SECTION-4

NON-FICTIONAL PROSE

(Essays)

In the broadest sense, an essay is a short piece of non-fictional literary composition on one subject usually conveying the author's own views. Essays are generally analytic, speculative or interpretative. Aldous Huxley described the essay as "a literary device for saying almost everything about almost anything."

Of Studies

Francis Bacon

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning, by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend: *Abeunt studia in mores*! Nay, there is no stond or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body, may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head, and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen; for they are *cymini sectores*! If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

About the Author

Francis Bacon (1561-1626) was a great essayist. He was a contemporary of William Shakespeare. Bacon was highly educated and was a lawyer who attained prominence in his profession and in 1618 became Lord High Chancellor with the dignity of Baron Verulam and, later, of Viscount St. Albans. He is generally known as Lord Bacon. His merits as philosopher were considerable.

Bacon spent most of his life in literary pursuits. His most popular work is his *Essays*. Other works which attracted attention were The *Advancement of Learning* and *The History of the Reign of Henry VIII*. His essays deal with a wide range of topics and convey profound and condensed thought. His prose is very rich, clear, concise, and epigrammatic.

About the Essay

This is one of the best and most quoted essays of Francis Bacon. This essay enumerates and examines the major uses of studies and maintains that studies are balanced by experience. He warns that spending too much time in studies leads to laziness. The essay, in fact, encourages us to read useful books and advises us to learn to write for becoming exact persons in life. It also suggests to us which subjects/books we should read and why.

Glossary

studies	: the activities of learning or gaining knowledge, either from books or by examining/observing things in the world (also academic subjects)
ability	: development of mental power
disposition	: the natural qualities of a person 's character
sloth	: the bad habit of being lazy and unwilling to work
pruning	: cutting off some of the branches of a tree or bush ,etc so that it will grow better and stronger
confute	: to prove a person or an argument to be wrong
contemn	: condemn /criticise /dislike/discourage (Crafty men do not appreciate studies
diligence	: careful and thorough work or effort
rhetoric	: speech or writing that is intended to influence people, but that is not completely honest and sincere
impediment	: something that delays or stops the progress of something
bowling	: emptying the bowls of the body
apt	: suitable/appropriate in the circumstances

expert men : experienced persons

plots : plans

humour : characteristics

too much at large : very vague

crafty : cunning and ingenious

find talk : acquire subjects for conversation with the idea of showing off'

present wit : ready mind

Abuent studia in mores: (Latin) studies influence character

stond : obstacle, hurdle

reins : kidneys

never so little : no matter how little

schoolmen : the medieval Christian philosophers whose exercises often lapsed into endless analysis of logical futilities

cymini sectores : (Latin) hair-splitters ; given to excessive subtleties in discussions and disputations

receipt : recipe

Choose the correct option:

1. What are studies for?

(a) for getting intellectual and literary pleasure

(b) for making academic discussions more interesting and useful

(c) for developing vocational and professional skills

(d) all of these

2. What can the expert men do with studies?

(a) They can execute

(b) They can judge

(c) They can do both (a) and (b)

(d) They can do none of these

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. What are the three benefits of studies?

2. What are the three evils of excess-studies?

3. What does mathematics do for men?

4. How can a man become “an exact man”?

5. How do studies help a lawyer?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. How, according to the essayist, does reading help a man?

2. How does a man become a “ready man”?

3. When do studies become an undesirable thing?

4. What does the essayist mean by “distilled books"?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Explain with suitable examples the following extract from the essay:

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;

2. Explain with suitable examples the following extract from the essay:

Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.

The decline of literature indicates

the decline of a nation.

-Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

My Struggle for an Education

Booker T. Washington

One day, while at work in the coal-mine, I happened to overhear two miners talking about a great school for coloured people somewhere in Virginia. This was the first time that I had ever heard anything about any kind of school or college that was more pretentious than the little coloured school in our town.

In the darkness of the mine I noiselessly crept as close as I could to the two men who were talking. I heard one tell the other that not only was the school established for the members of any race, but the opportunities that it provided by which poor but worthy students could work out all or a part of the cost of a board, and at the same time be taught some trade or industry.

As they went on describing the school, it seemed to me that it must be the greatest place on earth, and not even Heaven presented more attractions for me at that time than did the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, about which these men were talking. I resolved at once to go to that school, although I had no idea where it was, or how many miles away, or how I was going to reach it; I remembered only that I was on fire constantly with one ambition, and that was to go to Hampton. This thought was with me day and night.

In the fall of 1872 I determined to make an effort to get there, although, as I have stated, I had no definite idea of the direction in which Hampton was, or of what it would cost to go there. I do not think that any one thoroughly sympathized with me in my ambition to go to Hampton unless it was my mother, and she was troubled with a grave fear that I was starting out on a "wild-goose chase." At any rate, I got only a half-hearted consent from her that I might start. The small amount of money that I had earned had been consumed by my stepfather and the remainder of the family, with the exception of a very few dollars, and so I had very little with which to buy clothes and pay my travelling expenses. My brother John helped me all that he could, but of course that was not a great deal, for his work was in the coal-mine, where he did not earn much, and most of what he did earn went in the direction of paying the household expenses.

Finally the great day came, and I started for Hampton. I had only a small, cheap satchel that contained a few articles of clothing I could get. My mother at the time was rather weak and broken in health. I hardly expected to see her again, and thus our parting was all the more sad. She, however, was very brave through it all. At that time there were no through trains connecting that part of West Virginia with eastern Virginia. Trains ran only a portion of the way, and the remainder of the distance was travelled by stage-coaches.

The distance from Malden to Hampton is about five hundred miles. I had not been away from home many hours before it began to grow painfully evident that I did

not have enough money to pay my fare to Hampton. By walking, begging rides both in wagons and in the cars, in some way, after a number of days, I reached the city of Richmond, Virginia, about eighty-two miles from Hampton. When I reached there, tired, hungry, and dirty, it was late in the night. I had never been in a large city, and this rather added to my misery. When I reached Richmond, I was completely out of money. I had not a single acquaintance in the place, and, being unused to city ways, I did not know where to go. I applied at several places for lodging, but they all wanted money, and that was what I did not have. Knowing nothing else better to do, I walked the streets. In doing this I passed by many food-stands where fried chicken and half-moon apple pies were piled high and made to present a most tempting appearance. At that time it seemed to me that I would have promised all that I expected to possess in the future to have gotten hold of one of those chicken legs or one of those pies. But I could not get either of these, nor anything else to eat.

