High Schools. They have somehow failed to tackle the central problem of education with its three aims: the formation of methodical habits of work, the drawing out of the student's intellectual faculties and the stimulation of a lively interest in the contemporary world. In the tackling of this problem the teaching of English Composition is of greater importance than any other single subject in the school curriculum.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ENGLISH VOCABULARY

By SIR EDWARD BLUNT.

Introductory Remarks.

1. I have called this lecture "The Development of the English Vocabulary." The lecture is historical rather than etymological. My object is to describe the nature of the various linguistic elements of which the English vocabulary is composed, and the part that each has played in its formation, at successive stages of its growth. You must not expect to find in it anything that can be called original research. For the past 34 years, I have seldom had much leisure to devote to any study, however interesting, which did not pertain directly to my official duties. And since Professor Amaranatha Jha first asked me to deliver this lecture about the beginning of December last up to the present day, my work has been more than usually heavy, and my leisure even more than usually restricted. On the other hand, if you will find nothing new in what I have to say you will, I hope, also find nothing which is not true. For I have consulted the best authorities available to me, and made no statement that I could not refer to one or other of them. The chief words which I have used are the Etymological Dictionaries of Dr. Skeat and Professor Weekley; various others of the latter's books on etymology, such as the "Romance of Words," "Adjectives and others words," "Words, Ancient and Modern;" "Mr. Fowler's Modern English Usage; such historical works as Green's History of the English People and Dr. Wingfield-Stratford's History of British Civilization; and also various articles in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Linguistic elements in English—(1) Their number.

2. At the end of Dr. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, there is an appendix, in which the words in the English vocabulary are distributed according to the languages from which they are derived. There are over ninety of these languages. They range, geographically, from Iceland to New Zealand, from China to Peru. They include dead tongues and living tongues: ancient, mediæval and modern tongues: tongues of all the families known to philologists. And as if so much

diversity were not enough, Dr. Skeat gives a long list of hybrid words, formed from two different languages. English is made up of more linguistic elements, and possesses a richer vocabulary than any other modern language. And it is still growing. Every fresh discovery or invention means the formation—or malformation—of new words, or the use of old words in new meanings. No dictionary can keep pace with its growth. The great Oxford Dictionary consists of ten gigantic volumes, records over 400,000 words, gives nearly two million quotations, covers a period of twelve centuries, and weighs about 200 pounds. The collection of material for it began in 1859; the last instalment appeared in 1928. Yet it is incomplete. Airman is not in it; nor appendicitis: nor Bolshevik: nor camouflage: nor cinema: nor hooligan: nor sabotage: nor vamp. And the reason is always that the volume which would have contained the particular word was finished before the word itself came into use. Cinema, for instance, though not to be found under the letter C, appears as kinema under K. A supplement is being prepared. And by the time that it is finished, a further supplement will be required.

(2) Their nature.

3. Three of the linguistic sources of English are far more important than the others. The first of these is Anglo-Saxon, or old English, which provides the everyday vocabulary of the less educated, and also the "working parts" of the language, in the shape of its inflexions, numerals, pronouns, prepositions and conjunctions. The second is old French, a language developed from vulgar Latin, as spoken by the Roman settlers in Gaul, from which comes the rest of our everyday vocabulary, especially that of the better educated. The third is classical Latin and Greek, from which is derived the greater part of our literary, or learned, vocabulary, either directly or through the cognate forms of literary French. After these, in a second rank, we must put the Scandinavian languages, Danish and Norse, which supply a considerable number of our commonest words and some of our inflexions, besides many other words in the dialects of North and East England: other Teutonic languages, notably Dutch: other Romance languages, notably Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese: the Celtic dialects: and finally certain oriental tongues, notably Arabic, Persian, and Sanskrit with its modern derivatives, such as Hindustani. Any further classification than this is unnecessary. Other languages are occasional contributors, supplying only a few words apiece. And the sources

already mentioned include all those which are of real importance in the development of the language.

Early Celtic dialects.

4. In the dawn of history, we find the British Isles inhabited by Celtic tribes, who spoke various Celtic dialects—the Goidelic, which included Gaelic, Irish, or Erse, and Manx, and the Brythonic, which included Welsh, Cornish, and the Breton of French Brittany. To the Celts entered the Romans, bringing the Latin language with them. In the southern and eastern lowlands and the towns, where the Roman culture spread most widely and the Roman conquest was most complete, Latin became the language of Britons of the better class. But the lower classes within that area, and all who lived without it, continued to speak Celtic. And when Britain was severed from the Roman Empire in the 5th century, the Celtic language reasserted itself, and absorbed such Latin remnants as remained.

Anglo-Saxon.

5. The next invaders of Britain in the 5th and 6th centuries were of Teutonic stock, drawn from three main tribes or nations,—the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes. Philologists call their language Anglo-Saxon, or old English, which is perhaps the better term. The Britons themselves gave them the collective name of Sasunn, or Saxon, from which is derived the modern word Sassenach, still used as a term of invective for an Englishman by fervid Celts. It is from this race that most of those Englishmen are descended, whose ancestors neither came over with William the Conqueror, nor took refuge in England after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. And of the three principal elements in modern English, Anglo-Saxon is the oldest and most important.

Celtic Remains in English.

6. The Anglo-Saxons never succeeded either in exterminating the Britons, or in expelling them from Britain. Many were killed in war: some were absorbed as serfs into the Anglo-Saxon population: most were driven over the border into the hills of Wales, Cumbria and Scotland, into Cornwall and Devon in the south-west, or overseas into Ireland. The Celtic dialects survived, and are still spoken to-day, in Wales, the Scotch Highlands, and Ireland. But Anglo-Saxon was spoken without a break from the Forth to the Channel, and from Essex

to Staffordshire. Only a few Celtic words, such as might be useful to serfs, passed into the language of their masters. The number of such words in modern English is about 130. But of these some 50 are there only because they are the names of some person, or place, or thing, or conception which is essentially Celtic; and of that 50 many were borrowed at a much later date, notably by Sir Walter Scott. Such words are Culdee, dunniewassal, gillie, cromlech, cateran, claymore, corrie, colleen, gallowglass, and kern. Another 50 words or so have passed from Celtic into English through a third language, and resemble that language more than they resemble Celtic. Such words are bijou, budget, car, garter, mutton, piece and vassal, which most of us would be content to refer to French. Even druid is the English form of a Latin word, being Cæsar's version of the Celtic *druí*. And when all these words are excluded, then the number of Celtic words in English is reduced to 30 or so; of which bald, bard, bin, bog, clan, crag, down (a hill), galore, gull, loop, flannel, Tory and whiskey are the best-known.

Latin words in Anglo-Saxon.

7. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, before it ever came into Britain, already included a certain number of Latin loan-words, which still survive. Such words are street, from Latin *strata*; butter, from *butyrum*; cheese, from *caseus*; mint, from *moneta*; inch, from *uncia*; pound, from *pondus*; mile, from *milia*; and wine, from *vinum*. And the Latin-speaking Britons supplied a few more of which the most notable are the word cester, from Latin *castra*, a fortified camp, which is found in such place-names as Chester, Winchester, Gloucester; and coln, from Latin *colonia*, which is found in the place-name Lincoln. And when Christianity came to England, a number of other Latin words connected with that religion were borrowed by Anglo-Saxon; of these, alms, creed, disciple, martyr, mass, monk, and pope are some which still survive.

Scandinavian Languages.

8. In the last decade of the 8th century, there began a long series of incursions, by Danes and Norsemen, into England. At first these were merely piratical raids: the raiders came in summer and retired before winter. But half a century later, much larger hosts landed on the English shores, who set themselves to conquer the country; and after prolonged fighting, they succeeded in carving out kingdoms for themselves in the north, centre, and east. Their language, though

belonging to a different Germanic branch, was still so similar to old English, that hundreds of words were much the same in both. Many Scandinavian words penetrated into standard English, many more into the dialects of the north and east, and still survive. In some cases, Scandinavian words have ousted the Anglo-Saxon, even though expressing common ideas or objects; such are sky, die, take, fellow, knife, leg, low, egg, window, give, get, awe, and sister. In other cases, words of both languages survive, but with slightly different meanings:—for instance, ill and sick, skirt and shirt, skin and hide, root and wort. The most remarkable substitution of Scandinavian for Anglo-Saxon, however, is that of they, their, and them for hir, her, and hem.

Old French and old English—the bilingual period.

9. The year 1066 is as important a date in the history of English as it is in the history of England. William the Conqueror himself, and the swarm of adventurers who followed him, for the most part spoke the Norman dialect of old French. During the next century and a half, political events brought England into close contact with other French provinces,—Anjou, Poitou, Touraine, Aquitaine: and throughout this period, there was a constant influx into England of immigrants from those other provinces, who spoke other old French dialects. Old French, being a Romance language, was wholly dissimilar from old English, which was a Teutonic language: and the average Englishman and the average Frenchman understood each other no better in the 11th century than they do in the 20th. The Frenchman, moreover, disdained to learn English, which he regarded as a barbarous tongue; William himself tried to learn it, but failed. And so, from the Conquest till the middle of the 14th century, two tongues were spoken in England: the common people spoke English, courtiers, barons, churchmen, and lawyers all spoke French, and French was the only language taught in the schools. As Higden, a writer of Edward III's reign, puts it: "children in school against the usage and manner of all other nations be compelled for to leave their own language, and for to construe their lessons and their things in French, and so they have since the Normans first came into England. Also gentlemen's children be taught to speak French from the time that they be rocked in their cradle . . . and uplandish (*i.e.*, country) men will liken themselves to gentlemen, and strive with great busyness to speak French for to be more told of,"

Fusion of old French and old English.

10. In these circumstances, one might have expected French to drive English out of use altogether, just as Latin had driven out the Celtic dialects of Gaul, and Anglo-Saxon those of Britain. Yet, as all men know, not only did French fail to expel English, but the two languages ultimately blended into one. Such a fusion is almost unparalleled: the only case resembling it of which I can think is the fusion of Arabic and Persian with Hindi to form Hindustani. The cause of it, however, is clear enough. William, as Duke of Normandy, conquered England, and subdued the English people. But having been elected King of England and of its people, he, and his successors after him, behaved as such, maintaining the customs, the laws, the administration of the old English realm, enlisting English soldiers in his armies, and even adapting to his own use English methods of warfare. In short, whilst the English people never lost its national identity, the Norman Duke, from the start, was merged in the English King. The Norman barons remained obstinately fixed in their Normanhood, so long as they held possession of their Norman lands. But these they lost when King Philip of France, at the beginning of the 13th century, regained possession of Normandy and the other French provinces to which the English crown laid claim; and from that date, the baronage of England began to own itself as English, and to take its natural place as leaders of the English people.

11. All through this period of 150 years, the language, like the people, maintained its identity. About 1216, Layamon, bishop of Ernley-on-Severn, wrote a rhyming chronicle in English of some 30,000 lines, which contains not more than 50 Norman words. But with the political separation from France, the French language in England began to lose ground. More and more French words passed into English, to be altered and modified and reconstructed till they became suitable for English tongues. The result is called Anglo-French, which, as one might expect, was a somewhat barbarous speech; it became the official language till 1362, and our legal phraseology is still saturated with it. But in that year all pretence at speaking French was abandoned, and English came to its own. It was ordered to be used in courts of law "because the French tongue is much unknown." In 1363 the Chancellor spoke in English when opening Parliament. Bishops began to preach in English; and Wyclif's works gave it the dignity of a literary language. Finally, by 1385 French had ceased to be taught in the schools; as says John of Trevisa: "Now,

the year of our Lord 1385, and of the second King Richard after the conquest, nine, in all the grammar schools of England children leaveth French, and construeth and learneth in English. Also gentlemen have now much left for to teach their children French." Chaucer, who at this very time was writing his *Canterbury Tales*, also offers evidence to show that French was no longer the tongue of the gentry, but a foreign tongue which Englishmen spoke either not at all or badly. For, in describing his nun, he says :

" French she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe."¹

The New English.

12. This new English, however, differed greatly from the old English of the period before the Conquest. Old English was an inflectional language; that is to say, it expressed differences of tense, gender, case, and mood by changing the form of the word itself. In new English, inflexions are few and differences, however subtle, are expressed by the use of auxiliary words, or even by changes of position and emphasis. The explanation of this development is as follows. In the 8th century, the principal dialects of Anglo-Saxon were Northumbrian, spoken in the north of England and the south of Scotland: Mercian, spoken in the Midlands: and West Saxon, spoken in southern England. These were all inflectional languages. When the Danes and Norsemen invaded England in the next century, they brought with them a language which was sufficiently like the Anglo-Saxon dialects for them to find no difficulty in using them—so far as the mere vocabulary was concerned. But Danes and Norsemen disliked the complicated inflexions of these dialects; and so, whilst many Scandinavian words crept into Anglo-Saxon, many English words were changed in the process of assimilation, and especially, began to lose all but their simplest inflexions. And naturally the dialects which suffered were those spoken where the Danes settled,—Northumbrian and Mercian. West Saxon, the language of King Alfred, underwent little change.

13. When the blending of French and English into a single language began, this process was repeated. A Norman baron disliked

¹ Fetisly means neatly, skilfully.—Stratford-atte-Bowe—this refers to the Benedictine Nunnery at that place where we are to suppose that French of a kind was taught.

inflectional niceties no less than a Norse Viking; and so whilst a large number of French words were assimilated, the English inflexions underwent further mutilation. Of the three dialects available, West Saxon was ruled out, partly because it was still the most complicated, partly because it was less susceptible to change than the other two; Northumbrian was ruled out because of its remoteness, though it is the parent of lowland Scotch. And so Mercian became the parent of modern English on the Anglo-Saxon side,—a choice all the more suitable because it was the speech of London.

Old French words in English-phonetic changes.

14. The number of English words derived from old French runs into thousands: anybody can collect as many examples as he pleases by opening a dictionary, and I need not give any here. Many of these words in passing from one language to the other have undergone changes that make them almost unrecognizable. And it is small comfort to read that the changes were governed by phonetic laws, for the first and most important of these laws is the law of least resistance; if a word is found difficult to pronounce, it is altered to something more pronounceable. Phonetic laws depend on phonetic laziness. The letter H was pronounced in classical Latin: but its pronunciation involves effort, and it was dropped alike in vulgar Latin, in old French, and in the English derivatives of the latter. Heir, hermit, honest, honour, host, hour, and humble were all spelt without an H in the 14th and 15th centuries: and though the H has since been artificially restored to them, yet before some of them we still use the article "an" instead of "a," as if they still began with a vowel. In modern French, too, the H is written but not pronounced.

15. Other letters besides H are occasionally dropped to make pronunciation simpler, both in English and French: feeble, French *faible*, is from Latin *febilis*; frail, old French *frêle*, is from Latin *fragilis*; trouble is from *turbulare*. And not only letters, but whole syllables disappear. Raiment is French *arrayement*; vanguard is French *avantgarde*; vamp is French *arantpied*. But abbreviation of this kind is common in English with words of all sorts of derivation. Mob, cab, gent, hack, vet, chap are shortened forms of mobile, cabriolet, gentlemen, hackney, veterinary, and chapman. Van for caravan, bus for omnibus, wig, for periwig are cases of abbreviation at the other end of the word. Exam for examination, and mac for mackintosh, are of more recent date.

16. And there are other types of phonetic change, of which I need only mention the names—assimilation, dissimilation, metathesis. But by whatever name the changes may be called, they are none the less all cases of phonetic laziness.

Classical Latin.

17. After Anglo-Saxon and old French, the principal element in English is classical Latin, a language which was of special importance during the Middle Ages. The Christian church transcended political boundaries: its adherents were of many nations and spoke many tongues. But the church taught them all, and spoke to them all, in a single language, which was Latin. Moreover, the statesmen, the diplomats, and the scholars of that time were also for the most part churchmen; and so Latin became an international language, the language alike of religion, of statesmanship, of diplomacy, and of learning, and it so remained till about 1660. For that reason alone, Latin was bound to exercise great influence on the development of European languages, and amongst them of English. But that was not all. The leading feature of the Renaissance which began at the end of the 15th century, was the recovery of classical learning. Scholars in every country began to study Latin, and Greek too; and for several centuries a sound knowledge of both was regarded as essential to the education not only of members of the learned professions—law, teaching, religion, medicine,—but also of every man with any pretence to birth and good breeding. Lastly, during the 16th and 17th centuries, many Protestant refugees entered England from France and Flanders. The Renaissance and the spread of classical learning had been, if anything, greater in these countries than in England; and so classical Latin entered into English not only directly, but indirectly through literary French. The result is that Latin is now the chief basis of literary English.

Latin and Greek words in English.

18. The loan-words from classical Latin or Greek are of various kinds. There are many words from both languages which have passed into English unaltered; for instance, the Latin words animal, arena, bacillus, cancer, complex, decorum, dexter, era, extra, focus, genius, gladiator, hiatus, index, junior, lucifer, militia, minor, neuter, odium, omen, posterior, premium, quota, regimen, senior, series, tribunal, ulterior, and victor. There are also Latin verbs, adverbs or

adjectives which have passed into English with a different, though cognate, meaning. For instance, *veto* is literally 'I forbid'; *tenet* means 'he holds'; *fiat* means 'let it be done'; an *alias* means 'an otherwise'; an *alibi* means 'an elsewhere'. Sometimes the English word differs slightly from the Latin in spelling; for instance, *query* was formerly written *quaere*, which means "seek"; whilst *plaudit* comes from *plaudite*, which means "clap your hands"; *debenture* is for *debentur*, which means "there are owing"; *premises* is Latin *praemissas*, slightly disguised, and means "the aforesaid"; *quorum* means "of whom" and refers to a list of persons, "of whom" a certain number must be present. Of pure Greek words we have such instances as *analysis*, *aroma*, *bathos*, *colon*, *diorama*, *dogma*, *exegesis*, *hector*, *iota*, *lexicon*, *mentor*, *nausea*, *parenthesis*, *pathos*, *synopsis*. But the great majority of Latin loan-words are anglicised forms of the original Latin; for instance, such words as *abdicate* or *fabricate* come from the Latin past participles, *abdicatus* and *fabricatus*. Nouns ending in 'ion' are usually from the similar Latin nouns. Adjectives ending in 'ent' are usually from the Latin present participle.² The same applies to Greek words. The most common Greek termination is perhaps 'ise' or 'ize,' in such words as *tantalize*, *baptise*, *organise*. But this termination is often gravely misused, being added to words that are not Greek at all; for instance, *civilize* or *humanise*, where the original word is Latin; not to mention such awful hybrids as *mesmerize*, *galvanize*, *bowdlerize*, or *macadamize*. In these cases the original words are all proper names. *Mesmer* was a German professor; *Galvani*, an Italian scientist; *Bowdler*, an English editor of Shakespeare; and *McAdam*, the Scotch inventor of a particular kind of road paving called after his name

The relations of Dutch and English.

19. The number of English words borrowed from Dutch are relatively few in number, but have a certain interest of their own. Even before the Conquest, there was a close connexion between the two countries, for most of the wool used by the Flemish weavers came from England. And till the end of the 13th century it was the policy of English kings to maintain friendly relations, lest the export trade in wool should suffer. Thereafter, England began to manufacture her

² Both French and English words are usually derived from the accusative case, e.g., *collection* is from the Latin *collectionem*; *remittent* from *remittentem*.

own woollen cloth, and before long became a serious rival to the Flemish weavers, who were not, however, in a position to quarrel with her. And in the 16th century the connexion between the two countries became closer than ever, for the common foe of both was Spain. English adventurers, with or without the knowledge of their Queen Elizabeth, fought for the Dutch rebels in Flanders; and many Dutch families took refuge from Alva's tyranny in England. Under the Commonwealth and the later Stuart Kings the two countries were, for commercial or political reasons, often at war; but when a Dutch prince came to the English throne, the old friendship was renewed. Both under William III and Queen Anne, English and Dutch fought as allies against France, whilst many English and Scotch students went to the Dutch universities to complete their studies.

Dutch words in English: (a) Nautical.

20. It is natural that as a result of this close connexion over a period of 750 years or so, there should be a certain number of Dutch loan-words in English. Indeed, it is surprising that they are not more numerous. They are specially interesting, however, because they serve to show the way in which word borrowing naturally takes place. For instance, the Dutch, as a great naval power, have given a number of words to our nautical vocabulary. There are names of ships. For instance, yacht (which originally meant a hunting ship); yawl (which means either a skiff or Jutland boat); hoy; and smack (in all its meanings, whether flavour, noise or fishing boat). Other words relate to parts of a ship, such as boom (Dutch for beam); orlop (which means overleap, and is a name given to a deck which "overleaps" the ship's hold); caboose (from Dutch *Kabuis*—the kitchen of a small ship). Other nautical words are belay, marline, splice, trick (in such a phrase as 'trick of the wheel,' from the Dutch *trek*); school (when applied to whales); and skipper (which represents the English shipper).

(b) Military.

21. There are also a number of military terms borrowed by the British armies, who for two centuries were constantly fighting in the cockpit of Europe, and according to Uncle Toby, 'swore terribly' when there. Such words are drill, drum, linstock, leaguer, sutler, and trigger. Cashier comes from a Dutch word meaning 'to break'; furlough comes from Dutch *verlof*, which means leave or permission; knapsack means a sack for food, from the slang Dutch word *knap*; roster is Dutch for

gridiron,—the reference is to the parallel lines on the list or plan; tattoo is from the Dutch *tap toe*, a signal for closing the “taps” or taverns; forlorn hope, which now means the leaders of a storming party, was formerly used of any group of soldiers exposed to special danger. It comes from an old Dutch phrase *verloren hoop*, which means ‘a lost company’; and the metaphorical use of the phrase, as meaning ‘a desperate chance,’ is due to misunderstanding the word “hope.”

(c) Other.

22. There are also a certain number of words which relate to art, such as easel, landscape, etch, and maulstick. Boose and brandy both come from Dutch, the latter being the abbreviation of *brandewyn*, which means ‘burnt wine.’ There are a certain number of more or less uncomplimentary terms such as bluff, boor, bumpkin, gruff, pad (as in footpad), quack, and slim. It is not surprising that the word brackish is Dutch, for brackish water must be a common thing in that country. But the Scotch will probably not be pleased to learn that the name of their national game of golf comes a Dutch word *kolf*, meaning ‘club.’

Romance languages and English.

23. The English have borrowed very few words direct from the Romance languages and most of them are of no particular interest—such words as bravo, cameo, marsala, and tarantella from the Italian; bravado, cachucha, and fandango, from the Spanish. All these are the original words, unaltered and applied in English with the original meaning. Other words come from the names of places. For instance, a ‘milliner’ meant originally a person who dealt in goods from Milan, whilst ‘polony’ is the name of a sausage originally made in Bologna. But words derived from place names are extremely common; the following is a small selection. We get damson, a kind of plum, from Damascus; Shylock’s ducat from the *ducato*, or Duchy, of Apulia; muslin from Mosul; calico from Calicut; and Sardine from Sardinia.

Military terms from Italian: (a) Fortification.

24. There is, however, one interesting group of words which comes mostly from Italian through French, namely, the words dealing with military organization and fortification. When the introduction of gun-powder revolutionized methods of warfare, the earliest writers on the subject were Italians, just as the earliest soldiers to use those methods were the Italian condottiere. They were followed by the

French military theorists and engineers of the 16th and 17th centuries, such as Vauban, who adopted into French a larger number of Italian terms, which subsequently passed into English. Such words are barbican, gabion, redoubt, casemate, ravelin, parapet and barracks—all terms relating to fortification. Other military terms of the same derivation are ambushade, alarm, escort, and sentinel. "Alarm" is the Italian "*all'arme*", to arms; "sentinel" is the Italian "*sentinella*", which originally meant a sentry box. "Sentry," on the other hand, is merely a contracted form of sanctuary, and was used in that sense up to the 17th century. In the case of both "sentinel" and "sentry," the name has been transferred from the building to the individual soldier who occupies it.

