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EDITORIAL NOTES.

An Ideal University.

THE Bishop of Madras recently gave to the Bangalore Y.M.C.A. an address upon "The Ideal of an Indian University" which has aroused a good deal of comment. While couched in genial terms, and suggesting rather than criticising openly, it was nevertheless a strong indictment of the present University system in India. With some of the features of the Bishop's ideal, and the implied condemnation of points in the present system, we are in hearty agreement. He declares—" A University should be a home of learning and a centre of intellectual life and culture. Its main object is not to enable a number of young men to pass a number of examinations, nor simply to impart to them a certain amount of information on a large number of subjects. Its highest function is to produce a cultivated class of men and women, to teach the educated classes of a country to think on questions of all kinds soberly, sanely, and scientifically; to produce men who can take broad views of questions, who possess a high standard of intellectual honesty and can see things steadily and see them whole; to foster among its members a love of learning, a love of knowledge, and a love of truth."

This is an excellent statement of a truth that no one would dream of disputing; nor would anyone deny that our Universities have utterly failed to attain this ideal. They are not (if one considers the average results of their training) productive of culture. Their courses of study do not broaden the view, but, by a spurious specialisation, tend to narrow it. It might be supposed, for instance, that a student who has taken the Honour Course in English literature would emerge with the stamp of literary culture upon him, with a disciplined literary enthusiasm, and with at least the promise and first attainment of real literary learning. Of a literary course, beyond all others, we expect culture to be the result. Actually, however, the average student of this Honour Course leaves college merely an unwilling and incomplete philologist: he has been forced, without option, to the detailed and comparatively uneducative study of comparative philology before he could write consistently tolerable English, and before his appreciation of literature was more than half ripe. Still less likely is the mathematical graduate, for instance, to be equipped with anything worthy the name of education. From his fourth form childhood he has specialised in mathematics and kindred subjects, and there is little else to which, in the remainder of his course, he has had to give serious and fully tested study. He may graduate in the first class, and yet remain perfectly ignorant, uninformed, and uncultured. It was recently suggested to us, with truth, that such specialisation is simply a misinterpretation of the word "thoroughness" as applied to study. For "thoroughness" suggests breadth as well as detail, nor is isolated elaboration "thoroughness." Of course everyone understands the necessity for intellectual discipline, and the correcting of the natural tendency towards vagueness; but it is very questionable whether the present course is of any more value for the training of the intellect than it is for culture; and it is surely evident that the genuine and culture-producing study of literature for its own sake may be made definite and scientific. Our students are docile, and will grind away at philological studies as long as we like to ask them. The tragedy of the thing is that they have a remarkable capacity and desire for culture, and culture is denied them.

Much less fortunate is the suggestion of the Bishop that "the medium of instruction for the pass degree should be the vernacular of the people, and not English." That would be a fatal piece of retrogression. "It requires," says the Bishop, "a very thorough knowledge of English before a student can really think in English and feel in English." True; but he under-estimates the student's attainment. Our schoolboys, by the time they enter college, have done all their work in English for a number of years, and have acquired, to a very considerable extent, the power of thinking in English terms. Further, if English were not the medium of a college student he would find himself debarred from the best authorities in all departments of his study. It would be utterly impossible to povide a sufficiency of translations, and the peculiarities and insufficiency of the vernacular terminology would in many cases render translations unsatisfactory, Again, proficiency in the English language is that part of the student's equipment which is of most importance to him in his subsequent career. There is force in the contentions of the Madras correspondent of *Capital* when he says (in commenting on the speech in question),—"Things being as they are,—Indians desiring to possess a common language,—State affairs being conducted in that language, and the bulk of western knowledge and

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literature being available only therein, the disadvantages attaching to Indian students being taught in English are outweighed by the advantages……The provision of a common language has got to be faced, and if English is not to be that language, what tongue does Bishop Whitehead suggest? One is also induced to ask whether there is to be a University for each language, and how these are to be financed, and in what way the multiplication of such a number of linguistically isolated centres of learning will promote the creation of an Indian nation, which seems to be Bishop Whitehead's ideal."

Beacon and Bacon.

Any student who desires to relax his weary soul in pure and restful amusement could not do better than peruse the various pamphlets that have been produced with the idea of proving to an obtuse and unwilling world that Bacon wrote the works ascribed to Shakespeare. The indefatigable Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has just addressed a truly delicious letter on the subject to the press. He quotes Milton's "Epitaph" upon Shakespeare, and then proceeds to inform us that this poem "so far as I have been able to ascertain, has never been correctly printed excepting only in my own copy of the 1632 folio of the Shakespeare plays" and in one other copy. In the usual printing, (which is, of course, correct) we have these lines:—

Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starre-ypointing pyramid.

But Sir Edwin's edition reads otherwise, and profound beyond vulgar fathoming is the difference. Instead of "starre-ypointing" he has "starre-ypointed." Observe the conclusion, which no words of ours must desecrate. Sir Edwin says:—

"A ball-pointed pen means a pen with a ball upon its point, a diamond-pointed drill means a drill with a diamond upon its point, and a starre-ypointed pyramid means, must mean, and can only mean" (Sir Edwin's exclusion of alternatives seems complete) "a pyramid with a star upon its point (its apex). But a pyramid with a star upon its apex is a beacon (pronounced Bacon……just as tea was pronounced tay, sea was pronounced say, etc.) Then Milton further tells us, 'What need'st thou such dull witnesse of thy name?' This is clearly intended to teach us that people ought to have wit enough to perceive that Bacon was the name of the real author without the dull witness of a beacon (Bacon) being put upon his works. Yes, the Epitaph tells us in the plainest and most unmistakable manner that Bacon is Shakespeare!" Ah well, there are less harmless forms of literary madness than this!

Conan Doyle as Rhymester.