I must have walked the streets till after midnight. At last I became so exhausted that I could walk no longer. I was tired, I was hungry, I was everything but discouraged. Just about the time when I reached extreme physical exhaustion, I came upon a portion of a street where the board sidewalk was considerably elevated. I waited for a few minutes, till I was sure that no passers-by could see me, and then crept under the sidewalk and lay for the night upon the ground, with my satchel of clothing for a pillow. The next morning I found myself somewhat refreshed, but I was extremely hungry, because it had been a long time since I had had sufficient food. As soon as it became light enough for me to see my surroundings I noticed that I was near a large ship, and that this ship seemed to be unloading a cargo of pig iron. I went at once to the vessel and asked the captain to permit me to help unload the vessel in order to get money for food. The captain, a white man, who seemed to be kind-hearted, consented. I worked long enough to earn money for my breakfast, and it seems to me, as I remember it now, to have been about the best breakfast that I have ever eaten.

My work pleased the captain so well that he told me if I desired I could continue working for a small amount per day. This I was very glad to do. I continued working on this vessel for a number of days. After buying food with the small wages I received there was not much left to add on the amount I must get to pay my way to Hampton. In order to economize in every way possible, so as to be sure to reach Hampton in a reasonable time, I continued to sleep under the same sidewalk that gave me shelter the first night I was in Richmond.

When I had saved what I considered enough money with which to reach Hampton, I thanked the captain of the vessel for his kindness, and started again. Without any unusual occurrence I reached Hampton, with a surplus of exactly fifty cents with which to begin my education. To me it had been a long, eventful journey; but the first sight of the large, three-story, brick school building seemed to have rewarded me for all that I had undergone in order to reach the place. If the people who gave the money to provide that building could appreciate the influence the sight of it had upon me, as well as upon thousands of other youths, they would feel all the more

encouraged to make such gifts. It seemed to me to be the largest and most beautiful building I had ever seen. The sight of it seemed to give me new life. I felt that a new kind of existence had now begun—that life would now have a new meaning. I felt that I had reached the promised land, and I resolved to let no obstacle prevent me from putting forth the highest effort to fit myself to accomplish the most good in the world.

As soon as possible after reaching the grounds of the Hampton Institute, I presented myself before the head teacher for an assignment to a class. Having been so long without proper food, a bath, and a change of clothing, I did not, of course, make a very favourable impression upon her, and I could see at once that there were doubts in her mind about the wisdom of admitting me as a student. I felt that I could hardly blame her if she got the idea that I was a worthless loafer or tramp. For some time she did not refuse to admit me, neither did she decide in my favour, and I continued to linger about her, and to impress her in all the ways I could with my worthiness. In the meantime I saw her admitting other students, and that added greatly to my discomfort, for I felt, deep down in my heart, that I could do as well as they, if I could only get a chance to show what was in me.

After some hours had passed, the head teacher said to me: "The adjoining recitation-room needs sweeping. Take the broom and sweep it."

It occurred to me at once that here was my chance. Never did I receive an order with more delight. I knew that I could sweep. I swept the recitation-room three times. Then I got a dusting-cloth and dusted it four times. All the woodwork around the walls, every bench, table, and desk, I went over four times with my dusting-cloth. Besides, every piece of furniture had been moved and every closet and corner in the room had been thoroughly cleaned. I had the feeling that in a large measure my future depended upon the impression I made upon the teacher in the cleaning of that room. When I was through, I reported to the head teacher. She was a "Yankee" woman who knew just where to look for dirt. She went into the room and inspected the floor and closets; then she took her handkerchief and rubbed it on the woodwork about the walls, and over the table and benches. When she was unable to find one bit of dirt on the floor, or a particle of dust on any of the furniture, she quietly remarked, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

I was one of the happiest souls on Earth. The sweeping of that room was my college examination, and never did any youth pass an examination for entrance into Harvard or Yale that gave him more genuine satisfaction. I have passed several examinations since then, but I have always felt that this was the best one I ever passed.

About the Author

Born to a slave on April 5, 1856 in Hale’s Ford, Virginia, U.S., Booker Teliaferro Washington was one of the foremost African-American educators. He became the dominant leader in the African-American community during 1890-1915. It was of course neither the extreme penury nor the lack of means in his childhood that could

discourage him from getting education. It was because of his sheer love for education and his commitment to the cause of education for African-Americans that in 1881 he was made the leader of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute in Alabama. He remained the head of the Institute until his death on November 14, 1915.

About the Essay

The present essay is taken from Booker T. Washington's autobiography *Up from Slavery*. Here the author relates his experience of how he left home and travelled 500 miles, mostly on foot and without food, to Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia and how he passed the best exam of his life—of sweeping the recitation room—and got admission there.

Glossary

overhear	: to hear someone talking without the knowledge of those engaged in conversation
coloured people	: (people) of a race that do not have white skin (S. Africans)
pretentious	: claiming importance or value without good cause
resolved	: decided firmly
constantly	: continuously; frequently
wild-goose-chase	: a meaningless and hopeless search for someone/something
half-hearted	: lacking enthusiasm
satchel	: a small leather or canvas bag
misery	: great suffering; discomfort of mind or body
acquaintance	: a person whom one knows but who is not a close friend
exhausted	: very tired
elevated	: raised; higher than the area around
pig-iron	: a form of iron that is not pure
consented	: gave agreement or permission
economize	: to save money, time, resources; to spend less than before
linger	: to stay for a time especially because one does not want to leave
delight	: a feeling of great pleasure

Yankee : an inhabitant of any of the N. American states, esp. New England

Choose the correct option:

1. Where did the author spend his nights in Richmond?

(a) In the house of a relative

(b) On the ship where he worked

(c) Under the sidewalk

(d) In a guest house room provided by the captain of the ship

2. Which school were the two miners talking about?

(a) A school for coloured people in Richmond

(b) A school for coloured people in Malden

(c) Hampton Agricultural Institute for coloured people

(d) Hampton Normal and Agriculture Institute

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Where did the author overhear the two miners talking about a school for coloured people?

2. What fear did the author's mother have about her son's attempt to go to Hampton?

3. What was the condition of the author when he reached Richmond?

4. Why couldn't the author have a safe place for lodging in Richmond?

5. Who asked the author to sweep the recitation room?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. What did the author feel as the two miners went on describing the school?

2. How did the author reach Richmond?

3. What did the author do to get money for food in Richmond?

4. Why does the author call his sweeping of the recitation room the best examination of his life?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Describe the difficulties Washington had to face in order to get education at Hampton.

