CHAPTER V.

FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW

Literature of Travel about Europe and U.S.A. Upto 1920.

General features: - The age of explorers and travellers, travellers with a compass and a company of soldiers, comes to an end with Stevenson. He travels with a donkey and not with gunpowder, he finds great adventures under the solitary skies and in the lonely seas; the whole world is his hâme, and yet he is homeless; with love and sympathy, with warmth of heart, and sweetness of nature he makes a pilgrimage to the fairyland of dreams. His brave spirit and his fine style, his care for every word and syllable, his love of lands and love of life inspire many new writers, Stephen Graham wanders among the Russian peasants; their pathos and simplicity, their gentleness and meekness touch his heart; his sketches are more authentic than all the work of Maxim Gorki; and his por ignorant little old women are far more pathetic than the finely sketched characters of Chekhov. W.H. Davies is another queer creature; he is a tramp and a beggar, an illiterate philosopher and an ignorant scholar, limping across U.S.A. and England, and talking like Goldsmith and Chaucer. It looks that the gypsy strain in English blood can never be suppressed.

Mark Twain, with his original humour and sympathetic satire, laughs at all that is stupid and ridiculous in good old Europe. Only Dickens would have equalled him, but Mark Twain is never bitter, there is none who can imitate him. Hilaire Belloc is a humorist, but he lives in an absolutely different world, he looks at life as an
Englishman and a Frenchman Arnold Bennett's satire is bitter, and he delights in delineating life with the smoky outlook of the Five Districts of the Potteries. Kipling is fiercely bitter, he lashes at everything American with a demonic ferocity; he has terrible force of a tornado, and he wields language like a flashing dagger.

Thoreau represents the group of thinkers, philosophers, and dreamers; they travel to get wisdom, and retire to the woods to find the truth about life. He is profound, deep, sincere, a philosophic agency, mark his work. This spirit of search for values has a deep influence on many writers of the new age, but they never achieve his mastery of expression and they never possess his spiritual fervour. Havelock Ellis tries to capture the flame-like soul of Spain; others including Hilaire Belloc and Stephen Graham give profound and lofty reflections even in the midst of comic or simple narratives of life. The new development that is seen during this period, preceding the end of the First Great War, is that of journalism; Miss Rhoda Power and Mrs. Snowdown represent this new line of travel books superbly; their's are undoubtedly the source books of Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago.

Thus Stevenson, Thoreau, Mark Twain are the three great influences that overshadow the literature of this period; Hilaire Belloc, Stephen Graham, and W.H. Davies are three great innovators. They truly represent the main trends of the literature of travel about Europe and U.S.A. before the year 1920.

A. THREE GREAT INFLUENCES.

R.A. Stevenson, Thoreau and Mark Twain

55. R.L. Stevenson (1850-1894):

1. An Inland Voyage (1878)
2. Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes - (1879)
3. The Emigrant Amateur (1879)
4. Across the Plains (1880)
5. Silverado Squatters (1883).

Stevenson must be given the honour of ushering in the modern age in European and American literature of travel.
travels for the sake of travel; he journeys, but he does not want to reach anywhere; he wants his 'bed in the bush with stars to see'.

"The untented Kosmos my abode
I pass a wilful stranger,
My mistress still the open road
And the bright eyes of danger". 1

This attitude towards travel is sharply different from that of the old travellers and explorers; the mood that inspires is a poetic mood, and his spirit is a truly gypsy spirit; the work that it inspires is real literature. The style that he uses is that of a realistic observer of life without any taste for the picturesque, the sure sign of the parvenu and the poor amateur. In Stevenson moods of travel and vision are deeply related, no doubt one mood is passive regarding life as a spectacle, the other active, thinking of it as a campaign; but he indulges in both moods freely. In him 'both things, seeing and travelling are constantly present, and they blend and modify each other in the most intimate way.

"Home no more home whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver I go where I must". 2

With his delicate touch, his sympathy and sensitiveness his courage, and warmth of heart he spreads whalo of light round whatever he touches. Sweetness and loveliness are the hallmark of all that he has written. His ancestors were professional light house makers on the Scottish coast, but he spread his light everywhere. For the good of man his father and grandfather planted high sea lights, he the last of the line nursed another lamp, this other light shall continue unquenchable, beneficent and serene.

