NON FICTION

V SEMESTER

III B.A ENGLISH LITERATURE

NAME OF THE STAFF : DR. I ANGELINE PRIYA

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR, DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

HOLY CROSS HOME SCIENCE COLLEGE, THOOTHUKUDI

Unit-I :

Francis Bacon - Of Studies, and Of Friendship

Joseph Addison - Sir Roger at Theatre

Unit-II :

Richard Steele - Sir Roger and the Widow

Oliver Goldsmith - The Man in Black

Unit-III:

Charles Lamb - Dream Children

William Hazlitt - On Disagreeable People

Unit-IV:

A. G. Gardiner - The Fellow Traveller

Robert Lynd - The Money Box

Unit-V :

A. J. Cronin - The Best Investment I ever made.

G. K. Chesterton - The Worship of the Wealthy

Unit – I

Francis Bacon

Francis Bacon is one of the greatest writers of English prose. His earliest work of importance was the Essays. The language is simple, brief and clear. As Bacon says, "his essays are to be chewed and digested". Bacon explains that there are three uses of study. We get three types of benefits from studies. First it gives us delight. In our leisure time and in privacy, we can spend our time reading books, which give us both enjoyment and education. Secondly, reading helps us to speak and communicate with people more efficiently. Thirdly studies help us to deal with our problems of life more effectively. We can make good judgement of matters and issues. Studies help professional experts to deal successfully with particular cases.

2. Study has some disadvantages. Spending too much time reading books will make a man lazy. Another disadvantage is that those who study too much may make a show of their learning. This affectation should be avoided. Again our too much study of books may develop in us a tendency to separate studies from their practical application in day to day life. The scholar should avoid such bad tendencies. This bookish knowledge should be guided by experience of life. Practical experience helps us to apply them to real life situations. There are cunning and crafty people who think that they need not want practical experience of life. Simple people admire book learning. But wise men use studies and apply them to life situations.

3. Bacon prescribes some rules of study. We should not read just to contradict or argue with others. We should not blindly believe whatever we study in the books. We should keep an open mind. Bacon wants lovers of books to use their critical judgement and to evaluate impartially opinions of the authors.

4. According to Bacon, all books are not to be read in the same manner. There are different types of books and Bacon tells us how we may approach each type of book. There are some books to be read in parts, so we may skip through the pages. Some books are to be read completely. But these books need not be studied well. We can read them for our curiosity. But some other books are to be studied carefully and digested, because their form and content are very important and useful for us in our practical life. Again some other books are to be read by deputies because the matter is very little.

5. Now Bacon tells us how studies cure the diseases of our mind. Reading makes a person up-to-date. Every subject has its' own value for the reader. History helps us to enhance our wisdom. Poetry makes us imaginative. Mathematics helps to acquire subtlety. Natural philosophy makes us deep. On the other hand, moral philosophy gives us gravity. Logic and rhetoric promote the power of debate and argument. Thus studies reform our character and make us more civilized. Studies can cure diseases of mind just as physical exercises cure defects of the body. For example bowling is good for kidneys. Shooting for the lungs and walking for digestion. Similarly mathematics is a strong cure for mind wandering. Scholastic philosophy is good for muddle thinking. The study of law is an effective medicine for bad memory.

Of Studies | Francis Bacon | Summary

In this essay Bacon describes the importance of studies in human life. Bacon begins the essay by enlisting three purposes of studies – "to delight, for ornament and for ability." Studies delight most when one is secluded and reposed. Knowledge acquired through studies serve as ornament in a conversation. A well read man will have a good vocabulary and greater knowledge which will increase the worth of a conversation. Studies improve one's judgmental and authoritative abilities. Ordinary men can no doubt go about their daily business without difficulty but a learned man will do so with higher efficiency. Bacon however says that studying too much is a sign of laziness and using too many ornaments while conversing makes one look pretentious. To make judgments only on the basis of rules is the eccentricity of a scholar.

Studies make a man perfect. Studying is not an inborn talent; it is acquired. The natural abilities of man are to be enhanced by studies just like the growth of plants is enhanced by trimming. Studies provide both direction and experience. Practical men often condemn studies but wise men use it. Studies teach man to learn from observation. One must not use knowledge as a means of contradiction or confutation. Studies must also not be used to believe or to take for granted, or to talk and discourse but "to weigh and consider".

Then Bacon speaks about the different ways in which different books are to be read. He says – "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." This means some books are to be perused lightly, that is, tasted while some other books are to be understood and enjoyed, that is, swallowed. On the other hand certain books are to be digested, that it, to fully extract their meaning and implemented in one's life. Therefore some books are to be read only in parts, others are to be read with less curiosity, and some

books are to be read with attention and diligence. Bacon however also says that sometimes it may be enough to read extracts or reviews of books made by others instead of reading the whole book by oneself. But according to Bacon this is to be done only in case of books of less importance. He considers these "distilled books" to distilled waters which he calls "flashy things".

Reading makes a man complete, conversation makes a man quick and witty, and writing improves the memory. If a man writes less he will lack a good memory, if he speaks little he will lack wit and presence of mind, and if he reads less he will not have much knowledge.

A study of history makes a man wise while a study of poetry makes him witty. Mathematics makes a man exact and precise and natural philosophy increases the depth of the mind. Morals make a man grave whereas a study of logic and rhetoric makes him more comprehensive. Studies pass into character. A man's character is influenced and defined by the type of books he reads.

There is no disease of the mind that cannot be cured by proper study. Bowling is good for the bladder and the kidneys, shooting for the lungs and breast, walking for the stomach and riding is good for the head. Similarly mathematics is the remedy for a wandering mind because if a man's mind wanders while solving a problem he will have to begin again. If a man is unable to make distinctions he must study schoolmen and if he is not quick in passing through matters he should study the law. Thus Bacon concludes the essay by establishing that for every deficit of the mind a remedy is to be found in studies.

Analysis

"Of Studies" is one of the most quoted essays of Sir Francis Bacon. He has analyzed the importance of studies; therefore, in this essay, he convinces his readers to know its vitality. He does not only talk about bookish knowledge but also demonstrates the importance of experience; without experience, the studies cannot help a person, means Sir Francis Bacon. Moreover, in his eyes, studies and education are two separate things. However, he agrees that education is the name of studying books and experiences of life. He answers some common questions that arise in every common mind. For instance, he answers why we should read books; what are the impacts of studies in one's life; why study without experience is useless; and many other such like questions.

He elaborates each assertion through either reference or example. Style of the author is simple but his arguments are much effective. Further, he uses concise sentences, similes, and Latin phrases to strengthen his stance.

Three Types of studies in the Eyes of Sir Francis Bacon:

From the very beginning of the essay, Sir Francis Bacon divides studies into three categories; in fact, these three types are benefits of studies. Studies serve three purposes, says Sir Francis Bacon, "delight", "ornament" and "ability". In Bacon's times, the drama was banned; drama may have a moral purpose but it is certainly a source of entertainment. It was forbidden in that era; therefore, people had no other option except to rely upon books; thus, books replaced stage. From that point of view, if we think, then books are the source of entertainment. It may be the reason that Bacon has used the word "delight". From modern views, there are still people in the world, who find delight in books instead of movies and plays.

However, in next lines, he has explained the word "delight" while saying, "their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring". Hence, only words are different but the purpose is same i.e. entertainment.

Ornaments:

The second purpose that studies serve is "ornaments". A person, after learning from books, can present himself in a good manner. Studies also help a person learn etiquettes. His societal impression is improved and he becomes wise in the eyes of people. However, Bacon has used only one word to explain, "ornament" i.e. "discourse". Thereby, studies increase the speaking power of a person but the word "discourse" also needs explanation. It has many meanings; discourse has different types; romantic, professional, religious, motivational, debate etc. Nevertheless, considering in view the worldly approach of the author, he may have used it as a professional speaking power or perhaps, he is talking about impressive discourse in every field of life whether it is profession, religion or romance.

Elaboration of the third purpose of studies, according to Sir Francis Bacon is "judgment and disposition of business". It is somewhat professional. Studies can help a person in dealing with business matters. Thereby, studies support a person in professional life. Sir Francis Bacon has also used the word "judgment" to infer that studies enhance mental eyesight of a person. His vision becomes strong and he takes quick as well as accurate decisions in business matters.

Experience is the Key Factor:

All three purposes are useless without experience, says Bacon. Too much study for "delight" makes a person lazy; ornamentation makes him showcase; similarly, cramming bundle of rules

from books does not increase his ability nor does it help him enhancing his thinking capacity. Everyone has natural abilities and studies make them perfect but along with studies, the experience is also required to gain perfection. It actually improves the mentality of a person. In order to elaborate it further, Bacon uses similes, which are worth mentioning:-

"the natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience."

Sir Francis Bacon

Hence, studies show a person thousands of paths to walk but experience helps choosing the right one. Additionally, different types of men see studies differently; some people do not give studies any value; some appreciate them; but wise are those, who perfectly use them.

Why and What Kind of Books should We Study?

After describing the importance of study, Francis Bacon gives his own opinions, "read….to weigh and consider". A person should not read books to win over a debate or to oppose arguments of others; nor should he read to believe on each and everything written in the book; rather he should study books to know the difference between right and wrong. Moreover, not every book is worth reading. He divides books, too, into three categories; "tasted", "swallowed", and "chewed and digested". "Tasted" books are those, which require no special attention. A reader just needs to go through them; books that come in the category of "swallowed" need a little attention. Category, "Chewed and digested" is self-explanatory. These kinds of books need the full concentration of the readers. Each word and every line should be chewed completely and then digested.

Some Subjects and Their Purposes:

If a person has a habit of reading books then Bacon guarantees improvement in his temperament. If he is used to exchanging dialogues then his wit is going to be enhanced. Above all, if he reads books and then writes down every important suggestion or advice then this method will definitely increase his intellectuality. Francis Bacon, at the end of the essay, creates a list of different subjects and sorts them by their benefits. Here is the list of books and their benefits:-

1. History increases wisdom.
2. Poetry enhances imagination.

3. Mathematics makes a person subtle.
4. Philosophy deepens thinking.
5. Logic and rhetoric help to contend.

Thus, a person needs to study the relevant subject as per his choice or requirement. If he wants wisdom, history can help him. If he wants imaginative powers, his concern should be poetry. Similarly, mathematics, philosophy, and logic serve their specific purposes. In Bacon's eyes, a person can improve himself as much as he can; he just needs to focus. He actually wants to say that, "reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body". With body, the mind also needs exercise; therefore, every person needs to do an exercise of the mind; he can do it by studying books.

Conclusion of "Of Studies" by Sir Francis Bacon:

The whole essay proves the intellectuality of Sir Francis Bacon. It is full of wisdom. Every line, written by the author, is philosophically rich. His philosophy is definitely praiseworthy. Moreover, he is called the father of English prose not only because of his deep philosophy but also because of his writing style. He uses exact words to summarize his viewpoint. He tries to demonstrate his thinking in concise words. This essay is well knitted. There is no denying the fact that "Of Studies" is the pure creation of Sir Francis Bacon. In short, this essay is enough to regard him as the father of English prose.

Of Friendship – by Francis Bacon

IT HAD been hard for him that speak it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, Whatsoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god. For it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred, and aversation towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all, of the divine nature; except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self, for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen; as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: Magna civitas, magna solitudo; because in a great town friends are scattered; so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends; without which the world

is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship, is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings, and suffocations, are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe, how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship, whereof we speak: so great, as they purchase it, many times, at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace, or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them participes curarum; for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants; whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed other likewise to call them in the same manner; using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; for that more men adored the sun rising, than the sun setting. With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest as he set him down in his testament, for heir in remainder, after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him, to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia; this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate, till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him venefica, witch; as if he had enchanted Caesar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as when he consulted with Maecenas, about the marriage of his daughter

Julia, Maecenas took the liberty to tell him, that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life; there was no third way, he had made him so great. With Tiberius Caesar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed, and reckoned, as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, Haec pro amicitia nostra non occultavi; and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship, between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus, in doing affronts to his son; and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words: I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me. Now if these princes had been as a Trajan, or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend, to make it entire; and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten, what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair, and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; Cor ne edito; Eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends, to open themselves unto, are carnnibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man, that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth, of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists use to attribute to their stone, for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image of this, in the ordinary course of nature. For in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action; and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression: and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship, is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests; but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness, and confusion of

thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words: finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles, to the king of Persia, That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure; whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel; (they indeed are best;) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua, or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point, which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, Dry light is ever the best. And certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer, than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused, and drenched, in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel, that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend, and of a flatterer. For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self; and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self, as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health, is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine, sometime too piercing and corrosive. Reading good books of morality, is a little flat and dead. Observing our faults in others, is sometimes improper for our case. But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold, what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them; to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor. As for business, a man may think, if he win, that two eyes see no more than one; or that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or that a man in anger, is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters; or that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm, as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel, is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business, of one man,

and in another business, of another man; it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends, which he hath, that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind; and so cure the disease, and kill the patient. But a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels; they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit; which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part, in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are, which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear, that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, that a friend is another himself; for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times, in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him, and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful, in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations, which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

Summary

Francis Bacon begins "Of Friendship" with an anthropological statement of Aristotle i.e "Whatsoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god."