2. What qualities of the author have impressed you most and why?

The Meaning of Literature

William Joseph Long

The Shell and the Book: A child and a man were one day walking on the seashore when the child found a little shell and held it to his ear. Suddenly he heard sounds, strange, low, melodious sounds, as if the shell were remembering and repeating to itself the murmurs of its ocean home. The child's face filled with wonder as he listened. Here in the little shell, apparently, was a voice from another world, and he listened with delight to its mystery and music. Then came the man, explaining that the child heard nothing strange; that the pearly curves of the shell simply caught a multitude of sounds too faint for human ears, and filled the glimmering hollows with the murmur of innumerable echoes. It was not a new world, but only the unnoticed harmony of the old that had aroused the child's wonder.

Some such experience as this awaits us when we begin the study of literature, which has always two aspects, one of simple enjoyment and appreciation, the other of analysis and exact description. Let a little song appeal to the ear, or a noble book to the heart, and for the moment, at least, we discover a new world, a world so different from our own that it seems a place of dreams and magic. To enter and enjoy this new world, to love good books for their own sake, is the chief thing; to analyze and explain them is a less joyous but still an important matter. Behind every book is a man; behind the man is the race; and behind the race are the natural and social environments whose influence is unconsciously reflected. These also we must know, if the book is to speak its whole message. In a word, we have now reached a point where we wish to understand as well as to enjoy literature; and the first step, since exact definition is impossible, is to determine some of its essential qualities.

Qualities of Literature: The first significant thing is the essentially **artistic quality** of all literature. All art is the expression of life in forms of truth and beauty; or rather, it is the reflection of some truth and beauty which are in the world, but which remain unnoticed until brought to our attention by some sensitive human soul, just as the delicate curves of the shell reflect sounds and harmonies too faint to be otherwise noticed.

In the same pleasing, surprising way, all artistic work must be a kind of revelation. Thus architecture is probably the oldest of the arts; yet we still have many builders but few architects, that is, men whose work in wood or stone suggest some hidden truth and beauty in the human senses. So in literature, which is the art that expresses life in words that appeal to our own sense of the beautiful, we have many writers but few artists. In the broadest sense, perhaps, literature means simply the written records of the race, including all its history and sciences, as well as its poems and novels; in the narrower sense, literature is the artistic record of life, and most of our writing is excluded from it, just as the mass of our buildings, mere shelters from storm and from cold, are excluded from architecture. A history or a work of science may be

and sometimes is literature, but only as we forget the subject-matter and the presentation of facts in the simple beauty of its expression.

The second quality of literature is its **suggestiveness**, its appeal to our emotions and imagination rather than to our intellect. It is not so much what it says as what it awakens in us that constitutes its charm. When Milton makes Satan say, “Myself am Hell,” he does not state any fact, but rather opens up in these tremendous words a whole world of speculation and imagination. When Faustus in the presence of Helen asks, "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?" he does not state a fact or expect an answer. He opens a door through which our imagination enters a new world, a world of music, love, beauty, heroism,--the whole splendid world of Greek literature. Such magic is in words. When Shakespeare describes the young Biron as speaking

> In such apt and gracious words
> That aged ears play truant at his tales,

he has unconsciously given not only an excellent description of himself, but the measure of all literature, which makes us play truant with the present world and run away to live awhile in the pleasant realm of fancy. The province of all art is not to instruct but to delight; and only as literature delights us, causing each reader to build in his own soul that "lordly pleasure house" of which Tennyson dreamed in his "Palace of Art," is it worthy of its name.

The third characteristic of literature, arising directly from the other two, is its **permanence**. The world does not live by bread alone. Notwithstanding its hurry and bustle and apparent absorption in material things, it does not willingly let any beautiful thing perish. This is even more true of its songs than of its painting and sculpture; though permanence is a quality we should hardly expect in the present deluge of books and magazines pouring day and night and to know him, the man of any age, we must search deeper than his history. History records his deeds, his outward acts largely, but every great act springs from an ideal, and to understand this we must read his literature, where we find his ideals recorded. All that is interesting; but it does not tell us what most we want to know about these old ancestors of ours,--not only what they did, but what they thought and felt; how they looked on life and death; what they loved, what they feared, and what they reverenced in God and man. Then we turn from history to the literature which they themselves produced, and instantly we become acquainted. It is so with any age or people. To understand them we must read not simply their history, which records their deeds, but their literature, which records the dreams that made their deeds possible. So Aristotle was profoundly right when he said that "poetry is more serious and philosophical than history"; and Goethe, when he explained literature as "the humanization of the whole world."

Importance of Literature: It is curious and prevalent opinion that literature, like all art, is a mere play of imagination, pleasing enough, like a new novel, but without any serious or practical importance. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Literature preserves the ideals of a people; and ideals—love, faith, duty, friendship,

freedom, reverence—are the part of human life most worthy of preservation. In a word, our whole civilization, our freedom, our progress, our homes, our religion, rest solidly upon ideals for their foundation. Nothing but an ideal ever endures upon earth. It is therefore impossible to overestimate the practical importance of literature, which preserves these ideals from fathers to sons, while men, cities, governments, civilizations, vanish from the face of the earth.

Summary of the Subject: Literature is the expression of life in words of truth and beauty; it is the written record of man's spirit, of his thoughts, emotions, aspirations; it is the history, and the only history, of the human soul. It is characterized by its artistic, its suggestive, its permanent qualities. Its two tests are its universal interest and its personal style. Its object, aside from the delight it gives us, is to know man, that is, the soul of man rather than his actions; and since it preserves to the race the ideals upon which all our civilization is founded, it is one of the most important and delightful subjects that can occupy the human mind.

About the Author

William Joseph Long (1866-1952) was an American writer, naturalist, and minister. He lived and worked in Stamford, Connecticut church. He had immense interest in wildlife. Many of his books are based on his experiences of wildlife. His famous writings include *Beasts of the Field*, *Wilder Ways*, *Secrets of Woods*, *America: a Study of the Men and the Books*, and *English Literature: Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English Speaking World*.

About the Essay

"The Meaning of Literature" is an excerpt from Long's *English Literature: Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English Speaking World*. Here the author explains the meaning, qualities, objectives, and importance of literature in a simple and interesting style.

Glossary

Shell : the hard outer coverings of eggs, nuts, certain seeds, fruits, and animals

melodious : of or producing pleasant music

delight : a feeling of great pleasure

mystery : a thing of which the origin is not known or impossible to explain

pearly : like a pearl

multitude : an extremely large number of people or things

glimmering : sending out a faint unsteady light

innumerable : too many to be counted

race : a group of people who have the same culture, history, language etc.

determine : to find out or fix something exactly and without doubt

splendid : magnificent; very impressive

humanization : concerned with improving the lives of people and reducing sufferings

ideals : standards of perfection

reverence : a feeling of deep respect or admiration for someone/something

endures : continues in existence

Choose the correct option:

1. "Suddenly he heard sounds…." Where were the sounds coming from?