2. Ibid, p. 23.
"But the firm of Stevenson and Son might have been mildly convulsed if there had arisen, on every side light houses in seven styles of architecture; a Gothic light house and an ancient Egyptian light house, and a light house like a Chinese Pagoda. And that is what he did with the towers of imagination, and the light of reason". 1

He plays upon the pipe of the shepherd, and it is rather plainer than the lyre of the poet, his life itself was a masterpiece, and he sang of it with gusto.

"He never cared for more life but he did care for living and few got out of life as much as he did, simply because so few have put so much into it". 2

He studies men not as museum pieces to be analysed and criticised and then made the part of a lecture; he discusses his relations with living men, and not the men themselves; he approaches others with affection, and not with the instruments of the scientist. Every where he searches all that is good in human heart, the frailties he simply smiles at and tolerates; he weeps with the poor emigrants and laughs with the jolly men of the French river docks. Everywhere he seeks friends.

"But we are travellers in what John Bunyan calls the wilderness of the world, all too travellers with a donkey, and the best that we find in our travels in an honest friend. He is a fortunate voyager who finds many. We travel indeed to find them". 3

The scenes of nature, sights and lands and places appear with a freshness and elemental beauty that no nature poet ever managed to convey. It is mainly solitude and loneliness, mist, fog and distant seas and mountains, the dark places and the starry skies that appeal to him. His prose style in the travel books undergoes a change from the simple broad humour of An Inland Voyage to the refined grace and the delicacy of the Travels with a Donkey; then follows the pathos and seriousness and restraint of 'Across the Plains'.

3. Travels with a Donkey, dedication.
maturity, it is the end of his travels, and the marks the height of his narrative powers.

AN INLAND VOYAGE. - 1878.

"To say truth, I had no sooner finished reading this little book in proof, than I was seized upon by a distressing apprehension. It occurred to me that I might not only be the first to read these pages, but the last as well; that I might have pioneered this very smiling tract of country all in vain, and find not a soul to follow in steps. The more I thought the more I disliked the notion, until the distaste grew into a sort of panic terror, and I rushed into this Preface which is no more than an advertisement for readers". 1

Thus it is that Stevenson makes his entry into the world of the literature of travel, and thus it is that this gentle noble soul humbly announces the beginning of a journey that carries him to distant lands.

"By strange pathways God hath brought you Tusitala, In strange webs of fortune caught you". 2

Thus it is that the sailor sets out to the sea, and thus it is that the hunter goes to the hills. Thus this gypsy of the mind starts his tramping career.

"I love to be warm by the red fireside.
I love to be met with rain;
I love to be welcome at lamplit doors.
And leave the doors again". (Stevenson)

An Inland Voyage is his first full size travel book; before this he had written an account of his journey from Cockermouth to Keswick, and his Early Essays of Travel all that is only a juvenile affair. But these early attempts show clearly his ability to spin something out of himself, he talks about what he finds, and if there is nothing to see, he tells entertaining tales, and give pleasant reflections, this propensity is discernible in his first full size attempt An Inland Voyage.

2. Edmund Gosse- Ed Wood, In Russet and Silver- London, Leadenhall,
An Inland Voyage on the whole is a poor book. It records a canoeing expedition made with a friend, and it is full of Puritanical obtuseness, and a strained vanity which interferes with the main narrative. 1

The judgement is correct so far as the facts go, but it is too harsh in spirit to be accepted without complaint. This journey from Antwerp to Boom, Lacken, Maubeugne, Port Sur Sambre, Oise, Sainte Benoîte, Moy, La Fere, and back to the world has much in it that is highly commendable; no doubt the book bears the clear mark of immaturity, but it also indicates which way his genius is growing. Prooccupation with his own self, and interest in the impression which his face and appearance make does not indicate any thing unhealthy; it is decidedly a sign of new health in literature considering the morbid conditions prevailing at that time.

"He posed as prince Florizel with a sword, challenging the President of the suicide club." 2

Love of nature finds a moving treatment in the book; this was his first love, a theme dear to his heart; its suppressed lyricism gives it a beauty which he is not yet skilful enough to describe successfully.