It is humans' nature that whenever they come across solitude, they act as wild beasts due to 'natural and secret hatred' and 'aversation towards society'. There are however, examples of few men like 'Epimenides the Candian,Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana', all these men tried to sequester themselves for a higher conversation. Bacon calls their attempt 'false and feign' without supporting his argument, he leaves it to the reader's evaluation to decide whether they were 'false and feign' or righteous in their pursuit. Bacon further demonstrates that solitude may also prevails in company; faces may be nothing more than 'a gallery of pictures'; conversation may be 'tinkling cymbal' where there is no love. As a Latin saying clearly supports Bacon's point, "Magna civitas, magna solitude". Great cities are great solitudes.The reason behind this very statement is that in greater cities, friends are scattered and there is no fellowship. Bacon says it is the miserable solitude that compels a person to make friends and a person wills to want true friends without which the world is not other than a place of wilderness.
In second paragraph of his essay, Bacon describes the utilitarian approach of friendship. He elaborates utility of a friend in life.

THE PRINCIPAL FRUIT OF FRIENDSHIP:

The principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce.The diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, so, a true friend helps to unload emotional burden. A person may take 'sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flowers of Sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain' but there is no dose to open the heart except a true friend. A true friend can be utilized to impart griefs,joys,hopes,suspicions,counsels, and whatsoever lies upon heart to suppress it.

In the third paragraph, Bacon tells some bitter realities of friendship. He luminates some examples from the history where friendship took place between emperors and their servants. The rulers rose their servants or subordinatives so high that later on they caused immense inconvenience for them. Those subordinatives knowing the weakness of their royal friends, made attempts to make them their own subordinatives. Firstly, he gives example of L. Sylla, the commander of Rome, who raised the general of his forces, Pompey to great height. Afterwards, Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch.

Brutus had slowly made his way to Ceaser's heart. He was Ceaser's closest confidant and advisor. As a reward of the enduring companionship provided by Brutus, Ceaser in his will had made Brutus his heir after his nephew. Brutus had cast a spell over Ceaser, an influence the latter never suspected as wicked. This was to become Ceaser's nemesis later. Ceaser had all but

dismissed the senate because some ill omen portended a calamity. His wife's deadly dream about an impending danger strengthened Ceaser's desire to do away with the senate. Brutus stepped in at the last moment to prevail upon Ceaser to hold back his decision of discharging the senate until Culpurina (Ceaser's wife) dreamt something better. So great was Brutus's sway on Ceaser that in one of Antonius' letter, mentioned by Cicero in his speech, Antonius has disparagingly called Brutus 'venefica'– a witch, who had 'enchanted' Ceaser for evil designs.

Augustus elevated Agrippa high up in the royal hierarchy despite the latter's mean birth (not from a noble family). Agrippa's clout in the royal court had soared ominously. He was enjoying enviable privilege and power. When Augustus consulted the royal counselor Maecenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, the counselor proffered an awkward advice. He suggested to Augustus to give his daughter in marriage to Agrippa. There was no way anyone else could win her hand with Agrappa around. If this was not agreeable to the emperor, he would have to eliminate Agrippa. There was no third option.

In the same way, Bacon gives some more examples of Tiberius Caesar and Sejanus, Septimius Severus and Plautianus etc. All these men tasted a bitter fruit of friendship.

All the characters described above were not novices. They were not soft-hearted and noble-minded like Trajan, or Marcus Aurelius. In fact, these eminent members of Rome's royalty were hard-nosed pragmatists. They took no major decision relating to governance without enough care, caution and confabulation.

Yet, why did all of them fawn over their friends in such bizarre manner? This is explained by the fact that these powerful persons craved for friendship in their quest for worldly happiness.

Bacon reiterates his contention by saying that all these eminent men had access to all pleasures of life, had families, wealth and power. They failed to draw a line in their relation with their chums. Later, the same adored friends brought them defeat, disaster and even death.

Bacon shares the parable of Pythagoras; Cor ne edito; 'Eat not the heart'. It may seem dark but it is true that those that want friends to open their hearts are killers of their own hearts.

THE FIRST FRUIT OF FRIENDSHIP:

The communication of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects; first, it redoubles his joys and second, it cuts his griefs in halves. Because, there is no doubt when a person imparts his joys to his friends, he joys more than others. However, when he imparts his griefs, they become less. It is a fact that, bodies become healthier upon natural actions such as joy and

happiness. Whereas, they are weakened and become dull on sad and violent impressions, same is the case with the mind.

THE SECOND FRUIT OF FRIENDSHIP:

As the first fruit is for the affections, the second fruit is for understanding of things under different perspectives. It makes ‘daylight in the understanding out of darkness and confusion of thoughts’. Moreover, a friend is undoubtedly, a witty counselor. He helps in different tough circumstances for making a way right out of trouble. Sharing one’s problems with a friend is far more fruitful than a day’s meditation. A friend’s counsel always works when a person himself is not clear with his thoughts. It is need of wisdom to think critically on a situation, hence , two minds can think more excellently than a single one. Bacon says, ‘ the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight’. However, only that friend is legitimate for counsel who is wholly acquainted with a man’s estate. Otherwise, his counsel ‘will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

THE LAST FRUIT OF FRIENDSHIP:

First two fruits helps for peace in the affections and support of the judgement. The last fruit is like pomegranate, full of many kernels. It helps in several ways and has manifold fruits in itself.There is an ancient saying,

‘ A Friend is another himself; for that a friend is far more than himself ’.

There are many things which, a man cannot do himself, and then a friend is an appropriate alternative. Undoubtedly, the death is inevitable, so if a man dies, a true friend is highly suitable to do his unfinished work.

A man owns a single body that is confined to a single place, but where there is friend, ‘ all offices of life are as it were granted to him, and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend’. A man cannot speak to his child except as a father. On the other hand , his friend can fulfill his job in a better way. A man has many proper relations that he does not want to put off. So, a friend can be helpul in handling his public and personal relations.

At the end of this essay, Bacon encloses with a rule, ‘where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage’.

Critical Appreciation

In the opening paragraph, Bacon establishes the importance of friendship by implication when he says "whatsoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." He expands on this theme in the same paragraph by saying that, without friends, the "world is but a wilderness."

Bacon's essay is centered on what he calls the "fruit of friendship," of which there are three, and the first is the ability to get rid of all one's frustrations by having a true friend to listen. Bacon lived in an era when men believed that our bodies were controlled by "humours"--earth, air, fire and water--and if the humours became unbalanced in our bodies, we got sick. Bacon likens the balance of humours in the body to balance in the mind, and one restores balance to the mind by unburdening onself to a friend.

The next section of the essay is a long discussion of friendships and failed friendships in classical Roman history, and then Bacon articulates the "second fruit of friendship," which is the result of discussing one's problems with a sympathetic friends, and in the process of "communicating and discoursing with another," one actually becomes "wiser than himself." But, the second fruit has another half that is just as important, and that is counsel from the friend, which, according to Bacon, is "drier and purer" than the counsel that comes from within oneself.

Bacon compares the third fruit of friendship to a pomegranate, which hundreds of kernels. Bacon argues that there are many things a man cannot do for himself--praise himself (modestly), ask for help--that a friend can do for him with no embarrassment. These are among the many kernels of friendship embodied in the third fruit.

SIR ROGER AT THE THEATRE. Spectator No. 335. Addison.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy [83] with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the 'Committee,'[84] which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school−boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks[85] should be abroad, I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their

hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox−hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain Sentry will make one with us to−morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended.

The Captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the Captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the Captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 'tis to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to

himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood?

Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of?

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, On my word, a notable young baggage! As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.

Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something. As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

Sir Roger at the theatre - Joseph Addison

Summary

The last time sir Roger de coverley and spectator met at the club. Sir Roger decided to see the new tragedy drama with spectator. He didn't seen any drama in the Last 20 years. Last time (20 years back) he saw ,The committee play, was about good church of England comedy. Then Sir Roger asked about Distressed mother play, having heard that the play is about hector widow wife. sir Roger told me, Hector was a brave man; in school days he read about Hector. Sir Roger then wanted to know if there was any chance that the Mohocks might mount them if they arrived late at house, Further he says that one night mohocks followed me half way up Fleet street but escaped from the eyes by dodging and returned home safely. Sir Roger says that If captain sentry makes one tomorrow night with us, I feel safe.

Arrival of Theatre: Captain sentry met spectator and they both arrived sir Roger home. The captain told, sir Roger that he was holding the sword he used in steenkirk's war so don't worry about Mohocks. Now the scene moves to theatre. Sir Roger seated between the spectator and captain sentry, the tragedy play begins; when pyrrhus actor entered the stage, sir Roger told me he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. The staged filled with actors, Andromache, Hermione, Pyrrhus.

This scene was, Andromache reject love proposal of Pyrrhus. Sir Roger told me (spectator) that he early guessed Andromache refusal. End of the 3 Act sir Roger told to me, These widows are the most perverse creatures in the world. Sir Roger dissatisfied with the Actors language, the actor's language is easy to follow.

Fourth Act begins, sir Roger sitting down with satisfaction, sir Roger praised the widow. Astyanax, Andromache child appeared on the stage. After the fourth act, interval came. Audience criticizing the Play. pylade was a very sensible man, sir Roger said. He talked less in the interval but he observes others comment.

Conclusion

Fifth Act begins, Orestes kills Pyrrhus. The play was end. Sir Roger satisfaction with the play.

Unit – 2

Sir Richard Steele - Sir Roger and the Widow

Sir Richard Steele, pseudonym **Isaac Bickerstaff**, (born 1672, Dublin, Ire.—died Sept. 1, 1729, Carmarthen, Carmarthenshire, Wales), English essayist, dramatist, journalist, and politician, best known as principal author (with Joseph Addison) of the periodicals *The Tatler* and *The Spectator.* Steele's father, an ailing and somewhat ineffectual attorney, died when the son was about five, and the boy was taken under the protection of his uncle Henry Gascoigne, confidential secretary to the Duke of Ormonde, to whose bounty, as Steele later wrote, he owed "a liberal education." He was sent to study in England at Charterhouse in 1684 and to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1689. At Charterhouse he met Joseph Addison, and thus began one of the most famous and fruitful of all literary friendships, which lasted until disagreements (mainly political) brought about a cooling and a final estrangement shortly before Addison's death in 1719. Steele moved to Merton College in 1691 but, caught up with the excitement of King William's campaigns against the French, left in 1692 without taking a degree to join the army. He was commissioned in 1697 and promoted to captain in 1699, but, lacking the money and connections necessary for substantial advancement, he left the army in 1705.

Meanwhile, he had embarked on a second career, as a writer. Perhaps partly because he gravely wounded a fellow officer in a duel in 1700 (an incident that inspired a lifelong detestation of dueling), partly because of sincere feelings of disgust at the "irregularity" of army life and his own dissipated existence, he published in 1701 a moralistic tract, "The Christian Hero," of which 10 editions were sold in his lifetime. This tract led to Steele's being accused of hypocrisy and mocked for the contrast between his austere precepts and his genially convivial practice. For many of his contemporaries, however, its polite tone served as evidence of a significant cultural change from the Restoration (most notably, it advocated respectful behaviour toward women). The tract's moralistic tenor would be echoed in Steele's plays. In the same year (1701) Steele wrote his first comedy, *The Funeral.* Performed at Drury Lane "with more than expected success," this play made his reputation and helped to bring him to the notice of King William and the Whig leaders. Late in 1703 he followed this with his only stage failure, *The Lying Lover,* which ran for only six nights, being, as Steele said, "damned for its piety." Sententious and ill-constructed, with much moralizing, it is nevertheless of some historical importance as one of the first sentimental comedies.

Richard Steele wrote 'Sir Roger and Widow' – An Over View

It is the story of a perfect man, who belonged to a rich and respectable family. Sir Roger was a baronet. His grandfather invented the famous country-dance. Sir, Roger lived in Soho Square

which is the famous place of London. He led a lavishing lifestyle. He was a well behaved, good looking, smart man. People respected him a lot. He also dressed up very well. He was very popular for his dressing sense.

In the mean time he fell in love with a widow. That woman tortured on Mr. Roger a lot. He became careless for her humiliations. He couldn't lead a normal life.

Text

SIR ROGER AND THE WIDOW.

Spectator No. 113.

Steele. In my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house; as soon as we came into it, It is, quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve[40] her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world.

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

> I came to my estate in my twenty−second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty−third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my

servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of

all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new−paired my coach−horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped

me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men.

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that [passage] of Martial,[41] which one knows not how to render in English, Dum tacet hanc loquitur.[42] I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,

Still he can nothing but of Naevia talk;

Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,

Still he must speak of Naevia, or be mute;

He writ to his father, ending with this line,

I am, my lovely Naevia, ever thine.