The Indian "Bystander" quotes some extremely clever and amusing verses of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, of whom we are not accustomed to think as a poet. An American called Arthur Guiterman rebuked him for allowing his Sherlock Holmes to speak slightingly of two other well-known detectives in fiction,—Poe's Dupin and Gaboriau's Lecoq. Here is Guiterman's rebuke:—

Sherlock, your sleuth-hound, with motives
ulterior,
Sneers at Poe's Dupin as very inferior;

Labels Gaboriau's clever Lecoq indeed
Merely a bungler, a creature to mock, indeed!
This, when your plots and your methods in story owe
Clearly a trifle to Poe and Gaboriau.

And Conan Doyle's reply is not only a delightful little piece of fantastic rhyming, but also expresses a sound critical idea :—

Sure, there are times when one cries with acidity
"Where are the limits of human stupidity?"
Here is a critic who says, as a platitude,
That I am guilty because, in ingratitude,
Sherlock, the sleuth-hound, with motives ulterior,
Sneers at Poe's Dupin as very "inferior."
Have you not learned, my esteemed commentator,
That the created is not the creator?
As the creator, I 've praised to satiety
Poe's Monsieur Dupin, his skill and variety,
And have admitted that in my detective work
I owe to my model a deal of selective work;
But is it not on the verge of inanity
To put down to me my creation's crude vanity?
He, the created, the puppet of fiction,
Would not brook rivals nor stand contradiction.
He, the created, would scoff and would sneer
Where I, the creator, would bow and revere.
So please grip this fact with your cerebral tentacle,
The doll and its maker are never identical.

The Mensur.

Students in India are a peaceable race, and they might, perhaps, feel some little alarm if they betook themselves to a German University, and discovered that a large number of their German fellow-students bore, and boasted of, great sword-scars on their faces, the permanent marks of duels friendly or unfriendly. If a serious quarrel arises between two students they settle their difference, in a great many cases, with the sword. The matter is first submitted to a court of honour; and if one of the students concerned is not skilled in the use of the particular weapon to be used, that is considered no reason for a peaceful settlement. If he withdraws, he will find further life in the University impossible. But he is not likely to withdraw, and if necessary he will probably be allowed a certain time in which to practise with the type of weapon decided upon.

But, apart from quarrels, there are various duelling clubs, between representatives of which matches are arranged: such a friendly duel is called a *mensur*. Sometimes the sabre is used, and sometimes a yard-long lath of steel, called the *schlaeger*. In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* there is an extremely interesting article on this subject by Mr. Stephen Gwynn (whose name, by the way, should be familiar to every student, since his *Masters of English Literature* is perhaps the best and most attractive of all text-books). He describes the dressing of the combatants for one match he saw :—

" Underneath all, came shirt and trousers of white cotton: over these a huge leather coat, thick as a cricket-pad almost, and on this was buckled a padded sleeve equally sword-proof, and a collar three or four inches high. Then came the leather eye-guard, which protected not only the eyes, but most of the nose and forehead to well above the eyebrows. Thus the available mark is only the scalp and forehead and the lower part of the face. In fighting, the

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hand is held above the head, so that the arm completely guards the right cheek; but a back-hand stroke can reach the scalp over or behind the arm, and I saw why the reverse edge is sharp at the extremity, but blunt where it can only strike the sleeve. Dressing is complete when a big glove is drawn on, and the combatant is leant back in a chair like a lay figure, while the palm of his glove and the soles of his canvas shoes are chalked by the club attendants, who go about with the solemnity of mutes. The final touch puzzled me: grease was smeared thickly on the upper edge of the eye-guards. But my guide explained that it was to prevent blood from running into the eyes."

Each round consists of four simultaneous strokes, and parrying is not allowed. And there are other very stringent regulations.—"The mat was laid across before the dais, a reddish-brown rug some twelve feet long, and I was told that it was always left there, and (with great impressiveness) that the blood-stains were never washed out. For a sabre-duel, lines would be chalked on it to mark the positions; but for *schlaeger* fighting, men are set face to face with exactly a sword's length between them; and not only is it forbidden to step back, but you may not even move the body or the head under pain of dishonour—as I was going to see...

"The president from the centre of the dais announced the opening of the *mensur*, the qualities of the clubs and the combatants, with elaborated and religious ceremony; then the men were placed each with his arm stretched above his head and blade pointing upward; then one of the seconds (to whom the duty had fallen by lot) gave the word, "Mensur, Fertig, Los." At "Los" the two blades met for the "stroke of honour"... ...Then followed the fighting strokes three of them in swift succession—but the last blow was intercepted by the seconds, and so the first *ging* was over. Then came another and another, the first stroke always being on to the opposing blade, and the fourth generally picked up by the seconds, who stood right in with *schlaegers* ready. At the third or fourth bout the Cimbrian's blade flicked in, and a red line sprang up on the plump cheek of his opponent. There was a stoppage while the doctor...sponged the cut, and then the play began again. But in half a minute the same flicking stroke, low on the right, lit again, and this time opened the cheek with a deep gash perhaps four inches long, and the blood came fast. There was more mopping and sponging, and the boy talked a bit to his supporters to give himself confidence; and then came another *ging*. In a few more strokes there was another wound, this time on the scalp, over the arm. Scarcely ten rounds had been fought, and there were forty to be got through......His second, a bullet-headed hardy-looking fellow, kept cracking jokes to put heart into him; and the lad stuck to it courageously.....But, whether by coincidence or good-luck, through the last thirty *gings*—that is, some ninety strokes—no one was touched: when the last stroke of all came finally, the boy took it as I suppose he was entitled to do the last, with a parry;

and so all was over, and my mind was much relieved.

"But conceive what the relief must have been for the loser. I never saw a more radiant countenance than that young Saxon's as he stood up, with his eye-guards off now, smiling irrepressibly in spite of his bloody cheeks and scalp. Whether it is always so, or whether it was the courtesy due to a man who had been obviously overmatched, I cannot say; but all the compliments were for him and not for the Cimbrian, who, divested of his accoutrements, went off quietly to wash in a corner by himself."