(a) The seashore

(b) The waters of the sea

(c) The shell

(d) None of the above

2. By whom was a comparison between Poetry and History made?

(a) Shakespeare

(b) Goethe

(c) W.J. Long

(d) Aristotle

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Why was the child's face filled with wonder?

2. What are the two aspects of the study of literature?

3. Which aspect does the author regard as more joyous?

4. Name any two essential qualities of literature.

5. How does the author define literature?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. How does literature become suggestive?

2. How can we understand any age or people?

3. Why are ideals important?

4. What are the objects of literature?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Summarise the essay in your own words.

2. On the basis of your reading of the essay, explain the importance of literature for your life.

On the Rule of the Road

A. G. Gardiner

A stout old lady was walking with her basket, down the middle of a street in Petrograd to the great confusion of the traffic and with no small peril to herself. It was pointed out to her that the pavement was the place of foot-passengers, but she replied: 'I'm going to walk where I like. We've got liberty now.' It did not occur to the dear old lady that if liberty entitled the foot-passenger to walk down the middle of the road it also entitled the cabdriver to drive on the pavement, and that the end of such liberty would be universal chaos. Everybody would be getting in everybody else's way and nobody would get anywhere. Individual liberty would have become social anarchy.

There is a danger of the world getting liberty drunk in these days like the old lady with the basket, and it is just as well to remind ourselves of what the rule of the road means. It means that in order that the liberties of all may be preserved the liberties of everybody must be curtailed. When the policeman, say, at Piccadilly Circus steps into the middle of the road and puts out his hand, he is a symbol not of tyranny, but of liberty. You may not think so. You may, being in a hurry and seeing your motor-car pulled up by this insolence of office, feel that your liberty has been outraged. How dare this fellow interfere with your free use of the public highway? Then, if you are a reasonable person, you will reflect that if he did not, incidentally, interfere with you he would interfere with no one, and the result would be that Piccadilly Circus would be a maelstrom that you would never cross at all. You have submitted to a curtailment of private liberty in order that you may enjoy—a social order which makes your liberty a reality.

Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract. It is an accommodation of interest. In matters which do not touch anybody else's liberty, of course, I may be as free as I like. If I choose to go down the Strand in a dressing-gown, with long hair and bare feet, who shall say me nay? You have liberty to laugh at me, but I have liberty to be indifferent to you. And if I have a fancy for dyeing my hair, or waxing my moustache (which heaven forbid), or wearing a tall hat, a frock-coat and sandals, or going to bed late or getting up early, I shall follow my fancy and ask no man's permission. I shall not inquire of you whether I may eat mustard with my mutton. I may like mustard with my mutton. And you will not ask me whether you may be a Protestant or a Catholic, whether you may marry the dark lady or the fair lady, whether you may prefer Ella Wheeler Wilcox to Wordsworth, or champagne to shandy-gaff.

In all these and a thousand other details you and I please ourselves and ask no one's leave. We have a whole kingdom in which we rule alone, can do what we choose, be wise or ridiculous, harsh or easy, conventional or odd. But directly we step out of that kingdom, our personal liberty of action becomes qualified by other people's liberty. I might like to practise on the trombone from midnight till three in the morning. If I went on to the top of Helvellyn to do it I could please myself, but if I do it out in the

streets the neighbours will remind me that my liberty to blow the trombone must not interfere with their liberty to sleep in quiet. There are a lot of people in the world, and I have to accommodate my liberty to their liberties.

We are all liable to forget this and, unfortunately we are much more conscious of the imperfections of others in this respect than of our own.

I got into a railway carriage at a country station the other morning and settled down for what the schoolboys would call an hour's 'swot' at a Blue-book. I was not reading it for pleasure. The truth is that I never do read Blue-books for pleasure. I read them as a barrister reads a brief, for the very humble purpose of turning an honest penny out of them. Now, if you are reading a book for pleasure, it doesn't matter what is going on around you. I think I could enjoy *Tristram Shandy* or *Treasure Island* in the midst of an earthquake.

But when you are reading a thing as a task you need reasonable quiet, and that is what I didn't get, for at the next station in came a couple of men, one of whom talked to his friend for the rest of the journey in a loud and pompous voice. He was one of those people who remind one of that story of Horn Tooke, who, meeting a person of immense swagger in the street, stopped him and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you someone in particular?' This gentleman was someone in particular. As I wrestled with clauses and sections, his voice rose like a gale and his family history, the deeds of his sons in the war, and his criticisms of the generals and the politicians submerged my poor attempts to hang on to my job. I shut up the Blue-book, looked out of the window, and listened wearily while the voice thundered on with themes like these: 'Now what the French ought to have done...' 'The mistake the Germans made...' 'If only Asquith had...' You know the sort of stuff. I had heard it all before, oh, so often. It was like a barrel-organ groaning out some banal song of long ago.

If I had asked him to be good enough to talk in a lower tone, I dare say he would have thought I was a very rude fellow. It did not occur to him that anybody could have anything better to do than to listen to him and I have no doubt he left the carriage convinced that everybody in it had, thanks to him, had a very illuminating journey, and would carry away a pleasing impression of his encyclopaedic range. He was obviously a well-intentioned person. The thing that was wrong with him was that he had not the social sense. He was not a 'clubbable man'.

A reasonable consideration for the rights or feelings of others is the foundation of the social conduct.

It is in small matters of conduct, in the observance of the rule of the road, that we pass judgment upon ourselves, and declare that we are civilized or uncivilized. The great moments of heroism and sacrifice are rare. It is the little habits of commonplace intercourse that make up the great sum of life and sweeten or make bitter the journey.

About the Author

Born in 1865, Alfred George Gardiner was an English journalist and writer. Gardiner is known for his excellent essays on simple, day-to-day matters. His essays have been described as "sweet morsels of writing" because of the distinct quality of style. His collections of essays include *Pebbles on the Shore*, *Leaves in the Wind*, *Windfalls*, and *Many Furrows*.

About the Essay

"On the Rule of the Road" was published in Gardiner's collection of essays, *Leaves in the Wind*. Here the author speaks up for a sensible and balanced attitude to life. It is by talking about the rule of the road, an ordinary matter of conduct, that he tries to define true freedom characterised by the balance between individual and social liberty.