"There should be some myth (but if there is, I know it not) founded on the shivering of the reeds. There are not many things in nature more striking to man's eye. It is such an eloquent pantomime of terror; and to see such a number of terrified creatures taking sanctuary in every nook along the shore is enough to infect a silly human with alarm. Perhaps they are only a cold, and no wonder standing waist deep in the stream." 3

"And surely of all smells in the world, the smell of many trees is the sweetest and most fortifying. The sea has a rude distilling sort of odour, that takes you in the nostrils like snuff, and carries with it a fine sentiment of open water and tall ships; but the smell of a forest, which is nearest to this in tone and quality surpasses it by many degrees in the quality of softness. Again the smell of the sea has

little variety, but the smell of a forest is infinitely changeful; it varies with the hours of the day, not changeful in strength merely, but in character, and the different sorts of trees, as you go from one zone of wood to another seem to live among different kinds of atmosphere.1

The gentle and sweet reflections on man and man's destiny which he brings in indirectly give it a touch of gravity, a firmness and solidity, but the reflections are not very deep or penetrating; he ventures out here and there, but his flights do not take him far.

"It is a mystery how things get to their destination at this rate, and to see the barges waiting their turn at a lock, affords a fine lesson how easily the world may be taken. There should be many contented spirits on board, for such a life is both to travel and stay at home". 2

"I wish sincerely for it would have saved me much trouble, there had been some one to put me in a good heart about life when I was younger; to tell me how dangers are most portentous on a distant sight, and how the good in a man's spirit will not suffer itself to be overlaid, and rarely or never desert him in the hour of need". 3

The Book ends with a triumphant note, his meeting Mrs. Osborne, the American lady, who was waiting to receive him, and whom he married in 1879- only a year later.

"You may paddle all day long, but it is when you come back at nightfall and look in at the familiar room that you find love or death awaiting you beside the stove, and the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek". 4

It is wrong to condemn 'An Inland Voyage', it is a beginner's book, and it is not devoid of beauty. It is the beginning of his literary voyage, and the end cannot be judged without knowing the beginning.

TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY IN THE GIVERNES- 1879.

Travels with a Donkey reveals his fresh powers of literary narration, it shows at work his refined nature gifted with a keen perception of beauty, susceptible to the delicate shades of ideas or words. He observes and enjoys the

2. Ibid., p. 8.
3. Ibid., p. 3.
4. Ibid., p. 196.
real face of life; manners, physical features, moral
caracteristics, outlines or colours of landscapes
all form the warp and woof of his thought. His clear, exact,
nervous and smooth style has the bright sunlight of the
French villages where he tarried, and the mountains
which he climbed. The book affords much the same delight
which the journey afforded him.

"Why any one should desire to visit either Luc or
Cheylard is more than my much inventive spirit can suppose.
For my part I travel not to go any where, but to go. I travel
for travels sake. The great affair is to move, to feel
the needs and hitches of our life more nearly": 1

"My dear Sidney Colvin- The journey which this little
book is to describe was very agreeable and fortunate for me.
After an uncouth beginning I had the best luck to the
end. But we are all travellers in what John Bunyan
calls the wilderness of the world- all too travellers with
a donkey; and the best that we find in our travels is an
honest friend": 2

The book has a lightness of touch, and a really
admirable sense of observation; characters are dealt with
with delicacy, and scenes and sights are described with vividness.
His scottish humour, the jolly French peasant life, and a
thousand other graceful touches give it an unsurpassed
beauty and charm; Father Adam and Modesteine are both delightful
creatures.

"I had a last interview with Father Adam in a billiard
room at the witching hour of dawn, when I administered the
brandy. He professes himself greatly touched by the
separation, and declared he had often bought white bread
for the donkey when he had been content with black bread
for himself; but according to best authorities it must have
been a flight of fancy. He had a name in the village for
brutally misusing the ass, Yet it is certain that he shed
a tear, and the tear made a clean mark down one cheek": 3

"Father Adam wept when he sold her to me; after I had
sold her in my turn I was tempted to follow his example.
and being alone with a stage driver and four or five agreeable
youngmen, I did not hesitate to yield to my emotion": 4

2. Ibid., Dedication.
3. Ibid., p. 21.
4. Ibid., p. 144
The peasants laugh at his Patois; at every new word he speaks there is a new explosion, and young men rise from their chairs, and stamp about in ecstasy, a roadmender passes him off as supervising engineer to make the people pay for his food; and the making of a goad is an occasion for profuse blessing.

"Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet St. Nicolas who introduced me to their use. This plain wand with an eighth of an inch of pin was indeed a sceptre when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave." 3

It is the description of the scenes of nature that gives it an unearthly beauty, and touch of seriousness and sobriety; without this proper proportion of the serious and the light element in the story the book would lose much of its charm.

"Night is a dead monotonous period under roof; but in the open world it passes lightly with its stars and dews, and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield." 4

And he gives it a lovely personal touch; this gay book has more of his inner self than many other books.