It is a foolish business. In favour of serious duelling, to settle a quarrel that it seems impossible to settle otherwise, tolerable arguments may be adduced. But nothing can justify this useless, "friendly" bloodshed. As a matter of fact the main object of the *mensur* duellist is to obtain scars for future glory. Our readers will remember how Jerome K. Jerome, in *Three men on the bummel*, describes and abhors the *mensur*. Here is part of his rhapsody :—

"The whole interest is centred in watching the wounds. They come always in one of two places—on the top of the head or the left side of the face. Sometimes a portion of hairy scalp or section of cheek flies up into the air, to be carefully preserved in an envelope by its proud possessor, or, strictly speaking, its former possessor, and shown round on convivial evenings; and from every wound, of course, flows a plentiful stream of blood. It splashes doctors, seconds, and spectators; it sprinkles ceiling and walls; it saturates the fighters, and makes pools for itself in the sawdust. At the end of each round the doctors rush up, and with hands already dripping with blood press together the gaping wounds, dabbling them with little balls of wet cotton wool, which an attendant carries ready on a plate. Naturally, the moment the men stand up again and commence work, the blood gushes out again half blinding them, and rendering the ground beneath them slippery. Now and then you see a man's teeth laid bare almost to the ear so that for the rest of the duel he appears to be grinning at one half of the spectators, his other half remaining serious; and sometimes a man's nose gets slit, which gives to him as he fights a singularly supercilious air. The real victor is he who comes out with the greatest number of wounds; he who then, stitched and patched almost to unrecognition as a human being, can promenade for the next month, the envy of the German youth, the admiration of the German maiden. . . .How the student bears the dressing of his wounds is as important as how he receives them. Every operation has to be performed as brutally as may be, and his companions carefully watch him during the process to see that he goes through it with an appearance of peace and enjoyment. A clean-cut wound that gapes wide is most desired by all parties. On purpose it is sewn up clumsily, with the hope that by this means the scar will last a lifetime. Such a wound, judiciously mauled and interfered with during the week afterwards, can generally be reckoned on to secure its fortunate possessor a wife with a dowry of five figures at the least."—We know the manner of our Jerome, but he is exaggerating—not inventing—there.

MADRAS.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

The Boys of Devapur School.

CHAPTER VII.

By Harry Banbury, B.A., L.C.P.

A NEW BOY.

(*Concluded*).

“I say you fellows;” said Nasir Ahmad coming into the common room of the Vishvanath Hostel one fine morning in August, “there is a new boy joining the hostel.”

“Yes,” said Harish Chandra, “I know him a little: his name is Shambu Nath and he is the nephew of a rich taluqdar, and thinks a great deal of himself. He joined the school at the beginning of the term on the 9th of July, and he was living in a house at Kaiserbagh. He had no guardian with him, so our Headmaster ordered him to live in the hostel or leave the school, as he says he cannot be responsible for boys living in the city, who have no guardians.”

“Well, what is he like?” said Brahma Narayan.”

“I don't think much of him,” said Harish; “He has been too much spoilt at home to be of much use. What I have heard of him seems to show that he will not mix with us very much. When he agreed to join the hostel, he asked the Headmaster for a special room as he did not wish to mix with ordinary boys. So I don't think he will get on very well here.”

“It seems we shall have to teach him better manners,” said Qamaruzzuman, who had been sitting at the window giving a last look to his lessons for the day.

“What shall we do?” asked Ayoub Ahmad, a mischievous boy who was always ready for a joke.

“Oh! he'll get the usual treatment that all new boys get,” said Qamaruzzuman, “and if he stands that all right, we shall know he is not such a bad fellow after all.”

“But I don't think the Headmaster ought to give him a special room;” grumbled Hamid Khan, “it is not fair to make any difference because one boy is richer than another.”

“Oh! don't be so foolish,” said Harish, “Don't you know our Headmaster better than that? Of course he's making no exception. Shambu Nath grumbled a great deal but the Headmaster was quite firm, and so he is going to share a room with Janki Nath.”

“How will you like that, Janki Nath?” said Nasir to Janki Nath, who was just entering the room. “Like what?” returned Janki Nath. “We have just been talking about Shambu Nath, who is going to share with you in your room,” said Nasir.

“Well, if he doesn't behave himself, it will be he who won't like it,” replied Janki Nath.

Just then the hostel bell sounded and the Superintendent came out of his house to listen to the roll-call. This was done by the two prefects, Nasir calling over the roll for the Muhammadan boarders, and Harish for the Hindus. When this was done the Superintendent gave a few quick orders, the boys fell into fours, and marched to school under their prefects.

By six that evening Shambu Nath had entered the hostel with three servants and a quantity of bedding and luggage. As he was to live in the Hindu half of the hostel, Harish went forward to help him and to point out the rules which were hung in a prominent place in each room.

"What a lot of strict rules these are about leaving the hostel!" said Shambu Nath, as he scanned them, "And what a lot of fuss about nothing. First of all I have to ask leave of the Superintendent to go out of the hostel grounds, and I cannot go out of bounds without leave from the Headmaster. What do you mean by *bounds*?"

"Here is the map of the city," said Harish, "and those red lines enclosing some of the roads round the hostel mark the bounds outside which no boy can go without leave from the Headmaster."

"Why," said Shambu Nath, "all the parts of the city, that one wants to go to, lie outside the bounds. There is not one bazaar within the bounds. It is too bad, we are not children."

"Well, if you don't like it," said Harish, "You can leave the hostel. Nobody will mind very much."

"What is the use ot saying that?" returned Shambu Nath, "You know I have been compelled to come in."

"You can leave the school, and then you need not live in the hostel" answered Harish. Shambu Nath said nothing in answer to this but just grumbled something to himself.

About ten o'clock the boys began to prepare to go to bed. The Superintendent had already made his usual nightly rounds to see that everything was all right. As it was very hot, some of the boys had put their beds out in the quadrangle, while others had put them in the long verandahs.

One of Shambu Nath's servants prepared his bed for him in the verandah just outside his room, and, when everything was ready, Shambu Nath lay down to sleep, ordering, as he did so, his servant to lie down by his side.

Harish noticed this and called out, "I say, Shambu Nath, that is against the rules. All servants must go to their own quarters."