Glossary

accommodate : to provide space for someone/something

anarchy : the absence of government or control in society

Champagne : an expensive French white wine with bubbles in it

civilized : having or showing good behavior or manners

conventional : following what is traditional

curtail : to make something shorter or less

heroism : brave and noble conduct

intercourse : dealings with people

liberty : freedom

maelstrom : a state of violent confusion

outrage : a strong feeling of anger and shock

peril : serious danger

ridiculous : deserving to be laughed at; absurd

shandy : a drink made by mixing beer with lemonade or ginger ale

trombone : a large brass musical instrument

tyranny : the unfair, severe or cruel use of power or authority

Choose the correct option:

1. How did the old lady look like?

(a) Thin and tall

(b) Short and fat

(c) Fat

(d) Too fat

2. When does a policeman become a symbol of liberty?

(a) When he arrests those who break traffic rules.

(b) When he arrests and releases people who commit small offenses.

(c) When he controls the traffic on the road.

(d) When he allows all the people to do what they like on the road.

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Why was the old lady walking down the middle of a street?

2. What example does the author give to explain the meaning of the rule of the road?

3. Give two examples of matters in which we rule alone.

4. "He was obviously a well-intentioned person.' Whom does "He" refer to here?

5. Why did the author shut up the Blue-book?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. When does individual liberty tend to become social anarchy?

2. Was the old lady "liberty-drunk"? How?

3. What is the foundation of social conduct?

4. How do habits of ordinary conduct influence the quality of our life?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. "Liberty is not a personal affair only, but a social contract." Explain this statement with reference to the context.

2. Do you agree with the author's views on liberty? Give reasons for your answer.

On the Conduct of Life

William Hazlitt

MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW—You are now going to settle at school, and may consider this as your first entrance into the world. As my health is so indifferent, and I may not be with you long, I wish to leave you some advice (the best I can) for your conduct in life, both that it may be of use to you, and as something to remember me by. I may at least be able to caution you against my own errors, if nothing else.

As we went along to your new place of destination, you often repeated that 'you durst say they were a set of stupid, disagreeable people', meaning the people at the school. You were to blame in this. It is a good old rule to hope for the best. Always, my dear, believe things to be right, till you find them to be contrary; and even then, instead of irritating yourself against them, endeavour to put up with them as well as you can, if you cannot alter them. You said you were sure you should not like the school where you were going. This is wrong. What you meant was that you did not like to leave home. But you could not tell whether you should like the school or not, till you had given it a trial. Otherwise, your saying that you should not like it was determining that you would not like it. Never anticipate evils; or, because you cannot have things exactly as you wish, make them out worse than they are, through mere spite and wilfulness.

You seemed at first to take no notice of your school-fellows, or rather to set yourself against them, because they were strangers to you. They knew as little of you as you did of them; so that this would have been a reason for their keeping aloof from you as well, which you would have felt as a hardship. Learn never to conceive a prejudice against others, because you know nothing of them. It is bad reasoning, and makes enemies of half the world. Do not think ill of them, till they behave ill to you; and then strive to avoid the faults which you see in them. This will disarm their hostility sooner than pique or resentment or complaint.

I thought you were disposed to criticise the dress of some of the boys as not so good as your own. Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help—least of all, for his poverty. I would wish you to keep up appearances yourself as a defence against the idle sneers of the world, but I would not have you value yourself upon them. I hope you will be neither the dupe nor victim of vulgar prejudices. Instead of saying above— "Never despise anyone for anything that he cannot help"—I might have said, "Never despise anyone at all"; for contempt implies a triumph over and pleasure in the ill of another. It means that you are glad and congratulate yourself on their failings or misfortunes. The sense of inferiority in others, without this indirect appeal to our self-love, is a painful feeling, and not an exulting one.

You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one of the chief reasons for your being sent to school to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your play-fellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader: but you have good-nature and good-sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies; and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is that there are other people in the world besides yourself. There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which therefore you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house, you might do as you pleased: in the world, you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son to destroy or dictate to millions: you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school: and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM HAZLITT

About the Author

William Hazlitt (April 10, 1778-September 18, 1830) was an English essayist, literary critic, painter, and philosopher. His notable works include *The Round Table: A Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners* (1807), *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817), *Table Talk* (1821-22), *The Spirit of the Age* (1825).

About the Essay (Letter)

The essay, "On the Conduct of Life" was originally a letter written by William Hazlitt to his son about 150 years ago. Later, this letter was published as an essay in *Selected Essays* (1930). In the present extract of the letter, Hazlitt gives his son some valuable advice for his conduct as a student. He wanted his son to treat life at school as a preparation for future life. Hazlitt's advice may be useful for our students even today.

Glossary

settle : to make oneself comfortable in a new place

indifferent : of rather low quality

caution : to warn or advise someone against something

destination : a place to which someone is going or being sent

durst : (dated) dared (past tense of dare)

stupid : foolish

disagreeable : unpleasant

contrary : opposite

irritating : making someone angry, annoyed or impatient

endeavour : to try to do something

to put up with : to tolerate or bear someone/something

alter : to make someone/something different; to change

trial : an act of testing something

anticipate : to expect something

spite : an unkind desire to hurt, annoy or offend someone

wilfulness : obstinacy

keeping aloof : not participating in something; showing no alliance towards someone

hardship : suffering caused by a lack of money or basic necessities

conceive : to form an idea, a plan, etc in the mind; to imagine something

prejudice : dislike or distrust of person, group, customs, etc that is based on fear or false information rather than on reason or experience

reasoning : the action or process of using one's ability to think, form opinions

disarm : to make someone less suspicious, angry, hostile

hostility : aggressive feeling or behaviour

pique	: irritation
resentment	: feeling of indignation or annoyance
disposed	: wanting or prepared to do something
despise	: to feel contempt for someone/something
to keep up	: to cause things to appear satisfactory though they are not so
sneer	: a look, smile, word, phrase, etc that shows contempt
dupe	: one who is deceived or cheated
contempt	: the feeling that someone/something is totally worthless and cannot be respected
exulting	: showing or feeling great joy
inure	: to make oneself/someone able to tolerate something unpleasant
betimes	: (dated) early
rubs	: difficulties
hitherto	: until now
humouring your	: satisfying all your trifling desires
repulse	: the act of repulsing (refusing or rejecting with rudeness)
amusements	: (plural: amusements) a thing that makes time pass pleasantly
pursuit	: (plural pursuits) a thing to which one gives one's time and energy
airs	: affected manners intended to make one very important
thwarted	: opposed
amicably	: in a polite or friendly manner
to be reconciled	: to be content with

Choose the correct option:

1. Which of the following was not Hazlitt's reason for giving advice to his son?

(a) Hazlitt felt that he was not going to live long.

(b) He wished to be remembered by his son.

(c) He wanted his son to publish his advice.

(d) He wished to caution his son against his own errors.