Summary

In the essay Of the Club, Steele has given a brief description of the members of the club. Describing Sir Roger he says that the knight had been a dandy in his youth but had changed his ways; had become very sober and somewhat careless about dress after he had been thwarted in his love for a widow. The widow is throughout the essays referred to as the 'perverse widow'. In one of the later essays, His Account of his Disappointment in Love, we have the description of his first meeting with the widow. He was in his twenty-third year, young and proud of the handsome appearance he cut. He saw the widow first in the court over which he presides in his capacity of country magistrate. The case being tried was related to the widow's inheritance. The widow had many admirers and Sir Roger was added to these just as she cast a look upon him. She captivated his heart, and bewitched him and Sir Roger's love affair.

The visit to the widow's house : not successful

After losing his heart to the widow at the court, Sir Roger felt encouraged when he was told by someone that the widow considered Sir Roger to be "the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country", and decided to call upon her. He got new uniforms made for his servants, new matched the coach horses, sent them to town to learn to trot properly, and then ventured to visit the widow. On seeing her, however, Sir Roger was so overawed that he sat silently, unable to utter a word. Seeing the embarrassment of the knight, the widow started speaking on love and honour and false and true followers of these sentiments. Sir Roger was even more awe-struck and impressed. It did not help matters any more when the lady's 'confident' remarked that Sir Roger's silence showed that his reply, when it came, would be thoroughly exhaustive of the subject. Puzzled and embarrassed, Sir Roger took his leave after half an hour of silence in which he could not decide what to say.

Sir Roger's love is not reciprocated

After the unhappy experience of the visit to the widow's house, Sir Roger had often met the widow. On these chance meetings too the widow always made elaborate and involved discourses to Sir Roger which left him completely bewildered and awed. He found the widow rather cruel and hard hearted, even though he considered her also to be the most beautiful woman in the world. He knew that she had treated all her admirers rather shabbily but he could not help loving her. He had carved her name on the trees of one of the avenues on his estate to get some relief from his overw-helming and hopeless passion but this only served to enhance his unhappiness, for whenever he saw the avenue he was reminded of her. We read about the love affair in the essays, His Account of his Disappointment in Love and Sir Roger's Reflections on the Widow.

The effect of his disappointment in love

Sir Roger was shrewd enough to realise that the disappointment in love had left indelible scars on his mind. It was a disappointment which he would never be able to get over completely. He felt that the disappointment in love had made him somewhat careless in his speech and manner of thinking. It had given rise to a certain inconsistency of behaviour and speech which amused people. His mind had been slightly unbalanced so that often said something absurd or totally irrelevant in the middle of a serious conversation. But the love affair had also had a beneficial effect on him. It had taught him to become more gentle and patient and more lenient towards people, even towards his enemies. But the experience had left a lasting imprint on him; whenever he thought of the widow, he felt, that his youth had returned. He had often hoped that the widow would have some difficulty so that he could prove to be of help to her but soon

afterwards felt that he did not want this to happen for he did not really want her to be burdened with an obligation to him. This shows the innate kindness and generosity of Sir Roger.

The role of the confidant

According to Sir Roger, the widow might just have learnt to return his love if it had not been for her confident. It was this female who was vicious enough to instigate the widow against Sir Roger. Sir Roger's views on confidants show a mixture of shrewdness and simple bitterness. The confidants prevent their mistresses from getting married by throwing in their faces the dictums the mistresses themselves had formulated against men and marriage. The confident acquires great power and influence over the mistress's mind and wields this power mercilessly. Sir Roger is of the firm opinion that it was the widow's companion who was instrumental in his disappointment in love.The picture of the widow .

The picture of the widow

Steele's art of characterisation comes out in these essays dealing with Sir Roger's affair of the heart. Though we never actually 'meet' the widow in person in the essays, we are given a vivid picture of her through the words of Sir Roger. She becomes a living character even though she is not presented directly. She is beautiful as well as intelligent. She is able to hold her own in debates and discussions, being well informed and widely read. But she is a strange creature who rejoices in the admiration of her various admirers but does not return any of their love. She has a poor opinion of the male sex in general. She inflames the hearts of men but never responds encouragingly to them. She combined charm with a certain dignity which kept her admirers at a distance even while-inflaming their hearts. Her voice was sweet and she could sing beautifully. She was so confident of her own qualities that she could not be offended by any of her rejected lovers. She knew all the arts of coquetry and used them to great extent without, however, involving her true feelings. She had extraordinary and intellectual interests like studying bees. She was always accompanied by her confident to whom she told all her secret observations on the male sex in general. She is apparently a woman of beauty and intellect but one without a soft heart.

Steele's ironic treatment of Sir Roger

There is a great deal of irony in the treatment of Sir Roger and his love affair. The picture of Sir Roger that emerges from these essays is that of a simple country gentleman of modest intellectual powers who is naturally overawed by any intellect slightly superior to his own.

Though he aspires to be a gallant, he is not really one. He is not able to speak easily and lightly to ladies ; he does not have the ability of 'small-talk'. He is easily embarrassed by the widow. There is 'comic pathos' in the disappointment which is the natural outcome of his love for the widow. There is plenty of irony and banter in the treatment of the love affair of Sir Roger and yet we never lose our affection for this knight who is too generous to want the lady whom he loves to feel an obligation towards him.

The Man In Black

Oliver Goldsmith

1.1 Warm up

1. **What is your favorite color?**
2. **For what purpose we wear Black Dress?**
3. **What is your opinion about beggars?**

1.2 Meet the Author – Oliver Goldsmith (10 November 1728 – 4 April 1774)

Oliver Goldsmith, one of the most popular 18th century English writers, lived a fascinating life of contradictions, between his unquestionable brilliance and self-destructive tendencies. Goldsmith was born sometime between 1728 and 1731 to a poor Irish family. He was one of seven children, and his father was a county vicar. When Goldsmith was still young, his father's death forced him to rely on a wealthy uncle for support. In his early days, he was frequently bullied because of facial disfigurement caused by smallpox. Goldsmith never bothered to hide his Irish origins, even maintaining his brogue despite the fact that it would have been considered low-class once he later settled in London amongst more esteemed company. His relationship with his mother was

Amongst his literary output in this period are contributions to Tobias Smollett's *Critical Review*, and *An Inquiry to the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759). His writing also appeared in *The Busy Body*, *The British Magazine*, and *The Lady's Magazine*. Goldsmith began to publish his first master works, including the novel *The Vicar of Wakefield*. This novel, along with his masterful comic play *She Stoops to Conquer*, found great success, and remain his best-loved works. *Vicar* was particularly important since his advance earnings kept him out of a debtor's prison. During this period, Goldsmith also published his letters and *The Life of Richard Nash*.

Goldsmith continued to write throughout the 1760's, overseeing several editions of *The Vicar of Wakefield* during that time. Goldsmith died suddenly on April 4, 1774, after suffering from a kidney disease that he refused to treat properly. It was an early death, but not entirely

unexpected considering his lifestyle. His work *The Haunch of Venison* was published posthumously in 1776.

1.3 Text

Though fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners it is true, are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies, and he may be justly termed a humorist in a nation of humorists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence; though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion; and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature; but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference; but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. “In every parish-house,” says he, “the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on; they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.”

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me;

but it was quite otherwise with the man in black; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before; he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggar men. He was beginning a third to the same purpose when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would shew me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor. He now therefore assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask; he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches; but, not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, "Here, master," says he, "take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain."

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some

valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress still aimed at good humour was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding: his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

2.4. Understanding the text Mention

1. In the essay, "man in black", Oliver Goldsmith displays the different examples. The author talks about a man who is regretful of his charitable actions.

2. The man is a philanthropist and he is ashamed about it. The author gives different examples of how he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural generosity.

3. The man is an obvious philanthropist, but he is ashamed of it. Goldmith lays out the ways, and gives examples, of how "he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence."

2.5 Discussion Forum

Talk to your partner about the following.

1. Is Oliver Goldsmith attacks the socio-political situations of England through this satirical piece.

2. Will the man considered to be dignified and prestigious?

2.6 Glossary

are tinctured with some strange inconsistencies	:To be coloured with some variations in belief or thought that are not rational at all
an humorist in a nation of humourists	: a person typical of his nation where People are used to

cracking jokes, especially in writing

generous even to profusion : showing the quality of excessive benevolence

prodigy of parsimony and prudence : an amazing product showing extreme miserliness and thrift

replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims : full of very unappealing and also Self-centered sayings and theories

seemed ashamed of his natural : showing the quality of being averse to showing off his naturally charitable nature

imprudence :a lack of caution in practical affairs

dissuade :turn away from by persuasion

prepossessed : make a positive impression before hand

2.7 Summary

- Altangi is an imaginary Chinese traveller visiting England. Goldsmith invents this character to describe through him English life and culture.
- The man in Black is described as an autobiographical character. In real life Goldsmith was always kind to the poor and gave away everything he had.
- The Man in Black has a heart of gold. But he wishes to appear stern and hard-hearted.
- In this he is a humorist‖. In his encounter with beggars, his mask drops off and the genial kind man is revealed.
- Altangi, a Chinese traveller visits England. He has great respect for the Man in Black who is an interesting character.
- By nature the Man in Black is kind and sympathetic to the poor. But he seems to be ashamed of his natural benevolence. So, he puts on a stern appearance.
- But he cannot maintain this assumed harshness for long. The mask soon drops to see the real man behind it.
- The Man in Black and Altangi go out on a tour of the country. They discuss beggars and poverty. The Man in Black lashes at the poor calling them lazy hypocrites.
- The Government has taken steps to relieve their suffering but they roam about everywhere pestering travelers.
- An old man appears speaks about his dying wife and five hungry children. Although it is an invented story but the Man in Black is moved with it whereas Atlangi doesn't care.

- The Man in Black stealthily slips in a piece of silver into the beggar‘s hands while loudly warning the old man against troubling people like him.
- Next, they saw a sailor with a wooden leg, carrying a bundle of chips looks miserable.
- The Man in Black angrily questions the sailor, but soon he buys the bundle of chips for one shilling to the great surprise and joy of the sailor pretending that he purchased cheaply.
- Now they see a poor woman in rags with one child in her arms and another on her back.
- Without minding the presence of Altangi the Man in Black searches in his pocket for a piece of money. There is none.
- The man in Black looks more miserable than the woman because he cannot relieve her. The he remembers the bundle of chips. He puts it into her hand and walks away.

2.8. Questions and Answers

1. Why does Goldsmith call the Man in Black a - humorist in a nation of humorists?

Goldsmith calls the Man in Black a humorist because of the eccentricities observed in the latter. The Man in Black is ashamed of his natural benevolence and wishes to appear harsh. England is a nation of humorists because there are many types of eccentric people. The word‖ humorist‖ means an eccentric person or one with strange inconsistencies in manners.

2. What is the real nature of the Man Black?

The Man in Black is really kind and sympathetic to the poor.

3. Summarise briefly the views of the Man in Black regarding beggars and the responsibility of the State towards them.

The Man in Black speaks against beggary. All beggars are lazy impostors and they don‘t want to avail themselves of the facilities provided to them by the Government, They invent stories of suffering and thus appeal to the sympathies of the people. They pester travellers and visiting foreigners for alms. They bring only discredit to their country. Therefore they deserve the prison house rather than our sympathy. Only a fool will take pity on them and help them with money. Helping them means encouraging idleness and imposture.

4. How did the Man in Black help the beggar in tattered livery?

An old beggar in tattered livery appeals for alms. His dress reveals the fact that he was once well off. He says he has to support a dying wife and five children. On hearing this story the Man in Black is visibly moved. He considers it a weakness in his character. There is a struggle going on in him between his pride and compassion. Altangi pretends to look another way and thus provides an opportunity for the man in Black to help the old beggar. The Man in Black slips s silver coin into the lodd man‘s hands. At the same time he warns him in a loud voice not to trouble passengers.

5. How did he dismiss the soldier with a wooden leg?

On seeing the sailor with a wooden leg, the Man in Black swears that the former is an impostor. He gets about to prove it. He angrily questions him about how he was thus disabled. The sailor replies that he was a captain on board a private ship of war and lost his leg in defending his country. The Man in Black is moved by this story of patriotism and sacrifice. He wants to help the beggar unobserved by Altangi. So he offers to buy the bundle of chips carried by the sailor for one shilling. Obviously it is a huge price and the sailor gladly sells the matches. The Man in Black pretends that he has made a cheap purchase

6. How does he justify the bargain he had made with the soldier?

The Man in Black proposes to use the matches to light candles. It means saving a lot of money. Lighting candles by thrusting them into the fire will result in wastage.

7. Narrate the incident that had led to his parting with the bundle of matches.

The Man in Black sees a woman in rags with one child in her arms and another on her back. She is singing a sad song. The Man in Black cannot withstand the sight of the wretched woman. He instantly gives up his assumed harshness. Without minding the presence of Altangi he searches for a piece of money in his pocket. But there is none. The pain felt by him is more than that seen in the woman. At last he remembers the‘ bundle of chips he bought from the sailor. He puts it into her hands and walks away.