"Even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack, I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch." 5

The Travels with a Donkey provided inspiration to many others; Stephen Graham among Russian peasants and Walter Starkie among the gypies are inspired by the same spirit. The book lights many paths to many fairylands.

THE EMIGRANT AMATEUR - 1879.

This account of his sea voyage from Scotland to New York is full of laughter and tears; though published after his

3. Ibid., p. 38.
4. Ibid., p. 87. (5) Ibid., p. 89.
death, it forms a stage in that momentous journey of a great career; on board the ship he finds the dregs of society, idlers and good for nothings, going in search of adventures, so unlike the ideal here sailing in a Spanish galleon, and in the prime of youth. He gives a painful picture of reality, the like of which he gives no where else.

"Emigration from a word of the most cheerful import, came to sound most dismally in my ear. There is nothing more agreeable to picture and nothing more pathetic to behold. The abstract idea as conceived at home is hopeful and adventurous. A young man, you fancy, scorning restraints and helpers, issues forth into life, that great battle, to fight for his own hands. The most pleasant stories of ambition, of difficulties overcome, and of ultimate success, are but as episodes to this great epic of self help. This is the closest picture, and is found, on trial to consist mostly of embellishments. The more I saw of my fellow passengers the less I was tempted to the lyric note."

The book is not really so poor as it is supposed to be.

"Both records The Amateur Emigrant and Across the Plains are for the most part superficial and crabbed. The description of travelling companions is conscientious, but it has as Stevenson's earliest admirers were the first to remark, no imagination or genuine modelling; the accounts are a good deal like uninspired letters home." 2

It is feared that the critics exact too much; the book does give fine character sketches, brief, precise, earth bound, charming, and made of real stuff; beggars and stowaways, raggamuffins and tramps crowd the pages.

"We had a fellow on board, an Irish American, for all the world like a beggar in print by Callot, one eyed, with great splay crow's-feet round the sockets; a knotty squab nose coming down over his moustache; a miraculous hat, a shirt that had been white, ay, long ago, an alpaca coat in its last sleeves, and without hyperbole no buttons to his trousers. Even in these rags and tatters, the man twinkled all over with impudence like a piece of sham jewellery; and I have heard him offer a situation to one of his fellow passengers with the air of a lord. Nothing could overlie such a fellow; a kind of base success was written on his brow." 2


There are noble utterances which would find a place in any good selection of his prose work; he might have been sick or depressed, his gentle generous heart was ever beating warmly.

"We boast too often of manners that are parochial rather than universal; that like a country wine will not bear transportation for a hundred miles, nor from the parlour to the kitchen. To be a gentleman is to be one all the world over, and in every relation and grade of society". 1

ACROSS THE PLAINS (1880)

There are leaves from the note book of an emigrant travelling between New York and San Francisco, and are in fact a part of the Amateur Emigrant. Here he certainly falls to the executive level of An Inland Voyage. Discomforts of lonely travelling and his poor health are the probable causes of the superficial and crabbed nature of this literary account; there is no touch of freshness, no actual contact with life, and he seems to have lost grip on the subject. But the joy of actual experience is not lacking. It is in the spirit of true gypsies that he wanders over the plains of U.S.A.

"If, in truth, it were only for the sake of wages that men emigrate, how many thousands would regret the bargain. But wages indeed are only one consideration out of many; for we are a race of gypsies, and love change and travel for themselves". 2

The scenes of nature strike his imagination but fail to such strike fire; the right simile and image, the correct comparison seem to slip from his mind.

"We were at sea—there is no other adequate expression—on the plains of Nebraska. I made my observatory on the top of a fruit waggon, that perch to spy about me, and to spy in vain for something new. It was a world almost without a feature; an empty sky, an empty earth; front and back the line of the railway stretched from horizon to horizon, like a cue across a billiard board, on either hand the green plain ran till it touched the skirts of heaven". 3

Even his efforts at humour and fun have something laboured about them; but it is a testimony to his great heart, that smiled even in tears. Following upon his tedious journey to America, and the hardship and illness which before his marriage brought him nearly to his grave, Stevenson went to the mountains for health. He saw full trains of emigrants from Scotland returning after failing to make a fortune in the new land. These hardships matured him, and gave him a new vision, his next book has surprising beauty.

Silverado Squatters (1885).