2. Where, according to Hazlitt, might one have maximum freedom?

(a) At the school

(b) In the father's house

(c) In the world

(d) None of the above

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Whom does Hazlitt address as "MY DEAR LITTLE FELLOW"?

2. What did Hazlitt's son think of the people at the school?

3. How does Hazlitt like his son to behave with his school mates?

4. What, according to Hazlitt, is true wisdom?

5. How does Hazlitt wish his son to settle differences with his competitors?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. What advice does Hazlitt give about prejudice against others?

2. Why does Hazlitt prefer to advise his son never to "despise anyone at all?

3. What reason does Hazlitt give for sending his son to school?

4. What first lesson does Hazlitt wish his son to learn?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Summarise in your own words Hazlitt's advice to his son.

2. If you were the author's son, how would you respond to his letter?

My Wood

E. M. Forster

A few years ago I wrote a book which dealt in part with the difficulties of the English in India. Feeling that they would have had no difficulties in India themselves, the Americans read the book freely. The more they read it the better it made them feel, and a cheque to the author was the result. I bought a wood with the cheque. It is not a large wood – it contains scarcely any trees, and it is intersected, blast it, by a public footpath. Still, it is the first property that I have owned, so it is right that other people should participate in my shame, and should ask themselves, in accents that will vary in horror, this very important question: What is the effect of property upon the character? Don't let's touch economics; the effect of private ownership upon the community as a whole is another question – a more important question, perhaps, but another one. Let's keep to psychology. If you own things, what's their effect on you? What's the effect on me of my wood?

In the first place, it makes me feel heavy. Property does have this effect. Property produces men of weight, and it was a man of weight who failed to get into the Kingdom of Heaven. He was not wicked, that unfortunate millionaire in the parable, he was only stout; he stuck out in front, not to mention behind, and as he wedged himself this way and that in the crystalline entrance and bruised his well-fed flanks, he saw beneath him a comparatively slim camel passing through the eye of a needle and being woven into the robe of God. The Gospels all through couple stoutness and slowness. They point out what is perfectly obvious, yet seldom realized: that if you have a lot of things you cannot move about a lot, that furniture requires dusting, dusters require servants, servants require insurance stamps, and the whole tangle of them makes you think twice before you accept an invitation to dinner or go for a bathe in the Jordan. Sometimes the Gospels proceed further and say with Tolstoy that property is sinful; they approach the difficult ground of asceticism here, where I cannot follow them. But as to the immediate effects of property on people, they just show straightforward logic. It produces men of weight. Men of weight cannot, by definition, move like the lightning from the East unto the West, and the ascent of a fourteen-stone bishop into a pulpit is thus the exact antithesis of the coming of the Son of Man. My wood makes me feel heavy.

In the second place, it makes me feel it ought to be larger.

The other day I heard a twig snap in it. I was annoyed at first, for I thought that someone was black-berrying, and depreciating the value of the undergrowth. On coming nearer, I saw it was not a man who had trodden on the twig and snapped it, but a bird, and I felt pleased. My bird. The bird was not equally pleased. Ignoring the relation between us, it took fright as soon as it saw the shape of my face, and flew straight over the boundary hedge into a field, the property of Mrs. Henessy, where it sat

down with a loud squawk. It had become Mrs. Henessy's bird. Something seemed grossly amiss here, something that would not have occurred had the wood been larger. I could not afford to buy Mrs. Henessy out, I dared not murder her, and limitations of this sort beset me on every side. Ahab did not want that vineyard – he only needed it to round off his property, preparatory to plotting a new curve – and all the land around my wood has become necessary to me in order to round off the wood. A boundary protects. But – poor little thing – the boundary ought in its turn to be protected. Noises on the edge of it. Children throw stones. A little more, and then a little more, until we reach the sea. Happy Canute! Happier Alexander! And after all, why should even the world be the limit of possession? A rocket containing a Union Jack, will, it is hoped, be shortly fired at the moon. Mars. Sirius. Beyond which . . . but these immensities ended by saddening me. I could not suppose that my wood was the destined nucleus of universal dominion – it is so very small and contains no mineral wealth beyond the blackberries. Nor was I comforted when Mrs. Henessy's bird took alarm for the second time and flew clean away from us all, under the belief that it belonged to itself.

In the third place, property makes its owner feel that he ought to do something to it. Yet he isn't sure what. A restlessness comes over him, a vague sense that he has a personality to express – the same sense which, without any vagueness, leads the artist to an act of creation. Sometimes I think I will cut down such trees as remain in the wood, at other times I want to fill up the gaps between them with new trees. Both impulses are pretentious and empty. They are not honest movements towards money-making or beauty. They spring from a foolish desire to express myself and from an inability to enjoy what I have got. Creation, property, enjoyment form a sinister trinity in the human mind. Creation and enjoyment are both very, very good, yet they are often unattainable without a material basis, and at such moments property pushes itself in as a substitute, saying, "Accept me instead – I'm good enough for all three." It is not enough. It is, as Shakespeare said of lust, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame"; it is "Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream." Yet we don't know how to shun it. It is forced on us by our economic system as the alternative to starvation. It is also forced on us by an internal defect in the soul, by the feeling that in property may lie the germs of self-development and of exquisite or heroic deeds. Our life on earth is, and ought to be, material and carnal. But we have not yet learned to manage our materialism and carnality properly; they are still entangled with the desire for ownership, where (in the words of Dante) "Possession is one with loss."

And this brings us to our fourth and final point: the blackberries.

Blackberries are not plentiful in this meagre grove, but they are easily seen from the public footpath which traverses it, and all too easily gathered. Foxgloves, too – people will pull up the foxgloves, and ladies of an educational tendency even grub for toadstools to show them on the Monday in class. Other ladies, less educated, roll down the bracken in the arms of their gentlemen friends. There is paper, there are tins. Pray, does my wood belong to me or doesn't it? And, if it does, should I not own it best by

allowing no one else to walk there? There is a wood near Lyme Regis, also cursed by a public footpath, where the owner has not hesitated on this point. He has built high stone walls each side of the path, and has spanned it by bridges, so that the public circulate like termites while he gorges on the blackberries unseen. He really does own his wood, this able chap. Dives in Hell did pretty well, but the gulf dividing him from Lazarus could be traversed by vision, and nothing traverses it here. And perhaps I shall come to this in time. I shall wall in and fence out until I really taste the sweets of property. Enormously stout, endlessly avaricious, pseudo -creative, intensely selfish, I shall weave upon my forehead the quadruple crown of possession until those nasty Bolshies come and take it off again and thrust me aside into the outer darkness.