"Oh! bother the rules," grumbled Shambu Nath, "And what does it matter to you? You have nothing to do with me."

"Well, I am the prefect," replied Harish, "And I shall be scolded in the morning by the Superintendent when he finds out you have had a servant with you all night."

"I don't care," said Shambu Nath, "I never have slept yet without a servant near me, and I am not going to beg in now." So saying he turned over on his side and fell asleep.

He had not been asleep long when he felt his bed lifted up steadily and slowly, and by the time he was fully awake he found himself being carried shoulder

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high, ever faster and faster, round the quadrangle. He tried to sit up but he found that he had been tied securely down to his bed by his sheet and a dhoti. He shouted out at the top of his voice for help, but there was no answer. He could not see who was carrying him, and since no one spoke he could not recognise any one's voice. At first all kinds of fears about thieves rushed through his mind, but he soon realised that it was some of his fellow-boarders who were carrying him round and round at a great rate, and he became very angry.

"Let me down, you brutes," he said. "Wait till I get down and I'll make some of you pay for this," but still there was no answer, only the bed was carried round a little faster. Just when Shambu Nath had become almost inarticulate with rage, the bed was suddenly dropped with a crash. There was a quick run and scuffle, and before Shambu Nath could extricate himself, every boy in the hostel was apparently fast asleep on his bed.

Shambu Nath called his servant to put his bed back into the verandah, and then he went and lay down. As he did so he looked suspiciously round at all the sleepers, but never was there a more innocent-looking set of sleeping boys than those sleeping in the hostel that night.

For a long time he lay still vowing all kinds of vengeance on those who had treated him so badly, but at length, tired out, he fell asleep.

Next morning he went to the Superintendent and related his tale of woe. The Superintendent called the prefects and asked them a few questions about the matter, but got no satisfactory answers. So he took Shambu Nath to the Headmaster who happened to be sitting reading in the verandah of his bungalow.

After the Headmaster had invited them to sit down, the Superintendent made his report of what had happened. Then the Headmaster asked Shambu Nath to tell his story.

Poor Shambu Nath expected to get a lot of sympathy from the Headmaster, but to his surprise, when he began to tell how he was lying down with his servant by his side, the Headmaster asked quickly "Why was your servant sleeping with you? Don't you know the rules?" Shambu Nath stammered and tried to excuse himself. Again the Headmaster said, "Don't you know the rules? Didn't the prefect tell you that no boarder was allowed to have a servant inside the hostel quadrangle at night?" Shambu Nath had to confess that he had been told the rules.

"Well, go on with your story," said the Headmaster.

When he had finished, the Headmaster laughed. "What extraordinarily sound-sleepers you and your servant must be," he said, "Do you mean to tell me that you were tied up on your bed without waking up or without your servant seeing them?"

"We were both very tired," replied Shambu Nath, "and then they did not tie me up very tightly."

"So you have no idea who carried you about the quadrangle?" asked the Headmaster.

"No, sir" replied Shambu Nath.

"You are not even sure that it was the boarders who played you the trick?" continued the Headmaster.

"Well, sir, it could not have been any one else," said Shambu Nath.

"That is true," said the Headmaster. "But don't you see what a poor sort of fellow your story shows you to be. In the first place you are so little used to taking care of yourself, that you want a servant to sleep by your side. Then you either sleep so soundly or you are so cowardly that you let other boys tie you up in your bed without making any protest, and finally when you are dropped on the ground you go back to bed without trying to find out who played the trick on you. Now I have been watching you ever since you joined the school, and your conduct has not been at all satisfactory. You think too much of yourself. Because you belong to the family of a taluqdar, you are inclined to think yourself superior to the majority of your school-fellows. Now there are many boys in the school who are of quite as good birth as yourself. There are some whose parents are much richer than yours, and yet you do not see them assuming airs. In this school we do not respect boys for their birth or for their money, but for what they are in themselves. The boy who is honoured here is the boy who is trying to be a gentleman in conduct, and not the boy who claims to be a gentleman because of his birth or money. Your school-fellows have noticed your conduct, you may be sure, and the trick that was played on you last night was a sign that they resented it, and that they wanted to teach you better manners. It would have been much wiser of you to have taken no notice of the trick and not to have reported it. In that case your school-fellows would have recognised that you had good stuff in you, and they would have respected you, and in time you would have got on well with them. Now you have thrown away a great chance."

"But, sir," said Shambu Nath, "They ought to be punished for serving me so badly." Poor Shambu Nath could not see the Headmaster's point of view at all. All he felt was that he had been treated badly, and that he wanted satisfaction for it. He had been so spoilt and so used to treating his inferiors with indifference and contempt, that he could not realise that he thoroughly deserved all he had got.

"Well," said the Headmaster, "Give me the boys' names who played the trick on you and I will punish them accordingly as they deserve it."

Shambu Nath could not give any names and he said so. "Then," said the Headmaster, 'I cannot do much. I will make enquiries when the school opens, but I do not expect any boy is going to tell tales of another, and as, after all, the trick was a very harmless one, I shall not enquire into the matter very much. My advice to you is to think less of yourself and more of others and then you will have no more trouble. Otherwise, I am afraid, your school-life will not be a happy one."

When school opened at ten o'clock, the Headmaster called Nasir Ahmad and Harish Chandra into his room.

"What was all this trouble about last night?" asked the Headmaster as they entered the room. "You know I hold my prefects responsible for all that goes on in the hostels." Both boys looked somewhat sheepishly at each other. Then Harish said, "I didn't think there was much harm or I would have stopped it. The boys play tricks on every new boy that comes into the hostel so as to see what kind of fellow he is."

"And please, sir," broke in Nasir, "This boy deserved all he got and more. He looked down on us all when most of us are quite as well born as he is. If he had taken the matter in the right way. everything would have been all right No one has even complained before. Have they? Sir."

"No," replied the Headmaster, "No one has ever complained before. But who was concerned in last night's affair?"

