

corner, calling them to adventure; and when imagination is gone there comes the inevitable need for toys. So everywhere we see men and women who have grown crusted in heart playing with their toys — playing with Gold, and calling it Happiness; playing with Learning, and calling it Wisdom; playing with Churches, and calling them Christianity. And these are the people who, tragically unconscious to what they are doing, will seek, as Anne grows older, to teach her also that Pleasure is Joy, that Respectability is Morality, that Success is Life, and that it is more important to acknowledge with certain forms God the Father and God the Son than it is to be filled with the Holy Ghost.

It is now very late at night. It is past six o'clock. Anne has been bathed and put to bed, and, after sundry mild acts of rebellion, has fallen asleep, probably to dream, if she dream at all, of what the wastepaper basket may be made to disgorge to-morrow morning. But I, as I lean upon her cot and watch her healthy, unconscious breathing, dream of a rather more distant future. And, as I do so, I pray not that she may never meet difficulty or encounter honest foes, but that she may always remain, as now, instinctively on guard against the seductions of her friends. I pray that she may never be enticed out of Fairyland by patronage or toys.

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## SHAKESPEARE AND INDIA

BY RAJAIAH D. PAUL

It is but natural that we, in India, should be interested in whatever in English Literature is connected with India, in some way or other. Indian characters, scenes laid in India, reference to India and things Indian, naturally arrest our attention. Besides, such a study as this of Shakespeare's Indian references possesses also another kind of interest. It is an indication of the knowledge that the Elizabethans as a whole had of India and the East; for, in the Elizabethan period, the drama was essentially of the common people, the species typified by the proverbial man-in-the-street; and therefore it was a dramatic necessity that Shakespeare should restrict his

knowledge to that of the people of his day in his references to India; for, otherwise, the point of his reference would be quite lost.

Hence, there is a justification for such a study as the present. From Shakespeare's references to India, we can reasonably deduce how much the Elizabethans knew about our country. No doubt from a very early time, the existence of such a country as India in the far East was vaguely known to Englishmen. The tradition of the Church had it that St. Thomas was the Apostle of India. Chaucer's merchant swears by 'Saint Thomas of India' that:

We wedded men live in sorwe and care.

Even to the earlier Elizabethans, India was only a vaguely distant, but fabulously wealthy country. However, later, the voyages of adventurers and the formation of the East India Company led to more detailed information about India being disseminated. But the descriptions of these adventurers, like all travelers' tales, and the reports of the East India Company being in their nature somewhat of advertisements, were sometimes exaggerated and occasionally even deliberately misleading. However, the literature from which Elizabethan authors could derive their knowledge of our country was fast becoming extensive.

Shakespeare has described one such merchant-voyage. No one need be reminded of the context:

*Titania*: Set your heart at rest;  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.  
His mother was a votaress of my order;  
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,  
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,  
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,  
Marking the embarked traders on the flood;  
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive  
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;  
Which she, with pretty and with swimming  
gait  
Following,—her womb then rich  
with my young squire,—  
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,  
To fetch me trifles, and return again,  
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.  
—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 12 & ff.

Here is a Shakespearian list of countries visited by Elizabethan merchantmen:

What! not one hit?  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Borbary and India?  
—*The Merchant of Venice*, III, ii, 268.

—only substitute Italy for England, for, as you know, the reference is to a merchant of Venice.

The most important of these countries was, however, India, all that was meant by the word, viz., the East and

West Indies — important as affording the richest trade. Falstaff says, referring to Mistresses Ford and Page:

They shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both.

—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I, iii, 79.

The most common idea among the Elizabethans about India and the East generally was its richness. 'The rich East,' 'the gorgeous East,' are the sort of phrases used in descriptions.

I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

—*Macbeth*, IV, iii, 35.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was  
Exceeding riches and all precious things  
The spoile of all the world, that it did pass  
The wealth of the East.

—*Faerie Queene*, Bk. III, iv, 23.

Similarly Milton in the well-known lines:

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
—*Paradise Lost*, II, 1—4.

the phrase 'gorgeous East' being evidently a borrowing from Shakespeare's

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde  
At the first opening of the gorgeous East . . .  
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 221.