(b) Organization or rank.

25. Another group of military words are those relating to organization or rank, such as cavalry, infantry, artillery, colonel, and lance.—in such a name as lance-corporal or lance-sergeant. Infantry means exactly what the word suggests, *viz.*, a body of young soldiers, too inexperienced for cavalry service. "Artillery" was in use long before cannon were invented. Literally it means equipment, and originally was used to include weapons of any kind, and even such articles as drums, flutes, and trumpets. For instance, it is used in the Bible to mean bow and arrows (I Samuel XX, 40). The word "colonel" comes from the Italian "*colonello*," which means the leader of a little column. In Spanish the word became "*coronel*," and both forms were used in English in the 16th century. At that time also both words were pronounced as three syllables. Milton, for instance, has the line—

" Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,"

We now pronounce it as if there were only two syllables by leaving out the middle "o", and, curiously enough, preserve the pronunciation of the Spanish word whilst keeping the Italian spelling.

The word lance, when added to a rank such as corporal or sergeant, means literally a private soldier acting in the higher rank. Its use in this sense goes back to the old term "*lance-pesade*," which comes from an Italian term meaning broken-lance. This lance-pesade corresponded to what we call a lance-corporal; but why he should have been called a "broken lance" is unknown. Of the other military ranks, sergeant is a very old word, which both in French and English originally meant a servant, and thereafter a private soldier; lieutenant means simply a substitute; general was originally an adjective added to the names of

other ranks—colonel-general, captain-general, lieutenant-general, and major-general. The “colonel-general” corresponded roughly to the commander-in-chief, and the “captain-general” to the army commander. A “colonel-general” was very rare in the British army, though captains-general were common enough; it was, for instance, the rank of the Duke of Marlborough in all his campaigns. The “lieutenant-general” was the second-in-command to the “captain-general,” and usually led the cavalry. The “major-general” was originally the “sergeant-major-general”; the old regimental “sergeant-major” used to carry out the duties of both the second-in-command and the adjutant. Brigade comes from the Italian word “*brigata*,” which means “a company of good fellows,”—though “good” here has an uncomplimentary meaning. This is possibly why most brigadiers look so serious.

Other languages and English.

26. Little need be said of the English words derived from other languages. They exist, because from about the middle of the 15th century the English became a sea-faring race; and their sailors and merchants, wandering over the face of the globe, brought home from the foreign countries that they visited not only new animals, new commodities, and new conceptions, but also the foreign names by which these were known. It is this which explains the presence in the English vocabulary of such Persian words as “bazaar,” “divan,” “pasha,” “sepoy,” “shah” and “shawl”; such Sanskrit words as pandit and raja; such arabic words as alkali, harem, henna, otto, sash, sherbet and sofa; such Indian words as bangle, calico, Cashmere, cheroot, chutney, coir, curry, dinghy, polo, and teak; such Malay words as bamboo, caddy, cockatoo, gong, rattan, and sago, and such Chinese words as nankeen and tea. All these words passed direct into English; but words are great travellers and many others wandered far from their original homes before they landed in England. Sugar, for instance, started from the Sanskrit “*sharkarā*” (grit); it then became Persian (*shakar*); Arabic (*sukkar*); Greek (*sacchar*, from which we get saccharine); Spanish (*azúcar*); Portuguese (*assucar*); French (*sucre*); and from French it at last became English.

Word-travelling.

27. Other interesting cases of verbal travel are “admiral” and “assegai.” “Admiral,” which was formerly spelt “amiral,” comes

through French from the Arabic "*amir*," in the phrase "*amir-al-bahr*," which means commander on the sea. This was shortened first into "amiral" and then, to make the pronunciation easier, was turned into "admiral." "Assegai" comes ultimately from the Berber "*azzaghāya*," which was the name of a particular kind of javelin. It then passed into Portuguese in the form "*azagaia*," and French, as "*archegaie*." This together, with the French article "le," became in English "*larchegaie*," which in due course was corrupted into "lancegay." In this form the word was actually used by Chaucer in the lines—

" In his hond a lancegay,
A long sword by his syde."

After that the word disappeared from English, probably because the use of the weapon was forbidden by law in 1406, till it ultimately returned, *via* Zululand.

Another curious instance of word travelling is afforded by the doublet "corsair" and "hussar." The original of both words was a Latin word "*cursarius*," which meant "pirate." This word travelled into England by two roads. The first was through Italy and France; thence it came into English in the form "corsair," and in all these languages had its original meaning of 'pirate,' or sea-robber. The other road was through Greece into Servia where it became '*gusar*,' and Hungary where it became '*huszar*,' and thence through Germany and France into England, where it became 'hussar.' In all these languages it meant a 'freebooter' or land-robber; and it is now the name of a particular kind of light cavalry.

Folk etymology.

28. I have now described the principal stages in the development of the English vocabulary. I have also explained the principal processes of word formation by which that development has been achieved. Those processes have not always been the same; but at all events they have so much in common, that they have all been governed in the matter of sound by phonetic laws, and in the matter of sense by semantic laws.³ In short, the process of word formation was always accompanied by, and depended on, *complete understanding* of the word itself. I have now to describe a process of word formation which differs entirely from

³ 'Semantic' is a relatively new term derived from a Greek word meaning significant, which was first applied by the French Professor Breal in 1887 to the psychology of language as shown in sense development.

these normal processes. It is always due ultimately to *misunderstanding* of the word, and results either in perverted sound or perverted meaning. The name given to word formation of this kind is folk etymology. It is responsible for many of those hybrid words of which Dr. Skeat has given us a list. It has been going on at all times, and still from time to time occurs.

The article "an."

29. One common type of folk etymology occurs where a word begins with N, which is confused with the final N of the article 'an'. Thus, 'apron' comes from the old French '*naperon*'; the 'aitch bone' is properly the 'nache bone,' from an old French word *nache* (buttock). We often talk of 'eating humble pie,' which means to humiliate oneself. This is a perversion of 'umble pie,' being a pie made from the umbles or inferior parts of the stag. 'Umbles,' however, is from old French '*nomble*,' and so 'humble pie' has nothing to do with humility. 'Umpire' was formerly 'noumper' which means not equal, as the umpire is a third person called in when arbitrators cannot agree. Sometimes instead of dropping an N, and N has been added, for instance 'a nickname' is properly 'an eke name' or additional name.

False plurals and singulars.

30. Folk etymology also sometimes occurs when a foreign word ending in an S is mistaken for a plural, thus the old French '*assez*', enough, gives us the English word 'assets,' which really means enough,—to meet one's liabilities. We use it, however, as a plural and have formed from it the useful singular 'asset'—a word which Mr. Fowler condemns as barbarous and wholly unnecessary, since it has many other synonyms. Similarly, 'cherry' and 'sherry' are both incorrect singular words formed from foreign words ending in S, '*cerise*' and '*xeres*,' respectively. The form 'sherris' can be found in Shakespeare.

"A good sherris sack hath twofold operation in it."

'Pea' is another false singular of the same kind; the true word is 'pease.' 'Row,' meaning a disturbance, is a false singular from 'rouse,' which means a drinking frolic, and is used in that sense by Shakespeare. 'Rouse' itself is probably a case of folk etymology similar to that which occurs with the letter N—the phrase 'drink carouse' being wrongly divided as 'drink a rouse.' Sometimes we

find words which though really plural are used as singular, the result being a double plural,—for instance, ‘breech’ represents an Anglo-Saxon plural, so that ‘breeches’ is a double plural. Similarly, ‘bodices,’ ‘traces,’ ‘apprentices,’ ‘invoices,’ are all double plurals, for the singular words are themselves plurals; ‘bodice’ is ‘bodies,’ whilst the other three are derived from French words ending in S.

Association of words in folk etymology.

31. Another cause of folk etymology is due to the association of one word with some other with which it is naturally coupled; thus ‘larboard,’ the left side of a ship, is really ‘ladeboard,’ the loading side, but has been assimilated to ‘starboard,’ which means the steering side. ‘Bridal’ was originally ‘bride-ale’ from the drink consumed at marriage festivities, but has been altered because of the analogy with betrothal or espousal. ‘Citizen’ is another word of the kind. In mediæval England a distinction was drawn between people who lived in the city and outside the city. The Anglo-French terms were ‘*dans la cité*’ and ‘*fors la cité*’; from the first we get ‘denizen’ and from the latter ‘foreign.’ ‘Citizen’ has been formed by analogy with ‘denizen.’

Misunderstood meanings of (a) Words.

32. The following are examples of meanings which have been misunderstood. The word ‘lunch’ means a piece of bread. There was also an old word ‘nuncheon,’ which means a mid-day meal. The word ‘lunch’ has been extended to ‘luncheon,’ through the influence of ‘nuncheon’ and has acquired the latter’s meaning. In Browning’s Pied Piper of Hamelin are the lines :

“ So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon.”

Similarly ‘primrose,’ ‘tuberosé’ and ‘rosemary’ have, none of them, any connexion with a rose. ‘Primrose’ should be ‘primerole’ from ‘*primula*,’ the Latin name of the primrose; ‘rosemary’ is from Latin ‘*ros marinus*,’ sea dew; ‘tuberosé’ is from the Latin ‘*tuberosus*,’ which means bulbous. ‘Posthumous’ has also changed its meaning through folk etymology. It represents the Latin word ‘*postumus*,’ which means latest born. It has been confused with ‘*humus*,’ which means earth, and so came to be used of a child born after its father’s death.

(b) Phrases.

33. I have already mentioned the phrase 'forlorn hope' where the meaning has been changed as a result of folk etymology. Another case of the same kind is the term 'press gang.' This means a gang sent out to press or compel men into military or naval service. The proper term, however, would be 'prest gang,' because, when soldiers or sailors were engaged, they received an advance called 'prest money,'—a term which we know better in the form 'imprest.' The change to 'prest' naturally took place when the method of enlistment became more pressing. 'The hand of glory' is another curious case of misunderstanding. This was the skeleton hand of somebody who had been hanged, which, according to the old superstition, could point out hidden treasure. It is simply a translation of the French '*main de gloire*,' but the French term is itself a corruption of the Latin '*mandragora*,' or mandrake, the roots of which are supposed to have the same power.

Recent cases of folk etymology.

34. All these instances are old. I now offer some newer ones. Everybody knows the phrase "the psychological moment." Mr. Fowler defines this as "the moment at which a person is in a favourable state of mind for one's dealing with him to produce the effect one desires." This expression dates back to the Franco-Prussian war of 1871. A Prussian newspaper, discussing the bombardment of Paris, used the phrase '*das psychologische moment*.' This phrase actually meant the psychological *momentum* or, in simpler English, the mental effect. In using it, the intention was to express the probable effect of the bombardment on the moral of the inhabitants of Paris. French writers, however, not being at that time familiar with German, understood it as though the phrase had been '*der psychologische moment*'; where *moment*, being masculine, would mean a moment of time. They translated it into French in that sense, and with that sense it passed into English. Mr. Fowler condemns it as a wholly unnecessary phrase; but I fancy we should be sorry now to lose it.

Another phrase due to mistranslation of the same kind is "by leaps and bounds," which is used to express rapid and unhesitating progress. It appears to be a translation of the French '*par sauts et par bonds*,' which, however, is used of an irregular and interrupted movement; its true meaning, in fact, is "by fits and starts." Similarly, the phrase "bag and baggage" is generally used to denote headlong ejection. Actually, however, it is a military term describing not headlong

ejection, but an evacuation with all the honours of war. In this sense it is found in Shakespeare, where Touchstone says:—

“Come shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat though not with bag and baggage yet with scrip and scrippage.”

Another misunderstood phrase is the “comity of nations.” This is used, even by historians, as though it meant “the friendly association of nations.” But ‘comity’ means courtesy, and the correct meaning of the phrase “comity of nations” would be international courtesies.

Finally, there is that horrible word “protagonist.” It comes from the Greek word ‘protagonistes’ which means the actor who takes the chief part in a play. It can, therefore, be applied figuratively to the most conspicuous personage in any company or in any affair, but there can only be *one* protagonist in that company or in that affair. Such phrases as “chief protagonist” or “one of the protagonists,” as if the word meant champion or defender or advocate, are entirely wrong. The reason is probably that, because the prefixes “pro” and “anti” usually indicate a contrast, it is regarded as the opposite of antagonist, so that protagonist means a person who fights for, as antagonist means a person who fights against. But in this case pro is not a prefix: it is part of the Greek word ‘*protos*,’ which means first.

Word-making.

35. I now come to the last process by which the English vocabulary is increased, namely, the deliberate making of new words. As I pointed out at the beginning of this lecture, the language is still growing, and fresh words are constantly being coined to express fresh ideas. There has been word-making of this kind in all centuries and in all languages. We owe, for instance, the word ‘cosmopolis’ ultimately to the Greek Diogenes, and ‘philosophy’ to the Greek Pythagoras. To the Roman Cicero we owe ‘moral,’ ‘quality,’ ‘indolence,’ and ‘beatitude.’ To Seneca we owe ‘essence.’ It was St. Augustine who originally coined the words from which ‘deity’ and ‘soliloquy’ are derived.

(a) In Latin and Greek.

36. When we come to English, it is necessary to give a preliminary warning. It is often possible to say that a particular word is found for the first time in the works of a particular author, but it does not necessarily follow that he himself coined it, for it may have been in popular

use long before it passed into literature. But, with this reservation, we can ascribe certain words to the inventiveness of certain authors. Tyndale and Coverdale, the first translators of the Bible, did not make new words, though they did make many English compounds which are now part of the language. Tyndale, for instance, gave us 'longsuffering,' 'brokenhearted,' 'stumbling-block,' 'scape-goat;' Coverdale gave us 'lovingkindness,' 'bloodguiltiness,' and 'kindhearted.' We know that Spenser actually coined 'bland' and 'braggadocio,' and probably also 'elfin.' He was also the first to use 'rosy-fingered' as an epithet of morning, though here he was merely translating from Homer. He was also responsible for one amazing piece of folk etymology in coining the word 'derring-do,' which he borrowed from Chaucer. The phrase there is as follows:—

“ In no degre secoude
In *durring don* that longeth to a knight.”

(b) In English.

This means “in no degree second in daring to do what is fitting to a knight.” Spenser took the words 'durring don' as an abstract noun, meaning manliness, and used it as such. At a later date Milton coined the words 'pandemonium' and 'moonstruck.' We owe 'ivy-mantled' to Gray; 'sunlit' to Shelley; 'moonlit' and 'fairy tale' to Tennyson, and it is amazing that we had to await so long for either of them. To Scott we owe 'freelance' and 'redhanded.' As for Shakespeare, it is impossible even to estimate the number of words which he either coined or used for the first time in English literature. 'Lack-lustre,' 'heaven-kissing,' 'cloud-capped' 'fancy-free,' are almost certainly his inventions, for they bear his unmistakable stamp. More familiar words are 'aerial,' 'bomb,' 'countless,' 'dwindle,' 'eventful,' 'fitful,' 'hurry,' 'ill-starred,' 'lonely,' and 'monumental.' He was the first to call a 'vehicle,' 'conveyance'; a ship's crew, 'a company'; anything that happens, 'an event'; and a road, 'a road,'—though these are examples of changed meaning and not of word making.

When we come to prose writers, we find an entire vocabulary of new words which was created by the Latin scholars of the 17th and 18th centuries. Most of these need not be mentioned, since they are simply Latin words in English form. Some of them, however, were genuine formations. Sir Thomas Brown, for instance, gave us 'antediluvian'; 'central' was coined by a forgotten writer, named Henry Moore. Dryden is responsible for 'witticism,' a hybrid combination of Greek

and Anglo-Saxon. Evelyn gave us 'outline'. Burke provided us with 'colonial,' 'electioneer,' and 'municipality;' Bentham with 'exhaustive,' 'international,' 'minimise' (another hybrid), and 'utilitarian;' Coleridge provided the hybrid 'pessimism,' and 'phenomenon;' Macaulay, 'constituency' and 'influential.' Huxley gave us 'agnostic,'—as a term less offensive than 'atheist' or 'unbeliever.' 'Bureaucracy,' 'altruism,' and 'optimism' came to us from the French. Scientists of all kinds have also coined numerous words, which come mostly from the Greek. One of the earliest of these was 'laudanum,' invented by the alchemist Paracelsus. The Dutch scientist named Van Helmont gave us 'gas,' which according to his own statement was based on the Greek '*chaos*.' Napier gave us 'logarithm.' Newton coined 'centrifugal' and 'centripetal,' (or rather the Latin words from which they are derived, since he wrote in Latin); whilst a contemporary of his, Robert Boyle, gave us 'corpuscle' and 'pendulum.' The botanists are also responsible for the names of many flowers: they are usually taken from the names of persons of greater or less eminence. The most curious is possibly 'quassia,' which is named by Linnaeus from a negro called Quasi, who discovered the medicinal qualities of the plant. Geology, electricity, zoology and medicine have all made their contributions. Many scientific terms are most unscientifically constructed. For instance, the term 'melanesian,' which is supposed to mean 'black islander,' really means "inhabitant of a black island." But perhaps the most stupid word of this kind is 'philately.' It is the name given to the hobby of collecting postage stamps, and comes from two Greek words which means literally, "love of that which is free of charge"—which scarcely describes a postage stamp. This atrocity was perpetrated by a French stamp collector named Herpin in 1846. But it is no worse than Mr. Bernard Shaw's "superman," which is a hybrid of Latin and Anglo-Saxon, invented to translate Nietzsche's word "*übermensch*,"—which at all events has the merit of being entirely Teutonic. As for its meaning, I cannot do better than quote a postwar dictionary which I will not name.

"A type of man, endowed with titanic capacity, canonised and invented by German Huns."

As a dictionary definition, this will bear comparison with Johnson's definition of "pension" as "an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent; in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

Wealth of English vocabulary.

37. This completes my account of the development of the English vocabulary, to the composite character of which the language owes a richness in expression which no other European language can rival. For most ideas we have always two, and very often more, separate terms, one of which is from Anglo-Saxon and the other two either from old French, or classical Latin, or both. The following are instances:—

 blessing; benison; benediction;
 beads; prayers; supplications;
 holy; devout; pious;
 fellow feeling; compassion; sympathy.

An Anglo-Saxon misdeed is much the same as an old French "misfeasance," and can be the work of a Latin "malefactor." As for doublets, they are innumerable; but I need mention no instances since anybody can find as many as he wishes in one of the appendices to Dr. Skeat's dictionary.

Synonyms.

38. But the wealth of the English vocabulary makes it only the more difficult to write good English; for, in the first place, synonymous words are not equally suitable in all verbal environments. Perfect synonyms are very rare and in most cases the synonymy is only partial; that is to say, a word can be substituted for a second word in only one of its meanings. For instance, I can say that two words have the same sense, or that two words have the same meaning, without changing the meaning of the sentence. But though I can describe somebody as a man of sense, there would be no sense in describing him as a man of meaning. Similarly, in the first of the triplets, which I have just given, "benison" is an archaic or poetical form, whilst "benediction" is best used only in a religious sense. In the second of the triplets, "beads" is no longer used for prayers, except in the phrase "to tell one's beads," *viz.*, with the aid of a rosary. "Misfeasance," again, is archaic, whilst though "holy," "devout," and "pious" are synonyms, each has its own different shade of meaning.

Styles.

39. In the second place, the nature of the vocabulary makes it possible to write English in different literary styles. There is, for instance, the style which Mr. Fowler describes as Saxonism. The Saxonist is a man who attempts in his writing to increase the propor-

tion of words ultimately derived from Anglo-Saxon, and to reduce the proportion of words derived from other sources. He will allow the etymology to decide for him which of two words he should use; he will revive obsolete English words: and even fabricate new words to displace others of similar meaning from French or Latin. He will, for instance, use "foreword" for preface; "folklore" for tradition; "bodeful" for ominous; "betterment" for improvement; "forebear" for ancestor; "wheel" for cycle; and "belittle" for depreciation. Deliberate Saxonism is undoubtedly foolish. The choice of a word should not depend on its descent, but on such considerations as its expressiveness, intelligibility and brevity. If a writer actually uses a relatively small number of Saxon words, his style is in danger of becoming turgid; but the proper remedy is not to translate (or, as Saxonists will say, *english*) the French or Latin words into Anglo-Saxon words, but to avoid *any* phrasing which is not clear and concrete and simple. In opposition to Saxonism, there is what Mr. Fowler calls anti-Saxonism. This is not so much a style, as a tendency to avoid simple words and to use foreign and learned words instead. It is the tendency of one who finds satisfaction in such words as transpire and materialise; in optimism and mentality; in proposition and protagonist; who prefers to say "nomenclature" instead of name; "premier" instead of first; "evince" instead of show; "osculation" instead of kiss; and "cachinnation" instead of laughter.

Conclusion.

40. In short, the English vocabulary can be likened to a well filled jewel-case. The owner of the jewel-case, on ordinary occasions, will be satisfied to wear only a few of her jewels, and those the simplest; the best and most beautiful she will keep for special occasions. Similarly, the man who would write good English will, for his everyday use, select the simplest, and, let me add, the shortest words,—for the essence of good English lies in short words and short sentences. It is only on special occasions that he will display the variegated wealth of expression with which the English vocabulary provides him.

KIPLING AND "THE BUBBLE REPUTATION"

By K. K. MEHROTRA, M.A., B.LITT.

I

The whirligig of literary taste moves on, toying with the fame of literary men. The legend of Cockneyism which clung to Keats during his lifetime, and which, some say, shortened his career, was forgotten a few years after his death; the poet who at one time had been advised to go back to his "pills" and "plasters" became the inspiration of a new school of poetry and art. "That damned atheist, Shelley" about whom, in 1821, the *Literary Gazette* was curious to find out if he had "a cloven foot, or horn, or flame from the mouth," became an "angel" in the conception of a Matthew Arnold half a century later. Tennyson, Wordsworth, Pope, Shakespeare, they all have had their ups and downs in the march of time; even the immortals have not been allowed to sleep peacefully on their laurels. Are there any laws which govern the birth and death of Fame?

Our view of the place and significance of literature in relation to life is changing. The old conception of literature as produced by an author looking upon life through eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and himself belonging to an eccentric race of beings dwelling apart, guided only by divine inspiration, or by laws of his own making, or by those of Aristotle, Men of Taste, or Wits—this view of literature as something having a cultured and select origin, is giving place to a deeper and more socialistic conception in which literary production is but a manifestation of the deeper underlying forces of society and rises from the very womb of life. Starting with this recognition of the organic quality of literature, we shall realize that a writer's reputation also is closely wedded to the march of human ideas, and to social and political conditions.