The two boys looked down, and then Nasir said, "We were not concerned in it because we were prefects, but we know what was going on. As no one had complained before we did not interfere, but if you do not like it, we will see that it doesn't happen again. We hope that you won't ask us for the names of those boys who actually played the trick, for, since we allowed it, we are to blame."

"Well," said the Headmaster, "I am not going to enquire into the matter any more, but I want you to remember that the good name of the hostel is in your hands, and if the boarders get a reputation for rough horse-play, it will be bad for the hostel and the school. I don't want to interfere too much in what you do, but when you play tricks on each other you must remember not to go too far. Another time I shall enquire more closely if a complaint is made, and those who make the fun will have to pay for the fun. When I was at school I had tricks played on me, and many a time have I helped to play tricks on others, and sometimes I had to pay for my fun."

The two boys laughed at this. "Yes," said the master, "I must confess I have had to pay for my fun many times. Well, go now, and be careful in future. I don't want the hostel to have a bad name."

The boys left the Headmaster's room feeling very much more comfortable than when they entered it. Shambu Nath grew a little more reconciled to his lot and things went on smoothly for a short time.

(*To be continued*).

* * *

A PASTORAL PARODY

FROM

JOHN GAY'S "SHEPHERD'S WEEK."

(Pope suggested to Gay that the latter should write some mock-pastorals in ridicule of the pastorals of Ambrose Philips, who had, in Pope's opinion, degraded the pastoral by introducing English, instead of Sicilian, scenery into it, and giving his pastoral characters descriptive English names. Pope was inordinately proud of his own pastorals, and deeply resented the appreciation for those of Philips expressed anonymously in Steele's periodical, the *Guardian*. "Pope," says Mr. E. K. Chambers, "was bitterly offended at this preference of his rival, and contrived a characteristic revenge. He wrote an essay in which his own pastorals were compared with those of Philips, and which was designed to display the real superiority of the former, while giving an ironical advantage to the latter. This he sent anonymously to Steele for the *Guardian*. Steele, good honest man, failed to see the irony, and thought it desirable to obtain Pope's leave before publishing the paper. This Pope was generously pleased to grant. It must be admitted that Steele's mistake is perfectly intelligible. Not only had Pope, after the manner of Defoe in his *Shortest Way with Dissenters*, so overdone the irony as to obscure the point, but also the poetic superiority which he intended the passages quoted from his own pastorals to show over those taken from Philips, is by no means so manifest as he thought. However the paper duly appeared in the *Guardian* for April 27, 1713, and Philips at least was at no loss as to the purport of it. His reply was effective, though it passed the limits of literary warfare. He hung up a birch in the coffee-room at Burton's, and threatened to use it upon his rival Arcadian if he dared to set foot in that popular resort."—This request of Pope's to Gay was intended to produce the further discomfiture of Philips. Gay, however, was a genuine poet and his burlesque pastorals are ever deviating into poetry. There is much humour, however, in the comic English equivalents he gives for the traditional details of the pastoral and the way in which travesties its mannerisms and stock phrases.)

Thursday, or the Spell.

Hobnelia seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehearsed her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining echo answers groan for groan.
"I rue the day, a rueful day, I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he happed to love;
A maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice, around, around, around.

"When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd;
'This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow:
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do);
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around

"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal:
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, which I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L.
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!

For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice, around, around, around.

" Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

" As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three
Which when I cropp'd I safely home conveyed,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person, Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eft' soons I join'd it with my wonted slight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

" This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west;
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see! to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around. around.

" I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling the unbroken paring o'er my head;
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"This pippin shall another trial make;"
See, from the core two kernels brown I take.
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on the other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserved in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

"But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewrayed,
Nor shall she, crowned with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown.
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown adown!"

* * *

"THE EMIGRANT"

(A South Indian Story)

BY

S. S. AIYANGAR.

"You talk of a ship: I thought you were employed in a firm." "You don't know my fortune then? That firm was a prison to me, and I could never get on with my employer. So I got off and joined this ship. It goes to the colonies, you see. But I must go now. Shall we meet to-morrow?" and Kannan hurried off.

Colonies! That word set Murugan a-thinking.

It was the emigration season then. *Kanganis* with their black monkey-faces, ill-dressed in imitation of their estate-masters, with cigars a span long, and round skull caps like *banjos*, and clothes with blue borders, striped with red lines and flowers, were roving the district for unsatisfied, lazy labourers of the lowest classes in squalid, miserable, unroofed hovels, and preaching to them of the glorious prosperity in store for them, in the colonies. Gold and silver were to be had for a song, and a labourer was paid three rupees a day.

"Only you must show you have hands," they said, "And can hold a spade or an axe, then you are at once taken into the big Dorai's service, and you can clothe yourselves well, drink, eat and live in good brick houses, with plenty of sunshine and water and air.

"You need not settle there for ever. After five years—only five years, you see—you may return, every one of you with a thousand rupees or more—not less—if you can but work.

"You have free passage both ways. Will any one despise this opportunity?—here treated cruelly by hungry landlords, to serve them till the end of your life, and attend them whenever called upon, drink the miserable *kanji* they occasionally pour into your broken pot, and be beaten by the village *talayari*. Look at us! We ourselves were like you, but we went abroad and now earn fine salaries. Come, we shall lead you to that Happy Land. Pack up and follow us. If you want any money, here, stretch out your hand, here is a five-rupee note. Do you want more?"

Does the poor listener want more? He has not in his life handled a five-rupee note before. He readily clutches at it and once the money is in his hands, the mischief is done. Many households are thus lured away. They shift their homes and follow the *kanganis* from village to village till they come to the port. There they are registered in the Labour Commission Office and packed off.

Kannan and Murugan met again the next evening, and Kannan boasted of his situation on the ship.

Murugan had left school in the primary class for want of funds. His father was dead and had confided his mother to his care. He had promised never to leave her as long as life remained in his body. His mother pounded paddy and he was now a clerk to a miserable Vakil who miserably paid him three rupees and a half a month. He occasionally got an anna or two from clients, but of late love of money had tightened their purse-strings and it cost an hour's haggling to draw a nickel anna piece from their long, lean, greasy purses. He had tried many times to get a more paying post but—his education!