2.9 Quiz to practice

1. Who is the writer of “The Man in Black”?

a) Khushwant Singh

b) Oliver Goldsmith

c) Abdul Kalam

d) John Frazer

2. Oliver Goldsmith was _____ .

a) a leader of beggars

b) a famous P.M. of England

c) an 18th C English writer

d) an American dramatist

3. Which of the following statements is false about the Man in Black?

a) He is a humorist in a nation of humorists.

b) He is generous even to profusion.

c) He affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony.

d) He is a man-hater without compassion.

4. Who is the protagonist (hero) of Goldsmith’s essay?

a) An old beggar

b) The Man in Black

c) A crippled sailor

d) A woman with 2 children

5. How does the Man in Black describe himself?

a) Philanthropist

b) Champion of beggar

c) Lover of mankind

d) Man-hater

6. The topic of discussion in "The Man in Black" is _____.

a) the care of the needy and indigent(poor) in England.

b) the unemployment problem.

c) how people are exploited by vagrant beggars.

d) the Man in Black's atrocity against beggars.

7. Whom do the Man in Black and his friend meet first?

a) A sailor with a wooden leg

b) an old beggar man

c) A woman with two children

d) A robber

8. How did the Man in Black treat the old beggar man?

a) He put the old man in jail.

b) He illtreated the fellow.

c) He gave food for his 5 starving children.

d) He gave the old man a silver coin without his friend's knowledge.

9. The Man in Black berates (abuses) the crippled sailor _____.

a) as he is against begging

b) because he takes the sailor for a conman (cheat).

c) since the sailor is arrogant

d) to show how unaffected he is by the sailor's plight

10. The Man in Black shows compassion towards the sailor _____.

a) with a gift of a hundred pounds

b) by buying his entire lot of matches

c) by hosting him to a sumptuous dinner

d) by meeting his medical expenses

11. _____ was the third beggar met by the Man in Black and his friend.

a) A wooden-legged sailor

b) An old prostitute

c) A mother with two children

d) A blind girl

12. Why was the Man in Black unable to resist the third beggar?

a) She was very jovial.

b) He liked her song.

c) She offered her children for sale.

d) She was attempting to sing even though miserable.

Unit – 3

DREAM CHILDREN: A REVERIE

CHARLES LAMB

Charles Lamb, the shining star in the sky of essay writing, was born on February 10, 1775. He is the world predominant a renown English poet, essayist and antiquarian. His essays are considered to be the finest among the English prose work. He is appreciated for his genial humor, humanity, wisdom and profound pathos that is reflected in his writings. *Essays of Elia* was the first volume of his essays that was published in 1828 while the second volume of his essays, named, *The Last Essays of Elia* was published in 1833. His essays have a unique combination of wit, reflection, anecdote, and fancy. He died on December 27, 1834.

The essay "*Dream Children"* is a narrative essay in which the author, Charles Lamb narrates the story of his dream that he had. In this dream, he came across his dream children that diminish at the end of the dream.

This essay exhibits the subjects of pain and guilt of getting deprived of the people whom we loved from the core of our heart. In this essay, the author is brought in a dream world to reveal the sweet recollections of the past days. The essay, being enhanced with despair, clarifies the worth and necessity of childhood and the loved ones for an individual, without whom the life appears to be dark and suffocating for the individual.

Summary

The children of James Elia, John and Alice, asked him to tell them about his grand -mother and their great grandmother- Mrs. Field who used to live in a great mansion in Norfolk. The house belonged to a rich nobleman who lived in another new house. Grandmother Field was the keeper of the house and she looked after the house with great care as though it was her own. The tragic incident of the two children and their cruel uncle had taken place in the house. The children had come to know the story from the ballad of 'The Children in the wood'. The story was carved in wood upon the chimney piece. But a foolish rich person later pulled down the wooden chimney and put a chimney of marble. The new chimney piece had no story on it. Alice was very unhappy that the rich man had pulled down the chimney piece with the story. She looked upbraiding and her anger was like her mother's. When the house came to decay later, after the death of Mrs. Field the nobleman carried away the ornaments of the house and used them in his new house. The ornaments of the old house looked very awkward in the new house, just like the beautiful tombs of Westminster Abbey would look awkward if placed in someone's drawing room. Things looked beautiful only if they are in harmony with the surroundings. John

enjoyed the comparison and smiled as if he also felt it would be very awkward indeed. Grandmother Field was a very good lady. She was also very religious for she was well acquainted with 'The Book of Psalms' in 'The Old Testament' and a great portion of 'The New Testament' of 'The Bible'. Alice here spread her hands as if she was not interested in the praise of a quality of the grandmother that she herself did not have. Children find it difficult to learn lessons by heart. Grandmother Field did not fear the spirits of the two infants which haunted the house at night. So she slept alone. But Elia used to sleep with his maid as he was not so religious. John tried to look courageous but his eyes expanded in fear. When the grandmother died many people in the neighbourhood including the gentry or the aristocrats attended her funeral. She was also a good dancer when she was young. Here, Alice moved her feet unconsciously as she too was interested in dancing. Grandmother Field was tall and upright but later she was bowed down by a disease called cancer. She was good to her grand children. Elia in childhood used to spend his holiday there. He used to gaze upon the bust of the twelve Caesars or roam about in the mansion or in the garden. In the garden, there were fruits like nectarines, peaches, oranges and others. Elia never plucked them but rather enjoyed looking at them. Here John deposited a bunch of grapes upon the plate again. He was showing that he too was not tempted by fruits.

• His farce, Mr H, was performed at Drury Lane in 1807.

• Fortuitously, Lamb's first publication was in 1796.

• His collected essays, under the title Essays of Elia, were published in 1823.

Critical Analysis

This essay is about a dream. In this essay all characters are real except the children Alice and John. From the title we can guess that it's a dream and reverie, i.e., a day dream. Alice and John are children of James Elia (Charles Lamb). They ask their father, James Elia, to tell them about their grandmother. Grandmother's name is Field who has been acquainted to us by Lamb as a perfect woman with great qualities. Incidents are real from the life of Lamb. There is a story related to the house where grandmotherMrs Field was a keeper. It was about the murder of children by their cruel uncle. Alice and John came to know this story through a carved writing on a tree which was later brought down by a rich man. After the death of grandmother, house owner took away her belongings and placed them in his new house where they looked awkward. When grandmother was alive she used to sleep alone but Elia was afraid of the souls of infants murdered by uncle as it was thought that house was haunted by the spirits of those children. Elia had a brother John full of enthusiasm and zeal, who was loved by everyone specially by their grandmother on the other hand Elia's childhood was full of isolation and he

remained stagnant throughout his life. His mind was working fast but bodily or physically he was totally off and lazy. He was lame and helped by John in every possible way who used to carry him in his back. Unfortunately, John also became lame but Elia never helped him and after his death he realized missing him. At the end of the essay, Alice and John are crying after hearing all this. Elia is looking his wife, whose name also Alia, in Alices face. The childern start to become faint and say to Elia or Lamb that we are not your real children and Alice is not your wife and our mother. Lamb wakes up and finds himself in armed chair and James Elia was vanished. The whole story is based on life of Lamb, he was never able to get married and childless died. He is also regretting and remembering moments like, about his brother, about grandmother, his childhood etc. So, whole of essay is full of melancholy and sad tone of Lamb's life. (One should better study about Lamb's short biography in order to understand his essays). A Stylistic Analysis on Lamb's Dream Children Charles Lamb was a famous English prose-writer and the best representative of the new form of English literature early in the nineteenth century. He did not adhere to the old rules and classic models but made the informal essay a pliable vehicle for expressing the writer's own personality, thus bringing into English literature the personal or familiar essay. The style of Lamb is gentle, old-fashioned and irresistibly attractive, for which I can think of no better illustration than Dream Children: A Reverie. From the stylistic analysis of this essay we can find Lamb's characteristic way of expression. Dream Children records the pathetic joys in the author's unfortunate domestic life. We can see in this essay, primarily, a supreme expression of the increasing loneliness of his life. He constructed all that preliminary tableau of paternal pleasure in order to bring home to us in the most poignant way his feeling of the solitude of his existence, his sense of all that he had missed and lost in the world. The key to the essay is one of profound sadness. But he makes his sadness beautiful; or, rather, he shows the beauty that resides in sadness. There are remarkable writing techniques to achieve such an effect.

"On Disagreeable People"

William Hazlitt

William Hazlitt was one of the leading prose writers of the Romantic period. Influenced by the concise social commentary in Joseph Addison's eighteenth-century magazine, the *Spectator*, and by the personal tone of the essays of Michel de Montaigne, Hazlitt was one of the most celebrated practitioners of the "familiar" essay. Hazlitt was born in Wem, Shropshire, and educated by his father, a Unitarian minister whose radical political convictions influenced the reformist principles that Hazlitt maintained throughout his life. In 1793 Hazlitt entered Hackney

Theological College, a Unitarian seminary, where he studied philosophy and rhetoric and began writing the treatise on personal identity titled *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action* (1805). During this time Hazlitt began to question his Christian faith and, considering himself unsuited to the ministry, withdrew from the College and returned to Wem.

"On Disagreeable People" - Text

Those people who are uncomfortable in themselves are disagreeable to others. I do not here mean to speak of persons who offend intentionally, or are obnoxious to dislike from some palpable defect of mind or body, ugliness, pride, ill-humour, etc.; but of those who are disagreeable in spite of themselves, and, as it might appear, with almost every qualification to recommend them to others. This want of success is owing chiefly to something in what is called their *manner*; and this again has its foundation in a certain cross-grained and unsociable state of feeling on their part, which influences us, perhaps, without our distinctly adverting to it. The mind is a finer instrument than we sometimes suppose it, and is not only swayed by overt acts and tangible proofs, but has an instinctive feeling of the air of truth. We find many individuals in whose company we pass our time, and have no particular fault to find with their understandings or character, and yet we are never thoroughly satisfied with them: the reason will turn out to be, upon examination, that they are never thoroughly satisfied with themselves, but uneasy and out of sorts all the time; and this makes us uneasy with them, without our reflecting on, or being able to discover the cause.

Thus, for instance, we meet with persons who do us a number of kindnesses, who show us every mark of respect and good-will, who are friendly and serviceable - and yet we do not feel grateful to them, after all. We reproach ourselves with this as caprice or insensibility, and try to get the better of it; but there is something in their way of doing things that prevents us from feeling cordial or sincerely obliged to them. We think them very worthy people, and would be glad of an opportunity to do them a good turn if it were in our power; but we cannot get beyond this: the utmost we can do is to save appearances, and not come to an open rupture with them. The truth is, in all such cases, we do not sympathise (as we ought) with them, because they do not sympathise (as they ought) with us. They have done what they did from a sense of duty in a cold dry manner, or from a meddlesome busybody humour; or to show their superiority over us, or to patronise our infirmity; or they have dropped some hint by the way, or blundered upon some topic they should not, and have shown, by one means or other, that they were occupied with anything but the pleasure they were affording us, or a delicate attention to our feelings. Such persons may be styled *friendly grievances*. They are commonly people of low spirits and disappointed views, who see the discouraging side of human life, and, with the best intentions in the world, contrive to make everything they have to do with uncomfortable. They are alive to

your distress, and take pains to remove it; but they have no satisfaction in the gaiety and ease they have communicated, and are on the *look-out* for some new occasion of signalising their zeal; nor are they backward to insinuate that you will soon have need of their assistance, to guard you against running into fresh difficulties, or to extricate you from them. For large benevolence of soul and 'discourse of reason, looking before and after,' they are continually reminding you of something that has gone wrong in time past, or that may do so in that which is to come, and are surprised that their awkward hints, sly inuendos, blunt questions, and solemn features do not excite all the complacency and mutual good understanding in you which it is intended that they should. When they make themselves miserable on your account, it is hard that you will not lend them your countenance and support. This deplorable humour of theirs does not hit any one else. They are useful, but not agreeable people; they may assist you in your affairs, but they depress and tyrannise over your feelings. When they have made you happy, they will not let you be so - have no enjoyment of the good they have done - will on no account part with their melancholy and desponding tone - and, by their mawkish insensibility and doleful grimaces, throw a damp over the triumph they are called upon to celebrate. They would keep you in hot water, that they may help you out of it. They will nurse you in a fit of sickness (congenial sufferers!) - arbitrate a law-suit for you, and embroil you deeper - procure you a loan of money; - but all the while they are only delighted with rubbing the sore place, and casting the colour of your mental or other disorders. 'The whole need not a physician'; and, being once placed at ease and comfort, they have no farther use for you as subjects for their singular beneficence, and you are not sorry to be quit of their tiresome interference. The old proverb, *A friend in need is a friend indeed*, is not verified in them. The class of persons here spoken of are the very reverse of *summer friends*, who court you in prosperity, flatter your vanity, are the humble servants of your follies, never see or allude to anything wrong, minister to your gaiety, smooth over every difficulty, and, with the slightest approach of misfortune or of anything unpleasant, take French leave -

As when, in prime of June, a burnish'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up, amid these airy halls, his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng;
And oft he sips their bowl, or, nearly drown'd,
He thence recovering drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

However we may despise such triflers, yet we regret them more than those well-meaning friends on whom a dull melancholy vapour hangs, that drags them and every one about them to the ground.