The relations between the author and the public, of course, present a very complicated problem; whether the author has influenced the readers, or whether the readers' demands have created the supply, can

never be settled with any definiteness; the boundaries overlap. Considering, however, the relations of writers like Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Johnson, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Shaw, to their times, it is possible to make the general deduction that the authors who have become outstanding figures in the history of literature have stood in relation to the public in one of two ways: either as leaders of revolt, pioneers breaking new ground, prophets who with clearer vision have indicated the direction which events in future should, or are likely to take, harbingers of an age yet to be born; or else, as laureates of the period in which they live, not merely idle singers of paeans in praise of themselves, but writers combining and reflecting the thought, feeling and aspiration of a large section of society, the finest fruit and flower of their time, the true representatives of their age and of its excellence. Between these two categories fall the pedestrian writers filling the ranks, and even some eminent ones, who, in one way or another, are the imitators or followers of the Laureates and the Prophets. The tide of a writer's popularity ebbs and flows according to his conjunction with his environment. The Laureate is certainly assured of an immediate popularity, but it fades as soon as the theme of his song ceases to inspire a wide response, unless there is an intrinsic quality in his work, a principle of vitality that refuses to die a contemporary death. Tennyson's " Ode on the Duke of Wellington " has survived not because we are interested in the Duke, but because the Duke has been raised to a certain level of universality. It is the eternal behind the individual which makes it live. A pioneer or prophet, on the other hand, cannot count upon immediate recognition. In all likelihood he will come to life after death, and he may be assured of a posthumous fame, if and when, time justifies his message. It is possible for reputations to revive even after a lapse of centuries. Donne lived at a time when the Ptolemaic conception of the universe was tottering, and Galileo and Kepler were carrying on the work of Copernicus. The old world crumbling giving place to new, which left its mark on some of the work of Donne, is a situation analogous to the present one, and the revival of Donne has been explained on the ground of his modernity!

However fragile, airy and wayward the bubble of reputation may seem to be, it is not as wayward as is sometimes imagined, and there are some laws and forces controlling the vicissitudes of literary fame. A consideration of Kipling's career provides an excellent illustration and commentary on the subject.

II

During the last fifty years few writers have had a more chequered career than Rudyard Kipling. He has been the darling of a nation; he has been raised to the rank of a national hero; and he has been thrown down from his pedestal by the same people who placed him there. There was a time when it was said of him in an affectionate tone of parody, with a feeling of pride :

There's a little round-faced man,
Which is Kips,
Writes the finest stuff he can,
Our Kips,
Takes the cake fer fancy prose,
Has the Muses by the nose,
Makes us all sit up in rows—
Don't yer, Kips?

* * * * *

O, 'e's eyes right up 'is coat,
Little Kips,
An' a siren in his throat,
Rudyard Kips;
An' when that siren vents
All yer ear-drums feels in rents,
An' the listening continents
Says "That's Kips!"

But fourteen years after the appearance of the above lines occur the following remarks in a review¹ of Kipling's "Songs from Books," by J. C. Squire :

"Francis Thompson said of Shelley: 'He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars.' This is what Mr. Kipling would like to be, but he has never seen anything nearer a star than a firework. His occasional talent for vigorous rhythm is the only specifically poetical gift he has. Spiritual inspiration and imaginative vision he lacks completely. He

¹ From *The Daily News and Leader*, Oct. 20, 1913.

is not a man through whose lips breathe promptings from the hidden forces at the heart of Nature: he is a man, who meant to play the piccolo of the temporal, insists on trying to blow the trumpet of the eternal. And every time he blows the trumpet he blows the gaff."

The purpose of the following pages is to account for this startling change of tone and to consider whether such a somersault is a mere matter of whim, dependent on the caprice of popular taste, or whether it is conditioned by some deeper forces, social, literary, or political.

III

Kipling is frequently compared to a meteor or a rocket that shot through the heavens of the 1890's, and this figure gives a true indication of the suddenness of his rise to fame. Relating his reminiscences of the last years of the 19th century, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch mentions an evening on which he was sitting by the wine listening reverently to Henry James, when the novelist "suddenly and irrelevantly stopped an involved sentence with an 'Oh, by the way! Have you heard of a wonderful new man, who calls himself, if I remember, Kipling, and seems to me almost, if not absolutely, a portent?'" A portent he was.

The work of Kipling first became known in England about the year 1888 when English editions of *Soldiers Three*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, *Wee Willie Winkie* were published. In 1890 appeared the first English edition of *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Kipling's recognition was immediate. Writing in 1891, Edmund Gosse said: "Two years ago there was suddenly revealed to us, no one seems to remember how, a new star out of the East. Not fewer distinguished men of letters profess to have 'discovered' Mr. Kipling than there were cities of old in which Homer was born."² The work of Kipling cast its spell upon Edmund Gosse instantaneously. "From the first moment of my acquaintance with him," he wrote, "it has held me fast. It excites, disturbs, attracts me; I cannot throw off the disquieting influence." In an article in *The Bookman*³, the same year, Robert Lynd admitted how "furiously popular" Kipling was and spoke of him as "an infant prodigy imported all the way from India, where he has

² *Questions at Issues*, by Edmund Gosse, London, 1893.

³ October, 1891.

performed with applause before all the crowned, uncrowned, and dis-crowned heads." When the *Barrack-Room Ballads* was published in 1892, enthusiasm ran even higher, and in 1893, writing in *Merry England*, under the caption "The Soldier's Poet," Alice Meynell was very eloquent in praise of the new poet. Although, in her opinion the characteristics of the soldier are so marked and definite and obvious that it is not difficult to speak *of* him, "to speak *for* him as Mr. R. Kipling does in these unforgettable ballads, is to have the genius of dramatic literature in high power. Moreover to make all this sing with an irresistible music is to be a true lyrical poet. These are strong words, but Mr. Kipling has the lyrical quality that makes the slang, the picture, and the music one."

While admitting the popularity of Kipling with the general reader, all critics did not, however, open their arms to the new writer unreservedly; if not quite hostile, some were at least cautiously restrained. Robert Lynd admitted that he was puzzled by the "perplexing form" in which Kipling's work was presented and he called it "a stumbling block." And although his critique was, on the whole, favourable, he was not very hopeful or optimistic about Kipling's future achievement. "He may strengthen but he cannot alter his place in literature," he said; "that place is not beside the great masters of imperishable fiction, but high among those vivid, vivacious, but fragmentary painters of life and manners, by whose imperishable aid, as de Caylus aptly says 'on sait vivre sans avoir vécu.'"⁴

A more unappreciative and unfavourable notice appeared in the *British Weekly* of June 22, 1893: "Those whom the odours of tobacco and blood do not sicken are at once fascinated by Mr. Kipling's qualities. He produces immediate effects or he does nothing." The writer admits that Kipling is "audacious, vivid, brief, strong," and that "he knows one corner well," but he adds that "in his hotly glowing pictures, we find no deep sympathy with humanity, no intelligence of obscure virtue and endurance, no ear for the clash of spiritual armies," and sums up the work as being "on the whole, brass-band poetry—exciting, but hard, noisy, and tiresome."

The defenders of Kipling quickly took up the challenge. Colin Weir, writing in *Great Thoughts* in 1894, became the advocate for the defence. "The presumption," he protested, "is that the work which meets with immediate approbation is probably wanting in the higher

⁴ *The Bookman*, November, 1891.

qualities which alone will preserve it from ultimate oblivion; but it is not always so." In a more aggressive tone, Goring Cope took those critics to task who had accorded a lukewarm reception to Kipling and expressed himself strongly on the subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1892. Indirectly he indicates the reactions of conservative critics, and reveals the grounds of objection against the new writer: "The critics . . . call him abrupt, he whose work is polished and clean-cut as the Crown diamonds. They call him illiterate, because he thinks more about the live present than the dead past. They accuse him of giving prominence to the seamy side; more commendable conduct than ineffectual lying about its existence. They sometimes say he is coarse, and the firm of Grundy and Podsnap have proved as eager as usual to take up the cry."

Thus we see that Kipling's work, on its first appearance, did create a stir, and to use the hackneyed phrase, even a storm. With the multitude of readers he gained immediate popularity; and although, when coming in contact with the new work, a few critics, applying old tests, bristled with objections as against a rude invader of their sacred precincts, the literary world, on the whole, was not slow to acclaim, acknowledge and worship the rising sun. How can we account for this enthusiastic popularity? In which class shall we group this writer? Was he a pioneer and prophet, or was he a new-born laureate? Rudyard Kipling belonged to both; he was fortunate to appear at an exceptionally favourable moment; and it is this combination which accounts for the fascination he exercised in a phenomenal manner over the minds of Englishmen in the eighteen-nineties.

Kipling has been compared to a meteor because of his sudden and dazzling spring into prominence; the comparison will lend itself also to another interpretation. Kipling's work in the 1890's is so unusual, unique and startling, that it is possible to treat of it as an isolated phenomenon. He did not readily fall into any known school of the time; he had no orthodox masters. His had been no traditional coaching and his manner was his own. Yet, in spite of this, he burst upon the scene like a long-awaited god. The reason for this was that, however free from literary tutelage and antecedents Kipling may have been, his contact with his generation was close and intimate. Because of the newness of his matter and manner, he had all the freshness of a pioneer and prophet; but the currents of contemporary thought had left such an impress upon him, and he was so much a child of the soil, that Kipling had all the requisites necessary to give him the

place and popularity of a laureate of his generation. Not merely literary influences, but life itself produced Kipling. The Jubilee of Queen Victoria, with the ceremonial that forced upon the minds of the Englishmen a realization, and a consciousness, of their sweeping Empire, the policy of Joseph Chamberlain, the school discipline at "Westward Ho!" with its emphasis upon the idea of duty and service, the opportunity of contact with the English-speaking peoples of the world provided by his travels round the globe, life in India and experience in a newspaper office, all these went to shape the genius of Kipling. In fact, it is this contact with reality which brought to Kipling literary recognition in the eighteen-nineties. That divorce between life and letters, the signs of which became visible as early as the middle of the 19th century, which became intensified in the work of the Pre-Raphaelites, especially Rossetti and Swinburne, and which culminated in Pater, with his puritanical epicureanism and Oscar Wilde with his epicureanism without the puritan quality, was ended by the advent of Kipling. This poet with his glorification of energy, scoffed at mere aestheticism, and created his stories and novels and poems from the very heat and bustle of man's daily round of activity. Kipling did not dwell in airy regions of beauty, or merely cultivate exotic moods. The noise and the blare of the market-place, nuts and bolts, the crude activity of soldiers, sailors, fishermen, workers, these resulted in the virility of his verse and his ringing, buoyant measure. Kipling transmuted life into literature, reality into a new romance. The delicate nerves of some were offended by his outspokenness, some were shocked and disconcerted by his bluntness and his realism, but merrily did Kipling go on singing the psalm of life and labour, with a twinkle in his eye and the zeal of a prophet. Even Oscar Wilde was forced to admit, though not without a touch of derision, that Kipling "reveals life by superb flashes of vulgarity!"

The presence of the breath of life in Kipling's work was recognised by contemporary critics also. Colin Weir said of him in the article referred to previously: "Of all the writers of the age who have been dubbed 'Realists,' perhaps no one has a better title to the name than Kipling. Whether his sketches be absolutely and rigorously true to life or not, they convey an extraordinary impression of reality to the reader. . . . The picture, like the reality, is on the whole ugly and repulsive, but it is good for us now and then to see things as they are and know them for what they are." Robert Louis Stevenson also praised Kipling for the "lot of living devil" which he had in him. "It is his

quick beating pulse," he said, "that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect, there is a tide of life through it all."

Taking the literary point of view, and with Henry James and Rider Haggard in mind, Edmund Gosse wrote in 1891: "Between excess of psychological analysis and excess of super-human romance there was a great void in the world of Anglo-Saxon fiction. It is this void which Mr. Kipling, with something less than one hundred short stories, one novel, and a few poems, has filled by his exotic realism and his vigorous rendering of unhackneyed experience."

But the aspect of his work which gave to Rudyard Kipling his national position and his almost universal popularity was neither his literary importance, nor his realism, nor yet his philosophy of life, but his treatment of the soldier and the British Empire. It is this phase particularly which made him the recognised laureate of the time.

To appreciate what actually happened, we must first of all realize that the England of the last two decades of the 19th century was very unlike the England of to-day. The cinema and association football, and the press with its cheap sensationalism, had not yet become the pre-occupation of the English public, and national events occupied a very prominent place in the life of the average man. In an article to *The Times* in 1932, the Earl of Midleton relates how, on the first arrival in London of the news of the death of Gordon at Khartoum in 1884, "people unknown to each other stopped to discuss the catastrophe in the street," so high did the feelings run. The spirit of hero-worship was still very keen. When walking with Lord Roberts to the War Office in those days, the Earl of Midleton tells us, he "was more than once accosted by a stranger asking if he could persuade the great soldier to shake hands with his son, who 'would never forget it all through his life.'" It was this mood of mind which gradually created the sense of Empire in the hearts of the English people, and which paved the way for the Imperial policy of Joseph Chamberlain. Enthusiasm ran high when Kitchener avenged the death of Gordon, and Khartoum was retaken. Simultaneously Cecil Rhodes was strengthening the English position in South Africa. The combination of these factors produced in the Englishmen of the time a feeling of solidarity and a consciousness of their tribe. In 1900, Richard Le Gallienne said "Mr. Kipling, so to speak, roused the sleeping nerve centres of Imperialism;" Kipling certainly was responsible to a large extent for the creation of this

sense of Empire, but the thing was in the air, and Kipling sensitively responded to his environment.

In 1899 an event took place which makes clear to us beyond doubt the place which Rudyard Kipling had carved for himself in English hearts. While in America in that year, Kipling had an attack of pneumonia, and his condition became serious. The solicitude shown in England on the occasion was a revelation. In a leaderette, *The London Mail* stated emphatically, "Never perhaps, in any generation, has the illness of a man of letters been followed with such eager attention, and this is because he has come to be regarded as a great national and spiritual force. We cannot afford to lose him and that is the sober truth." The same paper said of Kipling, "He is a writer with an eye upon events. His ambition is not only to weave romance, but to record the history that is being made to-day." *The Spectator*, in an article entitled "The Great Interpreter" declared: "The country has left that if it lost Mr. Kipling it lost its chief interpreter—the man who, best of all the present generation, can make it understand itself, its duties, and its high destiny." The newspapers in England and America were full of Kipling and even the German Emperor enquired by cablegram about his progress during this illness. On March 9, 1899, *The Daily Mail* boldly announced: "The literature of the 19th century ends with the name of Kipling; with the name of Rudyard Kipling, the literature of the 20th century will be happily inaugurated."

It is not necessary to multiply instances further. It will be noticed that in the eight brief years, from 1891 to 1899, a definite change has taken place—the literary aspect of Kipling is submerged by the political one. Kipling is being exalted not because of his realism or vitality or freshness, but because of his Imperial message, and because there is much in his work that appeals to the patriotic sentiment. When the volume of poems, *The Seven Seas*, came out in 1896, the *Birmingham Daily Post* expressed the opinion: "There is the same swing and charm of movement, but it is made to embody a serious and exalted patriotism, which now and then touches sublimity." Speaking of the *Recessional*, Stead wrote in the *Review of Reviews* with remarkable insight and understanding of the Kipling spirit, "The poet has idealized and transfigured Imperialism. He has shown its essence to be not lordship, but service. We can recall no nobler setting forth of the intrinsic ministry of empire. The whole presentation is steeped in the spirit of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice." Richard Le Gallienne also in his book on Kipling revealed a consciousness of this phase:

"The history of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's reputation, in this spring of 1899, lies between two phrases. In 1890 we were saying to each other, with a sense of free masonry in a new cult: 'But that is another story.' To-day we are exhorting each other to 'Take up the white man's burden' . . . The smart young Anglo-Indian story-teller is now a prophet. His fame is a church." As a fit corollary to his attitude towards the Empire, Kipling came to be known as the "Laureate of the Red-Coats." During the Boer War, it is said, that on hearing his name the soldiers exclaimed, "God bless him! he is the soldier's friend."

With the end of the Boer War and the beginning of the new century, however, the stars of Kipling seem to have taken an unfavourable turn. *Kim* came in 1901 and was hailed as a great book; but, in spite of it, as the century advanced, the signs of a reaction against Kipling became gradually visible. Nothing was added to his fame between 1901 and 1914. It may be contended that, by 1900, his popularity had attained a point beyond which it could no further go; that may be; but he failed even to maintain what he had already achieved. There was, of course, no sudden change or revolution. Some honours still came to him. In 1903, he was fitly made the subject of a book in the "Makers of Great Britain" series, by Thomas Benfield Harbottle, who speaks of him in a spirit of hero-worship, talks of India as "our great dependency," and expresses the opinion that "the portion of his life's work which will probably have the most lasting effect" will be "his glorification of the Imperialist spirit." In the same year *The Bookman* brought out an illustrated Kipling Number; in 1904, Max Beerbohm published *The Poet's Corner*, containing a cartoon of Kipling representing him taking "a blooming day aht on the blasted 'eath along with Britannia, 'is girl." While reviewing *The Five Nations* in the *Daily Chronicle* in 1903, William Archer paid to Kipling the compliment of calling him "The Real Laureate," and said that he had "enlarged the resources of English poetry in perfecting the Kiplingesque manner," but the critic also made the reservation—and this is more to our purpose—"a single manner cultivated exclusively and to excess becomes a mannerism."

Events went on smoothly; in 1907 Kipling was awarded the Nobel Prize, the first Englishman to be the recipient of this honour. It was a signal recognition and the country was proud of it; but there is a strange questioning cry which strikes rudely on ears attuned to the almost cloying praise of Kipling. A. G. Gardiner wrote a short

sketch of Kipling,⁵ in 1907 or 1908, in which he expressed himself very strongly on the award of the Nobel Prize to Kipling, when Meredith and Hardy were still alive. "The goldsmiths are passed by," he wrote, "and the literary blacksmith is exalted."

The bubble of Kipling's reputation is pricked; the sanctity of Imperialism is laughed to scorn; the Empire is no longer romantic for eyes that see things in a different perspective. According to 'Alpha of the Plough,' the advent of Kipling "proclaimed the beginning of a decade of delirium, which was to culminate in a great catastrophe, twenty thousand British dead on the South-African veldt and the Saturnalia of Mafeking night in London. The rocket that rose in the East completed its arc in the Transvaal. Mr. Kipling, in a word, was the poet of the great reaction. 'This voice sang us free,' says Mr. Watson of Wordsworth. It may be said of Mr. Kipling that 'this voice sang us captive.' Through all the crescendo of the 'nineties, with its fever of speculation, its Barney Barnatos and Whitaker Wrights, its swagger and its violence, its raids and its music-hall frenzies, the bard of the banjo marched ahead of the throng, shouting his songs of the barrack-room, proclaiming the worship of the great god Jingo."

What an elevation and what a fall! It is not possible to explain this merely as a disillusioned reaction after the Boer War enthusiasm. The 'nineties that saw the rise of Kipling also witnessed a change in another direction—the expansion of the spirit of man and the birth of a new democracy. Whitman's voice was singing the brotherhood of the world, and the conditions which gave to Kipling his popularity were giving place to new ones. A new conscience was coming into being at this time. Close upon the publication of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* came the production of *Arms and the Man*. If Kipling was exploiting the sentiment of the English people, Shaw was providing the antidote. In the beginning, Kipling's was the more catching message, but the Shavian point of view went on gaining more and more strength with the passing of years. It is this point of view which creates, directs and influences Gardiner's attitude towards the bard. "And should we not do as we would with our own? The Indian in India, the Boer in the Transvaal, the Irishman in Ireland, what were they but food for our Imperial hopper;" as for the Empire, it was, in Gardiner's opinion, "an armed camp, governing by drumhead court-martial, its deity a strange heathen god of violence and vengeance."

⁵ *Prophets, Priests, and Kings* by A. G. Gardiner, London, 1914.

In 1909, the *Daily News* of June 29 said of Kipling: "His fame belongs to the past, and had he but refrained from publishing a word in the last ten years, how far higher his reputation would now stand!" Kipling had been a realist as compared with the aesthetes of the decadent school prominent at the time when he came to England, but he had been a romantic realist. A greater realism combined with the growth of a rational, anti-sentimental attitude turned the tide against him. Bernard Shaw had been levelling his sarcasm against the chocolate-cream soldier; there was Ibsen also with his rationalism; their voices may have been, for the time, drowned in the ovation which greeted Kipling, but soon they became audible and even aggressive. In politics, in the early years of this century, the Tories began to lose ground, and the Liberal party came to the forefront. There was a growing reaction against the romantic deification of war, and an intellectual distrust of narrow Imperialism. Kipling, however, did not lose his hold together; for instance, in 1913, *The Daily Mail* discussing the claims of Kipling to be the Poet Laureate said, "He has given the world new forms of thought, and he has expressed them by new methods. Above all, he has been able more deeply to stir and uplift the heart than any other living writer." The same year, *The Times Literary Supplement* in a leading article said of Kipling, "The best things he has written are about things which no change of policy or manners can corrupt—his first loves, ships and great engines, and the clutch of duty in the bare places." But, nevertheless, the signs of waning popularity were growing. *The Public Opinion* of January 16, 1913, said that "he, more than any other writer of his time, set to banjo music the restlessness of the youngman who would not stay at home. Mr. Kipling, in his verse, simply acted as a gorgeous poster artist of Europe . . . Mr. Kipling has put the worst of his genius into his poetry. His verses have brazen 'go' and lively colour, and something of the music of travel; but they are too illiberal, too snappish, too knowing, to afford a permanent pleasure to the human spirit." The opinion of J. C. Squire, about Kipling's being "a man, who meant to play the piccolo of the temporal, insists on trying to blow the trumpet of the eternal," has been quoted already.

Between 1900 and 1914 events moved very rapidly and the years which saw the appearance of Kipling's early work in England were fast becoming legendary. But thirteen or fourteen years after the close of the century, historical studies dealing with its last decade began to

appear. The period seemed to be so different that it was treated as belonging to another age in point of time. When in 1913, Holbrook Jackson wrote the story of the Eighteen-Nineties even the men who had lived through them were surprised at the picture; and on the appearance of the book, we are told, Shaw asked Holbrook Jackson, "Did all these things happen, or did you invent them?" This introduces us to another aspect of the reputation of Kipling. His popularity may have waned, but the historians of the period, nevertheless, began to recognise his historical importance in the birth of modern literature.

Taking this point of view, Holbrook Jackson deals with Kipling in his book, *The Eighteen-Nineties*, in an extremely brilliant and penetrating manner. He regards him as "a big figure" in "the vital modernist movement of the Nineties . . . His was a definite expression of the modern movement towards the revaluation of ideas and life; and although his temperament was essentially conservative, his interpretation of what finally is a traditional view of life was so fresh and personal that it created the illusion of a revolution." "If his teaching at times seemed unnecessarily blatant, it possessed," according to Holbrook Jackson, "an undercurrent of courageous wisdom as far removed from blatant jingoism as jingoism is from the Imperial or patriotic idea." Holbrook Jackson's criticism has vision and balance, and the only drawback which one can possibly notice in it is that the author refrains from applying purely aesthetic tests and from expressing an opinion on the likely permanence of Kipling's work. But to be fair, although this may be called a deficiency, it can hardly be called a defect, since Holbrook Jackson was not writing a book on Kipling, but a history of "The Eighteen-Nineties." One might mention also Harold Williams who, in 1918, in his book on *Modern English Writers*, summed up Kipling's position in the following sentences: "Mr. Kipling is the poet of Empire, colonial expansion and commercial activity, as the two things were imagined, at the close of the 19th century; and he is therefore almost wholly a poet to his contemporaries; nearly all his verse-writing is cramped by limitations of time and place, and of simple and essential poetry there is less to be found in him than might be hoped . . . As a poet he is essentially of an age. His popularity and credit have already waned. But in his place he is important as a finger-post pointing the way, indicative of much in a literary phase." This is the opinion of a historian who, in 1918, placed Kipling in the stream of time, and it may be taken as fairly representative of the general attitude. Criticism, after all, is

but the application to literature, of the wide-spread ideals of the time.