The chief cause of this 'richness' of India was the abundance of precious stones. Long before any definite knowledge of India was got, rumors had reached England about the quality and abundance of India's gems. So, Sir Thomas Wyatt speaks of 'Indian stones a thousandfold more precious than can thyself devise.' And precious stones were one of the commodities of the Elizabethan trade with India, and the 'bountifulness' of the mines of India is an oft-recurring idea — an ever-ready metaphor for liberality and

magnificence. So, Mortimer says of his father-in-law:

In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,  
 . . . valiant as a lion,  
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
 As mines of India.

—*Henry IV*, III, i, 164.

and so also in *Henry VIII*, I, i, 18:

To-day the French  
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen-gods,  
 Shone down the English; and to-morrow they  
 Made Britain India: every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine.

The 'gorgeous East' was no less famous for pearls. Indeed, India was the 'bed' of pearls, Shakespeare says, in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, i, —

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;

and Troilus would go and win her, as merchants go and bring pearls from India.

Between our Iliam and where she resides,  
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;  
 Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Another precious commodity for which India was famous was spices. India for the Elizabethans was identical with the East Indies whose other name was Spice Islands. And one of the avowed objects of the East India Company was to rival, and if possible to capture, the flourishing trade of the Dutch in spices. And the common idea was that spices were so abundant in that fortunate country, India, that the very air was laden with the odor. It was in this 'Spiced Indian air,' we saw that Titania and the mother of her pageboy used to gossip.

Connected with this idea of richness, is that of magnificence usually associated with Indian kings. In the romantic imagination of Elizabethan writers, Indian kings sat on thrones of gold and ivory, were attended by lovely little pageboys, and literally

rolled in wealth. These little pageboys roused the envy of even fairy kings.

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath  
 Because that she (Titania) as her attendant hath  
 A lovely boy stolen from an Indian King.

—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 20.

And one of the common customs, 'a part of the Eastern ceremony at the coronation of their kings' was to powder them with gold dust and seed pearl, and to strew pearls and jewels at the monarch's feet. We have a reference to it in *Paradise Lost*.

Or, where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

Shakespeare evidently knew of this custom. He makes a reference to it in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Cleopatra says to the messenger:

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;  
 Yet, if thou say Antony lives, . . .  
 I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
 Rich pearls upon thee.

—*Antony and Cleopatra*, II, v, 42.

Nowhere were false ideas about India more common than in relation to its religion. Travelers brought strange stories about the superstitions of the people. Ralph Fitch, one of the very first Englishmen to visit our country, has much to say about the Brahmans and their images, 'some like beasts, some like men, and some like the Devil'; about the fakirs 'to whom India was much given.' One such he saw 'sitting upon a horse in the market place, who made as though he slept.' The people 'took him for a great man, but sure he was a lazy lubber.' Such and similar were the accounts these visitors gave of Indian religions.

Shakespeare, however, seems to have had — or at least, has seen fit to use — only one idea about India's religion, namely, the common idea of fire and sun worship, of which rumors

had reached the West much earlier than the Elizabethan period.

Biron asks, in his lover's enthusiasm:

Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,  
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

—*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV, iii, 228.

Similarly, Helen confessing her love for Bertram says,

Thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more.

—*All's Well That Ends Well*, I, iii, 212.

In *Henry VIII*, I, we have a reference to heathen gods, being clothed with profuse ornaments.

To-day the French  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods . . .

Finally, the physical features of India do not seem to have been at all familiar to the Elizabethans: for, whenever Elizabethan writers choose to refer to these, they commit a mistake. For example, Spenser describing Archimago says that he had a

Face all tand with scorching sunny ray  
As he had traveild many a sommer's day,  
Through boyling sands of Arabic and Ynde.

—*Faerie Queene*, Bk. I, vi, 35.

'Boyling sands' suggests something like the Sahara. We do not have in India any desert of which such an epithet can be used.

Similarly, Titania snubbing her 'Lord' Oberon, says:

Why art thou here  
Come from the furthest steppe of India?

—*A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II, i, 68.