Again, there are those who might be very agreeable people, if they had but spirit to be so; but there is a narrow, unaspiring, under-bred tone in all they say or do. They have great sense and information - abound in a knowledge of character - have a fund of anecdote - are unexceptionable in manners and appearance - and yet we cannot make up our minds to like them; we are not glad to see them, nor sorry when they go away. Our familiarity with them, however great, wants the principle of cement, which is a certain appearance of frank cordiality and social enjoyment. They have no pleasure in the subject of their own thoughts, and therefore can communicate none to others. There is a dry, husky, grating manner - a pettiness of detail - a tenaciousness of particulars, however trifling or unpleasant - a disposition to cavil - an aversion to enlarged and liberal views of things - in short, a hard, painful, unbending *matter-of-factness*, from which the spirit and effect are banished, and the letter only is attended to, which makes it impossible to sympathise with their discourse. To make conversation interesting or agreeable, there is required either the habitual tone of good company, which gives a favourable colouring to everything - or the warmth and enthusiasm of genius, which, though it may occasionally offend or be thrown off its guard, makes amends by its rapturous flights, and flings a glancing light upon all things. The literal and *dogged* style of conversation resembles that of a French picture, or its mechanical fidelity is like evidence given in a court of justice, or a police report.

From the literal to the plain-spoken, the transition is easy. The most efficient weapon of offence is truth. Those who deal in dry and repulsive matters-of-fact, tire out their friends; those who blurt out hard and home truths, make themselves mortal enemies wherever they come. There are your blunt, honest creatures, who omit no opportunity of letting you know their minds, and are sure to tell you all the ill, and conceal all the good they hear of you. They would not flatter you for the world, and to caution you against the malice of others, they think the province of a friend. This is not candour, but impudence; and yet they think it odd you are not charmed with their unreserved communicativeness of disposition. Gossips and tale-bearers, on the contrary, who supply the *tittle-tattle* of the neighbourhood, flatter you to your face, and laugh at you behind your back, are welcome and agreeable guests in all companies. Though you know it will be your turn next, yet for the sake of the immediate gratification, you are contented to pay your share of the public tax upon character, and are better pleased with the falsehoods that never reach your ears, than with the truths that others (less complaisant and more sincere) utter to your face - so short-sighted and willing to be imposed upon is our self-love! There is a man, who has the air of not being convinced without an argument: you avoid him as if he were a lion in your path. There is another, who asks you fifty questions as to the commonest things you advance: you would sooner pardon a fellow who held a pistol to your breast and demanded your money. No one regards a turnpike-keeper, or a custom-house officer, with a friendly eye: he who stops you in an excursion of fancy, or ransacks the articles of your belief obstinately and

churlishly, to distinguish the spurious from the genuine, is still more your foe. These inquisitors and cross-examiners upon system make ten enemies for every controversy in which they engage. The world dread nothing so much as being convinced of their errors. In doing them this piece of service, you make war equally on their prejudices, their interests, their pride, and indolence. You not only set up for a superiority of understanding over them, which they hate, but you deprive them of their ordinary grounds of action, their topics of discourse, of their confidence in themselves, and those to whom they have been accustomed to look up for instruction and advice. It is making children of them. You unhinge all their established opinions and trains of thought; and after leaving them in this listless, vacant, unsettled state - dissatisfied with their own notions and shocked at yours - you expect them to court and be delighted with your company, because, forsooth, you have only expressed your sincere and conscientious convictions. Mankind are not deceived by professions, unless they choose. They think that this pill of true doctrine, however it may be gilded over, is full of gall and bitterness to them; and again, it is a maxim of which the vulgar are firmly persuaded, that plain-speaking (as it is called), nine parts in ten, is spleen and self-opinion; and the other part, perhaps, honesty. Those who will not abate an inch in argument, and are always seeking to recover the wind of you, are, in the eye of the world, disagreeable, unconscionable people, who ought to be *sent to Coventry*, or left to wrangle by themselves. No persons, however, are more averse to contradiction than these same dogmatists. What shows our susceptibility on this point is, that there is no flattery so adroit or effectual as that of implicit assent. Any one, however mean his capacity or ill-qualified to judge, who gives way to all our sentiments, and never seems to think but as we do, is indeed an *alter idem* - another self; and we admit him without scruple into our entire confidence, 'yea, into our heart of hearts.'

It is the same in books. Those which, under the disguise of plain speaking, vent paradoxes, and set their facts against the 'common sense' of mankind, are neither 'the volumes

'That enrich the shops,
That pass with approbation through the land';

nor, I fear, can it be added -

'That bring their authors an immortal fame.'

They excite a clamour and opposition at first, and are in general soon consigned to oblivion. Even if the opinions are in the end adopted, the authors gain little by it, and their names remain in their original obloquy; for the public will own no obligations to such ungracious benefactors. In like manner, there are many books written in a very delightful vein, though with little in them, and that are accordingly popular. Their principle is to please, and not to offend; and they

succeed in both objects. We are contented with the deference shown to our feelings for the time, and grant a truce both to wit and wisdom. The 'courteous reader' and the good-natured author are well matched in this instance, and find their account in mutual tenderness and forbearance to each other's infirmities. I am not sure that Walton's *Angler* is not a book of this last description -

That dallies with the innocence of thought,
Like the old time.

Hobbes and Mandeville are the opposite extreme, and have met with a correspondent fate. The *Tatler* and *Spectator* are in the golden mean, carry instruction as far as it can go without shocking, and give the most exquisite pleasure without one particle of pain. '*Desire to please, and you will infallibly please*,' is a maxim equally applicable to the study or the drawing-room. Thus, also, we see actors of vary small pretensions, and who have scarce any other merit than that of being on good terms with themselves, and in high good humour with their parts (though they hardly understand a word of them), who are universal favourities with the audience. Others, who are masters of their art, and in whom no slip or flaw can be detected, you have no pleasure in seeing, from something dry, repulsive, and unconciliating in their manner; and you almost hate the very mention of their names, as an unavailing appeal to your candid decision in their favour, and as taxing you with injustice for refusing it.

We may observe persons who seem to take a peculiar delight in the *disagreeable*. They catch all sorts of uncouth tones and gestures, the manners and dialect of clowns and hoydens, and aim at vulgarity as desperately and others ape gentility. [This is what is often understood by a *love of low life*.] They say the most unwarrantable things, without meaning or feeling what they say. What startles or shocks other people, is to them a sport - an amusing excitement - a fillip to their constitutions; and from the bluntness of their perceptions, and a certain wilfulness of spirit, not being able to enter into the refined and agreeable, they make a merit of despising everything of the kind. Masculine women, for example, are those who, not being distinguished by the charms and delicacy of the sex, affect a superiority over it by throwing aside all decorum. We also find another class, who continually do and say what they ought not, and what they do not intend, and who are governed almost entirely by an instinct of absurdity. Owing to a perversity of imagination or irritability of nerve, the idea that a thing is improper acts as a provocation to it: the fear of committing a blunder is so strong, that in their agitation they bolt out whatever is uppermost in their minds, before they are aware of the consequence. The dread of something wrong haunts and rivets their attention to it; and an uneasy, morbid apprehensiveness of temper takes away their self-possession, and hurries them into the very mistakes they are most anxious to avoid.

If we look about us, and ask who are the agreeable and disagreeable people in the world, we shall see that it does not so much depend on their virtues or vices - their understanding or stupidity - as on the degree of pleasure or pain they seem to feel in ordinary social intercourse. What signify all the good qualities any one possesses, if he is none the better for them himself? If the cause is so delightful, the effect ought to be so too. We enjoy a friend's society only in proportion as he is satisfied with ours. Even wit, however it may startle, is only agreeable as it is sheathed in good-humour. There are a kind of *intellectual stammerers*, who are delivered of their good things with pain and effort; and consequently what costs them such evident uneasiness does not impart unmixed delight to the by-standers. There are those, on the contrary, whose sallies cost them nothing - who abound in a flow of pleasantry and good-humour; and who float down the stream with them carelessly and triumphantly -

Wit at the helm, and Pleasure at the prow.

Perhaps it may be said of English wit in general, that it too much resembles pointed lead: after all, there is something heavy and dull in it! The race of small wits are not the least agreeable people in the world. They have their little joke to themselves, enjoy it, and do not set up any preposterous pretensions to thwart the current of our self-love. Toad-eating is accounted a thriving profession, and a *butt*, according to the *Spectator*, is a highly useful member of society - as one who takes whatever is said of him in good part, and as necessary to conduct off the spleen and superfluous petulance of the company. Opposed to these are the swaggering bullies - the licensed wits - the free-thinkers - the loud talkers, who, in the jockey phrase, have *lost their mouths*, and cannot be reined in by any regard to decency or common-sense. The more obnoxious the subject, the more they are charmed with it, converting their want of feeling into a proof of superiority to vulgar prejudice and squeamish affectation. But there is an unseemly exposure of the mind, as well as of the body. There are some objects that shock the sense, and cannot with propriety be mentioned: there are naked truths that offend the mind, and ought to be kept out of sight as much as possible. For human nature cannot bear to be too hardly pressed upon. One of these cynical truisms, when brought forward to the world, may be forgiven as a slip of the pen: a succession of them, denoting a deliberate purpose and *malice prepense*, must ruin any writer. Lord Byron had got into an irregular course of these a little before his death - seemed desirous, in imitation of Mr. Shelley, to run the gauntlet of public obloquy - and, at the same time, wishing to screen himself from the censure he defied, dedicated his *Cain* to Sir Walter Scott - a pretty godfather to such a bantling!

Some persons are of so teasing and fidgety a turn of mind, that they do not give you a moment's rest. Everything goes wrong with them. They complain of a headache or the weather. They take up a book, and lay it down again - venture an opinion, and retract it before they have half done -

offer to serve you, and prevent some one else from doing it. If you dine with them at a tavern, in order to be more at your ease, the fish is too little done - the sauce is not the right one; they ask for a sort of wine which they think is not to be had, or if it is, after some trouble, procured, do not touch it; they give the waiter fifty contradictory orders, and are restless and sit on thorns the whole of dinner-time. All this is owing to a want of robust health, and of a strong spirit of enjoyment: it is a fastidious habit of mind, produced by a valetudinary habit of body: they are out of sorts with everything, and of course their ill-humour and captiousness communicates itself to you, who are as little delighted with them as they are with other things. Another sort of people, equally objectionable with this helpless class, who are disconcerted by a shower of rain or stopped by an insect's wing, are those who, in the opposite spirit, will have everything their own way, and carry all before them, - who cannot brook the slightest shadow of opposition - who are always in the heat of an argument - who knit their browns and clench their teeth in some speculative discussion, as if they were engaged in a personal quarrel - and who, though successful over almost every competitor, seem still to resent the very offer of resistance to their supposed authority, and are as angry as if they had sustained some premeditated injury. There is an impatience of temper and an intolerance of opinion in this that conciliates neither our affection nor esteem. To such persons nothing appears of any moment but the indulgence of a domineering intellectual superiority, to the disregard and discomfiture of their own and every body else's comfort. Mounted on an abstract proposition, they trample on every courtesy and decency of behaviour; and though, perhaps, they do not intend the gross personalities they are guilty of, yet they cannot be acquitted of a want of due consideration for others, and of an intolerable egotism in the support of truth and justice. You may hear one of those Quixotic declaimers pleading the cause of humanity in a voice of thunder, or expatiating on the beauty of a Guido with features distorted with rage and scorn. This is not a very amiable or edifying spectacle.

There are persons who cannot make friends. Who are they? Those who cannot be friends. It is not the want of understanding or good-nature, of entertaining or useful qualities, that you complain of: on the contrary, they have probably many points of attraction; but they have one that neutralises all these - they care nothing about you, and are neither the better nor worse for what you think of them. They manifest no joy at your approach; and when you leave them, it is with a feeling that they can do just as well without you. This is not sullenness, nor indifference, nor absence of mind; but they are intent solely on their own thoughts, and you are merely one of the subjects they exercise them upon. They live in society as in a solitude; and, however their brain works, their pulse beats neither faster nor slower for the common accidents of life. There is, therefore, something cold and repulsive in the air that is about them - like that of marble. In a word, they are *modern philosophers*; and the modern philosopher is what the pedant was of old

- a being who lives in a world of his own, and has no correspondence with this. It is not that such persons have not done you services - you acknowledge it; it is not that they have said severe things of you - you submit to it as a necessary evil: but it is the cool manner in which the whole is done that annoys you - the speculating upon you, as if you were nobody - the regarding you, with a view to an experiment in *corpore vili* - the principle of dissection - the determination to spare no blemishes - to cut you down to your real standard; - in short, the utter absence of the partiality of friendship, the blind enthusiasm of affection, or the delicacy of common decency, that whether they 'hew you as a carcase fit for hounds, or carve you as a dish fit for the gods,' the operation on your feelings and your sense of obligation is just the same; and, whether they are demons or angels in themselves, you wish them equally *at the devil*!

