APPENDIX C

Sources of Epigraphs and Allusions in Lal Behari Day's *Bengal Peasant Life*.

The Title Page

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

Source-- Thomas Gray's (1716-71) meditative poem "ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD"

CHAPTER I

(Page 1)
The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains;
What labour yields, and what, that labour past,
Age, in its hour of languor, finds at last;
What form the real picture of the poor,
Demand a song—the Muse can give no more.

Source-- *The Village*: Book I by George Crabbe (1754 - 1832).

CHAPTER II

(Page 4)
Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye,
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to seye.

Source—*General Prologue to Canterbury Tales* by Geoffrey Chaucer (1343-1400).

CHAPTER III

(Page 8)

Sweet Auburn! Lovliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer’d the labouring swain.

Source—*The Deserted Village* by Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74).

(Page 12)

In Malabar or Deccan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that on the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar’d shade,
High over-arched and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

Source—John Milton’s (1608-74) *Paradise Lost*, Book IX lines 1102-9

CHAPTER IV

(Page 13)

Young elms, with early force, in copses bow
Fit for the figure of the crooked plough:
Of Eight feet long, a fastened beam prepare—
On either side the head, produce an ear;
And sink a socket for the shining share.
Source—Virgil’s (70BC-19BC) *Georgics*
(Page 14)

...Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these last themes unworthy of your ear:
...

The plough, and, greatly, independent, scorned
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.
Source—James Thomson’s (1700-48) ‘Spring’ in *The Seasons*
(Page 19)

His ebon tresses and his swarthy cheek
Instant emerge; and though obedient the wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding path.
Source—‘Celadon and Amelia’ episode from ‘Summer’ in *The Seasons*

Chapter V
(Page 21)

Behold the cot! Where strives th’ industrious swain,
Source of his pride, his pleasure and his gain.
Source—The Parish Register by George Crabbe

Chapter VI
(Page 28)
The destine, mynistre general,
That executeth in the world over-al
...
That falleth nought oft in a thousand yeere.
Source—'The Knightes Tale' in Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer

Chapter VII
(Page 33)
And are there then celestial habitants
Whom a kind father's care around us plants,
Sent to walk with us in our earthly trance?
Source—Keble

Chapter VIII
(Page 36)
--Not far from them doth dwell
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,
They for discovery flock, or curing.

Source—‘The Village Astrologer’ in Samuel Butler’s *Hudibras*, Part II Canto III lines 104-124

(Page 39)

In Mathematics he was greater

Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater

...

The clock does strike by Algebra.

Source—Samuel Butler’s *Hudibras* Part I Canto I, lines 119-126

Chapter IX

(Page 42)

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne’er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.


Chapter X

(Page 47)

He foams at the mouth; and, by-and-by,

Breaks out to savage madness.

Source—William Shakespeare’s *Othello*, Act IV, Scene i.

356
Chapter XI

(Page 50)

The cow-house yields a stercoraceous heap.

Source—William Cowper (1731-1800)

Chapter XII

(Page 53)

the village all declared how much he knew,

‘Twas certain he could write and cipher too;

Lands he could measure terms and tides presage,

And even the story ran that he could guage.

Source—‘The Deserted Village’ by Oliver Goldsmith (1730-74), lines 207-10

(Page 57)

He was in logic a great critic,

Profoundly skill’d in analytic;

He could distinguish and divide

A hair ‘twixt south and south-west side;

On either which he would dispute,

Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Source—Samuel Butler’s Hudibras Part I, Canto I, lines 65-70.
Chapter XIII

(Page 59)

That night the envoy, entertained
With honour and all care, remained.

Source—Ralph T. H. Griffith's translation (1870-74) of the Ramayana

Chapter XIV

(Page 63)

Here Sita stands, my daughter fair,
The duties of thy life to share;
Take from her father, take thy bride,
Join hand to hand, and bliss betide.
A faithful wife, most blest is she,
And as thy shade will follow thee.

Source—Ralph T. H. Griffith's translation (1870-74) of the Ramayana, Canto LXXIII, 'The Nuptials'.