Many times had he thought of throwing himself from the main bridge of the Tamra but the thought of that loved soul at home had checked him. His heart had been on the rack for many a day.

" This was my best opportunity," said Kannan " And I took it. My uncle is an officer on that ship. I remember there is still a lascar's post vacant. Will you also come? It will be nice for us two to go together. Won't it? Well, Murugan, what do you say?" Murugan started—as if from sleep.

" It is all good, Kannan," said he, " but how can I come? I haven't got a pie in my hands. Besides that, (with tears in his eyes) there is my mother, my dear mother, helpless at home."

" Mother? What petty excuse is this? Say to her 'I go' and come off. Don't think you are the only affectionate son in the world. Have not I a mother? Have not I a father? Do I remain with them always?" So jeered Kannan.

Murugan described all his circumstances to him. " My mother will be alone and helpless. If I, her only son......"

" That is the very thing I wanted to tell you, just the reason why you should go out and earn. How can she maintain you with your two-anna wages? Have you forgotten the old proverb 'Even *cross* the seas for wealth'?"

" Yes, yes. My three and a half is not even a bare pittance."

" Have you heard what sum a little boy makes in the colonies? He gets one hundred a month and is boarded with his master. Even with these advantages, labourers are scarce there. If you are not minded to work hard in the estates, you can employ yourself under the big merchants in the towns and earn a hundred or two a month."

" Really! Do they pay so much?" Murugan wavered.

" A thousand times stranger did it appear to me at first. Hear this. A lad just your age was there for only six months. He returned with a thousand rupees, a thousand, mind you, a full bag."

" For my part," said Murugan, " I am ready to go. But when I go, O pity! what will become of her?"

" Enough, enough. You revert to the old wives' tale again. Why not say at once that *you* are not brave enough to go?"

Repeated blows break the biggest stones and Kannan went on talking and praising emigration until late at night.

Murugan went home and thought. Slow penury and quick ambition all night long held his mind.

" What Kannan. says is true. Does my mother maintain me only by my salary? She toils and toils with her bleeding hands. I shall follow his advice and grow rich."

Next morning he rose early from his old mat with dark-rimmed eyes and sat before the morning cold rice. He could not eat for care. His face was more than usually cast down. His mother inquired what the matter was.

"I will tell you," said he.

The mother wondered what it could be—the mother who loved him so well.

At ten o'clock when he went to the Vakil's office tears could be seen in his eyes. In the room he left, deep sighs and subdued sobs could be heard distinctly.

In the evening Kannan took his friend to his house, where his uncle was staying. Murugan said that he had told his mother in the morning of his intention and that she, after much entreaty on his part and much weeping on hers, had consented.

Kannan's uncle wrote to the captain of the ship recommending Murugan for the lascar's post.

As the day of the ship's sailing neared, the health of Murugan's mother declined with the grief of the coming separation. Whenever Murugan looked on her, his sorrow seemed to choke him: he felt as he had felt on the day of his father's death. At last the day of departure came.

On the way Murugan described the parting moment to Kannan. "It was very painful, my dear Kannan, very very painful. My mother's heart was breaking. She gave me an old purse with about ten rupees which she had saved, and said, 'Take this my son.' A thousand times I said to her, 'No.' She would not listen and kept urging me. 'Take it, you may want it on the way.' I took it and under pretence of making it secure, dropped it in the room and came off at once."

"How much you feel for that old thing! Why did you not take the money? Do you think you can reach the end of your journey in a day?" said Kannan heartlessly.

"Whatever be my expenses, she may want it more badly. If you talk like this any more, rest assured I shan't like you the more for it."

Kannan took the hint and spoke more pleasantly. They entered the jutka and seated themselves. The driver asked, "Are you ready?" "Yes," was the answer.

The whip lashed and the jutka moved but before it had gone twenty paces—"Please stop for a moment, please, please:" so crying, an old woman came running behind the jutka, breathing hard and streaming with perspiration.

Murugan turned and saw it was his mother. "What is the matter, mother? O, it has tired you much! Why do you come running?"

"Dear son, you left the purse in the room," said she weeping and placed it on his lap.

"Do not come, dear mother, do not follow. I shall return soon. Do not weep.—Farewell."

The jutka again moved on, and was soon out of sight.

Tired with running so great a distance and grieving at the separation of her only beloved son, she toiled back with unsteady limbs on the mud road facing a furious wind. She thought of the dangers which might befall her dear boy and how many cheats would strive to dupe him. Her heart followed him and her body moved slowly. Her knees bent beneath her. She leaned on a roadside tree and wept and sobbed. She recovered a little—for tears are the best consolers—and walked on as best she could, praying in her heart's heart, "O God, be pleased in Thy mercy to ordain that he may come back safe." Though there were none in that "raven down of darkness" to hear her, yet the Omnipotent did hear. The miserable will be the elect of God.

Groping through the darkness, she approached her house. She ascended a step and was about to sink on it with exhaustion, when there was a cry of "Mother," and she found herself in her son's arms. She wept—for joy. The sudden revulsion from the agony of his departure to the bliss of his return utterly prostrated her.

The flow of tears from Murugan's eyes never stopped and he explained to her why he had returned. From the time she came running to the side of the jutka crying and sobbing, his mind was troubled and tortured. As the jutka moved on, his grief and his dislike of the journey increased. It had pricked his heart to think that he had set aside the parting advice of his lost father and was leaving the country and his helpless mother, regardless of her innermost wish and tender feelings even though she had sobbed out a half-consent. He could not control himself. So he had asked Kannan also to come down.

"Excuse me, friend, I cannot come. Beg pardon for me of your uncle and give him this money for the expense he has incurred for me," and before Kannan could reply, he had turned and disappeared. He ran over fences and channels till at length he reached the house before her.

Next morning some of his waggish neighbours rallied him about his trip and his return.

"Will you take me as your clerk?" said one; and another desired to be his accountant and treasurer for the wealth he had brought from the Colonies.