About the Author

English writer E(dward) M(organ) Forster was educated at Cambridge. He established himself as a novelist. He was the author of several novels, two biographies, a book of criticism, and many essays and short stories. He is best known today for the novels *Howards End* and *A Passage to India*.

About the Essay

The essay "My Wood," was first published in 1926. In fact, the essay contains the essayist's personal experiences of possessing a property. He purchases a wood (a piece of land /an estate). But he is not satisfied with it and therefore wishes to have a large piece of land and thus develops greed. The essay encourages us to think about the nature of materialism and the seductive power of our possessions.

Glossary

I wrote…India : Forster wrote a famous novel *A Passage to India* (1924)

a wood : a piece of land (an estate/a property)

scarcely : hardly

intersected : divided

blast it : we use these words when we are very annoyed about something

accent : the way someone pronounces the words of a language

wicked : evil, sinful

parable : a story (esp. in the Bible) which is intended to teach a lesson

wedged : fixed

crystalline : formed into crystals

flanks : the side of something

Gospel : (one of the four descriptions in the Bible) the life and teaching of Christ

Jordon : the holy river of Palestine

Tolstoy : a famous Russian novelist

tangle : a confused state /situation

asceticism : avoiding pleasure and comfort, especially for religious reasons

antithesis : the complete opposite of something

snap : to grasp with teeth

squawk : noise

Sirius : also called a dog-star: its appearance in the sky is the premonition of rain and storm

dominion : rule or power

vagueness : lack of clarity, a state of confusion

impulse : sudden desire

sinister : evil

trinity : union

lust : desire

shun : to avoid

starvation : suffering from hunger

exquisite : skilful

entangled : twisted, involved

Dante : a great Italian poet

meager : small and less in quantity

grove : a piece of land with trees growing on it

toadstool : a wild plant like a mushroom, that can be poisonous

Dives in hell….vision : according to the Biblical story, Dives and Lazarus are the

symbol of the man of wealth and the poor respectively

avaricious : greedy

pseudo : false or not real

quadruple : four times as big or as many

Bolshies : Bolsheviks, the members of the Russian Communist Party, advocates of the radical political and economic philosophy which forbids and rejects all private property

Choose the correct option:

1. What, according to the author, does a property make us?

(a) proud

(b) greedy

(c) happy

(d) sad

2. The essay "My Wood" discusses the author's feelings regarding. . . .

(a) the ownership of the property

(b) the neighbour's property

(c) the adverse effects of the property

(d) all of these

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. How did the author get money to buy a wood?

2. What is the adverse effect of the property on the character of the author?

3. What allusions does the author make to prove that property acquisition creates various problems?

4. What three things does the property make the author feel?

5. What four qualities would the author like to have on his crown of possession?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. What, according to the author, is “the internal defect in the soul”?

2. How, according to the author, does property help in "self-development and exquisite or heroic deeds”?

3. What does the author mean by "a sinister trinity in the human mind"?

4. Of what dangers does the author warn the readers?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Explain, with reference to the context, the following extracts from the essay:

(a) Property produces men of weight.

(b) Property is sinful.

2. What would you do if you had a wood? Elaborate (with examples) the reasons for it.

Reading makes a full man, meditation

a profound man, discourse a clear man.

-Benjamin Franklin

The Pleasure of Books

William Lyon Phelps

The habit of reading is one of the greatest resources of mankind; and we enjoy reading books that belong to us much more than if they are borrowed. A borrowed book is like a guest in the house; it must be treated with punctiliousness, with a certain considerate formality. You must see that it sustains no damage; it must not suffer while under your roof. You cannot leave it carelessly, you cannot mark it, you cannot turn down the pages, you cannot use it familiarly. And then, some day, although this is seldom done, you really ought to return it.

But your own books belong to you; you treat them with that affectionate intimacy that annihilates formality. Books are for use, not for show; you should own no book that you are afraid to mark up, or afraid to place on the table, wide open and face down. A good reason for marking favorite passages in books is that this practice enables you to remember more easily the significant sayings, to refer to them quickly, and then in later years, it is like visiting a forest where you once blazed a trail. You have the pleasure of going over the old ground, and recalling both the intellectual scenery and your own earlier self.

Everyone should begin collecting a private library in youth; the instinct of private property, which is fundamental in human beings, can here be cultivated with every advantage and no evils. One should have one's own bookshelves, which should not have doors, glass windows, or keys; they should be free and accessible to the hand as well as to the eye. The best of mural decorations is books; they are more varied in color and appearance than any wallpaper, they are more attractive in design, and they have the prime advantage of being separate personalities, so that if you sit alone in the room in the firelight, you are surrounded with intimate friends. The knowledge that they are there in plain view is both stimulating and refreshing. You do not have to read them all. Most of my indoor life is spent in a room containing six thousand books; and I have a stock answer to the invariable question that comes from strangers. "Have you read all of these books?" "Some of them twice." This reply is both true and unexpected.

There are of course no friends like living, breathing, corporeal men and women; my devotion to reading has never made me a recluse. How could it? Books are of the people, by the people, for the people. Literature is the immortal part of history; it is the best and most enduring part of personality. But book-friends have this advantage over living friends; you can enjoy the most truly aristocratic society in the world whenever you want it. The great dead are beyond our physical reach, and the great living are usually almost as inaccessible; as for our personal friends and acquaintances, we cannot always see them. Perchance they are asleep, or away on a journey. But in a private library, you can at any moment converse with Socrates or Shakespeare or Carlyle or Dumas or Dickens or Shaw or Barrie or Galsworthy. And there is no doubt that in these books you see these men at their best. They wrote for *you.* They "laid themselves out,"

they did their ultimate best to entertain you, to make a favorable impression. You are necessary to them as an audience is to an actor; only instead of seeing them masked, you look into their innermost heart of heart.

About the Author

William Lyon Phelps (1865-1943) was an American educator, literary critic, columnist, and speaker. He was a Professor of English at Yale University, U.S.A. from 1901 to 1933. His major works include *Advance of the English Novel* and *Essays on Modern Dramatists*.

About the Speech

The speech which came to be known as "The Pleasure of Books" was delivered by William Lyon Phelps on April 6, 1933 during a radio broadcast.