Chapter XV

(Page 71)

Now farewell, bride, and bridegroom
Blest in thy new-found sire!
May Leto, mother of the brave,
Bring babies at your desire,
And holy Cypris either's breast
With mutual love inspire.
Source—Theokritos (ancient Greek poet, 308-240 B.C.E.)

Chapter XVI
(Page 75)
I've heard my reverend grannie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stay;
Or where auld ruin'd castles gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rers 'way
Wi' eldritch croon.
Source—‘Address to the Deil’ by Robert Burns (1759-96)

(Page 79)
Than Asmodeus with the fishy fume
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the spouse
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Chapter XVII
(Page 85)
And then the whining school boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.

Source—William Shakespeare’s *As You Like It* (Jacques’ speech in Act II, scene vii, also known as ‘Seven Ages of Man’)

Chapter XVIII

(Page 90)

O sight of misery!
You cannot hear her cries...

They force her on, they bind her to the dead.

Source—Robert Southey’s *Curse of Kehama*, lines 162-72.

Chapter XIX

(Page 93)

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Source—Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene v, lines 16-21 (Ghost of Hamlet’s father to Hamlet)
Chapter XX
(Page 97)
Sche weepeth, weyleth, cryeth piteously:
To sien hirself sche wayteth pryvyly.
Source—“The Knight’s Tale”, Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*.

(Page 98)
In fair Calabria’s woods a snake is bred
With curling crest and an advancing head;
...
And fills his maw with fish, or with loquacious frogs.
Source—Dryden’s translation of Virgil’s *Georgics*.

Chapter XXI
(Page 103)
There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave.
Source—Byron’s “Elegaic Stanzas On the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Bart”

Chapter XXII
(Page 107)
A various group the herds and flocks compose:
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still.
Source—Thomson's "Summer", *Seasons*

Chapter XXIII
(Page 112)
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Source—Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act I, Scene iii.

Chapter XXIV
(Page)
O horror! Horror! Horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Source—Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, Act II, scene iii (Macduff's speech on discovery of Duncan's murder)

Chapter XXV
(Page 124)
Some burthened with their homely ware,
Journey to village hat or fair.
Source—H.H. Wilson
Chapter XXVI

(Page 131)

But chief do Indians' simple daughters,
Assemble in these hallowed waters,
...

From gushing fount, or trickling rill.
Source—H.H. Wilson

Chapter XXVII

(Page 138)

Hir mouth was sweete as bragat or meth,
Or hoord of apples, layd in hay or heth.
Source—Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* (“The Milleres Tale”)

(Page 143)

Her only fault (and that is faults enough)
Is—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and forward…
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.
Source—Shakespeare’s *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I, Scene iii.

Chapter XXVIII

(Page 145)
And with that word shr struck me on the head.
Source—Shakespeare’s *Taming of the Shrew*, Act II, Scene i

Chapter XXIX
(Page 150)

But Nature’s chiefest bounties fall
To thy productive fields, Bengal.
Source—H.H. Wilson

Chapter XXX
(Page 153)

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,

... And sleights of hand and feats of strength went round.
Source—Oliver Goldsmith’s *The Deserted Village*

Chapter XXXI

There too he form’d the likeness of a field
Crowded with corn, in which the reapers toil’d

... Large supper, for the hinds, of whitest wheat.
Source—*The Iliad*, translated by William Cowper (XVIII, v)
Chapter XXXII

(Page 162)

Thus been theay weddid with solempnite;
And atte feste sittith he and sche,

... The most deintevous of al Ytaiile.

Source—Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales* (“The Merchant’s Tale”)

Chapter XXXIII

These ways of planting nature Nature did ordain,
For trees and shrubs, and all the sylvan reign.

... And the dry poles produce a livig race.

Source—Virgil’s *The Georgics* (Dryden’s translation)

Chapter XXXIV

(Page 172)

No finer dish
Than broth of fish;
Nothing is sweeter
Than lap of spinster:
With joy all ye the name of Hari shout.