His master who heard likewise of his return and of the circumstances of it, sent for him, told him he admired him for his conduct and promised to educate him. His mother, moreover, was paid a monthly allowance.

We are now informed by Mr. Murugan that he has attended the recent Convocation and is now a teacher in a famous High School in the metropolis, whose name we cannot, without his permission, give.

We have applied for it.

* * *

ANGLO-INDIAN LITERATURE.

From the "*Daily News.*"

There is a passage in Sir Mortimer Durand's very interesting life of Sir Alfred Lyall that surprises me not a little. In 1873 Grant Duff wrote to Lyall:

> Our possession of India has done so ridiculously little for our literature that it is a great pity that one who can do as you have done in "Theology in Extremis" and "The Old Pindaree" should not do more.

This remark is in itself a little odd; but what is really astonishing is Sir Mortimer Durand's comment on it:

> The reason why our possession of India has done little for English literature is obvious enough—that the English in that country, a very small number all told, are mostly officials, and are hardworked, often very much overworked in an exhausting climate. . . . But the fact pointed out by Grant Duff is undeniable.

This last sentence must be hard reading for Mr. Kipling; and Kipling or no Kipling, I cannot but think that the fact, which was scarcely "undeniable" even in 1873, has, in 1913, become very deniable indeed.

If "our possession of India" were to be justified by its literary fruits, it seems to me that there could be no doubt of its justification. And though as a matter of fact, books cannot justify our rule, they can and do prove that we have not been a race of stupid tyrants. Even in 1873 it was ridiculous to say that we had done "ridiculously little" in the way of literature. For one thing, we had begun to do for India what she had never done for herself—we had begun to write her history. Three Indian officials had produced three remarkable pieces of historical work: Elphinstone's "History of India," Grant Duff's "History of the Mahrattas," and Tod's "Annals of Rajastan." It would not be unfair, I think, to add a fourth-Malcolm's "History of Persia." Quite admirable was the spirit which impelled these soldiers and administrators to give their hard-earned leisure to historical research. It is odd that the son of historian of the Mahratta, should have shown so little appreciation of their labours.

IN IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.

But even in imaginative literature our record was by no means blank in 1873. Hockley's "Pandurang Hari," is a picturesque romance of great power; and Meadows Taylor's "Confessions of a Thug" is a classic. I have not read Meadows Taylor's other novels but am assured that they are far from negligible. Then there had appeared in 1870 a book of extraordinary power which has strangely dropt out of sight: "The Chronicles of Budgepore," by Iltudus Prichard. Neither his novel nor his fantastic name has secured him admission to the "Dictionary of National Biography," so I do not know who he was; but one thing I do know—that his book is well worth reprinting. It is disfigured by a silly trick of nomenclature: the author gives his European characters grotesque Hindustani names. "Dakhil

Duftar," "the Hon'ble Kist Byewilwuffa," and so forth, to the extreme bewilderment and exasperation of the English reader. But when once you have got over this stumbling-block the book is fascinating. It contains some comedy and a little farce; but in the main it is tragic. Mr. Kipling has done nothing better than "The Budgepore Exhibition" or "The History of the Barracks."

It would not be difficult to mention other noteworthy books of the early Victorian time—for example, Sleeman's "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official." But it is, no doubt in the forty years since 1873 that India has come to take a very conspicuous place in English literature. How, I wonder, can Sir Mortimer Durand ignore or deny this fact? And that too, in writing the life of the official who wrote—

BADMINTON.

Hardly a shot from the gate we stormed,
Under the Moree battlement's shade,
Close to the glacis our game was formed;
There had the fight been, and there we played.

Lightly the Demoiselles littered and leapt,
Merrily capered the players all,
North, was the garden where Nicolson slept,
South, was the sweep of a battered wall.
Near me a Musulman, civil and mild,
Watched as the shuttlecocks rose and fell;
And he said, as he counted his beads and smiled,
"God smite their souls to the depth of Hell."

The "Verses written in India" are not great poetry, but they are very good literature, and thoroughly Indian in their inspiration, while in "Asiatic Studies" we have wide knowledge and subtle thought combined with excellent style. Of official authors Lyall is doubtless the most accomplished; but he is only one of a considerable class, as no one can doubt who knows anything of the admirable literary work done by such men as Sir William Hunter and Sir Herbert Risley in census reports and publications of that order.

NON-OFFICIAL AUTHORS.

But when we turn to non-official authors we are amazed, not by the meagreness, but by the wealth and variety of their output. First, of course, we have Mr. Kipling. We may not admire either his politics or his philosophy, but it would be mere folly to deny that he is a man of genius, or to forget that he owes to India the better part of his inspiration. Then we have Mrs. Flora Annie Steel with her highly-wrought, powerful romances; Sara Jeannette Duncan, with her sober and penetrating studies of official life; and quite a bevy of minor novelists, Alice Perrin, Irene Burn, the author of "Siri Ram, Revolutionist," etc., etc. If you look for keen sympathy with Indian thought and feeling, you find it —perhaps a little too unalloyed—in the poems of "Laurence Hope," and in the remarkable prose of F. W. Bain, author of "A Digit of the Moon." For satire on the British Raj—bitter, unjust, but powerful—you may turn to Abeigh-

Mackay's "Twenty-one Days in India." In the way of descriptive writing nothing could be better than G. W. Steevens' "In India," a work of astounding talent; and scarcely behind it come the "Vision of India," by Sidney Low, and "The New Spirit in India," by Henry Nevinson. On Indian architecture and art (to say nothing of Ferguson) we have the exhaustive studies of E. B. Havell and Vincent Smith. Surely Sir Mortimer Durand must have failed to keep abreast of Anglo-Indian literature.—

WILLIAM ARCHER.

* * *

THE READING OF BIOGRAPHY.

(Part of an address delivered in Motihari by G. Rainy, Esq., I. C. S., reprinted from "The Students' Chronicle.")