Glossary

resources	: things that give help, support or comfort
punctiliousness	: showing great attention to details or behaviour
considerate	: careful not to hurt or trouble others
intimacy	: close friendship or relationship
annihilate	: destroy somebody/something completely
blaze a trail	: to be the first to do something that others follow
instinct	: a tendency that one is born with
evil	: morally bad
accessible	: that can be reached, used
mural	: a large painting done on a wall
varied	: of different types
stimulating	: exciting or interesting
stock	: commonly used
corporeal	: having physical existence
recluse	: a person who lives alone and likes to avoid other people
immortal	: living for ever; never dying
enduring	: lasting for a long time

Choose the correct option:

1. Which books do we enjoy more?

(a) Books of guests

(b) Borrowed books

(c) Simple books

(d) Own books

2. What are more attractive in colour and appearance than wall papers?

(a) Mural decorations

(b) Glass windows

(c) Marked books

(d) Bookshelves

Answer the following questions in 15-20 words each:

1. Whom does the author compare a borrowed book to?

2. What, according to the author, are books for?

3. In what way should one have his/her bookshelves in the house?

4. What reply does the author give to strangers' question?

5. When and where can you converse with the great authors of the world?

Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each:

1. How is the treatment of a borrowed book similar to that accorded to a guest?

2. What reason does the author suggest for "marking favourite passages in books"?

3. Why does the author prefer own book to a borrowed book?

4. Why are readers necessary for writers?

Answer the following questions in about 150 words each:

1. Discuss the use of similes in the speech.

2. In his speech, Phelps mentions several benefits of books. Which of them do you find the most significant? Why?

Literary Terms and Figures of Speech

(The following contribution is largely based on M. H. Abrams's *A Glossary of Literary Terms*)

Elegy

An elegy is a formal and sustained poem of lament for the death of a particular person. For example, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* on the death of Arthur Hallam. Sometimes, the term is used for meditative poems, such as Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

Epic

Epic or heroic poem is a long narrative poem on a great and serious subject, composed in an elevated style, and centred on a heroic or quasi-divine figure on whose actions depend the fate of a tribe, a nation or the human race. Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* and Milton's *Paradise Lost* are notable examples of epic.

Sonnet

A sonnet is a lyric poem which consists of fourteen iambic pentameter lines linked by an intricate rhyme scheme. The rhyme, in English, usually follows one of two main patterns:

(1) The Italian or Petrarchan sonnet is divided into two parts: an octave (8 lines) rhyming a b b a a b b a and a sestet (6 lines) rhyming c d e c d e or some variant such as c d c c d c. This form was used by Milton, Wordsworth, and D.G. Rossetti.

(2) The English or the Shakespearean sonnet is divided into three quatrains and a concluding couplet: a b a b c d c d e f e f g g.

Ode

An ode is a long lyric poem, serious in subject, elevated in style, and elaborate in its stanzaic structure. For example, Wordsworth's "Ode: Intimations of Immortality."

Lyric

Greek writers identified the lyric as a song rendered to the accompaniment of a lyre, a musical instrument. The term is now used for any short, non-narrative poem presenting a single speaker who expresses a state of mind or a process of thought and feeling.

Ballad

The popular ballad (known also as the folk ballad or traditional ballad) is defined as a song, transmitted orally, which tells a story.

Satire

Satire is the literary art of diminishing a subject by making it ridiculous and evoking attitudes of amusement, contempt, indignation, or scorn towards it.

Fiction

Broadly speaking, fiction is any narrative which is feigned or invented rather than historically or factually true. The term "fiction" is applied primarily to prose narratives (the novel and the short story), and is sometimes used simply as a synonym for the novel.

Melodrama

"Melos" is a Greek term for song, and the term "melodrama" was originally applied to all musical plays, including opera. Now, melodrama can be said a drama which is full of exciting events and exaggerated characters. The adjective melodramatic is applied to any literary work or episode that relies on improbable events and sensational action.

Monologue

The term monologue is derived from Greek term meaning 'one word' or 'one speech', and refers to an extended speech by one person. It is used in the form of a dramatic monologue, where the speaker is imagined to be talking to a silent listener (for example, in Browning's "My Last Duchess") or as a soliloquy, where the speaker speaks his thoughts aloud to himself, presented as an extended part of a text or a play (for example, Hamlet's soliloquy "To be or not to be. . . ." in Shakespeare's play *Hamlet*).

Simile

This is a figure of speech in which an explicit comparison is made between two essentially dissimilar things, actions, or feelings. This is done by the use of words such as "like" or "as." For example, Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud" and Robert Burns' "O, my love is like a red, red rose."

Metaphor

In this figure of speech, a thing, idea, or action is referred to by a word or phrase denoting some other idea or action, but used to highlight a common factor or characteristic between them. Through a metaphor, an analogy is drawn between two dissimilar things, for instance, Martin Luther's phrase: "A mighty fortress is our God/A bulwark never failing."

Alliteration

Alliteration is the repetition of speech sounds in a sequence of nearby words: the term is usually applied only to consonants, and only when the recurrent sound occurs in a prominent position at the beginning of a word or of a stressed syllable within a word. For example, in one of Shakespeare's sonnets "When to the ***session*** of ***sweet silent*** thought. . . ."

Onomatopoeia

In its narrow sense, onomatopoeia is applied to a word, or a combination of words whose sound seems to resemble the sound it denotes: "hiss," "buzz," "rattle," "crackle," etc. Two lines from Tennyson's poem "Come Down, O Maid" are often cited example of onomatopoeia:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Personification

This is a figure of speech in which either an inanimate object or an abstract concept is spoken of as though it were endowed with life or with human attributes or feelings. For instance, in his poem "To Autumn," Keats personifies the abstraction, autumn, as a woman carrying on the rural chores of that season.

Paradox

A paradox is a statement which appears on its face to be self-contradictory or absurd, yet turns out to have some truth in it. For example, the concluding lines of Donne's sonnet:

One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; *Death, thou shalt die*.

Oxymoron

When two contradictory terms are combined or juxtaposed in a compressed paradox, it is called oxymoron; an example is Tennyson's "O *Death in life*, the

days that are no more." The phrases like "pleasing pains," I burn and freeze," "loving hate" are also examples of the oxymoron.

Euphemism

Euphemism, derived from the Greek "to speak well," is an expression that is gentler or less direct in place of the blunt expression for something disagreeable, unpleasant, terrifying, or offensive. For example, euphemisms like "to pass away," "mortician" are often used in reference to death.

Epithet

The term epithet is derived from the Greek "epitheton" signifying "something added." It denotes an adjective or adjectival phrase used to define the special quality of a person or thing. For example, Keats's phrase "*silver snarling* trumpets and Homer's phrases such as "swift-footed Achilles," "wine-dark sea," and "rosy-fingered dawn."

Antithesis

This is a contrast or opposition in meaning emphasised by a parallel in grammatical structure. An example is Alexander Pope's description of Atticus in his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." Another example is in Pope's *The Rape of the Lock*.

Resolved to win, he meditates his way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray.