How marked must have been the growing opposition against Kipling can be seen from even a book like Thurston Hopkins' "Rudyard Kipling: a survey of his Literary Career," published in 1914. The author adopts the defensive attitude, and argues against the popular conception of Kipling as "a tin-pot tickler," "a poisoner of the wells of magnanimity," "an imperial megalomaniac," or as merely "the banjo-bardlet." Whatever the value of the work of Hopkins—Hopkins is a Kipling enthusiast—his point of view implies the presence of a strong hostile and derogatory section of opinion.

Before proceeding to the next stage, one must not forget to mention a small book by John Palmer, published in 1915, in the "Writers of the Day" series, in which the author protests against the mistake of regarding Kipling merely as a journalist or a person only preaching the doctrine of Imperialism. "Mr. Kipling's Anglo-Indian tales," he says, "his presentation of the work of the Indian Empire, of the Anglo-Indian soldier and civilian—have an unfortunate interest of their own. They are mainly responsible for a misconception which has dogged Mr. Kipling through all his career. This misconception consists in regarding Mr. Kipling as primarily an Imperialist pamphleteer with a brief for the Services and a contempt for the Progressive Parties. It is an error which has acted mischievously upon all who share it—upon the reader who mechanically regrets that Mr. Kipling's work should be disfigured with fierce heresy; upon the reader who chuckles with sectarian glee when the 'much talkers' are mocked and confounded; upon Mr. Kipling himself who has been encouraged to mistake an accident of his career as the essence of his achievement and to regard himself as a sort of Imperial laureate." This is sane criticism. Palmer makes the plea again and again that Kipling should be regarded primarily as a man of letters, but there was hardly any time for opinion to settle down, when the Great War had England and almost the whole of Europe in its clutches.

The War dragged on for a number of years; its disintegrating influence on life in all its phases is well-known. The old world crumbled to pieces; patriotism, sentiment, idealism, the glory of war, honour, valour, sense of adventure, fun of life, all these sounded mealy-mouthed platitudes in the ears of those who had heard the thunder of guns month after month, and who had been hardened to the sight of blood and death. It is no wonder that the war brought a hornet's nest

round the head of "The Soldier's poet." Like those duped, men scoffed at their former idol. The pre-war attitude towards war had been that "the call of our country is the call of God," but contact with reality soon changed this. To illustrate this attitude a passage may be quoted from Vera Brittain's "Testament of Youth," a spiritual biography of the last thirty years in England. Here is the opinion of one speaking from the War Front itself; in the old days, says Roland, "Men poured out their sweet wine of youth unknowing, for nothing more tangible than Honour or their country's glory or another's Lust of Power. Let him who thinks war is a glorious thing, who loves to roll forth stirring words of exhortation, invoking Honour and Praise, Valour and Love of Country . . . let him realize how grand and glorious a thing it is to have distilled all youth and joy and life into a foetid heap of hideous putrescence!" This was the reaction against the traditional, idealistic view, and Kipling's name was inseparably associated with such idealization of War and its appurtenances. Vera Brittain admits in one place that before experience had taught her otherwise, her knowledge of army doctors and nurses had been derived from the more idealistic poems of Kipling. Even as late as 1928, Robert Graves expressed his opinion that "Of course Kipling was one of the prophets of the war with Germany who helped to make it possible."

In the post-war attitude towards Kipling there is, therefore, a duality. After 1919 when the fever subsided and men looked round with more unclouded vision, Kipling once more found his champions and supporters. For instance, in his book on "People Worth Talking About" Cosmo Hamilton said in 1934, "It is the fashion among critics to belittle the genius of those masters who are in the veteran class. They conceive it to be extremely clever to pluck the laurels from their wreaths and cast them to the winds. They are bored by H. G. Wells, they can see nothing good in Shaw, and they adore to say that all the magic has left Kipling's pen. In the adoption of this puerile attitude they prove a total absence of the critical faculty and place themselves among the flippant people of vast ingratitude . . . In the select company of the great authors who are still alive, Kipling is the only one who in passing from one medium to another, has achieved five distinct fames." Kipling got his recognition also in the fresh honours that came to him. In 1926 he was awarded the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature; he was made an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, in 1932; the Kipling Society came into being in 1927, "to

do honour to, and to extend the influence of the most patriotic, virile and imaginative of writers, who upholds the ideals of the English-speaking world." But, in spite of all this, Kipling is not the universal god that he had become at the beginning of his career. The conditions are different, the air is full of the clash of new political and social theories. The Gospel of Pacifism, the Gospel of Communism, the Gospel of Socialism—the very diversity of Gospels is a condition which precludes the possibility of universal popularity. Moreover, there is much in the new philosophies which is the antithesis of the political significance of Kipling's work. It is not surprising, therefore, to find critics like Megroz, who, in his book on "Modern English Poetry" in 1933, spoke of Kipling as being "vulgar without being universal," as a singer of "hymns of hate and National vainglory," as possessing "a common-place mind betrayed into the service of base political purposes." The poetry of Kipling in the opinion of Megroz was merely "strident salvation-army-hymning improvisation on tags and phrases of vulgar speech."

One more illustration of this phase is worth considering. In 1928, Robert Graves contributed an essay to the volume entitled "Scrutinies." The article is subtle, thoughtful, even provocative, and definitely hostile. Kipling's politics are the stumbling-block. In a vein of irony and the joy of being untraditional, Robert Graves begins in a contemptuous tone: "The most superior critics of all have now decided to admit Rudyard Kipling to their Hall of Fame," and continues, "Kipling is a great man in the most traditional sense, the Lloyd-George Northcliffe sense; he is usual, traditional, the subject of mass-admiration, and no more to be argued away than the design on the postage stamp. The previous superior critics found that out long ago. There is no point in parodying him; you can't outdo him It is definitely untrue to say that he is unreadable; a set of Kipling has a certain sinister fascination for the reader, particularly the reader recovering from influenza And finally, he is the literary aspect of the British Empire." After this Robert Graves takes to pieces the character of 'the strong, silent Englishman.' The romantic idealism with which Kipling had surrounded this solitary scion of the Empire, sticking to his post in the marshes of Burma or the scorching heat of Lahore, is analysed, and the mainspring of action, it is pointed out, is not a sense of duty but self-interest and greed. The feathers are plucked from the Kipling hero one by one. The British Empire which earlier had been regarded as a mystical phenomenon loses all its

glamour; the opinion of Robert Graves as to the origin and function of it simply is that "the private trading company had been superseded by a public one, and the trader now for the most part drew his salary as a representative of the English state, like any other soldier or sailor."

With this hypothesis and on similar lines, Robert Graves goes on to prove that Kipling's ideal of life has no inner necessity, but that it is evolved to suit the exigencies of Empire; that the code of morals and manners which he propagated has no deeper springs than those of mere policy. He applies Shavian logic to Kipling, and one is reminded of Napoleon's remark in *The Man of Destiny* where he asserts that "every Englishman is born with a certain miraculous power that makes him master of the world. When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants!"

Leaving aside the question of the validity of this argument, one can say definitely that Robert Graves is unjust in denying to Kipling the honesty of his convictions. The spirit of Kipling is not mercenery, however much one might lament its direction. For our purposes, the attitude of Graves has an important bearing. It is indirectly a clear indication and analysis of the anti-imperial point of view which scoffs at the hero-worship of Kipling and which cannot identify itself with the old idea that "Empire over the undeveloped peoples is the White Man's Burden."

After describing Kipling's attitude towards the Americans and the Irishmen, and their attitude towards him in return, Robert Graves turns to the French and remarks: "The French, to whom he [Kipling] has actually offered a verse garland, will probably treat him better—at any rate until the next war with us." The first part of this prophecy has certainly come true. In 1933 Kipling received a unique honour. He was made a Foreign Associate of the Academe des Sciences Morale et Politique, an honour which before him had been conferred only upon King Albert and Cardinal Mercier.

This introduces us to another aspect of Kipling's reputation—his reception on the continent. Two of the best studies of Kipling in recent years have been by Frenchmen—André Maurois and André Chevrillon. André Maurois informs us, in fact, that Kipling is one of the most popular English writers in his country. This fact is significant

and suggestive; it is a corrective for those who can see nothing in this writer but the "banjo bard" of English Imperialism. It was unfortunate for Kipling that the merely topical in his work loomed prominently in the eyes of a large section of his readers. This was perhaps inevitable, but if it had been otherwise, Kipling's reputation would certainly have taken a steadier course. The very factor which resulted in his flashing and nation-wide popularity was also the source of the reaction against him. The laureate is dead when his message loses its vitality, and in Kipling the "tribal singer," unfortunately, subordinated and eclipsed the man of letters and the artist.

The French critics in many ways provide a good forecast, specially in view of the fact that it is not possible for any writer to be popular in any land unless his work appeals to the instincts, ideals and desires of, and arouses a response from, a large number of people. In these matters it is not so much a question of "receiving what we give," but of taking what we want. There was a time in the early years of this century when the French people were in revolt against rising English Imperialism; in 1906, Kipling was satirised in a novel, entitled "Dingley, the famous Writer," by Jerome and Jean Tharaud, a book crowned by the Goncourt Academy. To-day the political conditions have changed, and Kipling is admired. It would seem that the political attitude can be, and was, a barrier in the way of sympathetic reception. What is it in Rudyard Kipling's work that appeals to the French people? André Maurois sums up the position with clarity in his recent volume entitled "Poets and Prophets":—

"Robert Graves has spoken of Kipling as the literary aspect of the British Empire. But the phrase hardly suffices to explain the intensity of feeling which Kipling's work gave to so many young Frenchmen at the time when the first translations were published . . . What we sought in Kipling, apart from the admirable stories, was first and foremost an heroic conception of life. That conception was neither exclusively British, nor exclusively Imperial. Kipling has shown that it was one and the same for the British officer isolated in the Himalaya, or for the French officer isolated in the Atlas. Again, it was neither exclusively military, nor colonial . . . The man of action is omnipresent in Kipling's work, whether he is building bridges or fighting famine, a Gurkhas' officer or a cotton-planter. His character is of the simplest. Neither love nor family counts for him so long as his day's work is not accomplished. . . . When a people is truly a people of *men*, then it can learn its lessons from ill-fortune, and even a defeat

will become a weapon for the winning of victories to come . . . The political concepts of Kipling are ascetic and aristocratic."

Kipling's work concerns itself with the details, facts and realities of life to such a degree, his material is of such a nature, that however much he may avoid doing so, he is bound to ruffle somebody's susceptibilities "by a side wind." He deals with nations, continents, civilizations and the British Empire. This makes his message and his point of view even more liable to perversion and misinterpretation, especially in a country politically placed like India. But to get to the universal element behind the individual and the particular, to the spirit of Kipling's work behind an exterior that may not be universally acceptable, to the heart of the man behind the pre-occupations of the propagandist, it is very helpful to consider the reactions of a critic like André Maurois. Free from hampering associations which vitiate and distort, and because of which the work of Rudyard Kipling leaves a sour taste in the mouth of a large majority of his Indian readers, it is possible for these Frenchmen to receive spontaneous delight from the poetry and the stories of Kipling. The very fact that such enjoyment is possible is evidence that there is something more in Kipling's work than the praise of Englishmen as such, and of the Empire. As early as 1900, an English critic, Le Gallienne, recognised this when he said that "to do one's duty, to live stoically, to live cleanly, to live cheerfully" are the qualities which he "nobly enforces."

IV.

Now that Kipling is dead, the process of revaluation has started once more. At present the house is being cleared of the cobwebs of Jingoism and Imperialism; in the dust of the moment much that is valuable in Kipling is becoming clouded, and is being passed over; but when the dust subsides, objects will again be seen in their proper perspective. The whirligig of taste moves on; the pioneer and the laureate in Kipling have had their day; what place the man of letters is to occupy, time will decide. The iniquity of oblivion scattereth her poppy, but not always blindly.

GEORGE CRABBE

By MR. BENE SIMLAI, M.A.

THERE is nothing in Crabbe's life that should interest us much, for he was a clergyman, and the life of a village priest with its dull routine of work can scarcely have anything interesting about it. Yet his life of 78 years, from 1754 to 1832, covers a memorable period of English history. These years saw the gradual decay of older traditions and the appearance of newer ideals in politics, in religion and in literature, ideals which revolutionized several important departments of life and still contain immense possibilities.

I may hazard the assumption that few of us care to read Crabbe's poetry. He is, however, said to have won a good deal of sincere applause from those of his contemporaries who in literary matters were recognized as oracles for their correctness and truth. We have outgrown the standard of taste and judgment that prevailed in the days of Crabbe; but in poetry we expect to find something of permanent interest which should transcend the limitations imposed upon it by rules and forms. Poetry should be a source of joy for readers in every age. Crabbe's limitation lies here. He is more truly a poet of his own time than even Tennyson was of his. So it is almost imperative that a cursory glance at this period should precede the study of his poetry, and for this purpose a short retrospect will be necessary: for the chief elements of which the general life of Crabbe's time seems to have been made up undoubtedly had their origin in the days of the Puritans and in the Restoration Period, denominated in literary histories as the age of Milton and that of Dryden respectively.

The primary aim of the Puritan was to set up a kingdom of God upon earth, inhabited by "the Lord's chosen people," the English. The Bible was made the guide in all matters, and godliness was made the chief qualification for entering office. It is said that Cromwell kept the Bible on the table of the House of Commons and his army used to be known as the army of saints. "Merrie England" was no more: theatrical and other entertainments were taboo. Even pictures

and statues did not escape the censorial zeal of the Puritan; for those pictures which the Puritans considered not edifying enough were burnt and statues were chipped and plastered into decency.

With the Restoration, however, godliness became a byword of scorn and fashionable life began to oscillate between duelling and dissipation. Rochester, Sedley and Buckingham are typical of the court gallants of Restoration London,—men with whose exploits we have been made familiar by several novelists. It is said of Buckingham that after seducing Lady Shrewsbury he killed her husband in a duel while the lady, in disguise, held Buckingham's horse for him, as a page, and watched the ceremony of the killing of her husband by her lover. This is an incident characteristic of the period. Wycherly is condemned and called a Belial "than whom a spirit more lewd fell not from Heaven," but his dramas only reflected the general vice of the time.

But the same age, in spite of its seductions and intrigues, its duelling and debauchery, contributed one memorable thing to the world—the revival of the scientific spirit; and King Charles, who outran his courtiers in the immoral pursuits of his capital and court and may thus be called the chief of the fallen angels, has, nevertheless, immortalised himself by being associated with the Royal Society. Henceforth in religion, in politics, in the study of man and of nature, not faith but reason, not tradition but inquiry, were to be the guiding principles.

So it was a peculiarly mixed legacy that was left by the 17th century to the 18th. In social life, however, the influence of the 17th century was disastrous. Free enquiry or free use of reason in the study and interpretation of scriptural mysteries, and a disgust for all theological controversy, and politics, offering a new diversion for the mind, bred a general indifference to religious speculation and to a religious life; and the Higher Clergy, the Bishops and Governors of the Church, identified themselves, more and more, with the grand fashionable set in London, and crowded round the poor ministers of state for preferment and promotion. And, the cat being away in London, the Lower Clergy disported themselves like the proverbial mice. The parish priest quietly translated himself into the fox-hunting parson and the rector became a perpetual absentee. The sins of the clergy were visited upon the poor people. Quite late in the century Hannah More said, "We saw but one Bible in a certain parish and that was used to prop a flower pot." Crime and immorality increased

under the inspiration of the Goddess Gin, newly introduced at the time, which made it possible for the villager to get drunk for a penny, and dead drunk for two.

“Everyone laughs,” remarked Montesquieu of cultured circles in England, “if one talks of religion.” Drunkenness and foul talk were no discredit even to the prominent ministers of state. Walpole was notorious not only for making bribery fashionable but also for foul language. Another minister, the Duke of Grafton, went openly to all places with his mistress at his side. Purity and fidelity to the marriage vow were sneered out of fashion; and Chesterfield, the shrewd man of the world, recommended to his son (illegitimate) the art of seduction as part of a polite education. This level was more or less steadily maintained in social life for over a century and a half. Vice and immorality continued as a fashion among the men and women of the higher class and, of course, as a curse among those of the lower.

If poetry is to provide a means of escape from life then the poets of the 18th century have done their part admirably. But if poetry is to be woven out of life’s multicoloured details, and if it must preserve contact with life and reveal its deep spiritual significance, then the greater part of 18th century poetry—practically all its minor poetry—will have to be put aside as mere sentimental nonsense. For out of such rottenness and stink in life, the Arcadian sweetness of charming groves, with their simple and guileless nymphs and dryads, the Delias and Strephons, could never have spontaneously come forth.

In poetry the 18th century started with pursuing so-called Classicism; and Pope was its one great poet. Classical poetry looked for and found its inspiration in Reason, and Pope and his contemporaries believed in a philosophy, best named the Philosophy of Types, which lost sight of the idiosyncrasies of the particular in the general or the type. Generalisations found a place, not only in poetical dissertations like the *Essay On Man*, but also in the satires. The themes of this poetry were necessarily of an abstract kind and the style and language were calculated to provide intellectual satisfaction. In the hands of the master-mechanic the abstractions attain a certain dignity and rise above the particular with a nobility of universal application and acceptance; but such poetry as a rule treated of a mechanical world, of stereotyped men and women, mostly Londoners—each a sort of two-legged phenomenon, from head to foot of reason all compact, from which emotion or feeling was entirely banished. A kind of intellectual, didactic poetry formulating a large number of rules to guide man’s activities—their

politics, religion, literature and conduct—was the inevitable result; and Pope in the heroic couplets of his *Essays* and *Epistles* and *Satires* gave inimitable expression to the judgments of the age.

The form of poetry in the so-called Classical period was practically limited to one, and the themes were limited to just a few; for man, in the abstract, is, after all, reduced to a small thing indeed, and when the vein was worked out, and worked out so thoroughly by Pope, poetry, for once at least in her history, seemed to be completely exhausted. Even during the lifetime of Pope, classicism became a dry tradition, and with the death of Pope orthodox classicism also breathed its last. Pope, in fact, was the first and the last of his school. But like all traditions this tradition lingered on and found legal sanction in the precepts and practice of Dr. Johnson, the literary dictator of the third quarter of the 18th century. The Doctor's sbrewdness, however, detected that reason was played out; it had been found insufficient to serve as the foundation on which to build the complicated structure of human life. Life in the meantime had become a more complicated affair with various new interests and activities,—quite different from what it used to be in the days of Pope, when life was indeed like a pendulum swinging, with the infallible regularity of Pope's poetic measure, between coffee-houses and fashionable drawing-rooms and salons. Pope, thin but neatly elegant, tricked out in satin and plush and silver-buckled shoes, represented the old; and Johnson, clumsy, coarse and huge in red-brown tweed, symbolised the new age. Democracy had started its work. To base this larger life on reason alone would be like trying to raise a pyramid on a point. This Johnson realised.

Johnson started by accepting the classical position with respect to emotion and reason expressed by Pope in the couplet:—

“ On life's vast ocean diversely we sail

Reason the card, but Passion is the gale.”

The Professor in *Rasselas* says the same thing in prose: “ When fancy, the parent of passion, usurps the dominion of the mind the natural result is unlawful government and confusion, for Passion betrays the fortresses of the intellect to those who rebel against Reason, their lawful sovereign. Reason is the sun and fancy is a meteor bright but irregular, transitory and delusive.” These are definite statements of the dominant ideas of the classical age with regard to the value of the intellect and the emotion, respectively, in life. But when sorrow comes upon him, the Philosopher exclaims in despair and bewilderment, “What

comfort can truth and reason afford me? Of what effect are they now but to tell me that my daughter will not be restored?" Tested by the facts of life Reason is found wanting. This failure of reason to satisfy certain special human needs was the experience of Johnson's age, and in *Rasselas* is to be found Johnson's own recognition of this failure.

Reason's supremacy was felt to be tottering at a time when classical poetry, the poetry of fashionable town-life, began to be distasteful to the rapidly increasing number of readers of the middle class; and the poets, failing to imitate the classical style or being unfamiliar with the ways of life of men and women of consequence in the cities, especially in London, or being disgusted thereby, could not make manners and fashions, politics or religion their subjects. Having some bent towards writing poetry, they looked beyond the town and, instead of idealising reason and so satisfying the demands of the intellect, endeavoured to rouse emotion and sentiment and started the sentimental school in literature.

Sentimentalism is merely an intermediate stage between Classicism, which was primarily an intellectual movement and hence confined to a group of select men and women, a sort of huge literary club, and Romanticism which emotionalised the intellect or intellectualised the emotion, that is to say, reintroduced imagination into poetry and, delivering poetry from the neo-classical bondage, helped to reinstate her in her proper place alongside of other creative arts.

Sentimentalism is Romanticism in knicker-bockers or an attempt of the mediocre minds at Romanticism in Literature. The writers of this school mostly hailed from the country and did not possess much knowledge of the life and manners that prevailed in London and could not possibly produce anything like *The Rape of the Lock*, nor could they attempt any moral, philosophical or satirical discourse in verse as was the fashion. And the facts of every-day life they considered too vulgar and distressing to be kneaded into poetry; for these poets belonged to the Puritan middle class and wrote no longer for "fit audience though few," but for readers whose name is legion; and having a bias themselves towards Puritanism they looked upon the frivolous excesses of high life as abominations. Their task was to satisfy the average reader. But the average always maintains a lower level, and the average reader of this growing multitude was gifted with an imaginative faculty, too limited to appreciate and profit by high romance and his intellect was too coarse to understand and get much pleasure

out of poetical treatises on life, society or religion. The demand they made on the writers was for a series of easily understood and edifying pictures of simple and virtuous life. This need of the puritanic middle class was supplied by the writers of the sentimental school.

Sentimentalism began with pastoralism. Having but feeble imagination at their command these writers could hardly create anything new: they only recreated a kind of arcadian life of simple virtues and soft emotions in their insipid pastorals in imitation of the good old model of the ancients. Pastoral poetry in imitation either of Virgil or of Theocritus, was attempted by Pope, Gay, Ambrose Philips, Shenstone, Collins and a host of others; and all the conventional shepherds and shepherdesses were made use of except by Collins, in whose *Persian Eclogues* the Strophons, Damons and Dalias of the conventional type were appropriately converted into camel drivers. They all created artificial surroundings,—a false pastoral world whose artistic furniture was a garden and a shrubbery, which, of course, would be regarded as a forest; in the garden they would have a lake, a bridge and a grotto. This is the classical manner of representing nature, “nature methodised,” and English rustic types were made to fit into this methodised world. This tendency is often called the artificial-natural tendency in poetry or, simply, pastoralism in poetry. Sadness, sighs and tears were introduced into this arcadian life by some writers of the *Penseroso* type, such as Edward Young and Collins. The poets who wrote during the middle years of the 18th century, such as Young, Blair, Goldsmith and, to a certain extent, Cowper, and the novelists, Richardson, Sterne, Goldsmith and Mackenzie, were all sentimentalists. Even Fielding was not entirely free from this influence which gradually spread in most European countries, especially France and Germany.

The circumstances that helped to introduce sentimentalism into Literature explain also the appearance of Romanticism. Classical poetry in fact was a blind alley; it led nowhere. The sentimentalists drew arcadian pictures to quicken and please the sensibilities of the mediocre; while the early Romanticists, by creating a world full of wonder and terror, roused the mind and showed the possibilities of its imaginative grasp. The Sentimentalists as well as the Romanticists shut their eyes equally effectively to all that was real in life, and so created a literature of escape ignoring or breaking away from that principle of classicism on which its vitality would finally depend, namely, search after truth. This essential spirit of classicism had its

rebirth in Realism. But the pictures of life painted by the sentimentalists, the Pastoral writers and the Romanticists were anything but true to ordinary experience.