Source—Nityananda
Chapter XXXV

(Page 177)

Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sundry londes;
And, specially from everie schires ende
Of Bengala, to Jagannath they wende.
Source—Prologue to Canterbury Tales, Chaucer

Chapter XXXVI

(Page 182)

All around, behind, before,
With frantic shout and deafening roar;
...
To stun the living, and waken the dead.
Source—Robert Southey, Curse of Kehama

(Page 186)

He saw the lean dogs
Gorging and growling o’er carcass and limb;
...
With those who had fallen for that repast.
Source—The Siege of Corinth by Lord Byron
Chapter XXXVII

(Page 187)

Learned he was in med’cinal lore,
For by his side a pouch he wore,
...

Extracted from a rotten post.
Source—Samuel Butler’s *Hudibras*

(Page 188)

Nor engine, nor device polemic
...

To both the under-worlds as he.
Source—Samuel Butler’s *Hudibras*

Chapter XXXVIII

(Page 191)

They perished—the blithe days of boyhood had perished—
...

God, may I never, never lose that too.
Source—“Childhood”, H.W. Longfellow

Chapter XXXIX

(Page 194)
Our laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, an’a’ his stents;
He rises when he likes himself;
His flunkies answer at the bell.
Source—Robert Burns’ The Twa Dogs

Chapter XL
(Page 199)

Low lies that house where tobacco inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smilind toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk’d with looks profound,
And news much older than their weed went round.
Source—Oliver Goldsmith’s The Deserted Village

Chapter XLI
(Page 206)

I’ve noticed, on our laird’s court-day
...
An’ hear it a’ an’ fear an’ tremble.
Source— Robert Burns’ The Twa Dogs

Chapter XLII
(Page 211)
Thou knowest the discontent,
The ill-pent murmurs, which this man's oppression
His cruelty and avarice, hath provok'd
Amongst all honest hearts in Schwytz.
Source—Wilhelm Tell

Chapter XLII
(Page 215)
Why flames yon summit—why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?—
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin.
Source—Campbell's *The Bride of Lammermoor*

Chapter XLIV
(Page 219)
Go with me to a mnotary: seal me there
Your single bond...
In what part of your pleaseth me.
Source—Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* (Act I, Scene iii)

Chapter XLV
(Page 223)
Pass where we may, through city or through town,
That law has licensed, as makes Temperance reel.

Source—Cowper’s The Task

Chapter XLVI

(Page 227)

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin

Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.

Source—Cowper’s The Task

Chapter XLVII

(Page 232)

And from his coffers

Receive the golden earnest of our death.

Source—Shakespeare’s King Henry V (Act II, Scene ii)

Chapter XLVIII

(Page 236)

He is a noble gentleman; withal

Who is himself an honour to his title.

Source—John Ford’s The Lady’s Trial (Act I, scene iii)
Chapter XLIX

(Page 241)

Why did all-creating Nature

...

For the gains your weed affords.

Source—Cowper's "The Negro's Complaint"

Chapter L

(Page 245)

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood.

Source—Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*

Chapter LI

(Page 249)

For why? Because the good old rule

...

And they should keep who can.

Source—Wordsworth's *Memorials of a Tour in Scotland* "Rob Roy's Grave"

Chapter LII

(Page 252)
And worse than all and most to be deplored,

... Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Source—Cowper’s The Task

Chapter LIII
(Page 255)
'Tis gold
...
Can it not do, and undo?
Shakespeare’s Cymbeline

Chapter LIV
(Page 250)
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns.
Source—Shakespeare’s Hamlet

Chapter LV
(Page 263)
Hail, Ceres, hail, by thee from fertile ground
Swift springs the corn, and plenty flows around.
Source—Kallimachos (Greek Poet, 450-400 BC)
Chapter LVI

(Page 266)

Therefore sacrifice they unto their net,

...

And their meat plenteous.

Source—Habbakuk (The Holy Bible)

Chapter LVII

(Page 268)

In the dust he fell

...

A lifeless trunk, to parch in summer airs.

Source—Homer

Chapter LVIII

(Page 272)

They covet fields, and take them by violence;

...

Even a man and his heritage.

Source—Micah (Old Testament)

Chapter LIX
A bold peasantry, their country's pride.
Source—Oliver Goldsmith's *The Deserted Village*

Chapter LX

With his breath he draws,
A plague into his blood; and cannot use
Life's necessary means, but he must die.
Source—Cowper's *The Task*

Chapter LXI

He calls for Famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear.
Source—Cowper's *The Task*