Before I go on to the question how to read I must say something more about biography. When I touched upon it before, it was from a different point of view. What I want to say is that to my mind biography is the most fascinating of all forms of literature. I include under biography letters, journals and memoirs which are all forms of autobiography and self-revelation. The reason they are so delightful is, I think, this, that in the best biographies you have communicated to you that indefinable quality which makes the man himself and distinguishes him from all other men, his personal flavour as it were. You get this also in some of the essayists, and most of all in the great Frenchman, Montaigne and in our inimitable Englishman Charles Lamb. But I have always felt in the case of other essayists that they are a littte self-conscious, that intentionally or not they assume a pose, and that what you get is not the man himself but the man he believed himself to be, which is a very different matter. An American essayist, Oliver Wendel Holmes, says that every man is a kind of trinity. There is the man as his Maker sees him, the man as he sees himself, and the man as other people see him.

Now the man we want to meet is the real man himself, and we find him best in his unconscious revelations when he is writing or speaking about indifferent matters and not thinking of himself at all. No man can tell the truth about himself if he deliberately sets himself to try. We all of us lie tremendously about ourselves when we are trying our hardest to be perfectly frank and sincere. But we all of us give ourselves away in our familiar letters to our intimate friends and in conversation. A genuine record by an unbiassed observer of almost any human life must be full of interest, provided that the subject of the biography is allowed to speak for himself. But of course it is the biographies of the great personalities that are fullest of the savour of life. What do I mean by a great personality? I mean the man who has most in him of what is unique and peculiar to himself. Have you not met people who never took the ordinary conventional view of things, but seemed always to be looking at life from an angle of their own; people who constantly said things which no one but themselves would have said in just that way, who are constantly surprising us by some remark that shows a penetrating vision into the nature of things. If you have not met any such you must have been unfortunate, for they are the most interesting people in the world, and it is they who are the great personalities. If you have no living friends of this sort you can easily acquire some dead ones in the pages of biography.

One of the most amazing pieces of self-revelation ever perpetrated is the diary of Samuel Pepys. Pepys lived more than two hundred years ago, and during most of his life was Head Clerk and Secretary in the Navy Office in London. He was an upright and valuable public servant and much above the standard of his own day in probity and intelligence. He was evidently regarded by his contemporaries as the epitome of all that was respectable and high toned, and he was withal something of a virtuoso in literature, music and arts. For ten years of his life he kept a diary of what he did and heard and said, and he neither intended nor believed it would ever be seen by any eye but his own, for he wrote it in a cipher which he evidently thought could not be unravelled. About eighty years ago it was deciphered and published. It is the most amazing record we possess of a man's inmost thought, feelings and wishes and it is absolutely free from the taint of posing which is the besetting sin of most diarists. Pepys does not write with a feeling at the back of his mind that some day his diary will be read. The remarkable thing about it is not so much that he frankly confesses his sins and crimes, other men have done that and have been thought to confess crimes which they never achieved. A man may easily be proud of wrong-doing on the grand scale. But Pepys gravely sets down these petty meannesses, these wanton thoughts and desires, these trifling indiscretions which most of us are ashamed to admit even to ourselves, not because they are wrong but because they are so small and so undignified. A few examples will show what I mean :—

7th August, 1661.

" At Hatfield we bayted and walked into the great house through all the courts ; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me."

1st January, 1662.

" Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and neck which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry and to sleep again."

8th June, 1662.

" Home and observe my man Will to walk with his cloak flung over his shoulder, which whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy I know not, but I was vexed at it ; and coming home, and after prayers I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb, and he answered me that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears, which I never did before."

2nd July, 1662.

" Up by four o'clock, and at my multiplicacioun-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at all in my arithmetique. Sir W. Penn come to my office to take his leave of me, and during a turn in the garden did commit the care of his building to me, and offered his services to me in all matters of mine. I did, God forgive me, promise him all my service and love though the rogue knows he deserves none from me nor do I intend to show him any; but as he dissembles with me, so must I with him. Come Mr. Mills, the minister, to see me, which he hath rarely done to me, though every day almost to others of us; but he is a cunning fellow, and knows where the good victuals is, and the good drink, at Sir W. Batten's. However I used him civilly, though I love him as I do the rest of his coat."

I have made Pepys an inseparable companion for years and never found him wanting.

Generally speaking the most interesting biographies we possess are the lives of literary men and the dullest are those of statesmen and politicians. Nor is the reason far to seek. The statesman lives much on the surface of things, he passes his life in the lime-light of public opinion, and he is so pressed with business that he has time to be everything except himself. The public man must often assume a virtue though he has it not, he cannot afford to be frank and open, and therefore the record of his sayings and doings lacks just that something which is the soul of biography. To this dictum there is at least one great exception, Morley's Life of Gladstone. But this exception proves the rule. For Gladstone was a man of far wider interests than the average politician, of many-sided activities, of unbounded enthusiasms, with a mental and physical energy sufficient for half a dozen lives. He could be as subtle and reserved as any man that ever lived, but the force of his personality was so great that it broke through all veils and cloaks and would not be concealed. I might add also that the life is almost as interesting for the light it throws on the biographer as for the revelations about its subject. Lord Morley is not only one of the first of English statesmen, but also indisputably the leading man of letters of the day, and a striking and noble personality.

The three great literary biographies in English are Boswell's Life of Johnson, Lockhart's Life of Scott, and Trevelyan's Life of Macaulay. I have left myself so little time that I can say next to nothing about them, except to say, read them. For the same reason I must omit all I had meant to tell you about history, but there is just one observation I must squeeze in. You remember what I said of the cultured person, that he was a man of the world other than the man of a single place or parish. Well, one way of acquiring culture is to travel and see other countries and ways of life, it being always understood that the traveller keeps his eyes and his mind open, for King Solomon said long ago: "A wise man's eyes are in his head, but a fool walketh in darkness." Now I want you to look upon the reading of history as a means of travelling in the past, and seeing what people used to do and think and say in the old days. The dates and the lists of kings and the battles and laws are only the skeleton framework. The flesh and blood of history are the human characters, and their thoughts and way of life.

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