Other persons of worth and sense give way to mere violence of temperament (with which the understanding has nothing to do) are burnt up with a perpetual fury - repel and throw you to a distance by their restless, whirling motion - so that you dare not go near them, or feel as uneasy in their company as if you stood on the edge of a volcano. They have their *tempora mollia fandi*; but then what a stir may you not expect the next moment! Nothing is less inviting or less comfortable than this state of uncertainty and apprehension. Then there are those who never approach you without the most alarming advice or information, telling you that you are in a dying way, or that your affairs are on the point of ruin, by way of disburthening their consciences; and others, who give you to understand much the same thing as a good joke, out of sheer impertinence, constitutional vivacity, and want of something to say. All these, it must be confessed, are disagreeable people; and you repay their over-anxiety or total forgetfulness of you, by a determination to *cut* them as speedily as possible We meet with instances of persons who overpower you by a sort of boisterous mirth and rude animal spirits, with whose ordinary state of excitement it is as impossible to keep up as with that of any one really intoxicated; and with others who seem scarce alive - who take no pleasure or interest in anything - who are born to exemplify the maxim,

Not to admire is all the art I know
To make men happy, or to keep them so,-

and whose mawkish insensibility or sullen scorn are equally annoying. In general, all people brought up in remote country places, where life is crude and harsh - all sectaries - all partisans of a losing cause, are discontented and disagreeable. Commend me above all to the Westminster School of Reform, whose blood runs as cold in their veins as the torpedo's, and whose touch jars like it. Catholics are, upon the whole, more amiable than Protestants - foreigners than English people. Among ourselves, the Scotch, as a nation, are particulary disagreeable. They hate every appearance of comfort themselves, and refuse it to others. Their climate, the religion,

and their habits are equally averse to pleasure. Their manners are either distinguished by a fawning sycophancy (to gain their own ends, and conceal their natural defects), that makes one sick; or by a morose, unbending callousness, that makes one shudder. I had forgot to mention two other descriptions of persons who fall under the scope of this essay: - those who take up a subject, and run on with it interminably, without knowing whether their hearers care one word about it, or in the least minding what reception their oratory meets with - these are pretty generally voted *bores* (mostly German ones); - and others, who may be designated as practical paradox-mongers - who discard the 'milk of human kindness,' and an attention to common observances, from all their actions, as effeminate and puling who wear an out-of-the-way hat as a mark of superior understanding, and carry home a handkerchief full of mushrooms in the top of it as an original discovery - who give you craw-fish for supper instead of lobsters; seek their company in a garret, and over a gin-bottle, to avoid the imputation of affecting genteel society; and discard their friends after a term of years, and warn others against them, as being *honest fellows*, which is thought a vulgar prejudice. This is carrying the harsh and repulsive even beyond the disagreeable - to the hateful. Such persons are generally people of commonplace understandings, obtuse feelings, and inordinate vanity. They are formidable if they get you in their power - otherwise, they are only to be laughed at.

There are a vast number who are disagreeable from meanness of spirit, downright insolence, from slovenliness of dress or disgusting tricks, from folly or ignorance; but these causes are positive moral or physical defects, and I only meant to speak of that repulsiveness of manner which arises from want of tact and sympathy with others. So far of friendship: a word, if I durst, of love. Gallantry to women (the sure road to their favour) is nothing but the appearance of extreme devotion to all their wants and wishes - a delight in their satisfaction, and a confidence in yourself, as being able to contribute towards it. The slightest indifference with regard to them, or distrust of yourself, are equally fatal. The amiable is the voluptuous in looks, manner, or words. No face that exhibits this kind of expression - whether lively or serious, obvious or suppressed, will be thought ugly - no address, awkward - no lover who approaches every women he meets as his mistress, will be unsuccessful. Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

To please universally, we must be pleased with ourselves and others. There should be a tinge of the coxcomb, an oil of self-complacency, an anticipation of success - there should be no gloom, no moroseness, no shyness - in short, there should be very little of the Englishman, and a good deal of the Frenchman. But though, I believe, this is the receipt, we are none the nearer making use of it. It is impossible for those who are naturally disagreeable ever to become otherwise. This is some consolation, as it may save a world of useless pains and anxiety. '*Desire to please*,

and you will infallibly please,' is a true maxim; but it does not follow that it is in the power of all to practise it. A vain man, who thinks he is endeavouring to please, is only endeavouring to shine, and is still farther from the mark. An irritable man, who puts a check upon himself, only grows dull, and loses spirit to be anything. Good temper and a happy turn of mind (which are the indispensable requisites) can no more be commanded than good health or good looks; and though the plain and sickly need not distort their features, and may abstain from excess, this is all they can do. The utmost a disagreeable person can do is to hope, by care and study, to become less disagreeable than he is, and to pass unnoticed in society. With this negative character he should be contented, and may build his fame and happiness on other things.

I will conclude with a description of men who neither please nor aspire to please anybody, and who can come in nowhere so properly as at the fag-end of an essay: - I mean that class of discontented but amusing persons, who are infatuated with their own ill success, and reduced to despair by a lucky turn in their favour. While all goes well, they are *like fish out of water*. They have no reliance on or sympathy with their good fortune, and look upon it as a momentary delusion. Let a doubt be thrown on the questions, and they begin to be full of lively apprehensions again: let all their hopes vanish, and they feel themselves on firm ground once more. From want of spirit, or from habit, their imaginations cannot rise above the low ground of humility - cannot reflect the gay, flaunting tints of the fancy - flag and droop into despondency - and can neither indulge the expectation, nor employ the means of success. Even when it is within their reach, they dare not lay hands upon it; and shrink from unlooked-for bursts of prosperity, as something of which they are both ashamed and unworthy. The class of *croakers* here spoken of are less delighted with other people's misfortunes than with their own. Their neighbours may have some pretensions - they have none. Querulous complaints and anticipations of discomfort are the food on which they live; and they at last acquire a passion for that which is the favourite theme of their thoughts, and can no more do without it than without the pinch of snuff with which they season their conversation, and enliven the pauses of their daily prognostics.

Unit - 4

A Fellow Traveller - A.G. Gardiner

Text

I do not know which of us got into the carriage first. Indeed I did not know he was in the carriage at all for some time. It was the last train from London to a Midland town- a stopping train, an infinitely leisurely train one of those trains which give you an understanding of eternity. It was tolerably full when it started, but as we stopped at the suburban stations the travellers alighted in ones and twos, and by the time we had left the outer ring of London behind. I was alone- or rather, I thought I was alone.

There is a pleasant sense of freedom about being alone in a carriage that is jolting noisily through the night, It is liberty and unrestraint in a very agreeable form. You can do anything you like. You can talk to yourself as loud as you please and no one will hear you. You can have the argument out with jones and roll hiom triumphantly in the dust without fear of a counterstroke. You can stand on your head and no one will see you. You can sing, or dance a two-step, or practice a golf stroke, or play marbles on the floor without let or hindrance. You can open the window or shut it without provoking a protest. You can open both windows or shut both. Indeed you can go on opening them and shutting them as a sort of festival of freedom. You can have any corner you choose and try all of them in turn. You can lie at full length on the cushions and enjoy the luxury of breaking the regulations and possibly the heart of D.O.R.A. herself. Only D.O.R.A. will not know that her heart broken. You have escaped even D.O.R.A.

On this night I did not do any of these things. They did not happen to occur to me. What I did was much more ordinary. When the last of my fellow-passengers had gone I put down my paper, stretched my arms and my legs, stood up and looked out of the window on the calm summer night through which I was journeying, nothing the pale reminiscence of day that still lingered in the northern sky; crosses the carriage and looked out of the other window; lit a cigarette, sat down, and began to read again. It was then that I became aware of my fellow-traveller. He came and sat on my nose. He was one of those wingy, nippy, intrepid insects that we call, vaguely, mosquitoes. I flicked him off my nose and he make a tour of the compartment investigated its three dimensions, visited each window fluttered round the light, decided that there was nothing interesting as that large animal in the corner, came and had a look at my neck.

I flicked him off again. He skipped away, took another jaunt round the compartment, returned and seated himself impudently on the back of my hand. It is enough, I said : magnanimity has its limits. Twice you have been warned that I am someone in particular, that

my august person resents the tickling impertinence of strangers. I assume the black cap. I condemn you to death. Justice demands it, and the court awards it. The counts against you are many. You are a vagrant; you are a public nuisance, you are travelling without a ticket; you have no meat coupon. For these and many other misdemeanours you are about to die. I struck a swift, lethal blow with my right hand. He dodged the attack with an with an insolent ease that humiliated me. My personal vanity was aroused. I lunged at him with my hand, with my paper; I jumped on the seat and pursued him around the lamp; I adopted tactics of feline cunning, waiting till he had alighted, approaching with a horrible stealthiness, striking with a sudden and terrible swiftness.

It was all in vain. He played with me, openly and ostentatiously, like a skillful matador finessing round an infuriated bull. It was obvious that he was enjoying himself, that it was for this that he had disturbed my repose: He wanted a little sport, and what sport like being chased by this huge, lumbering windmill of a creature, who tasted so good and seemed so helpless and so stupid ? I began to enter into the spirit of the fellow. He was no longer a mere insect, He was developing into a personality, and intelligence that challenged the possession of tis compartment with me on equal terms. I felt my heart warming towards him and the sense of superiority fading. How could I feel superior to a creature who was so manifestly my master in the only competition in which we had ever engaged? Why not be magnanimous again? Magnanimity and mercy were the noblest attributes of man. In the exercise of these high qualities I could recover my prestige. At present I was a ridiculous figure, a thing for laughter and derision. By being merciful I could reassert the moral dignity of man and go back to my corner with honour. I withdraw the sentence of death. I said returning to my seat. I cannot kill you, but I can reprieve you. I do it.

I took up my paper and he came and sat on it. Foolish fellow, I said, you have delivered yourself into my hands have but to give this respectable weekly organ of opinion smack on both the covers and you are corpse, neatly sandwiched between an article on 'peace Traps' and another on 'The Modesty of Mr. Hughes'. But I shall not do it. I have reprieved you, and I will satisfy you that when this large animal says a thing he means it. Moreover, I no longer desire to kill you. Through knowing you better I have come to feel- shall I say? - a sort of affection for you. I fancy that St. Francis would have called you 'little brother'. I cannot go so far as that in Christian charity and civility. But I recognize a more distant relationship. Fortune has made us fellow-travellers on this summer night. I have interested you and you have entertained me. The obligation is mutual and it is founded on the fundamental fact that we are fellow mortals. The miracle of life is ours in common and it's mystery too. I suppose you don't know anything about your journey. I am not sure that I know about mine. We are really when you come to think of it, a good deal alike just apparitions that are and then are not, coming out

of the night into the lighted carriage, fluttering about the lamp for a while and going out into the night again. Perhaps.....

"Going on to-night, sir?" said a voice at the window. It was a friendly porter giving me a hint that this was my station. I thanked him and said I must have been dozing And seizing my hat and stick I went out into the cool summer night. As I closed the door of the compartment saw my fellow-traveller fluttering round the lamp.....

Summary

In A Fellow Traveller by A.G. Gardiner we have the theme of uncertainty, freedom, control, generosity, appearance, equality and modesty. Taken from his Leaves in the Wind collection the reader realises from the beginning of the essay that Gardiner may be exploring the theme of uncertainty. Gardiner is unsure of when the mosquito came into the train carriage. He does not know if the mosquito arrived before him or after him. Though he does become aware of his presence and at first is irritated that the mosquito is flying around the carriage. What is also interesting is that Gardiner speaks of the freedom one feels when in a train carriage yet he does not at first afford the mosquito the same freedom. It is only after Gardiner realises that he cannot control the mosquito that modesty and generosity occurs. Shown by way of Gardiner refusing to kill the mosquito. This may be important as there is a sense that Gardiner has admitted defeat when it comes to killing the mosquito. It is only then that Gardiner shows the mosquito any magnanimity or generosity. What is also interesting about the story is the fact that prior to noticing the mosquito, Gardiner does not take advantage of the freedom he has and which he mentions is available to him. It is possible that Gardiner is suggesting that man himself gets too busy in life to take advantage of freedom or to reflect on the simple things in life. Like availing of the opportunity to explore the benefits of having a train carriage to oneself.

Rather Gardiner allows for himself to be disturbed sufficiently by the mosquito that he tries his very best to kill the mosquito. It is as though the mosquito has infringed on Gardiner's personal space and Gardiner does not like it nor will he permit it till he admits defeat. The fact that one of the articles in the newspaper that Gardiner is reading is called 'Peace Traps' may also have some symbolic significance as Gardiner has declared peace with the mosquito yet he knows that he has the perfect opportunity to kill it. The other article in the paper 'The Modesty of Mr. Hughes' is also symbolic as Gardiner himself is being modest when he admits defeat with the mosquito. Rather than embarrassing himself Gardiner gives the mosquito a type of equality. The two passengers are equals and as such Gardiner will not kill the mosquito. Though some critics might suggest that Gardiner has in some way humanized the mosquito it may simply be a

case that Gardiner is not only modest enough to admit defeat but that he is also displaying the ability to be compassionate towards another living creature.