Crabbe somehow could not subscribe to the tenets of any of these schools, nor was he a classicist in the same way as Pope was. His temperament, formed by his early impressions and by his early medical and scientific studies, could not but make him a writer of things that he saw and knew. There is nothing like a choice or preference in his being a realist.

Theoretically realism is not inconsistent with classicism. In the artificial world of Pope or of Swift is to be found what has been called the realism of fiction,—a realism which is found in the writings even of the later “ineffectual angels” as also more or less in the minor writers of the 18th century. Realism should have been the logical end of classicism, but fatally sandwiched as it was between full-blooded sentimentalism and growing romance it could not make any headway in the 18th century. Defoe seems to be the only writer of his time who wrote about the world as he found it; for even Fielding, though he began with parodying a sentimental novel, could not help being a little sentimental himself even in his *Joseph Andrews*. Sentimentalism was in the air and the entire life of the period seems to have been saturated with it. Crabbe continued what Defoe had revived, or rather he carried on the tradition inaugurated by Chaucer.

Crabbe started a crusade against the falsehoods deliberately practised in the matter of the presentation of life by different literary sects. But his was a voice in the wilderness. Though it reached the ears and touched the sympathy of Burke, Fox, Johnson and Scott, it failed, for all the discordant note it struck, to rouse from sweet slumber a generation drugged with the opiates of Pastoral and Romance.

Zeal often carries one on to the impossible or the absurd. Instances are not rare in history of men of greater literary eminence than the neglected poet of *The Village*. Dickens in his zeal to expose the evils and irregularities of his time often became melodramatic in his extravagance; Wordsworth uttered something absurd about poetic diction; Arnold became a brooding stoic, and Carlyle a weeping prophet proclaiming through tears the approach of the day of doom. Hardy in this respect is only a profounder and more philosophic 19th century Crabbe exposing the barrenness and unsubstantiality of the complacent Victorian attitude to life. The conception of an idyllic life ending in a happy marriage and a peaceful fireside, presided over by an obedient

wife and careful mother, is a resurrected pastoralism, a little coloured perhaps by utilitarianism, which worked as a balm and gave relief to the disturbed English mind after the French wars and subsequent revolutions on the Continent and unrest at home. Hardy made efforts to counteract the enchantment and open the eyes of the people to reality as Crabbe had removed the beautiful curtain of Pastoralism that lured people away from reality by providing for their contemplation a fictitious Sweet Auburn which nowhere existed :

“ Is there a place, save one the poet sees,
 A land of love, of liberty and ease;
 Where labour wearies not, nor cares suppress
 Th’eternal flow of rustic happiness;
 Where no proud mansion frowns in awful state,
 Or keeps the sunshine from the cottage-gate;
 Where young and old, intent on pleasure, throng
 And half man’s life is holiday and song?
 Vain search for scenes like these! no view appears,
 By sighs unruffled or unstain’d by tears;
 Since vice the world subdued and waters drown’d,
 Auburn and Eden can no more be found.”

The essential fact about Crabbe is that much of what he wrote he wrote from personal knowledge. He himself belonged to the lower middle class and spent the struggling days of his early years among poor people, mostly fishermen in a village on the seacoast. His most representative work, *The Village*, is the story of the life in his own village which he knew intimately. Compared to Goldsmith’s sentimental paradise :

“ Sweet Auburn loveliest village of the plain
 Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain,”

Crabbe’s bare and unadorned pictures of

“ The village life, and every care that reigns
 O’ver youthful peasants and declining swains ”

are gruesome indeed; but they are none the less true representations of what he had seen and known in his youth.

The Village begins with satire levelled against Pastoral poetry, “ the mechanic echoes of Mantuan Song.” For his part Crabbe will not hide the real ills “ in tinsel trappings of poetic pride.”

The village is described as a length of burning sand with its thin harvest waving its withered ears. The only growth there is the growth of rank weeds. Its inhabitants are a wild ambitious race but every face is a picture of misery. There the smugglers come, "the lawless merchants of the main," and tempt the swain to drink and its concomitant vices. Natural simplicity has gone out of life and in its place now reign wrong, rapine and fear. The villager's low hut is swept by a fierce tide :

" When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor."

Constantly struggling against a cruel and unsympathetic nature—"Nature's niggard hand"—for their existence, the wretched inhabitants only hoard up aches and anguish for their age, the deferred but inevitable consequence of overworking an ill-fed and ill-clad body in the heat of the sun as well as in the rain. But, with all their labour the wretched meals they earn are such "as you who praise would never deign to touch."

There is also the house that holds the parish poor,

" Where children dwell who know no parent's care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there! "

Heart-broken matrons, forsaken wives, mothers never wed, dejected widows, the crippled, the lame, and the blind,—and, the happiest of them all, the moping idiot and the madmen gay—here is a strange community of suffering people who spend their time in scanning each other's sorrow. The "big" people in London, the members of Parliament, the ministers and the Bishops, all the fashionable set, of course felt quite elated and satisfied with their marvellous Christian achievement, the Poor-House,—the appropriate response of a mechanical age to Christ's call to people to be charitable and to love their neighbours as themselves! But we, who are often oppressed by some fantastic ailments and press the weary doctor to name the nameless new disease,

" How would we bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die? "

In this poor-house on a matted floor, overspread with dust, the drooping wretch reclines his languid head. Here he lies neglected and unattended and the Doctor comes,

" A figure quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit."

He carries fate and physic in his eye, a potent quack "who first insults the victim whom he kills." With impatience in his averted eyes he hurries over the usual queries and rushes to the door, and the drooping patient ceases to crave the help of man and silently prepares to sink into the grave. But before he dies, to satisfy his pious doubts and simple fears, so much despised by "bold, bad men," the poor old man needs the services of the parish Priest. As is the healer of the ailments of the body so is this comforter of the spirit, "the holy stranger to these dismal walls."

"And doth not, he, the pious man appear
 He passing rich with forty pounds a year?
 Ah no, he is a shepherd of a different type,
 A jovial youth who thinks his Sunday's task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask."

The week days he gives to "loves and labours light," and plays the sycophant to the Squire. How can such a busy man be expected to sit by the sick man's bed and raise the hopes he is scarcely sure of within himself?

Then, finally, the man of many sorrows sighs no more. The villagers carry him with all reverence for burial, and the bells toll, but the busy priest is detained by weightier care, and "puts off his duty for the day of prayer."

"And waiting long the crowd retire, distressed
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblessed.
 No longer truth though shown in verse disdain
 But own the village life, a life of pain."

The poet admits that amid these awful miseries there often are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose. On a fair Sunday after the sermon the villagers have their amusements on the sportive green. The rural gallants, like the gallants of the cities, put on their best attire and try to win their nymphs. The sober few discuss the sermon and some talk of the work of the week, but all the time the masters have the painful sense of the waste of a fair day. These joys, however, soon disappear and village vices, such as drunkenness, overpower them and drive them from the village green. Slander quietly makes her appearance and puts an end to domestic peace, conveying to the wife the habitual crimes of her husband "for the

village nymphs are not so chaste as fair." These nymphs often visit the town "and the clown's trull receives the peer's embrace." But that's not all, for when chance brings her down again to the village the peer's disease in turn attacks the clown.

The question naturally arises in our mind: Why should Crabbe make the great as guilty as the poor people of the village? Crabbe seems to have anticipated a question like this and his answer is:

"To show the great, those mightier sons of pride
How near in vice the lowest are allied."

There is only this difference between them:

"These disguise too little, those too much."
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace,
Of a poor, blind, bewildered erring race;
Who a short time in varied fortune past
Die, and are equal in the dust at last."

This is a terrible pronouncement and at this point the most important poem of Crabbe really closes.

The Village is to be considered a summary of Crabbe's entire poetical work. In relation to the two longer poems that came after, it is to be taken as the author's introduction to his great book, *The Simple Annals of the Poor*. "The Parish Register" and "The Borough" are the remaining chapters of the same book and elaborate the miseries of all kinds that beset the village poor. Deficient in worldly possessions and in the properties of the mind, the villager ever tries his utmost to make the best of a life entirely at the mercy of capricious nature, which, after all, is not

"A generous mother, kind alike to all,
Granting bliss at labour's earnest call,"

but cruel and unrelenting like Destiny itself.

The Parish Register, published in 1807, deals with the births, marriages and burials among the parishioners, a record of which is

kept in the Parish Church by the clergyman in charge. Crabbe is familiar with most of the recorded cases, for he seems to have officiated at all these various services.

“ The year revolves, and I again explore
 The simple annals of my parish poor;
 What infant-members in my flock appear
 What pairs I bless'd in the departed year;
 And who, of old or young, or nymphs or swains,
 Are lost to life its pleasures and its pains.”

This is the preface. But before he starts upon his theme, false pastoralism is attacked and Goldsmith is made a target.

In the Parish the first thing that catches our eye is the neat little cottage, the poor peasant's happy home, of which the outside has been decorated by his industry and the inside has been made beautiful and instructive with historical and Biblical pictures procured with his frugal savings. The mother takes her child to the picture of the unfortunate royal pair of France and points out that when kings and queens are “ dethroned, insulted, tried,” the poor man in his happy home has much yet to be thankful for.

“ There is King Charles, and all his Golden Rules,
 Who proved misfortune's was the best of schools;
 And there his son, who, tried by years of pain,
 Proved that misfortunes may be sent in vain.”

On the deal-wood shelf, beside the cuckoo-clock, rests the reading material of the unlearned rustic—the Bible, “ bought by sixpence weekly saved,” and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. It is a pity that *The Pilgrim's Progress* is confined to school reading and that as we outgrow school so we outgrow *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which finally is lost in the mass of what is half-mockingly and half-gloomily put aside as Puritan Literature. But while reading Crabbe we recall our old school book, and in a flash the likeness between the two apparently unlike men, Bunyan and Crabbe, becomes noticeable, and the reader finds that what Bunyan does by means of abstract allegory Crabbe does by means of pictures of real life. They both record the conditions of their respective periods, the one through the experiences of a religious adventure and the other through the experiences and adventures of every-day life. And

what Crabbe says of Bunyan can almost equally appropriately be said of himself.

“ Bunyan’s famed Pilgrim rests that shelf upon:
 A genius rare but rude was honest John :
 Not one who, early by the Muse beguiled,
 Drank from her well the waters undefiled;
 Not one who slowly gain’d the hill sublime,
 Then often sipp’d and little at a time;
 But one who dabbled in the sacred springs
 And drank them muddy, mixed with baser things.”

The cottager, in the Parish, has laid out a small garden of vegetables and flowers where on Sundays “ meet and rejoice a family of friends;” they speak aloud, all at the same time, are happy and are free.

Such a home built with industry and frugality, a home of innocence, of laughter and love, is indeed a spot of brightness and sunshine in the surrounding slum life in the Parish. Every evening in the infected row of houses the sot, the cheat and the shrew meet and

“ Riots are nightly heard : the curse, the cries
 Of beaten wife, perverse in her replies.
 While shrieking children hold each threatening hand
 And sometimes life, and sometimes food demand.
 Boys in their past stol’n rags, to swear begin
 And girls, who heed not dress, are skill’d in gin.”

This being the general condition of the poet’s parish it is not surprising when we are told that most of the baptisms in the parish church are irregular baptisms, that is, of children not born in wedlock. It is no use disturbing our sense of moral security and repose by illustrations, but it seems hardly fair or charitable to pass by the miller’s daughter and not notice her beauty.

The miller was proud of his fair daughter and the inevitable young sailor thought “ the miller’s maiden is a prize for me.” The miller, like shrewd fathers in all ages, wanted to see the sailor’s purse before granting his suit. “ Revenge! Revenge! the angry lover cried,” and sought the nymph and said “ Be thou now my bride.” She became his bride but no priest could be moved “ to bind in law, the

couple bound by love," and enticed by the trim lad the maiden "gave—not her hand—but all she could she gave." William conveniently leaves the country to earn money abroad and the baby comes, and the angry miller turns the miserable mother and the new-born one out of his house.

The world where such babies are in abundance, "born of mothers never wed," is relieved however and made endurable by occasional glimpses of kindness and love and also of humour. An orphan girl receives a mother's love and care from the pious mistress of the school; and the gardener, in harmless vanity of professional knowledge, would christen his children with botanical names. Their first child they named Lonisera, and

" If next a son shall yield our gardener joy
Then Hyacinthus shall be that fair boy,
If a girl, they will at length agree
That Belladonna that fair maid shall be."

In the list of marriages there are some interesting cases. Old Kirk withstood all the cunning snares of young girls in his youth but "at sixty led a blooming bride" and "stood a withered elder at her side." "A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook," at last gets entangled in the artful coils of his own maid-servant. But old Kirk begins to sicken in spirit to find the cherished fruits of his life-long labour and stinginess being wasted by his beautiful bride in frivolous entertainment of her young cousins—of either sex. In anguish and despair he gets his will drawn up but the bride's tears melt him again: "Thou shalt rule me still And see thy cousins,—there! I burn my will."

The next pair is an ancient bride and a young bridegroom. One must be an experienced pilot, says Crabbe, to sail with a young wife on life's tempestuous sea.

" But like a trade wind is the ancient dame
Mild to your wish and every day the same;
Till every danger in your way be pass'd
Then gently, mildly breathes her last;
Rich you arrive, at port a while remain
And for a second venture sail again."

Lucy Collins makes the greatest mistake of her life when she rejects Stephen Hill, the coarse but sober and frugal swain, and accepts the idle coxcomb and fop, footman Daniel; but after her ruin, she runs back from her friend in town to her old lover Stephen—"was chidden first, next pitied, and then fed"—"Then sat at Stephen's board, then shared in Stephen's bed."

Instead of enumerating more cases of this kind we had better pause to enquire into the nature of this relation between young men and women which ends in the birth of natural children and in the ruin of young unmarried mothers.

It is easy to accuse Crabbe of having failed to depict what is usually called Romantic Love. But Romantic Love seems to be somehow associated with elevated life. And elevated life is a sort of repressed life in which the energy of desires has been turned in nobler directions under pressure imposed upon life by agents external to itself. The sublimation of Lothario's passion into charity and devotion towards Fanny Price and her rustic husband is a case in point. But life in natural conditions is only a series of desires which, in most cases, are only the demands of the flesh. Introduce the light of civilisation into life and education, introduce a sense of religious and social fear, that is, fear of God and of the neighbour, and the barbarian of fleshly instincts and desires is transformed into a decent citizen. So love which to the barbarian meant possession of a woman means to the romantic citizen merely a sigh or a sonnet. Crabbe's men and women as they appear in the first three poems are yet too far down in the scale of life to be romantic in their attitude to life or to exhibit love's romantic possibilities. They are ordinary men and women totally uncared-for, unacquainted with teaching of any kind and ignorant of any other guide than their own desires. To impute any romantic motive to these people would be anomalous, and certainly inconsistent with the phase of realism Crabbe introduced into literature.

Among the people buried in the Parish, Isaac Ashford, drawn from one of Crabbe's parish-clerks, brings to mind the "rude forefathers" of Gray's *Elegy*. All his life he has worked honestly, and has become prosperous and happy. But old age and misfortune seem to come simultaneously into his life. His wife dies and his children become poor and the poor-house stares him in the face. But fate saves from horror and ignominy "a wise, good man, contented to be poor."

"When Fielding was birds-nesting, and Smollett was unborn" Addison's *Coventry Papers* are said to have been laying the foundation

of the English Novel of real life. After nearly a hundred years comes Crabbe with his *Parish Register*, doing for the Novel of real life in the 19th century what the *Coverley Papers* did for that of the 18th. *Castle Rackrent* (1800) definitely shows a newer line of development. John Galt is not even heard of before 1820, and *Our Village* begins to appear only in 1819. The real 19th century novel of country life comes still later. *The Parish Register* and *The Village* coming out in one volume in 1807 must have had their share of influence on the literature of country life and manners that finally blossomed into a *Silas Marner* or an *Adam Bede*. About this literature of country life it has been truly said that the hand is the hand of Crabbe, but the voice is the voice of Jane Austen.

“The Borough” on a larger canvas deals with the important organised concerns of the civic life in a country town. Its church, corporation and election meetings, clubs, card-parties and theatres, its alms-house, hospital, prisons and schools, its various professions and trades, religious sects, inns and players—nothing in the life of the Borough escapes Crabbe’s observant eyes, and these details help to create a background and an atmosphere in which a few characters, mostly selected out of the miserable crowd, are made to appear. The poet is occupied not so much with drawing their portraits as with showing the workings of their minds. Written as letters to an imaginary correspondent, the poem loses much of the dramatic effect which in any other form it would have surely had.

In letter No. II on the Church, there is the pathetic story of the Village Girl—“a fair, sad girl, mild, suffering and serene.” When her wearied parents sink to sleep, she thinks of “one regretted youth” and “her tender trust.” This sailor lover, in far Greenland, develops a fever in his blood, sails for home, and the lovers meet. The unfortunate Sally has only the sad satisfaction of being able to watch over her lover’s dying hours.

The founder of the almshouse, a philanthropic merchant, and the inhabitants of the almshouse, are all drawn from life. The founder, left without wife or children, lives in poverty, and never openly gives anything to the beggars who come to his door, but helps his poor neighbours in secret.

“It was his joy to sit alone and fast,
Then send a widow and her boys repast;
Tears in his eyes would, spite of him, appear

But he from other eyes has kept a tear;
 All in a wintry night from far he came
 To soothe the sorrows of a suffering dame."

Three letters are devoted to the inhabitants of the almshouse. Crabbe selects three characters for elaborate treatment: Blaney, Clelia and Benbow. Blaney—"that tall pale veteran!, a wealthy heir at twenty-one, at twenty-five was ruined and undone"—restores his fortune by marriage and aspires to loftier fights of vice again. He engages expensive singing harlots; he frequents the race-course and gambles enormously. In ten years, after wasting all his money, he finds he can neither dig nor steal. Employment is found for him in the West Indies where, to his great delight, he realises that there is "vice in all soils and charms in every race." But a relative dies and Blaney becomes "an heir to one who never heard his name."

"To vicious pleasure he was still inclined
 But vice must now be season'd and refined;
 Beauty alone has for the vulgar charms,
 He wanted beauty trembling with alarms.
 His was no more a youthful dream of joy,
 The wretch desired to ruin and destroy;
 He bought indulgence with a boundless price
 Most pleased when decency bow'd down to vice,
 When a fair dame her husband's honour sold
 And a frail countess play'd for Blaney's gold."

These and his more refined and expensive luxuries, and the death of his wife, make him poor again and Blaney applies for a seat in the poorhouse.

"'T is true," said the manager, "the fellow's quite a brute—
 A very beast; but yet, with all his sin
 He has a manner—let the devil in."

Here he meets Clelia, now faded and old, and the congenial spirits talk about their past experiences and make plans for future exploits. Clelia is a study of a character which can stand comparison with the best creations of the great masters. It is a sketch too long to quote. The skill of the artist in revealing the psychological subtleties

of the character cannot be adequately shown in quotations. A picture like this is best read in Crabbe's own language.

Among the poor of the Borough, Ellen Orford shows more convincingly than perhaps any other character in literature the power of the heart to grow and retain its inner goodness in spite of evil. Ellen's father dies and the mother "takes another mate." But the second marriage proves unhappy and the mother dies. Ellen is a girl of twenty now and in these days of her bloom and health and youth, one much above her offers her his truth and love. The lover takes advantage of her simple trustfulness and when he is told of the disgraceful situation he has brought her into, Ellen marks indifference on his face. A girl is born and Ellen is expelled from home. "One day" says Ellen, "I from my window saw his blooming bride, and the seducer smiling at her side." Ellen's girl promises to grow up a beautiful maid but her mind does not develop: she remains an idiot. Ellen submits:

" Oh! 'tis meet and fit

In all we feel to make the heart submit."

Then a sober master of a decent trade, overlooking her past errors, offers to marry her. They marry and have several children.

" Pensive by nature he had gone of late
To those who preach'd of destiny and fate,
Of things fore-doomed, and of Election-Grace,
And how in vain we strive to run our race;
That he who feels not the mysterious call
Lies bound in sin, still grov'ling from the fall."

So coming under the influence of these Methodist preachers the husband loses hold upon himself and commits suicide. One of their boys is hanged:

" On his graceful neck
That chain of jewels may be proud to deck,
To a small mole a mother's lips have pressed
And there the cord—my breath is sore oppressed."

Another boy—a seaman in a hoy—is drowned leaving behind him a numerous race whom Ellen teaches to rely upon their Heavenly Parent,

“ Now her idiot girl begins weeping in pain—she and that sick-pale brother ”—but they both die.

The sins of the children are visited also upon the poor mother. The parish aid is withdrawn, but Ellen finds subsistence by keeping a small school for children.

“ To be of use

Would pleasant thoughts and heavenly hopes produce;
I loved them all; it soothed me to presage
The various trials of their riper age,
Then dwell on mine, and bless the Power who gave
Pains to correct us, and remorse to save.”

A fresh trial comes upon her now : she loses her eyesight; but

“ My senses fail not all; I speak, I pray;
By night my rest, my food I take by day;
And as my mind looks cheerful to my end,
I love mankind and call my God my friend.”

From the little that we have been able to see of the depravity of life painted in *The Village*, *The Parish Register* and *The Borough*, which together constitute the more important part of Crabbe's poetical works, we open our eyes in amazement and awe, and our attention is turned to the problem of Evil in life. We are often made to believe that immorality is a poison and morality is its antidote, an occasional dose of which, in the shape of a Sunday Sermon, will make us all good. Among religious people Evil is still associated with Adam's transgression, but in our more reasonable consciousness we have succeeded in bringing together economics and immorality, and poverty is pointed out as the primary source of all our misery.

Some of Crabbe's men and women are given the chance to taste comfort and luxury, and in consequence they become faster still in their way of life, and hurry on more rapidly to ruin themselves as well as others. The environment in which these men and women live and move is a product of the many forces which ultimately shape human destinies. In this world of Crabbe physical, moral and social forces all make towards evil which mercilessly frustrates all possibility of man's happiness. Actual material want directly makes but an insignificant contribution

to human misery. Otherwise the happy and beautiful home of the poor peasant would be an impossibility. As a matter of fact these almost pastoral cottages point to the conclusion that happiness can be ensured for one who is honest, industrious and frugal. The evils of poverty come largely

“ From want of virtuous will,
Of honest shame, of time-improving skill;
From want of care t’employ the vacant hour,
And want of every kind but want of power.”

In the house of the mother-gossip we find

“ No wheels for either wool or flax
But packs of cards—made up of sundry packs;
Here is no clock, nor will they turn the glass,
And see how swift the important moments pass;
Here are no books, but ballads on the wall,
Are some abusive, and indecent all.”

And on the table is an ample flask.

Here we find forces beyond the grasp of calculators and economists: it is indeed poverty or as they say inadequate distribution of wealth, but a poverty in life of far weightier things than mere bread and butter. The social tragedy of his age is ascribed by Crabbe not to any material need, but “to ignorance, perversity, to a crushing sense of inferiority in the people, and to persistent callousness and want of real sympathy in the people of the town.” The people suffer more through neglect than through poverty, and the mind is starved much more than the body. This discovery of a vital relation between character and social environment makes Crabbe the pioneer critic of social institutions and a quiet reformer.