'Steppe' is clearly a blunder. If on Shakespeare's part, it must be due to his bad geography; and may indicate a general belief of the Elizabethans

about India, when taken in conjunction with the above quoted lines from Spenser. But the error is most probably due to that most irresponsible person, the Elizabethan printer. The second quarto of the play and all the folios have 'steepe,' which makes a better sense and is therefore most probably the correct text. For, surely, to Shakespeare, as to Milton, India was the land of mountains and rivers more than of plains and deserts.

The Elizabethans were not, however, ignorant of further details about our land. For in Spenser we have a reference to the Ganges and the Indus. Among the famous rivers that attended the feast 'in honor of the spousals which were then betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed,' were

Great Ganges and immortall Euphrates,  
Deep Indus, and Meander intricate.

Malabar, as being an important trading centre for pepper, seems also to have been well known. Our national headdress, the turban, is very irreverently described by Spenser. The 'foole Disdaine' (in the 6th book of the *Faerie Queene*), wore

On his head a roll of linen plight  
Like to the Mores of Malabar.

Shakespeare has also a similar, not very complimentary, reference. Bassanio compared the golden casket to

the beauteous scarf,  
Veiling an Indian beauty.

—*The Merchant of Venice*, II, ii, 99.

An Indian beauty is, therefore, a really ugly woman, who is hidden by a beautiful silk veil — she being called a beauty here, because she would be considered as such among her own people. However, the context here warrants an assumption that the reference is to the West Indies.

[*The Nation*]MR. SANTAYANA ON THE  
UNITED STATES

BY J. MIDDLETON MURRY

ONE of the least comforting features of this not very comfortable age is that it is debarred not only from practising but from appreciating perhaps the rarest and certainly the most valuable of the intellectual virtues, a true detachment. We have long since given up thinking about the things that most truly concern us; we have no time, we are engaged in a struggle, partly for the bare opportunity of life, more generally against a force or a spirit that is too big, too omnipresent for us to define. The struggle against it is so overwhelming, the sweat so blinds our eyes, that we cannot see, cannot pause to distinguish what we are struggling for. Few and far between are the Pisgah-sights now vouchsafed us; our famished glimpses of the jewels of life are so rare that they bewilder rather than encourage us. We have seen with our eye the shipwreck of a religion and a morality in which, for all our scepticism, we obscurely trusted; we have watched a whole system in which our things of price had their place and function disappear into the deeps. In our little boats we scurry about, tugging feverishly at the oars, to rescue fragments of comeliness and virtue, and we forget that their meaning is lost. In the splendid worm-eaten ship that was they had their office and their beauty. Heaped, jumbled, and dripping in our little boats they are only patriotic relics of the past.

Yet, even though we feel obscurely that all is to begin again, we are too deeply involved in the work of salvage to dream of building a great ship once more. We resent those who call to us to pause, to set a course and steer by it.

The waves are too high; the sheer wall of hostile water bears down upon us. To surmount this one monstrous wave, and then the next, is all that we can do — all, we cry, that mortal man can be called upon to do. And we feel toward a master of detachment like Mr. Santayana that he does not understand the perils with which we are surrounded: he appears to us like the Lucretian spectator

*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem . . .*

and because we are secretly aware of its truth we are a little hostile to the Lucretian warning which he sounds in our ears — ‘et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.’

The warning is cold; we are stripped and shivering, and desire that someone should rather cast a cloak about us. We cannot change in a day; we were sentimentalists before the disaster, and we tend to sentimentalize over it now. We want to be the heroes of a romantic tragedy, charming dreamers of a beautiful dream frustrated by the event, not fools who could not see the fact before their eyes. We want to believe in ourselves, but in ourselves as we are. Mr. Santayana also wants us to believe in ourselves; but he coldly points out that it is impossible for us to believe in ourselves as we are. Such a belief is not a belief at all. Belief, like all other good things, must be rational; it must square with the facts and have a repercussion upon actions; it must be a belief in a humane ideal, not in the jostling fragments of twenty incompatible ideals. Rationalize your values, is his message. And if we can overcome our first reluctance, and find a moment's pause in the struggle to follow out the implications of his advice, the sense of a hostile coldness vanishes and we pass slowly into a clear and exhilarating air of the understanding,