It is also interesting that Gardiner after he admits defeat shifts from a position of viewing the mosquito as an adversary to a fellow companion or traveller. There is a complete one eighty in Gardiner's appraisal of the mosquito and no longer is the mosquito viewed as being something that is troublesome. This may be important as Gardiner could be suggesting that first appearances may not necessarily always be correct. Just as one may judge an individual based upon their appearance and be wrong so too has Gardiner misjudged the mosquito. If anything Gardiner could be using the mosquito as symbolism for another human passenger and how when in a confined space (the train carriage) an individual might strike up a conversation with one person but perhaps due to appearance refrain from doing so with another.

Not only has Gardiner admitted defeat when it comes to the mosquito's presence but he has also allowed for the carriage to remain under the control of the mosquito. If anything the mosquito, unlike Gardiner, is allowed to take advantage of their environment and act to their own will. In reality the mosquito is able to express the freedom that Gardiner himself chose not to when he thought he was alone in the carriage. Which may be one of the morals of the essay. An individual should, when the opportunity arises, take full advantage of the freedom that they see in front of themselves. Perhaps to act as the mosquito does and remain free from obstruction or societal views. The result of doing so will be that an individual will be able to express themselves to their own liking without being hindered by the constraints that society may impose on the individual. It may be better to live free while one can for the opportunity may not present itself with regular frequency. Such are the chains that man allows himself to be hindered by when it comes to what society may think.

The Money Box

- Robert Lynd

Robert Lynd, an Irishman, is one of the great contemporary essayists of English literature. He was born on 20 April 1879 in Belfast. He received a Protestant education in Belfast and began his literary work with the drawings of Irish life. In 1901 Robert moved to London where he actively participated in various newspapers. He started his profession as a journalist on *The Northern Whig* in Belfast and later started to write under the pen name Y.Y. (Ys, or wise). His essays, namely "On Holidays", "The Money Box", "The Pleasure of Ignorance" and "On Good Resolutions" are few most anthologized, taught, and cited works.

Robert Lynd is a celebrated writer of the modern age. He possesses remarkable ability to write on any topic howsoever trivial it may be, and he can discover a wealth of meaning in an object which to a common eye may appear insignificant. This reminds us of Hugh Walker's remark on his book "The English Essay and the Essayists" when he says, "Apparently, there is no subject, from the stars to the dust heap and from the amoeba to man, which may not be dealt with in an essay". Lynd was primarily a journalist and the journalistic temperament gets reflected in his writings too. The range of his themes is vast and expression is highly reflective. He can take a sweep from one mood to another, from the joy to the grave, from the apparently frivolous to the sober and thoughtful vein. His ideas are sometimes deliberately whimsical and arguments are equally perverse, but his subject matter is never labored. Though he lacks the urbanity of E.V. Lucas or the wit of G.K. Chesterton, yet he is more delightful than either of the two. He is fond of wit, epigrams, ironies and bathos and they find front place in his essays.

His writings give a delightful experience to the readers who find his comments upon men and manners subtle and penetrating. For instance, in his essay "The Money Box" he delightfully reflects on the gift of a money box to child which is given with a view to train him in the art of saving because 'wisdom lies in saving for the future'. Now, the child who learns well to save carefully at last becomes miser, and he who, every now and then, draws money from that saving to spend, develops the chance to become a perfect spendthrift. In both the cases, the result is the same 'to end up as a physical wreck either through abstinence or through over-indulgence'. In humorous yet satirical manner, Lynd appears to say that the gift in the form of a money box is a fatal kindness. He presents his point of view with an urbane persuasiveness, quiet humour, ease and charm of style.

Robert Lynd is a humourist but his humour is somber and not boisterous. He is of the view that 'The world is crying out just now for a return of good humour', and it is this good humour that is the chief characteristic of all his essays. He also says at one place that 'Lacking its good humour London would be one of the most uninhabitable of cities. Who would live amid the buzz of eight million spites?' A. C. Ward too has aptly appreciated Lynd's treatment of humour in his essay while writing-"Being more directly and coolly critical in his approach, he has neither the confident urbanity of E. V. Lucas nor the sensitive comprehensiveness of A. G. Gardiner. But he is a skilled phrasemaker, he can describe a cup final with his eye on many things besides the game-or on everything except the games". He quotes from Lynd's essay "The Pleasure of Ignorance" to prove this further: "There *is* great danger of a revival of virtue in *this* country. There are, I know two kinds of Virtue, and only one of them is a vice". In brief, it may be said that in his prose style these is "use of the most concrete and expressive words

and phrases, very homely and appropriate illustrations and weaving of the finest modulations and rhythmic patterns with his easy, simple and natural prose."

Essay "The Money Box"

"The Money Box" was written by Robert Wilson Lynd in 1925 under the pseudonym "Y. Y". The essay opens with a dialogue between the author and his niece who is trying to discover how to open the money box, before putting a coin in it. The author develops his argument from this very gift to the child in the form of a money box and advances to criticize the materialistic obsession of the people in the modern age. He talks about the ongoing tussle between the desire to save and the desire to spend in human psyche. Lynd believes that the human self consists of two "I". The first "I" saves, but the second, on the contrary, to spend. In the essay, often the first "I" that is trying to save is contested with the second one that spends. That who spends loves every minute of his life and wants to live it to the fullest. He sees no purpose in sacrificing the joy of the today to be enjoyed in the future. Thus, the struggle between the "I" that saves and the "I" that spends continues. The conscience here acts as a judge. Humour in the essay is generated on various occasions with the help of jokes, suggestions, and references. The money box serves as an instrument to present the author's opinion on the saving and spending tendencies of people. It is also an attack on the growing materialism in humankind. This essay is full of wit and humour and it vividly examines the problem of human psyche.

The money box is like the delusion of wealth. When the coins get into the box, it seems not quite a pleasant thing. However, opening this box becomes a significant concern of the owner's mind. It is understood that the desire to spend something overcomes the desire to save, even at such a young age. The writer believes that the money box as a gift is absurd since parents give children a token of their own greed. While talking about the money box, the essayist tends to recall the experiences of his own childhood. He remembers how he used to try everything to turn up his money box and get the coins out of it. The psyche of a child regarding the utility or futility of a money box has been vividly expressed. With a tone of autobiography, Lynd articulates his thesis calmly with the help of diverse images, allusions and comparisons.

While concluding, Lynd suggests that there is an urgent need to learn the art to balance between the saving and spending tendencies in us. He demonstrates that it is good as well as necessary to know the art of saving money in life but it should not be an obsession. People should also be trained in spending it meaningfully without being extravagant. The author at times also humanizes the money box to yield humour. Few mythical figures, such as Tantalus, as well as modern figures such as George Cruikshank, Arnold Bennett, and Balzac have also been

referred to in the essay to prove the point and illustrate the ideas.

Unit – 5

THE BEST INVESTMENT I EVER MADE

A. J. Cronin

Text

On the second day out from New York, while making the round of the promenade deck, I suddenly became aware that one of the other passengers waswatching me closely, following me with his gaze every time I passed, his eyes filled with a queer, almost pathetic intensity. I have crossed the Atlantic many times. And on this occasion, tired after a prolonged piece of work, I wanted to rest, to avoid the tedium of casual and importunate shipboard contacts. I gave no sign of having noticed the man. Yet there was nothing importunate about him. On the contrary, he seemed affected by a troubled, rather touching diffidence. He was in his early 40's, I judged -out of the comer of my eye -rather short in build, with a fair complexion, a good forehead from which his thin hair had begun to recede, and dear blue eyes. His dark suit, sober tie and rimless spectacles gave evidence of a serious and reserved disposition. At this point the bugle sounded for dinner and I went below. On the following forenoon, I again observed my fellow voyager watching me earnestly from his deck-chair. Now a lady was with him, obviously his wife. She was about his age, quiet and restrained, with brown eyes and slightly faded brown hair, dressed in a grey skirt and grey woollen cardigan. The situation by this time had begun to intrigue me and from my steward I discovered that they were Mr and Mrs John S—, from a small suburb of London. Yet when another day passed without event, I began to feel certain that Mr S—would remain too shy to carry out his obvious desire to approach me. However, on our final evening at sea, Mrs S—decided the matter. With a firm pressure on his arm and a whispered word in his ear, she urged her husband towards me as I passed along the deck.

'Excuse me, Doctor. I wonder if I might introduce myself.' He spoke almost breathlessly, offering me the visiting card which he held in his hand and studying my face to see if the name meant anything to me. Then, as it plainly did not, he went on with the same awkwardness. 'If you could spare a few minutes . . . my wife and I would so like to have a word with you.' A moment later I was occupying the vacant chair beside them. Haltingly he told me that this had been their first visit to America. It was not entirely a holiday trip. They had been making a tour

of the New England states, inspecting many of the summer recreational camps provided for young people there. Afterwards, they had visited settlement houses in New York and other cities to study the methods employed in dealing with youth groups, especially backward, maladjusted and delinquent cases. There was in his voice and manner, indeed in his whole personality, agenuine enthusiasm which was disarming. I found myself liking him instinctively. Questioning him further, I learned that he and his wife had been active for the past 15 years in the field of youth welfare. He was, by profession, a solicitor but, m addition to his practice, found time to act as director of a charitable organisation devoted to the care of boys and girls, mostly from city slums, who had fallen foul of the law. As he spoke with real feeling, I got a vivid picture of the work which these two people were doing –how they took derelict adolescents from the juvenile courts and. placing them in a healthy environment, healed them in mmd and body, sent them back into the world, trained m a useful handicraft and fit to take their places as worthy members of the community. It was a work of redemption which stirred the heart and I asked what had directed his life into this channel. The question had a strange effect upon him; he took a sharp breath and exclaimed: 'So,you still do not remember me' I shook my head, to the best of my belief I had never in my life seen him before.

'I've wanted to get in touch with you for many years,' he went on, under increasing stress. 'But I was never able to bring myself to do so.' Then, bending near, he spoke a few words, tensely, in my ear. At that, slowly, the veils parted, my thoughts sped back a quarter of a century and, with a start, I remembered the sole occasion when I had seen this man before. I was a young doctor at the time and had just set up in practice ina working-class district of London. On a foggy November night, towards one o'clock, I was awakened by a loud banging at the door. In those days of economic necessity any call, even at this unearthly hour, was a welcome one. Hurriedly, I threw on some clothes, went downstairs. It was a sergeant of police, in dripping helmet and cape, mistily outlined on the doorstep. A suicide case, he told me abruptly, in the lodgings round the comer -I had better come at once.Outside it was raw and damp, the traffic stilled, the street deserted, quiet as the tomb. We walked the short distance in silence, even our footsteps muffled by the fog, and turned into the narrow entrance of an old building. As we mounted the creaking staircase, my nostrils were stung by the sick-sweet odour of gas. On the upper storey the agitated landlady showed us to a bare little attic where, stretched on a narrow bed, lay the body of a young man. Although apparently lifeless, there remained the barest chance that the youth was not

quite beyond recall. With the sergeant's help, I began the work of resuscitation. For an entire hour we laboured without success A further 15 minutes and, despite our most strenuous exertions, it appeared useless. Then, as we were about to give up, completely exhausted, there broke from the patient a shallow, convulsive gasp. It was like a resurrection from the grave, a miracle, this stirring of life under our hands. Half an hour of redoubled efforts and we had the youth sitting up, gazing at us dazedly and, alas, slowly realising the horror of his situation. He was a round-cheeked lad, with a simple, countrified air, and the story that he told us, as he slowly regained strength in the bleak morning hours, was simple, too. His parents were dead. An uncle in the provinces, anxious, no doubt, to be rid of an unwanted responsibility, had found him a position as clerk in a London solicitor's office.

He had been in the city only six months. Utterly friendless, he had fallen victim to the loose society of the streets, had made bad companions, and like a young fool, eager to taste pleasures far beyond his means, had begun to bet on horses. Soon he had lost all his small savings, had pledged his belongings, and owed the bookmaker a disastrous amount. In an effort to recoup, he had taken a sum of money from the office safe for a final gamble which, he was assured, was certain to win. But this last resort had failed. Terrified of the prosecution which must follow, sick at heart, sunk in despair, he had shut himself in his room andturned on the gas. A long bar of silence throbbed in the little attic when he concluded this halting confession. Then, gruffly, the sergeant asked how much he had stolen. Pitifully, almost, the answer came, seven pounds ten shillings. Yes, incredible though it seemed, for this paltry sum this poor misguided lad had almost thrown away his life. Again, there came a pause in which, plainly, the same unspoken thought was uppermost in the minds of the three of us who were the sole witnesses of this near-tragedy Almost of one accord, we voiced our desire to give the youth -whose defence-less nature rather than any vicious tendencies had brought him to this extremity -a fresh start. The sergeant, at considerable risk to his job, resolved to make no report upon the case, so that no court proceedings would result. The landlady offered a month's free board until he should get upon his feet again. While I, making perhaps the least contribution, came forward with seven pounds ten shillings for him to put back in the office safe. The ship moved on through the still darkness of the night. There was no need of speech. With a tender gesture Mrs S—had taken her husband's hand. And as we sat in silence, hearing the sounding of the sea and the sighing of the breeze, a

singular emotion overcame me I could not but reflect that, against all the bad investments I had made throughout the years –those foolish speculations for material gam, producing only anxiety, disappointment and frustration —here at last was one I need notregret, one that had paid no dividends in worldly goods, yet which might stand, nevertheless, on the profit side, in the final reckoning.