Between the Revolution in France and the first Reform Bill in England we have romantic literature and the beginnings of the Romantic but, is it to be expected that one so much concerned with the literature of Democracy. Crabbe has little in common with the people can be indifferent to the democratic aspirations of his time? Of course we cannot credit him with any propaganda: he does not spread democratic germs in sealed bottles to countries beyond the seas nor in ashes blown about by the wind; nor is democracy established among glorified shepherds and shepherdesses. These can be citizens in a

Pantisocratic state or dwell in "a wreck of paradise," but will be found too airy to fit in with life as we know it. Crabbe tries to find out if there is, after all, anything stable and substantial with promise of development in the debased human material that he finds all round him. His people make mistakes and fall, but Crabbe notices that their falls are like slips on the road at unguarded moments; and that their redemption lies in their own endeavour. He does not deal in cheap democratic slogans like some of his more effective romantic contemporaries, but he certainly touches the source of all democracies when he asserts that man's political, social, material and spiritual salvation depends to a very great extent on the efforts of man himself. This contains the substance of the entire mass of Democratic Literature.

The last volume to be considered is the *Tales* of Crabbe. They form the most entertaining part of his work. Written in heroic measure, in an unpolished diction, they have a simplicity and directness specially remarkable when the characters themselves narrate the experiences of their life. We are not, however, to judge these tales by the standards of the art of the Short-Story of today. The Short-Story is characterised as a bead of light in which we are to see one aspect of the author's vision of life. It is said to be an emotion, a poetic idea, reflected in beautiful miniature, a one-act drama, rounded and complete, a self-luminous bubble. Crabbe's tales possess none of these characteristics. They are dramas in one act, rounded and complete, but not one-act plays, not bubbles of emotion nor poetic ideas. Crabbe would not translate facts of human life into poetic ideas at all and so avoid facing the truths of life. His tales are episodes from the great human epic. The background is the same as in the earlier poems but the actors are of a slightly higher type, and their love is not merely lust. They often exhibit a mind capable of the finer emotions and sentiments and so become objects of psychological interest.

Joshia, in *Frank Courtship*, with a steady and classic strength of mind curbs the vanity of a young girl of romantic notions and finally wins her for his bride. Dina's mind in *Procrastination* changes from love for a man to love for gold and fineries, and when after years of absence the lover appears "wrecked in two," the cold calculating woman speaks of having all her care to fit her mind "for other spousal and die resigned." When she finds pensive Rupert at a humble door, there is a conflict in the woman between pity and pride and she takes the way of the Levite: "She cross'd and pass'd him on the other side." The *Parting Hour* reminds us of Tennyson's *Enoch*

Arden; *The Patron* and *Lover's Journey* are said to be based on Crabbe's own experience. *The Brothers*, *Edward Shore*, and *Confidant* may not reveal the "Moment Eternal" in a flash, but they will surely move the reader sometimes to laughter and sometimes to tears.

It is interesting to trace the various tendencies that contribute to the making of literature. Realism is a tendency and people of wide and profound scholarship may be able to connect the realistic writers of to-day with Chaucer; I can but guess how realism, which we find abundantly in Crabbe, after a perilous course has again become a pronounced force in modern literature. For this purpose it will be necessary to consider Crabbe's poetry along with the works of Wordsworth, the poet of the late 18th and early 19th century, and so a contemporary of Crabbe; of Thomas Hardy, the late Victorian novelist; and of the present laureate, who in some of his poems has made use of what we may call Crabbean Realism.

For both Wordsworth and Crabbe the object of continued attention is reality, which they both acknowledge as the proper subject for treatment in poetry—with this difference that Crabbe never attempts, nor does he consider it worthwhile to attempt, to penetrate the hard facts of life which absorbed his mind, and having no capacity for philosophical speculation he cannot find an opening into that super-sensible world which Wordsworth has so often spoken of in his poetry. It is not that Wordsworth is ignorant of the deplorable condition of the people. He speaks of "Nature's holy plan" but sadly deplores "what man has made of man." Before the close of the year 1794, the whole of *Guilt and Sorrow*, a harrowing tale of poverty, agony and crime in the true Crabbean tradition, has been written; and in his tragedy written shortly after—*The Borderers*—his experience seems to have been summed up in a single line: "The world is poisoned at the heart." But the failure of the prospects of a general millennium and also perhaps of his own private millennium with the girl of his choice, bring about within him a sort of mental somersault and, instead of focussing his attention on men and women, on their joys and sorrows, and on their occupations and adventures, Wordsworth retires, a lost indeed, to his mountain solitude and begins to brighten up everything around him by the light of his own mind. And the shepherd so glorified, becomes "in size a giant, his sheep like Greenland bears." Wordsworth has enlarged the realm of poetry and has learnt to find "central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation,"

but only at the sacrifice of his native realistic bias. He reacts as vehemently as Crabbe against 18th century poetry, with respect both to form and matter. But circumstances and his absorbing interest in the creation of a convincing philosophy of idealism to counteract his realistic tendency make him ultimately what he is, a mixture of several tendencies, and not a pure representative of any one in particular. The Wordsworth we are more familiar with is the poet of the "Lyrical Ballads": but the real Wordsworth will be recognised now in the poet of the "Prelude" and the "Excursion"; and the Realism of the Prelude and of the Excursion, in its essential aspects, is the Realism of Crabbe.

Hardy's tragic apprehension of the world is a product of several influences working in his mind at the same time. Struggle is pointed out by science as an unavoidable condition of life in the natural world; and in the life of man Hardy notices the struggle for wealth among the powerful and for mere existence among the poor. Small farmers, labourers and other inhabitants of the little market towns of Wessex—some of whom like Hardy and his heroine Tess can trace their descent from noble ancestors—are fast decaying as a consequence of the rise of industries. These are vital influences and, no doubt, they form the major premise and the minor premise; the individual cases he gathers from his own experience, but also from Crabbe's narratives with which Hardy seems to have made himself familiar.

Hardy's Wessex people like those we find in Crabbe's country, fall into two groups: the poor people and the people of the lower middle class. Misery and suffering fall upon the members of both these groups without any discrimination in Crabbe. But the poor people in Hardy are indeed a set of bonfire-makers and ale-bibbers, having no cause of vexation in their life except a superstitious fear of some great powers which, they suppose, surround them. Ambition and desire do not disturb the even tenor of their life. This does not mean, however, that their desires are sublimated or that they have renounced desire by an effort of the will. They are only ignorant of things beyond their ken, and so are free from desires, and their forlorn stupidity has also made them incapable of forming any desire. They comply readily with the ordinance of nature which demands a willing acceptance of and a ready submission to all that is traditional and primitive. They are only a living background, one with nature. There is no tragedy in their life: their ignorance is bliss.

Tragedy, however, falls upon people who are a little higher in status like the characters in Crabbe's tales. In these men and women the disintegrating forces of the New have entered and desires have been aroused; and the God of the primitive, as it were, takes exception to their waywardness and breaks them into pieces. Hardy, thus, gives a philosophical explanation of the tragic facts of life, while Crabbe merely paints them.

Crabbe deals with mediocrity, and so his men and women become merely pathetic in their suffering, while Hardy's heroes and heroines possess stronger minds and with a militant discontent attain tragic proportions. Both Crabbe and Hardy trace the source of man's misery to man's own mind and they find the remedy also there. To Crabbe man is, his passions and desires are, and nature is not a help; rather she is an unfriendly but unavoidable neighbour; so we find poverty, sorrow and misery in life. But man can better his condition by enduring the cruelties of nature and by exercising control over his passions and desires, by being frugal and industrious and by reliance on God and trust in man. Here there is no challenge, no conflict, but an acceptance in the spirit of Job, of the joys and sorrows of life, which will ultimately resolve themselves in God. This is the attitude of the devout, godfearing priest who has no explanation nor any philosophical remedy to suggest but self-control, fortitude and hope,—ordinary cures for the ordinary ills of life.

In modern poetry Crabbe's influence is most pronounced in some poems of Masfield. *The Widow in the Bye-Street* with its incidents and characters can be put into any part either of the Parish Register or the Borough. Among the poor of the Borough there is a character, Abel Keene. His story is a story of conversion. *The Everlasting Mercy* is the story of a conversion, the conversion of Saul Kane. No conclusion need be drawn from these resemblances, but one can only suggest that it will be found profitable to open the pages of Crabbe's poems from time to time while reading the Modern Realists.

We agree with Byron, who declares Crabbe to be "Nature's sternest painter yet the best."

D. H. LAWRENCE AND HIS POETRY

By MR. R. N. DEB, M.A.

IF we want to gather a true picture of the 20th century English intelligentsia, we can do nothing better than read *Point Counterpoint*. The genius of Aldous Huxley is a purely twentieth century genius—a light bantering wit, a vivacious and sparkling style, with flashes of greatness, a vivid intellectual cynicism and a perfection of finesse. The theme that he chooses suits his genius—the rich and careless philistine seen from all possible angles of vision. And beneath this silk-web style we feel a sense of boredom, an idea of the insignificance of life, of a noxious miasma arising out of this senseless so-called higher society. It is the real twentieth century mind, where seriousness is considered as something amusing, where to suffer from continuous ennui is considered as the very acme of fashion, where talking cleverly is supposed to be the very highest mark of culture, where man suffers from a lack of ideology and woman believes that it is her privilege to suffer from occasional nervous breakdowns, and, to get her due share in society, she must have a divorce or two to her credit.

All this thoughtless, vapid society has been painted by Aldous Huxley with marvellous delicacy and cleverness, with an irony and understanding which is almost unsurpassed. In the distant future people curious to know of the higher London society of this period will open the pages of *Point Counterpoint*, and once within the portals of Tantamount House, they will know all.

But when we think of the greatest names in modern literature we do not think of Aldous Huxley so much, nor of Galsworthy for he is of the past, and Shaw's days are numbered, and Hardy belongs really to the nineteenth century; the names that stand out clearly are those of James Joyce and David Herbert Lawrence. They stand out as two peaks, far apart, jutting out of a chain, each surrounded with its own glory, each entirely different from the other.

Joyce published almost a perfect novel in the traditional manner, *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. Later he produced *Ulysses*, an epic of a single day, where the hero is an ordinary man

... He was not satisfied with this Titanic adventure. He is writing novels to-day in a language which he and God alone understand, and, impious though it may sound, perhaps God has forgotten it.

Lawrence stands apart. He does not represent the twentieth century mind so thoroughly. He represents the reaction of a vigorous mind against the twentieth century. He hates the nineteenth century, which he calls the 'century of the mealy-mouthed liars.'

Lawrence has written novels which stand amongst the great novels and hold their head high indeed. It is not within the limits of this paper to speak about Lawrence the novelist. It is the Poet Lawrence who is the subject of this paper. The poetry of Lawrence has been eclipsed by his novels: a sad fate for his poetry . . . In the preface to the Collected Volumes of his poetry Lawrence says . . . "It was only after my 20th year that my real demon would now and then hold me and then shake out more real poems making me uneasy." Demons are interesting creatures, and the demon who was in the habit of shaking out more real poems from Lawrence was a particularly fascinating specimen of that type of creatures. He was a savage, neurotic demon. For some of the poems of Lawrence are vulgar, wild and brutal. At times, the demon becomes prosaic and we have flat and dull pieces, fit for a schoolboy's exercise book. There is hardly a single good poem in *Nettles*. He wrote a large amount of poetry and his complete works cover a period of almost thirty years. They are the record of a life burning with the white heat of passion. Fortunately the poems are arranged chronologically, and this arrangement helps us to understand the development of this lonely, yearning soul.

So charming and so picturesque are his early poems that one is reminded of Keats. Perhaps they lack the subtle and mellow music of Keats, but there is the same richness of imagination and the same love of nature for its sheer beauty. The flame of poetry burns with greater brilliance when he sees nature in all its pristine loveliness. There is no mysticism about it. His poetry scintillates with coloured imagery, for Lawrence is a watercolour artist. The nuances of colour enchant him. He is spellbound by it. He sees the quivering white shadow of the dog in the pool, the purple sky, the green fire, and the multicoloured flowers at his feet. He loves colour with the luxurious love of an oriental lover. The vision of nature in all its radiant beauty inspires him, intoxicates him. His poetry is likewise intoxicated. For no poet has put so much of his soul in his works. That's why

Lawrence is so refreshing, so readable, and his work is so unlike the trash sold in the name of modern poetry.

It is true we do not have in him the dreamy quality of Yeats or the faery quality that we get in the poetry of Walter de la Mare. But we do not get either the effeminacy of Flecker or the chaos of T. S. Eliot. He has a robust, masculine grace, and a grandeur which we miss almost in all other modern poets. For Lawrence is the poet of passion. Whatever he wrote, he felt passionately, felt it from the very depths of his heart.

Considering the poetic wealth of English literature it is no small achievement for a boy of less than twenty to strike a new note in it. The intensity and energy of his soul make his nature poetry new.

The common flaunts bravely, but below from the rushes
 Clouds of glittering kingcups from among the bushes
 There the lazy stream pushes
 His bent course mildly; here wakes again, leaps, laughs,
and gushes
 Into a deep pond. An old sheep-din
 Dark overgrown with willow, cool with the brook ebbing
through so slow.
 Naked on the steep soft lip
 Of the turf I stand watching my shadow quivering to and fro.

For suggestive power and sheer beauty the lines are almost unsurpassed. They have the suggestive charm and delicacy of a landscape by Claude. Surrounded by this beauty, the young poet at times feels a sense of melancholy. "What if the grose flower shrivelled and I was gone." He is puzzled, he is sad. "Life flies just as water runs, faster runs faster." But the young egoist cannot be melancholy for long.

"How splendid it is to be substance, my shadow is neither here nor there,"

But I, I am royally here.

As pure nature poetry these lyrics stand very high. The painter in Lawrence has come to the aid of the poet. They work in happy harmony.

The woodbine creeps abroad
 Calling low to her lover—

The sunlit flirt who all the day
 Has poised above her lips in play
 And stolen kisses shallow and gay
 Of pollen now has gone away—
 She woos the moth with her low sweet word;
 And when above her his moth wings hover,
 Then her bright breast she will uncover
 And yield her honey drop to her lover.

This has the haunting music of Coleridge at his best. Now and then however a turn of phrase or an image betrays the neurotic. "Then her bright breast she will uncover" or "the water holds me and so close and it rolls me, enfolds me as if it could never fold me enough." Images like these are scattered all over his early poetry. The demon knocks feebly at the doors of the subconscious. Poetry as yet does not gush forth.

There is a large number of lyrics of such beauty. These lyrics can be placed by the side of the greatest lyrics in the language and would not suffer by comparison. For their rare imagery, for their thought, and some times merely for their simplicity and music, these poems will find a place along with the very best in the language.

When I awoke the lake lights were quivering on the wall
 The sunshine swam on shoal across and across.

The subtle alliteration and beauty lift these lines much above the common-place.

Ah, through the open door is there an almond tree
 Aflame with blossom.
 Among the pink and blue
 Of the almond flowers
 A sparrow flutters

These lines are from the later Lawrence. It is the magic of Hiroshige imprisoned into words that glow with the fires of spring. Lawrence has captured the real secret of spring, the soft joy that blesses Mother Earth.

Generally the later poet has not written such lyrics. As he grows older the neurotic tendencies become more pronounced. When we read

the early poems carefully we find images which forebode the future. The demon, a baby at first, grows into a roaring giant bent upon creating havoc. Most of the poems have a feverish demoniac energy; though there is no occasion for it, most of them have a brutal suggestion.

Under the dark red boughs of jewels red
 In the hair of an Eastern girl
 Hang string of crimson cherries as it had bled
 Blood drops beneath each curl.

"Blood drop" is a bold metaphor, as bold as it is beautiful. It also reveals the Lawrence mind—the fondness for red and blood. A few more images picked up at random will illustrate the point better. "The sow was grabbing her litter with snarling red jaws." A savagely realistic image. It has not much of beauty as the former obviously has. Still later we get a male throng "booming and bruising until it had drowned the other voice in blood." Here there is not even an apology for poetry. It is a brutal happening, brutally described. The word blood comes again and again even when there is no occasion for it. "Slowly back in my blood the kisses are singing." The he-man has leaped up and is dancing his wild dances. The demon joins the he-man. Both combine: true poetry gushes forth. We have the poem *Virgin Youth*. Lawrence is twenty-one. Something stirred in him. What is this new urge? Life is futile unless he fulfils this urge. He must know woman. Almost in despair he cries out—

Traveller column of fire
 It is vain.
 The glow of thy full desire
 Becomes pain.

Here is the first real outburst. Lawrence retains the beauty of his language. One feels like quoting at great length from the poem. But the poem is unquotable. It is the key to the real Lawrence. The poem is like the bursting of an overflowed dam. The floods of passion sweep us, overpower us. For such poems Lawrence stands alone. In him there is an inherent masculinity, a whirlwind of passion. The true twentieth century epic will be the *Waste Land* in which we get into a morass of confusion, maybe, we meet with a line of unusual beauty and philosophic vision, and then again, we have to plod wearily to have a glimpse of the fleeting muse of poetry. A new

vision is before us,—a barren desert with perchance an oasis almost half hidden from the view. It is truly a waste land. It is against such poetry that the poems of Lawrence act like a heavy weight.

Even now there are lyrics which have all the simplicity and magic beauty of language. *Gipsy* is a poem which can stand easily with the very best of W. H. Davies' for its native simplicity and has certainly more power. But the sensual poet is visible again and again. All the poems are not necessarily vulgar, but even to the most commonplace subject he gives a certain unethical twist. The lotus becomes naked in "the finest fashion" and then offers "all myself into this woman who loves me."

This is one of the peculiar qualities of Lawrence's poetry. The unusual always fascinates him. His imagery is equally unusual. He sees the green fire lit on the soil of the earth, or "people sleeping like rounded pearls" or the moon rising from the darkness forcing its way from the "shut lips of darkness red."

"As if from the womb the slow moon rises, as if the twin-walled darkness huddled,

In a night spasm of birth."

He sees the open sky as a "cat's distended pupil that sparkles with little eyes," or the "splendour of the torches of darkness."

This plethora of unusual imagery at times makes his meaning obscure. "The green night baying of the dog star" as an image is perhaps very lovely but it is equally obscure.

The painter again sees the unusual colours: "Come up, thou red thing and be called the moon."

Such images are endless. It would be difficult to find a single poem which does not contain images of this type. Sometimes owing to the overornate imagery the poetry loses its simplicity and beauty. It is like a too rich Moghul dish, sometimes like an over-ripe mango. Speaking of the dead mountain lion he says

"And stripes in the brilliant frost of her face, sharp, fine, dark face.
Dark, keen, fine rays in the brilliant frost of her face."

There are some more absurd lines. Here there is no attempt at imagery. It shows a childish pleasure in parading his inexhaustible vocabulary.

"Now he is a jack ass, a pack ass, a donkey, samaro, burro, etc."

This is rich vocabulary but not poetry. These faults creep up in Lawrence because of his excessively intense nature. He was a Rockefeller with his words: he scattered them about simply for pleasure.

This fault remains almost till the end. It takes the shape of repetition. It is true, in his hand repetition has sometimes wonderful power.

O lovely lovely with the dark hair piled up as she went
deeper and deeper
Then rose shallower and shallower
With the full thighs lifting of the wadder wading shore
waves.'

The alliteration in these lines is pretty obvious. Otherwise we feel the effort in them

'Wader wading shore waves'

What remarkable onomatopoeia. Whoever has walked in thigh deep water with his clothes soaked and heavy, he will recognise the dull rustling of the wet clothes and the effortful footsteps.

Then suddenly burst upon us lines of supreme beauty where the effort has melted into evanescent music and a mysterious, suggestive beauty, and the very attar of poetry remains:

and the shoulder pallid from the light of silent sky behind
Both breasts dim and mysterious, with the glamorous kindness
of twilight between them.

In the large gallery of English poets many have tried to reveal themselves in their work. None has revealed his very innermost self so unequivocally as Lawrence has. There is no hide and seek in him, no riddles, no cross-word puzzles. We do not worry over the poet's moods. When we read the sonnets of Shakespeare we wonder whether these are the keys to Shakespeare's soul or mere literary exercises. We write volumes about the dark lady and the fair boy and still they remain dim and mysterious figures; in fact we never get a full view of them. If Lawrence, however, had a dark lady we would have known all about her, known her from within, would have known a little more than is either necessary or decent. Lawrence was a mystic and an egoist—two purely contradictory beings. To him the doubt of before and after is useless; the present is everything.

We shall not look before and after
 We shall be now
 We shall know in full
 We the mystic now . . .

He believes in a full blooded egoism like Ibsen. Even when there is unity between man and woman the ego must remain separate. It must never be lost in confusion.

And then we shall have each our separate beings
 And that would be pure existence, real liberty
 . . . It is in unutterable resolvedness that one is free
 Not in making merging not in similarity.

This idea of the real separateness of the ego from the world of action is the dominant note of his last poems.

Thus far it is easy to understand Lawrence. But there is a mixture of opposites in him which is difficult to comprehend. He has written lyrics like filigree work, as if, woven out of gossamer threads; lyrics which waft the fragrance of myrrh and frankincense: and, side by side he has written poems of loathsome sexuality and egregious brutality, *e.g.*, the poems on the tortoise. We are surprised when we get the repetition of certain images and certain words. The words 'gash,' 'blood,' 'fire,' 'dark,' 'flame,' 'red' and curiously enough 'moon' occur again and again in his poetry.

The cat who laps blood knows
 The soft welling of blood: invisible beyond bone or metal of bone.

Always heredity has an important part to play in the life of man. It had a curious influence over Lawrence. We know that Lawrence's father was a miner and drunkard. Perhaps he forced his mother's voice to be drowned in blood. He was the son of his mother, but he had the blood of his father in his veins. He had a good deal of his father whom he hated and he was made by his mother whom he adored. His mother was a frail tender lady who loved the calm and the beautiful things—the moon for instance. By the time Lawrence was born (he was the fourth child) the little affection that once subsisted between the husband and the wife had vanished. The father loved the tankard at the inn, the mother loved her extremely nervous son with all the intensity of her passionate, poetic temperament. Lawrence too adored her in turn.

His love for his mother is so great that his spirit desires to be one with her. Consciously it is impossible for him. Subconsciously he is constantly thinking of it. He can be a part of his mother's flesh. And hence we get the word 'darkness' and 'womb.' The idea is haunting him. He sings

My little love my dearest
Twice you have issued me
Once from your womb, sweet mother
Once from your soul.

This is one of the loveliest lyrics written by any poet to his mother. There is another equally beautiful poem where he bids farewell to her. His mother was always before his mind, the calm, serene, tender lady. His father was too much of this earth, but she was an angel pensive, ethereal, heavenly. He always seeks something which should resemble his mother, her calm face glowing with love. The moon is the object in which he finds all these qualities, something sensuous yet spiritual, something calm and luminous. The moon is his mother's image. That is why he has written the most emotive moon poetry. Few others have written so much about the moon, none has written about the moon with such wistful passion and so much beauty. It is not the moon, the queen of night, it is his first love, his only love; it is the symbol of his mother. A few quotations would not be altogether out of place.

The mistress and mother of our bodies
Of our nervous consciousness and our moist flesh.

It is exactly this feeling that Lawrence sought everywhere in woman, that warm deep feeling of maternity, the feeling that he got from his mother's love.

I will quote a whole poem on the moon which I feel is one of the finest of its kind in Lawrence's work.