Summary

"The Best Investment I ever made" is a story written by A.J. Cronin. This story narrates a touching episode from the author's early life as a doctor in London.

The doctor (author) once happened to attend a misguided youth who attempted suicide. With much effort, the doctor succeeded in bringing the youth back to life. The youth narrated his unfortunate story to the doctor. After the death of both his parents, he got employed in a Solicitor's office. Due to bad company, he lost all his money in horse bettings. He stole some money from his office safe and lost that too. Fearing of punishment, he attempted suicide by turning on the gas. After hearing the sad story, the doctor gave the young man Seven pounds, ten shillings, to put back in the office safe and start a fresh life.

Interestingly, after 25 years of gap, the doctor met the youth Mr. John.S, a happily married man, along with his wife. The couple had been actively involved in the rescue and rehabilitation of child offenders. The doctor felt that the small amount he had given to the unfortunate youth turned out to be the best investment he had ever made in his life. Though it did not yield him any monetary dividends, it gave him immense satisfaction.

The Worship of the Wealthy

- G.K. Chesterton

G.K. Chesterton, in full Gilbert Keith Chesterton, (born May 29, 1874, London, England—died June 14, 1936, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire), English critic and author of verse, essays, novels, and short stories, known also for his exuberant personality and rotund figure. Chesterton was educated at St. Paul's School and later studied art at the Slade School and literature at University College, London. His writings to 1910 were of three kinds. First, his social criticism,

largely in his voluminous journalism, was gathered in The Defendant (1901), Twelve Types (1902), and Heretics (1905). In it he expressed strongly pro-Boer views in the South African War. Politically, he began as a Liberal but after a brief radical period became, with his Christian and medievalist friend Hilaire Belloc, a Distributist, favouring the distribution of land. This phase of his thinking is exemplified by What's Wrong with the World (1910).His second preoccupation was literary criticism. Robert Browning (1903) was followed by Charles Dickens (1906) and Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens (1911), prefaces to the individual novels, which are among his finest contributions to criticism. His George Bernard Shaw (1909) and The Victorian Age in Literature (1913) together with William Blake (1910) and the later monographs William Cobbett (1925) and Robert Louis Stevenson (1927) have a spontaneity that places them above the works of many academic critics. His second preoccupation was literary criticism. *Robert Browning* (1903) was followed by *Charles Dickens* (1906) and *Appreciations and Criticisms of the Works of Charles Dickens* (1911), prefaces to the individual novels, which are among his finest contributions to criticism. His *George Bernard Shaw* (1909) and *The Victorian Age in Literature* (1913) together with *William Blake* (1910) and the later monographs *William Cobbett* (1925) and *Robert Louis Stevenson* (1927) have a spontaneity that places them above the works of many academic critics.

Chesterton's third major concern was theology and religious argument. He was converted from Anglicanism to Roman Catholicism in 1922. Although he had written on Christianity earlier, as in his book *Orthodoxy* (1909), his conversion added edge to his controversial writing, notably *The Catholic Church and Conversion* (1926), his writings in *G.K.'s Weekly*, and *Avowals and Denials* (1934). Other works arising from his conversion were *St. Francis of Assisi* (1923), the essay in historical theology *The Everlasting Man* (1925), *The Thing* (1929; also published as *The Thing: Why I Am a Catholic*), and *St. Thomas Aquinas* (1933).

The Worship of the Wealthy

Text

There has crept, I notice, into our literature and journalism a new way of flattering the wealthy and the great. In more straightforward times flattery itself was more straight-forward; falsehood

itself was more true. A poor man wishing to please a rich man simply said that he was the wisest, bravest, tallest, strongest, most benevolent and most beautiful of mankind; and as even the rich man probably knew that he wasn't that, the thing did the less harm. When courtiers sang the praises of a King they attributed to him things that were entirely improbable, as that he resembled the sun at noonday, that they had to shade their eyes when he entered the room, that his people could not breathe without him, or that he had with his single sword conquered Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The safety of this method was its artificiality; between the King and his public image there was really no relation. But the moderns have invented a much subtler and more poisonous kind of eulogy. The modern method is to take the prince or rich man, to give a credible picture of his type of personality, as that he is business-like, or a sportsman, or fond of art, or convivial, or reserved; and then enormously exaggerate the value and importance of these natural qualities. Those who praise Mr. Carnegie do not say that he is as wise as Solomon and as brave as Mars; I wish they did. It would be the next most honest thing to giving their real reason for praising him, which is simply that he has money. The journalists who write about Mr. Pierpont Morgan do not say that he is as beautiful as Apollo; I wish they did. What they do is to take the rich man's superficial life and manner, clothes, hobbies, love of cats, dislike of doctors, or what not; and then with the assistance of this realism make the man out to be a prophet and a saviour of his kind, whereas he is merely a private and stupid man who happens to like cats or to dislike doctors. The old flatterer took for granted that the King was an ordinary man, and set to work to make him out extraordinary. The newer and cleverer flatterer takes for granted that he is extraordinary, and that therefore even ordinary things about him will be of interest.

I have noticed one very amusing way in which this is done. I notice the method applied to about six of the wealthiest men in England in a book of interviews published by an able and well-known journalist. The flatterer contrives to combine strict truth of fact with a vast atmosphere of awe and mystery by the simple operation of dealing almost entirely in negatives. Suppose you are writing a sympathetic study of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. Perhaps there is not much to say about what he does think, or like, or admire; but you can suggest whole vistas of his taste and philosophy by talking a great deal about what he does not think, or like, or admire. You say of him—"But little attracted to the most recent schools of German philosophy, he stands almost as resolutely aloof from the tendencies of transcendental Pantheism as from the narrower ecstasies of Neo-Catholicism." Or suppose I am called upon to praise the charwoman who has just come

into my house, and who certainly deserves it much more. I say—"It would be a mistake to class Mrs. Higgs among the followers of Loisy; her position is in many ways different; nor is she wholly to be identified with the concrete Hebraism of Harnack." It is a splendid method, as it gives the flatterer an opportunity of talking about something else besides the subject of the flattery, and it gives the subject of the flattery a rich, if somewhat bewildered, mental glow, as of one who has somehow gone through agonies of philosophical choice of which he was previously unaware. It is a splendid method; but I wish it were applied sometimes to charwomen rather than only to millionaires.

There is another way of flattering important people which has become very common, I notice, among writers in the newspapers and elsewhere. It consists in applying to them the phrases "simple," or "quiet," or "modest," without any sort of meaning or relation to the person to whom they are applied. To be simple is the best thing in the world; to be modest is the next best thing. I am not so sure about being quiet. I am rather inclined to think that really modest people make a great deal of noise. It is quite self-evident that really simple people make a great deal of noise. But simplicity and modesty, at least, are very rare and royal human virtues, not to be lightly talked about. Few human beings, and at rare intervals, have really risen into being modest; not one man in ten or in twenty has by long wars become simple, as an actual old soldier does by [**Note: Apparent typesetting error here in original.] long wars become simple. These virtues are not things to fling about as mere flattery; many prophets and righteous men have desired to see these things and have not seen them. But in the description of the births, lives, and deaths of very luxurious men they are used incessantly and quite without thought. If a journalist has to describe a great politician or financier (the things are substantially the same) entering a room or walking down a thoroughfare, he always says, "Mr. Midas was quietly dressed in a black frock coat, a white waistcoat, and light grey trousers, with a plain green tie and simple flower in his button-hole." As if any one would expect him to have a crimson frock coat or spangled trousers. As if any one would expect him to have a burning Catherine wheel in his button-hole.

But this process, which is absurd enough when applied to the ordinary and external lives of worldly people, becomes perfectly intolerable when it is applied, as it always is applied, to the one episode which is serious even in the lives of politicians. I mean their death. When we have been sufficiently bored with the account of the simple costume of the millionaire, which is generally about as complicated as any that he could assume without being simply thought mad;

when we have been told about the modest home of the millionaire, a home which is generally much too immodest to be called a home at all; when we have followed him through all these unmeaning eulogies, we are always asked last of all to admire his quiet funeral. I do not know what else people think a funeral should be except quiet. Yet again and again, over the grave of every one of those sad rich men, for whom one should surely feel, first and last, a speechless pity—over the grave of Beit, over the grave of Whiteley—this sickening nonsense about modesty and simplicity has been poured out. I well remember that when Beit was buried, the papers said that the mourning-coaches contained everybody of importance, that the floral tributes were sumptuous, splendid, intoxicating; but, for all that, it was a simple and quiet funeral. What, in the name of Acheron, did they expect it to be? Did they think there would be human sacrifice—the immolation of Oriental slaves upon the tomb? Did they think that long rows of Oriental dancing-girls would sway hither and thither in an ecstasy of lament? Did they look for the funeral games of Patroclus? I fear they had no such splendid and pagan meaning. I fear they were only using the words "quiet" and "modest" as words to fill up a page—a mere piece of the automatic hypocrisy which does become too common among those who have to write rapidly and often. The word "modest" will soon become like the word "honourable," which is said to be employed by the Japanese before any word that occurs in a polite sentence, as "Put honourable umbrella in honourable umbrella-stand;" or "condescend to clean honourable boots." We shall read in the future that the modest King went out in his modest crown, clad from head to foot in modest gold and attended with his ten thousand modest earls, their swords modestly drawn. No! if we have to pay for splendour let us praise it as splendour, not as simplicity. When next I meet a rich man I intend to walk up to him in the street and address him with Oriental hyperbole. He will probably run away.

Summary

In The Worship of the Wealthy by G.K. Chesterton we have the theme of flattery. Taken from his All Things Considered collection the reader realises from the beginning of the essay that Chesterton is exploring the theme of flattery and his hesitancy to give flattery to those who are wealthy. Chesterton also feels as though journalists go to extremes when it comes to flattering the wealthy. It displeases him that some journalists feel the necessity to praise the wealthy when the reality is they may not have done very much and most likely inherited their wealth. It is not on merit that flattery is being given but rather an illusion of greatness is being created by the

journalists. With each journalist considering those who are wealthy to be better than they are. Chesterton always dislikes the simple language that the journalists' use when describing the wealthy. He does not consider it to be appropriate at all. There is a sense of artificiality in the manner that the journalists address the wealthy when they are writing about them. It is as though they attempt to disconnect the wealthy from others to make them out to be something that they are not.

What is also interesting about the essay is that Chesterton appears to have the same dislike for the wealthy as he does the journalists. Which may leave some critics to suggest that Chesterton is painting with a broad brush. The journalist perhaps needing the wealthy in order that they can exist and likewise the wealthy praising journalists for such good writing or character sketches. If anything the reader does not learn much from the character sketches that are written by the journalists and which Chesterton reproduces. Very little about an individual can be figured out particularly when words like ''simple' or 'quiet' or 'modest' are being used. All three words would in fact most likely be the opposite of what a wealthy person may be. Similarly with the over glorification of a person to the point that it is unrealistic. This serves to please just one person, the wealthy man or woman. Having exaggerations used to praise their character must surely be pleasing. However a more calming approach is more appropriate rather than build an individual up to greatness when greatness has not been achieved.

Chesterton might also be suggesting that ordinary people should not fall for the words of the journalists as the wealthy, apart from their wealth, are no different to them. Also the words that journalists employ when writing character sketches of the wealthy are more suited for others who should be held in high esteem. Chesterton is also annoyed at how a journalist might describe the physical appearance of someone who might be wealthy. It is drawn out when there is no need for it to be drawn out. If anything journalists appear to use words excessively when describing the rich. Yet the same cannot be said for when others are being described. However Chesterton's real anger seems to be directed towards the journalists who again overuse three words 'simple', 'quiet' and 'modest'. It is their usage that really rattles Chesterton and is most likely the reason as to why he wrote the essay. Three simple words that Chesterton believes are being used out of context. As to whether the reader agrees is left to each individual reader to decide.

The end of the essay is also interesting as Chesterton appears to highlight to the reader as to how ridiculous a journalists' word choice may be when it comes to a serious moment. Chesterton cannot abide with how a journalist wrote of Whiteley's funeral as though things could have been any different when the funeral was described as 'simple and quiet.' If anything the reader's eyes are opened by Chesterton as to the literary devices being employed by journalists. They lack any type of originality and the reader is left suspecting that journalism has fallen short in its requirements. Journalism should be informative and at times entertaining. Chesterton is finding no joy in the journalism he is reading. Which may be the point that Chesterton is making. He may be suggesting that should journalists continue to use the same three words when describing the wealthy. He will remain irate. Reading in disbelief the stories of the wealthy through the 'modest' lens of the journalist. Is it any wonder that at the end of the essay Chesterton feels exhausted and prone to talking Oriental hyperbole to the next wealthy person he sees.

Signature of the HOD

Signature of the Staff Assistant