You beauty, O you beauty
You glistening garmentless beauty!
Great lady, great glorious lady
Greatest of ladies,
Crownless, jewelless garmentless
Because naked, you are so wonderful than any thing we can stroke

Be good to me lady great lady of the nearest heavenly mansion.
 Now I am at your gate you lady of nakedness
 Now I must enter your mansion and beg your gift
 Moon O moon great lady of the heavenly few. .
 Far and forgotten is the villa of Venus the glowing
 and behind me in the gulfs of space lies the golden house of
 the sun
 and six have given me speed and God speed
 kisses of four beautiful lords, beautiful as they held me to their
 bosom in farewell.
 And kiss of the far off lingering lady who looks over the distant
 fence of twilight.
 and one warm kiss of the lion with golden paws.
 Now lady of the moon, now open the gate of your silvery house
 and let me come past the silver bells of your lovers and cockshells
 into your house, garmentless lady of the last great gift.
 Who will give me back my lost limbs
 and my lost white fearless breast
 and set me again on moon remembering feet, a healed
 whole man, O moon,
 Lady of the last house down the long long streets of the stars
 be good to me now, as I beg you, as you have always been good
 to men
 Who begged to you and gave you homage
 and watched for your glistening feet down the garden path . . .

This is from his "Last Poems." Some more lines from the same volume will show how intense are his moon poems.

And who has not seen the moon
 Who has not seen her rise out of the chamber of deep
 flushed and grand and naked . . .
 seen her rise and throw
 confusion of delight upon the wave
 littering the wave with her own superscription
 of bliss, till all her lambent beauty shakes towards us,
 spread out.

All through these moon poems we find that the words are surcharged with passion, the passion, as if, for some human being; but the passion has a sense of reverence, a spirit of homage.

The word "complex" of late has become unfortunately hackneyed, and trite. But for once I would have to borrow it. Lawrence suffered from the "projection" complex. We all love those things in later life which revive the memory of things which made a deep impression in our childhood. We love our parents in childhood. In later life generally we love those people most who have some resemblance with our parents. It is a wise parent who leaves fussing over the child after it has attained the age of puberty. All parents, however, are not remarkable for their wisdom. They forget that the child has an individuality, and has finally to face the world alone. Lawrence's mother was such a parent. All her love which should have gone to her husband was focussed on her understanding and nervous child.

A deep impression of the delicate and tender mother was engraved on his self. When she died there was a huge void in his life. He never could enshrine another image there. Perhaps the life of Lawrence would not have been so tragic if his mother had not loved him so intensely. Perhaps the case of Lawrence becomes a little more clear if we take the example of another genius, Nietzsche. Nietzsche was a devoted son. He adored his mother with the devotion of a strong man. Still he says "Thou goest to woman, take along thy whip with thee." "God, that she is necessary," cries Lawrence in despair.

It is an irony of fate that these two who worshipped their mothers should speak harshly of woman. They were obsessed by the "projection" complex. The reason becomes clear if we ponder over it a little. Nietzsche or Lawrence did not hate all women. Lawrence says:

I learned it all from Eve,
The warm dumb wisdom
She is a quicker instructress than years
She has quickened my pulse to receive
Strange throbs beyond laughter and tears.

In his last poems he says "any lovely and generous woman at her best and most beautiful is God."

What is the reason of the apparent cruelty in some of his poems? Both Nietzsche and Lawrence suffered from the projection complex. They sought the mother in woman and they found the Eve. Even in the poems quoted there is an emphasis on the warmth and generosity of woman, that maternal quality where the weak man finds his last haven. Nietzsche and Lawrence were both physically weak, one was a cripple, the other a weakling who died of consumption. To them mere physical union could not have been a bliss. They wanted a greater union, the union of the soul, when one is merely the projection of another, the type of union which is perhaps possible only between mother and son, in fact a mystic union impossible on this earth.

You are the call I am the answer
 You are the wish I am the fulfilment
 You are the night I am the day.

This is not a physical union. It is a complete absorption. He sought this; he found sex which he perhaps feared, but with which he was fascinated.

This is Lawrence's tragedy. He wanted that passionate maternal warmth. He never found it. He becomes bitter and we find a change in his poetry.

In the early Lawrence there is a good deal of Keats. Sometimes we get the same languid melancholy in his poems. But this bitterness enters his soul. It pierces him like a shaft of steel. We see the sentimentality of the earlier poet changing into a love of the powerful and the rough. He was his mother's son but his father's seed. A gang of labourers on the piled wet timber that shines blood-red near the railway siding enchants him. He sees the red gold spools of the hand, the happy faces who live in their work, as if, they were having a happy game. The father in him becomes more powerful. The words "red," "gash," "blood" become more frequent. The words "fire," "flame" and "wild" become even more common.

His was the hectic temperament of the criminal. We feel bewildered with his morbid mind. His poetry pours out all his pent up feelings. It is like a volcano hurling out lava. The outflowing lava saves the mountain from bursting into fragments. Art is a safety valve for one's pent-up emotions. Art saves Lawrence from insanity. Poetry snatched him away from the gallows.

This cruel quality makes him so revolting yet so fascinating. It converts a good deal of his later poems into mere erotic sex poems. The poems that deal with the tortoise have a gross sensuality, repulsive and brutal. It is the nadir of sensuality. One feels that Lawrence loathes these reptiles, screaming painfully. He wrote poems of hatred too. To Miriam he says

So I failed to give you the last
Fine torture you did deserve.

He is fascinated with cruelty: he was growing into a sadist.

I should have been cruel enough to bring
You through the flame.

Sadists are lustful, disbalanced creatures. Lawrence had become one. The excess of lust and cruelty has an obvious reason. If we read the poems carefully we find that they tell the sad tale of Lawrence. His poems can be divided under certain heads: Poems of pure beauty, generally the earliest; Poems of lust and cruelty, generally of the middle period; and Poems of Reconciliation, the last poems.

This shows a growing temperament. Let us take some facts from the poems themselves. Lawrence felt the first serious impulse of youth when he was twenty-one. He wrote the *Virgin Youth*. After that he knew woman. He was unsatisfied. In vain he sought the maternal quality in women. Still he was a youth, he had hopes. One day he would find one who would be the "mistress and mother of his body." He could not realise this in his experiences. The lustful nature that he had inherited from his father, which was hitherto latent in him, or had given very feeble evidence of its presence, burst forth. He revelled in it. However, there was nature with its harsh judgment. Lawrence became weak, perhaps caught the germs of consumption. His vitality was ebbing away. But the desire remained. His mind was obsessed. His desires lashed him with greater fury. And so his poems have too much of lust in them.

One can pursue the point further. The man incapable of performing the physical requisites of life, becomes perverted, becomes effeminate. Lawrence is particularly so in the poem *The Man Who Died* and a few other poems. The very title is significant. And then he says:

No tree in bloom
But it leaned you
A white bosom.

Now he cannot see this, he cries in despair :

Now I am trodden to earth *my fires are low*
 Now I am broken down like a plant in water.

Elsewhere he tries to avoid the gaze of woman.

Is there no hope far away from your sight

A thing that a physically useless man feels most. Later on many poems are absolutely unquotable. The earlier poems are mild. What one wonders is how some of these later poems were ever published. Not only are they foolishly obscene, but some of them are poetically worthless :

The proper way to eat a fig in society
 Is to split it into four, holding it by the stem
 So that it is a glittering, rosy moist, honied, heavy
 petalled flower.

The first two lines are poetically worthless. The third line might have been poetic, but too many adjectives have spoiled the fig and killed the poetry. A few lines later we find the neurotic. Here is no half-hearted compromise. Lawrence wants to call a spade a spade, and what is worse, searches out spades or imagines spades where no such exist, merely, for the pleasure of calling them so. The fig to him is symbolic :

As you see it standing growing you feel at once it is symbolic
 And it seems male.

But when you come to know it better you agree with the Romans, it is female. The demon is in his element. The poem is unquotable.

His later poetry has a wider choice of subjects. Fruits, trees, flowers, the evangelic beasts, (St. Mark, Matthew, Luke and John) creatures, reptiles, animals, birds, bats, ghosts—all of them come under this singular poetic treatment. Among the animals Lawrence is attracted most by the he-goat. It is his savage fighting nature. This primitive quality of pugnacity works always as a charm on Lawrence.

The he-goat will

Turn with a start, to fight to challenge to suddenly butt
 And then you see the god that he is, in a cloud of black hair
 And storm lightning slitted eye,
 Splendidly planting his feet.

He admires the he-goat's egoism who stands at the highest peak "like the devil" and looks at his own. He has a contempt for the she-goat. She is not active. She "smiles with goaty munch mouth, Monna Lisa like."

The love for the strong is a characteristic of Lawrence. He cannot countenance passivity. He is a believer in the superman.

There are too many people on earth,
 Insipid, unsalted, rabbitly endlessly hopping
 They nibble the face of the earth to a desert.

He came from the people. He loved them, yet he knew that a large number of them are useless, a drag on society. It is cruel perhaps, but the question of over-population is vexing us all and we know that useless people are born not only amongst the common people but they are perhaps more common in the very highest class of society.

This belief in the idea of the superman creates a great gap in the work of Lawrence. Childhood has not fascinated him. The few references that we have have more to do with the boredom of the poet, who sat at the table watching little children adding little sums, than with the children themselves.

The fact is that for a believer in the doctrine of the superman the child is not a unit by himself. He is part of an organism, a link in a long chain. Man is the higher being. Manhood is the ultimate end of childhood. "For the clear and fearless man is God"

The last poems of Lawrence stand apart. They are the last message of a dying genius. The demon has been exorcised. He appears no more. Some of the poems are mere jottings. Lawrence might have converted them into poems of some shape; perhaps he was satisfied with their form, he was not writing poems in the conventional sense. These are the whispers that a silent soul catches from the mysterious beyond. At times the voice is confused, at times bald and stark, but magnificent in its naked beauty.

It is a spiritualised Lawrence. The most important poem is the *Ship of Death*. Perhaps Lawrence planned it to be a longer poem. It is the swan song of a soul nearing its haven after having been tossed on fiery seas. The idea of solitude grips the poet, it recurs again in these poems.

There is not beside holy silence
 and

Only in sheer oblivion are we one with God
 For when we know in full we have left off knowing.

' We are dying we are dying we are dying
 and nothing will stay the death flood arising in us
 soon it will rise on the world on the outside world.
 There is no port there is nowhere to go
 only the deepening blackness darkening still
 Blacker upon the soundless ungurgling flood.
 Ah wait wait for there is the dawn
 The cruel dawn of coming back to life
 out of oblivion.

The poems are very pessimistic. Again he says

Come holy silence come
 great bride of all creation
 come holy silence reach reach
 from the presence of God and envelop us.

Lawrence wants to escape the din and the bustle of the world. He is tired with the mechanical age. He knows man is creating his master in the shape of the machine. These poems are the warning of one whose spirit is bruised, who is in despair because of the rush of the modern mechanical life.

Lawrence realised as all thoughtful people realise that there is no end to the desire of man, the inventor of machines. The machines are usurping our place, the mechanised man is cramping our soul :

“ the iron has entered our soul ”

and from the lips of the people we hear mechanical noises in place of speech. The machines will be the cause of the end of man. We, the slaves of machines, will have to bear a worse fate than the slaves of an Arab sheik :

The robot is the unit of evil.

He wants the people, the human beings :

The golden fields of people
 all moving into flowers;

and he hopes for the men who will be the wild roses of England

And will have metal thorns.

The language of these poems has changed. It is more austere. It has more massivity and it is more simple; the images are few, but they have the power of a bass note. They strike deeper, they give a broader vision. They act like the few colour splashes from Turner's brush.

These poems are the soul's song. They are a bulwark against effeminacy, against decadence, against mere refinement. In itself it is no sin to love delicacy and refinement, but when delicacy is supposed to be real beauty, and vigour is thought as something barbarous, when all other considerations are subordinated to polish and finish, art becomes effete; it dies for it lacks blood. Delicacy in art satisfies the mind, it seldom goes further, it never sways the soul.

An instance may be taken from two poets, Pope and Browning. No more refined poet than Pope exists in English. Few surpass him in delicacy of touch, the polish of his verses is absolutely dazzling. Before him Browning appears faulty and boorish. Yet when we compare the two, the refinement of Pope seems artificial, and his delicacy changes into effeminacy. In the history of art we find this repeated again and again. The extraordinary insistence on refinement in Moghul art in the time of Shahjahan acted like a lancet and drew forth its life blood, and culminated in the album of Dara. The vigour of Moghul art was gone, what remained was a mannerism, a shadow. For this reason the poetry of Lawrence has a greater value for the future—its massivity of emotion lifts us out of the rut. It gives us confidence.

Unfortunately my treatment of the last poems has been very sketchy. I have not touched on Lawrence as a writer of free verse. His emotions were too intense, in his later stage, to be circumscribed within the narrow space of rhyme and metre. It was like an avalanche breaking through all barriers. It found its best expression in free verse.

We have made a very casual survey of Lawrence's poetry. Yet we may have partial glimpses of the man whose confessions these poems are, because we feel a strange lonely personality behind them—a mixture of opposites, an extremely complex personality, trying to reveal itself. We feel that words are an inadequate medium; Lawrence writes with his pen dipped in his heart's blood, yet the strength of his passion cannot be conveyed through them. We only catch outlines of the real figure

Universities in India can be satisfied with the present state of affairs, or assert that the Universities are doing all that in a free country and in a normal state of affairs would be expected of them. But the major sin which is to-day being laid at the door of the Universities—middle-class unemployment—is certainly not of their making. Unemployment is obviously due to the fact that our country suffers from the handicap of over-population and an excessively high birth-rate, from a state of economic adjustment that has meant the steady impoverishment of the land, from the fact that certain avenues of employment are closed to the children of the land. The politician, before he accuses the Universities, should attempt to educate public opinion regarding these shortcomings, and thus create openings for the steadily growing middle-class of our country. But this part of the question, as I have said before, is one that I am not going to deal with; in the words that have fallen from the lips of my friend and colleague, Prof. Amaranatha Jha, we shall all find a sufficiently thorough discussion of this aspect of the matter.

It is with the second group of criticisms that I am really concerned. Let me state frankly what I feel: with this group of critics I feel that I am largely in accord myself. The fact that for over a dozen years I have been teaching in one of the best known Universities of India does not in any way clash with this feeling. We in the Universities, as also elsewhere, know that we are far removed from perfection, but in our humble way, we also claim to be idealists who must strive after perfection. And when one knows, as all teachers of the Universities of India know to their cost, how far indeed from "autonomy" they are, I feel that it is no small honour to our profession that we should yet remain idealists at all!

It is regarding a point usually not brought out by the second group of critics that I desire to speak today. These critics have not merely been cordial and sympathetic in their attitude, they have often been rightly and severely critical of what they think are our faults. I do not at all want to criticise their point of view, I only desire to point out in all friendliness, and as a humble fellow-worker, what are some of the difficulties implicit in the new position that they would have us to adopt. Let me take a concrete example. His Highness the Nawab of Bhopal, delivering the Convocation address (1935) at the University of Allahabad, took the opportunity of pointing out to his audience that much though he admired the work of the University—of which he is an *alumnus*—he could not see eye to eye with the educational policy of a

University that made an Indian student "know more about Chaucer and Tennyson than about Kalidas and Ghalib" . . . ; "all this," he went on to add, "must be changed" before our Universities could claim to have a national value at all. Very weighty words these. And the attitude of the speaker—so measured, so cordial and sincere—gave to his words a weight and dignity that mere carping criticism can never have This is precisely what all sincere lovers of our country and culture would like to see established. And yet it seems to me there is a certain amount of haziness and confusion implicit in even this position. It is, I feel, now generally accepted that an Indian student ought to know something about his own culture and literature; and the exclusive devotion of our time and attention to Chaucer and Tennyson is already beginning to sound quite absurd to the ears of some of our educationists.

But if we are not going to devote our time exclusively to Chaucer and Tennyson, and formulate our ideas about their merits and the values of poetry in the pages of Bradley or Skeat or Stopford Brooke and the tribe of English critics, how are we to read our own poets simultaneously with the English, and by what standards must we judge our own writers, "our Kalidas and Ghalib"? And is there not an inherent weakness in the position of our speaker, who would couple "Kalidas and Ghalib" together? How are these two writers, separated as they are by more than ten centuries, belonging to two races and two cultures, and writing in languages as different as Latin and Dutch, how is it possible that these writers should be read and appreciated, evidently in the languages that they respectively used, by the self-same student? And if, as the lecturer has tacitly accepted, he is to do this over and above his having to acquire a working knowledge of English—albeit of English language, not of English literature—are not we gaily moving forward to a dangerous situation? Is not this, as the cynical Teufelsdröck observed, the luxury of being hung in a silken, instead of in a commonplace, hempen halter?

Leaving apart this aspect of the question, which I consider to be of primary importance, there is another to which I should like to direct the attention of our critics. It is the formulation of a "scale of values," by which one is to judge and appreciate the merits of the various branches of world-literature—Western and Eastern—with which one is bound to come in contact, or make one's personal estimate of the thought of various countries. What shall be this "scale of values," and how are we to help our students in framing one for their own use?

Let me detain you for a few minutes in telling those of you who are younger than I, something about our own mental background, its growth and development. I am speaking of the years of the War. Let me remind you that I am speaking of the old Allahabad University which had at that time sole jurisdiction over an area covering almost a third of the total expanse of the Indian Empire! It prescribed the standards of education, and directly or indirectly created the "scale of values" by which the mind of the people of that generation was swayed. As I shall take occasion to point out this scale was not uniformly accepted, there were variations and clearly marked ones at that, obtaining amongst the men whose business it was to formulate such a scale. For instance in the Government Colleges, where the I.E.S. people then reigned in undisturbed content, the attitude that was most commonly in evidence was largely what to-day would be called the 'Victorian point of view,' the ideal held out was that of the English 'gentleman'—as portrayed by Tennyson in his 'Arthurian'! The core of this attitude might be summed up in the following words: Forget your own past, it was a shameful affair; acknowledge the inherent superiority of the white man; accept his guidance without question or demur; and strive to reach the ideal imposed in turn on him by his teachers: the worship of good form and the distrust of intellectuality. A special feature—doubtless in recognition of the peculiar inhibitions of the Indian mind—was the complete blotting out of all reference to spiritual and religious values on the one hand, to politics on the other. To think and speak of religion when one was a member of the I.E.S. was as much out of place as at a Disarmament Conference; to speak of politics was to savour of unpardonable sin.*

A second group of foreign educationists, the Missionaries, at that time a power in the land, tried to bring about a synthesis between the ideal of the English "gentleman", à la Tennyson, and the spirit of the Gospels, and created a peculiar eidolon of their own, which they set up for the admiration and emulation of Indian students. As for the few institutions that were purely Indian, with the exception of one or two that were forced to move away into the outer darkness (such as the famous centres at Shanti-Niketan or at Hardwar), the rest were content to adopt an uneasily poised eclecticism as their ideal.

As if the young seeker after truth were not already sufficiently non-

* There were notable exceptions, but the general attitude was marked by its intolerance and superiority."

plussed by the problem facing him, *viz.*, how to synthesise these widely disparate elements, there had recently come into the field another group of writers and thinkers, who proclaimed their own gospel and cried out their own slogans. These leaders were the ones who took the world of Indian youth by storm: their names became the object of an almost ecstatic worship. Mrs. Besant, Aravinda Ghosh, and Lokmanya Tilak, then leaders, got an entirely different hearing from the large majority of Indian students between the years 1910—1920. To mention only two of them, is enough for my purpose. When Tilak's "Gitarahasya" was translated into Hindi in 1916, we felt as if a new light had been revealed. To the Hindu youth of these Provinces, this book, with its insistence on an energetic Hinduism, its curt and brusque rejection of the lackadaisical gentility and "white-man superiority" of the I.E.S., its insistence on first principles, and its abhorrence of expediency, all this came in the nature of a revelation. Not everybody read Tilak's book, or Mrs. Besant's translation of the Gita, which had appeared many years earlier; but "a small and honourable minority," to quote Thomas Hardy's words, did; and the book became the subject of protracted discussion. I speak from personal recollection and experience when I say that in the years 1917—20, few books were able to make so deep an impression on our minds as this. The brand of "nationalism" advocated by Mrs. Besant and Tilak was not purely a political matter, it desired to overspread the whole surface of the experience of Indian youth, and to a large extent it succeeded.

Here then was a parlous state of affairs! Middle-class Victorianism, shorn of its moral and religious aspects; missionary prestidigitation attempting to fuse the Kingdom of Heaven and the British Empire into one unit, "one entire and perfect chrysolite," and enunciate a body of ideals that would hold true in both worlds; retrogressive or conservative glorification of the past; eclecticism and the rising tide of new nationalism! Here truly was such a maze presented to the young Indian student, that it was absolutely no shame to him that he should not have been able to frame his own "scale of values."

This was how things stood during the fateful years 1910—1920. The War, which levelled so many things, and forced men to remould them, not always 'nearer to the heart's desire,' did succeed in knocking down quite a few of the false idols that we had worshipped unquestioningly. It forced, first of all, the generation preceding ours to give up their pontificality, their constant repetition of the Victorian liberal's formula: "this is the best of all possible worlds"; it made the

young generation of 1910—my generation—realise with a shock that our elders had been unconsciously humbugging themselves; it made European civilisation to which we used to look as if it were a second Pisgah sight, take the appearance of one of the visions of the “Inferno.” It forced the Westernists—to use a phrase familiar to every reader of Tolstoy and Turgeniev—to realise how grossly absurd their valuation of their own culture had been, and on how slender a basis they had accepted Western theories. The change of front in such great and representative Indians as C. R. Das and Jawahar Lal Nehru can only be fully understood when we remember the disillusionment through which they had to pass.

Since the close of the War things have moved on very fast in India. But there is yet nothing before us to make us feel that the youth of India is today any more competent to frame a ‘scale of values’ than we had been in our own turn, a generation earlier. Two or three notions however force themselves on to all those who have to spend their time in the midst of the Indian youth of today.

1. The extreme bitterness and dejection which often marks Indian youth; its despair, and unwillingness to believe in any such futility as a ‘scale of values.’ This distress is not to be misprised or disdained: “it is,” as I heard Rabindranath Tagore say to a colleague of mine in reply to a question, “welcome, it shows that Indian youth is not dead!”

2. The coming of a new mood, not merely the old glorification of the past, but a determination to work for the future, observable in another section of Indian youth; to work in the field of politics and religion, of science and of art. This mood is often allied to a certain narrow and strident nationalism; but it is a nationalism striving for a full and independent future.

3. The deliberate acceptance of theories which are entirely non-Indian in outlook, and stand for an entirely different “scale of values”: Socialism, Communism, and its concomitants, a faith in autocracy and dictatorship.

It is in this state of affairs that the teachers and students of the Universities of our provinces, and surely also of other parts of India, find themselves today. What are we going to do, what ideals are we going to formulate, how are we going to construct our new scale of values?

A distinguished modern poet and critic, T. S. Eliot, startled the English-speaking world some years ago by publicly declaring that in this world of flux he was going to direct himself by three

' norms ': (1) monarchism in politics, (2) classicism in literature, and (3) Anglo-Catholicism in religion. Taking this as our text, what must we of the Universities of India uphold today for the acceptance of our students, the most valuable of India's assets, her youth? Will it be sufficient if we continue to say, as our teachers did before us, "Our norms are: (1) Opportunism and sycophancy in politics, (2) Victorianism in literature, (3) Indifferentism in religion"? or following the modern politician announce that our watchwords will be "(1) Communalism in politics, (2) Sectionalism in literature, and (3) Formal orthodoxy in the world of religion"?

Whatever the scale of values that comes to the forefront, and I claim that we of the Universities must take our stand, and attempt to formulate one for ourselves; the one thing I am certain of is that Eclecticism, and mere imitation of Occidental notions are done for. We shall have to construct a scale for ourselves, and here it will be to our past heritage, not to the indeterminate chaos of "our Kalidas and Ghalib," but to our classical literatures studied in their proper perspectives that we shall perforce have to turn. It is only in such literatures as Sanskrit and Persian that we shall find the material to enable us to build a shrine for ourselves anew.

Our duty at the Universities is twofold: (1) We must arrange to include in our completely secular educational scheme religion and religious teaching as an indispensable element, and insist on every Indian student coming in contact with the central truths of his own religion; and emphasise the value of a philosophical training for those of us at least who have not had the benefit of classical studies; and (2) *at a later stage*, to widen the student's outlook by making it possible for him to make himself familiar with the main currents of modern European, as opposed to English, literature and thought. I hope I shall not be considered guilty of mere paradoxicality when I say that in order that we might be able to stand on our own feet, and judge Indian and European thought and culture by referring to our scale of values, it is necessary for us to absorb more deeply the spiritual inheritance that we have so long foolishly spurned: and to render it more elastic and more tolerant by getting our minds freed of the dangers of an exclusively English outlook when we seek contact with the Occident. This does not mean that I advocate that every student should read Persian or Sanskrit, and French or German, in addition to English; I have too long been a pedagogue myself to put forward so monstrous a proposal. But for "a small and honourable minority," such an attitude may not be impossible;

three languages : a classical language, English, and a modern European tongue. All these are not to be read as literatures, only two of them need be done from the point of view of literature. It may then be possible for the generation that will direct Indian affairs round about 1950 to move on to a clarification of its own ideas, to formulate its own point of view with regard to the basic problems of life; and to take its share in the direction of international affairs. Above all, this will do away with mere eclecticism and indifferentism : and that is in itself a very great thing. I am reminded at this moment of the great words that the younger Dumas addressed to his youthful compatriots on the morning after the débâcle at Sedan : " Prends garde, tu traverses des temps difficiles . . . Tu viens de payer cher, elles ne sont même pas encore toutes payées, tes fautes d' autrefois. Il ne s'agit plus d'être spirituel, léger, libertin, railleur, sceptique et folâtre; en voilà assez pour quelque temps au moins. Le Dieu, la nature, le travail, le mariage, l'amour, l'enfant, tout cela est sérieux, très sérieux, et se dresse devant toi. Il faut que tout cela vive ou que tu meures."* It is in some such chastened spirit that we, who also have not infrequently been " spirituel, léger, . . . railleur " in our ways, must today face the unpleasant reality, and set about to build our theories, and to help our own disciples.

* Preface to " La Femme de Claude " : " Take care, you are living in difficult times . . . You will have to pay dearly, you have not yet fully paid for your sins in the past. It will not do for you to be witty, frivolous, freethinking, mocking, sceptical, and gay any more; enough of these ways for some time to come, at least. God, nature, work, marriage, love, and the child, these are all serious things, very serious, and all these face you. Either they must live, or you must perish."

RECORD OF WORK (1927—38)

Summaries of Papers

The proposal for opening a branch of the English Association, to be called the U.P. Branch, with its centre at Allahabad, came originally from Prof. Seshadri, who was then on the staff of the Benares Hindu University. At a preliminary meeting held on the 23rd of March, 1925, under the Presidentship of Prof. Dunn, it was decided that the authorities of the English Association should be approached. Prof. Dunn was unanimously elected President, and Mr. S. C. Deb was appointed Provisional Secretary. Mr. Deb sent round circulars to Prof. Seshadri at Benares, to the Rev. Canon A. W. Davies at Agra, to Profs. A. C. Mukerji and Amaranatha Jha at Allahabad, and to one or two other influential persons who had promised their support. He personally interviewed a number of people, but the response was very poor, as people said that they were unwilling to join our Branch until they came to know the actual programme of the Association.

Prof. Seshadri had given the Provisional Secretary to understand that formal recognition as a Branch could only take place when at least twenty members had been enrolled; and also that the Association's year ran from October 1st to September 30th. Mr. Deb tried to enrol twenty members at Allahabad, but was unable to get more than fifteen people to give their consent, and during the months that elapsed between April 1925 and March 1926, hardly any work was done, as both Canon Davies and Prof. Seshadri were unable to send in any other names to the Provisional Secretary.

When Prof. Dunn went home during the summer vacation of the year 1926, the Provisional Secretary wrote to him requesting him to interview the Secretary of the English Association, Mr. A. V. Houghton, personally. Prof. Dunn very kindly accepted this proposal, and went and saw Mr. Houghton before returning to Allahabad. He was assured by the latter that there would be no difficulty whatsoever in our getting recognised as a Branch of the Association, and that there was no prescribed minimum number of members necessary to enable us to call ourselves a Branch. Mr. Houghton assured Prof. Dunn that as soon as he received a letter from Allahabad, he would ask the Executive Committee of the Association to give us formal recognition. Also

that the year of the English Association ran from the 1st of January, and not from the 1st of October, every year. Mr. Deb, on hearing from Prof. Dunn, immediately wrote to Mr. Houghton, but because of some trouble in the post, Mr. Houghton sent back a reply saying that the Executive Committee of the English Association had formally recognised our Branch as the U.P. Branch of the English Association, only late in January 1927.

1927

The Inaugural Meeting of the U.P. Branch was, therefore, held on the 11th of March, 1927. Prof. Dunn was elected the President, and Mr. S. C. Deb the Honorary Secretary of the Branch. Prof. Dunn read on this occasion an "Inaugural Address" on "The teaching of English in Indian Universities" (included in this volume). No other meeting could be held during the year, as the Honorary Secretary fell seriously ill in the latter part of the year.

1928

In the year 1928 three meetings were held; the first being held on the 25th of January, when Prof. Dunn read a paper on "The Metaphysical Basis of Wordsworth's poetry." This paper has been later on included in one of the volumes of "Essays and Studies" brought out by the English Association. Prof. Dunn pointed out in his paper that he differed from Prof. Garrod's notion that Wordsworth was a "sensationalist," because a great deal of Wordsworth's poetry showed that he gave the human soul an equal part in the act of perception. He traced some of the central notions of Wordsworth to Sir Isaac Newton, especially the idea of "an active principle" [Bk. IX, The Excursion], he said, was almost certainly taken by the poet from Newton's pages. He quoted extracts from the poems, and the works of Newton to prove his theory.

On the 14th of March, Mr. N. C. Mukerji (Philosophy Deptt.) gave an address entitled "Two Wordsworths or one?" The speaker dwelt at some length on the problems raised by Prof. Dunn in the previous lecture, and tried to show that the poet of the years 1798—1808 was not guilty of such a change of front as recent critics ascribed to him, and that he developed into the writer of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" in a normal way.

On the 13th of April at the Annual Meeting, Prof. Dunn and Mr. S. C. Deb were re-elected President and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. Deb proposed that a Joint Secretary should be elected, in order to carry on the work of the Branch in case of emergency. Mr. L. D. Gupta was elected Joint Secretary.

The same evening Mr. Deb read a paper on "The sentiment of Nature in the work of Thomas Hardy." No other meeting could be held during the year.

Jan. 1929— Work during these two years was very irregular.

April 1931 The only papers read were the following: Mr. D. Ojha, "English and Persian mystical poets, a critical appreciation of their points of view," Prof. Seshadri, "Some English poets and India," and Mr. P. E. Dustoor, "The Mediaeval Legends of Adam and Eve." At the Annual Meeting held on the 8th of April, 1929, Messrs. Deb and Gupta were re-elected Hony. Secretary and Joint Secretary respectively; Prof. Dunn, who was re-elected President, resigned from the University shortly after. A farewell meeting was held in his honour on the 14th of April, 1930. When the University reopened in July 1930, conditions were so disturbed for a few months, because of the picketing and political meetings, that normal work became impossible. No meetings could be held at all between July 1930 and May 1931.

On the 8th of April 1931, a special meeting was, therefore, convened by the Hony. Secretary, to discuss whether it would be possible to continue the work of the Branch at all, in the circumstances in which we found ourselves placed. In the absence of Prof. Jha, the Hony. Secretary was asked to take the chair. The following resolutions were unanimously passed:—

- (i) A few meetings of the Association should be held every year where topics of *general interest* should be discussed, or papers other than those embodying research work should be read.
- (ii) In future, the Hony. Secretary should invite post-graduate students to be present, and

join the discussions, if possible, at all other meetings than business meetings.

- (iii) A new circular embodying the aims and objects of the Association be drafted and sent to teachers of English on the staff of the Intermediate Colleges of the Province, and the Hony. Secretary should try to enlist distinguished citizens as members.
- (iv) A Bulletin giving a synopsis of the work done during the past four years be published, if funds permitted.
- (v) The Branch thankfully accepted the offer made by the Editor of the *University Magazine* to help it in publishing such a Bulletin.
- (vi) The Head of the English Department of the University of Allahabad be ex-officio President of the U.P. Branch of the English Association.

May 1931— A programme of work was also discussed and
Dec. 1931 accepted tentatively.

The Annual Meeting of the U.P. Branch was held on the 3rd of May, 1931. The outgoing office-bearers were re-elected, and Prof. Jha was elected President of the Local Branch.

On the 26th of August, Prof. Jha read a paper on "The Poetry of Rudyard Kipling." The paper has been included in this volume.

On the 16th of December, Mr. S. C. Deb read a paper on "The need of teaching Modern Continental Literatures in the Universities of India."

1932

On the 6th of January, 1932, Mr. P. E. Dustoor read a paper entitled "Some mediaeval side-lights on Milton." The paper, a continuation of the first one read in 1929, has been included in this volume; and was, later on, incorporated in Mr. Dustoor's thesis.

On the 4th of February, Mr. Bhawani Shankar read a paper on "Modern English Poetry, (1890—1930)." This was the starting point of a series of essays and papers, which the writer later on revised and brought out in the shape of a study, entitled "Modern English

Poetry." The volume has been reviewed in the official organ of the English Association this year. (January, 1938).

On the 24th of February, Mr. Bhagwat Dayal lectured on "English as she is spoke." As the paper could not be read in full on the first day the lecturer was requested by the Hony. Secretary to address the house at an adjourned meeting. This was subsequently held on the 24th of February. The lecturer made out a very exhaustive list of English words commonly mispronounced by our students. He informed the house that he would try to make a further attempt in this direction later on.

On the 10th of March, Mr. K. W. S. Jardine read a paper on "The Testament of Beauty" by Robert Bridges. The lecturer analysed the poem section by section, and pointed out that Bridge's poem was not merely an epitome of modern thought, but aimed at showing the persistence of the quest after Beauty in all ages of human history.

On the 27th of October, Mr. Ojha read a paper on "Romance, Romanticism, Mysticism." The lecturer quoted extensively from English and Persian lyric poets, in order to show that the central feature of these notions was love; it was to be met with in its crudest form in Romance, that the intellectualisation of Beauty led to Romanticism, and the discovery of a spiritual passion was the last and culminating point of the series, and was to be found in the mystic poets of England and Persia.

1933

On the 17th of January, 1933, Mr. Raghupati Sahai gave an address on "The Lyric Tradition in Urdu; some points of contrast with English." The speaker showed how Urdu poetry inherited its traditions, conventions, and symbols from Persian, but even then Urdu poetry had never become restricted in its appeal, as English frequently had. The centre of Urdu lyric poetry was marked by "the feeling of nameless inspiration," whereas the English lyric was, above all, marked by "restlessness and crying." The late Maulana Asghar, himself a distinguished Urdu poet, was present at this meeting and participated in the discussion that followed.

On the 9th of February, an extraordinary meeting of the Local Branch was held, and a resolution expressing the deep sense of regret felt by the House at the demise of Messrs, John Galsworthy and George Saintsbury, both Ex-Presidents of the Association, was passed.

On the 18th of February, Mr. Bhawani Shankar read a paper on "Rupert Brooke." The lecturer discussed Rupert Brooke's poetry in detail, and emphasised the note of protest against Victorian ideals and style to be found therein, and the novelty of his writing as a painter of love and of Nature. He also discussed the war poems that first made Rupert Brooke's name familiar to his generation.

On the 28th of August, Prof. Jha read a paper on "Wilfrid Gibson." The lecturer read a number of poems from Gibson's pages, in order to show that the poet's preoccupation with the sordid and the painful did not mean that he was insensitive to beauty; and to prove that behind the starkness and bareness of his poetry there burned a truly tragic flame.

On the 12th of October, Prof. N. K. Sidhanta (of the University of Lucknow) read a paper on "George Moore." The lecturer tried to estimate the various influences that shaped the work of the novelist, and discussed a few selected works, such as "Esther Waters" and "The Brook Kerith" in order to establish the points he had made. He also attempted to trace the change from the young Naturalist à la Flaubert to the over-mannered aesthete that Moore became in the closing years of his career.

On the 17th of November, Mr. B. Simlai read a paper on "George Crabbe, and the sentimental poets of his time" (1st part). This and the second part of the lecture have been summarised in one of the essays included in this volume.

1934

On the 17th of February, 1934, Mr. R. N. Deb read a paper on "D. H. Lawrence and his poetry." The paper has been included in this volume.

On the 10th of March, a Business Meeting of the Local Branch was held. Quite a number of sug-

gestions were discussed, and the following resolutions passed :—

- (i) A Bulletin summarising the work done in the past seven years should be published, and the sum of Rs. 40 be advanced from the funds of the Local Branch to meet expenses.
- (ii) In future B.A. (Hons.) and M.A. students should not only be invited to be present, but should be allowed to join as Associate Members, on payment of Re. 1 per annum, this would entitle them to join in the discussions of the Local Branch, and to get a copy of the Bulletin, if published, free of charge.
- (iii) Associate members should be encouraged to write papers and join in the discussions held under the auspices of the Local Branch.
- (iv) The Hony. Secretary's proposal that "discussions should be allowed occasionally to take the place of papers, and teachers from local Intermediate Colleges should be invited to participate on such occasions," was accepted only in part; it being felt that prior to allowing teachers of the Local Colleges to participate in the activities of the Branch, they should be invited to meet the members at one or two meetings, and to become members of the Branch themselves.

[Later in the year, the Hony. Secretary extended an invitation as mentioned in terms of the last resolution to teachers of the Local Intermediate Colleges; quite a few joined the Branch for the year, but, later on, allowed their membership to lapse. The response was unsatisfactory. Besides, in the course of the same year, the post-graduate and Honours students of the Department formed a new association of their own, which has since been working, and because of this, there was no other means left open to us of getting an increase in our membership. The inauguration of the new Extension Lectures Scheme in 1934 was also responsible for diverting some of the work that

would otherwise have come to the Local Branch, elsewhere; and it should be noted that since the year 1934, not a few of our members, who had previously been able to do work for the Local Branch regularly, have been unable to find time to help us with their efforts. We need hardly say that though this is a matter for regret, this is an unavoidable state of affairs with such a meagre membership as ours.]

On the 13th of March, Mr. B. Simlai read the second part of his paper on "Crabbe."

On the 28th of March, Mr. N. C. Mukerji (of the Philosophy Deptt.) read a paper on "Plato and the Poets." The lecturer explained that because of a series of misinterpretations, Plato has been taken to have condemned all types of poetry alike, whereas the Plato of the "Dialogues" actually did nothing of the kind. He objected only to *dramatic poets*, who, because of the variety and complexity of their characterisation, often succeeded in baffling, rather than in helping, their readers. The House desired that the problem should be taken up afresh for discussion next session.

On the 3rd of April, Prof. Seshadri spoke on "The Appeal of English Literature to Indian Students." The speaker emphasised that English should not be sacrificed to the present-day demand for the greater use of Indian tongues in Indian Universities. He added that the future of modern Indian literatures would be moulded by the example of English poets and novelists in a large measure.

On the 14th of September, Mr. Ahmad Ali read a paper on "Verse and the allied questions." The lecturer distinguished between verse, prose, and speech-rhythms; and by taking examples from such writers as Donne, Sir Thomas Browne, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot and others, attempted to show that modern verse was often intentionally low-pitched, and modern prose full of verse-rhythm. This lecture has been since printed in the *Allahabad University Studies, 1934* (Vol. XI).

On the 25th of September, Dr. P. E. Dustoor read a paper on "The World of Words." The lecturer selected a

few sets of significant words, and by discussing their semantic history, tried to show how each set marked out one aspect of human life, *e.g.*, man's idealism, or his devotion to political and social questions.

On the 27th of November, Mr. Bhawani Shankar read a paper on "The poetry of Walter de la Mare" (included in this volume).

1935

On the 22nd of February, 1935, Mr. S. C. Deb read a paper on "The sentiment of Nature in the work of George Eliot."

On the 7th of March, the Hon'ble Sir Edward Blunt, Finance Member to the Government of U.P., read a paper on "The development of the English vocabulary" (included in this volume).

On the 18th of March, Dr. P. E. Dustoor read a paper entitled "New Words for Old." This was a continuation of the previous paper read by him on the 25th of September, 1934.

On the 3rd of April, Mr. K. K. Mehrotra read a paper on "Some Critical Sonnets on Shakespeare." The lecturer read a number of sonnets on the Poet, commencing with John Weaver, and Holland, and coming down to such distinguished poets as Matthew Arnold and Meredith. He showed how the early sonneteers had been merely laudatory, how the writers of the XVIII century were inclined to be patronising, how the growth of romantic criticism led to such hyperbole as is to be met with in Swinburne's sonnet, whereas in Arnold and Meredith a really *critical* view was for the first time expressed.

On the 25th of November, Mr. Ahmad Ali read a paper on "The Poetry of T. S. Eliot." He limited himself to discussing only a few features of the poet's work, such as, its new symbols, its love of dream-imagery and its mysticism, and the vain, though persistent, search for a synthesis to be found throughout Mr. Eliot's writings.

1936

On the 10th of January, 1936, Mr. R. N. Deb read his paper on "Negro Poetry." The lecturer quoted extensively from a book of English verse, written largely by American Negroes, to show that the verse produced by

them in an alien tongue was marked by a deep and inexpressible sense of delight in life. Coming from a race that had had so persistently unhappy a career, this was a thing to be specially praised.

On the 4th of February, Mr. R. N. Deb read the second part of his paper on "Negro poetry." He discussed three other aspects of the subject on this occasion, *viz.*, the intensity of religious faith found in Negro poetry, the effect of the Pan-Negro movement on the poets, and the complete difference of outlook between Negro writers and contemporary American and European writers.

1937

On the 7th of April, 1937, Prof. Seshadri read a paper on "The Art of Criticism." The critic, the lecturer said, was as necessary to the world of literature as the creative artist. Prof. Seshadri discussed the theories propounded by writers of the schools of historical, impressionistic, and philosophic criticism, and pointed out that each group of theorists had done much towards establishing principles, and explaining the processes of artistic creation. The business of the student was not to identify himself with any one point of view but to attempt a synthesis of the different notions analysed in the lecture.

On the 18th of September, Dr. P. N. Roy of the Benares Hindu University lectured on "The poetry of Chivalric Love." The lecturer traced the birth of the cult of chivalric love to Provence and discussed the causes that led to the reduction of the passion of love into an abstract feeling among the Troubadours. He also cited some of the problems discussed in the Courts of Love, and showed how the cult later on spread to Italy and Sicily where it bore fruit in the shape of the extensive literature on Platonic love to be found in Italian during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

On the 25th of November, Mr. K. K. Mehrotra read a paper on "Kipling, and 'the bubble reputation'" (included in this volume).

1938

On the 28th of January, 1938, Prof. Desai of the Benares Hindu University read a paper on "The influence of 'Le Lutrin' on English poetry." The lecturer traced the growth of Boileau's reputation, as critic and

poet, in England, and showed how English writers of the mock-heroic school, such as Dryden, (in 'MacFlecknoe'), Garth, (in 'The Dispensary'), and Pope, (in 'The Rape of the Lock') were all indebted to the Frenchman. The lecturer also showed how Boileau's example checked the growth of the burlesque poem, and encouraged the writing of the mock-heroic.

On the 8th of March, Mr. A. Myers of the "Times of India," Bombay, spoke on "Basic English." Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru, Ex-President of the Indian Congress, presided over the meeting. The lecturer tried to make out a case for the adoption and use of "Basic English" in Indian schools. Prof. Jha introduced the two speakers to the audience and the Hon'y. Secretary proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the president at the end of the meeting.

* * * *

In closing this dry and monotonous record of work done by us at Allahabad during the last ten years, a few words regarding the peculiar difficulties and handicaps against which our Branch has had to strive, might not be out of place. Our greatest handicap has been the smallness of our numbers. The membership of our Branch, in spite of repeated efforts on our part, has been and still is very small. It has never risen higher than 40, and in certain years has fallen down as low as 15. This is, indeed, a negligible number when compared with the 500 members of the Sydney Branch! Owing to this, many of our members have had to address our Branch several times. Their kind help is gratefully acknowledged. But when one remembers that they imposed this task on themselves, over and above their daily lecturing and extra-mural duties at the University, one can easily understand that such work could not be claimed as a matter of course.

One must remember too that our Branch has been placed in charge of a very large territory, comprising the whole of these Provinces, and an extensive and indefinable area surrounding it. This fact, which to most people would seem to be a source of strength, has actually been a source of weakness. After all, people went to join a body in

whose deliberations they can actively participate, otherwise, their enthusiasm is bound to cool down some time or other. This has actually been our misfortune. A number of people have in various years joined our Branch, but later on, finding that they could not participate in any of its activities, because they rarely visited Allahabad, let their membership lapse. Unfortunately, though our Province has five University centres, there is no one large town like Bombay or Calcutta or Madras, where a fair number of people, interested in literature and culture, might easily be found outside a University. This has been a great handicap against us. We may, possibly, soon have to reorganise our work at six centres instead of one, *viz.*, Allahabad, Agra, Aligarh, Cawnpore, Lucknow and Benares. These sectional organisations may work together under the U.P. Branch. But this is yet uncertain.

There have been other difficulties. Since its inception our Branch has been closely connected with the English Department of the University of Allahabad. While this has ensured our having a small number of permanent members, and a steady though slender amount of work, it has also been a disadvantage in the sense that our Branch has thus been mistaken for one of those extremely exclusive learned societies that naturally flourish only within the precincts of a University. The papers read at our Branch meetings have probably lent colour to such a supposition. We have never been able to hold discussions and debates of a general nature. All this has succeeded in isolating our group of workers. One of the aims of the English Association is "to unite all those who are interested in English Studies; to bring teachers into contact with one another, and with writers and readers who do not teach; and to induce those who are not themselves engaged in teaching to use their influence in the cause of English as a part of education." We may claim to have succeeded in carrying out the Association's programme in "bringing teachers into contact with one another," in frequently "discussing methods of teaching" English, and even in attempting to carry out

“advanced study in English Literature and language,” but it must be confessed that our efforts to popularise the study of English and appeal to a wider public have met with only very scanty success. Some work of this kind has been successfully done under the auspices of the Faculty of Arts’ Extension Lectures, or by such groups as the Post-graduate English Association, or the members of the Friday Club, but we have not been successful. It seems our Branch must, in the near future, widen its programme so as to include the discussion of literary topics of general interest, and papers of a popular nature. It may then claim to have carried out the programme of the English Association in full.

And lastly we have had to face the vague but widespread and growing feeling in educated Indian circles to-day, which regards all literary studies (and more especially, English) with indifference, if not with a positive sense of antipathy. The growth of this feeling in these Provinces has unfortunately coincided with the inception and working of our Branch. He would be an unwise optimist who would suggest that this mood was only momentary, and would soon pass away. Where it will lead the main current of Indian educated opinion to, has yet to be seen, but we at least shall not have failed in our function if our attempts at combating the growth of such an attitude, succeed in even a small measure, and if by insisting on the claims of literary and cultural studies, we are able to make the public realise their importance.

S. C. DEB,

Hon. Secretary,

U.P. Branch of the English Association.

(1927-38)