Silverado Squatters has more substance than its predecessors. It is much more free, it is almost entirely free from affectation; and the matter and manner are more strictly united than hitherto. It is less pungent and less elastic, and hence less vivacious; but that only proves that he wrote more naturally, and did not make ceaseless revisions to give point to his pungency as he generally did; thus the heat of composition replaces the pungency of style; some of the scenes particularly those of the fog on the coast and the starry night must have been sketched on the spot. This method of writing certainly lacks polish and balance, but it possesses vigour and resilience. He journeyed thither in the company of his newly wedded wife, Sam, and Chuchu 'the Grand Duke, a setter crossed with spaniel. It is a world seen, not with rich vitality, but with the friendly interest of one in a fair heaven whose imagination is not fierce enough to torture him. Stevenson heard, saw, and really felt his surroundings, his description of sudden beauties has a quiet religious character which distinguishes

1. Across the Plains-London-1915, p. 11
2. Silverado Squatters - London - 1922, p. 191
all his truest intuition of beauty. Silverado Sauantters announces the recovery of his physical health, he is again at peace with life, and enjoys with a primitive gusto.

"This is still the strangest thing in all man's travelling that he should carry about with him incongruous memories. There is no foreign land, it is the traveller only that is foreign, and now and again, by a flash of recollection, lights up the contrasts of the earth". 1

"The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. But some how life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly, the lights of home shine soffer". 2

The scenes of nature show his powers at narrative and descriptive prose; here he gives expression to his somnolent romantic tastes; and paints with charming felicity the colours of heaven and earth, and hints at the 'cloudy symbols of a high romance', no where we find such prose as till he writes his 'In the South Seas'.

"As we continued to advance the lesser lights and the milky way first grew pale, and then vanished; the countless hosts of heaven dwindled in number by successive millions; those that still shone had tempered their exceeding brightness, and fallen back into customary wistfulness and the sky declined from its first bewildering splendour into the appearance of the common night. Slowly this change proceeded, and still there was no sign of any cause. Then whiteness like mist was thrown over the spurs of the mountains". 3

"But to sit aloft one's self in the pure air, and under the unclouded dome of heaven and thus look down on the sub-mergence of the valley, was strangely different and even delightful to the eyes. Far away hill tons like little islands. Nearer a smoky surf beat about the foot of precipices, and poured into all the coves of these rough mountains. The colour of that fog ocean was a thing never to be forgotten". 4

The characters in the book gentle and interesting, but their distinctive mark is idiosyncrasy; Stevenson never studies a common character, the ordinary

2. Ibid., p. 51.
3. Ibid., p. 191.
4. Ibid., p. 158.
human mind does not interest him. Moody and whimsical
Characters crowd his novels as well as travel books, but
it is great fun to meet these people, and the few words
which he uses to portray them show with what economy he works.

Like all truly idle people, he had an artistic eye. He chose the print stuff for his wife's dresses, and
counseled her in the making of a patchwork quilt always,
as she thought, wrongly, but to the more educated eye, always,
with bizarre and admirable taste—the taste of an Indian
with all this; he was a perfect unoffending gentleman, in
word and act. Take his clay pipe from him, and he was
fit for any society, but that of fools. Quiet as he
was, there burned a deep permanent excitement in his dark
blue eyes; and when the grave man smiled it was like sunshine
in a shady place". 1

Stevenson had never a subtle interest in character. He
probably knew very little about it, apart from a personal
contact. He was not primarily a student of character, it
was not quite in his line, which was that of a colourist, and
not that of a imaginative historian of the real and the
unadventurous pure character. Stevenson's style though
graceful and sustained some times lacks power. It has finesse
but not much vigour; he cannot combine precision with strength.
The travel books illustrate in a unique way the growth
and maturity of his prose style. In the end he attains
soberity and unerring tact; his craft is the craft of the story
teller, he travels in the world of imagination as well as
space. In the South Seas discussed elsewhere is his finest
travel books.

56. HENRY DAVID THOREAU. (1817-1862). 4
1. A Week on the Concord and Merrimack rivers (1849).
3. Cape Cod. 1856.
4. Excursions (Miscellaneous Writings).

Thoreau's approach to travel was mystical; he made it an
ascetic and holy art. The perfection of travelling he thought
was to travel without luggage, and after considerable

experience he decided that the best bag for the foot traveller is made with a hand-kerchief or a piece of stiff brown paper well tied up. He would travel as a common man, and not as a gentleman; he preferred to journey on foot and spend the night in the homes of farmers and hick fishermen. Thoreau's predilection for solitude, and indifference or dislike to society in the ordinary sense of the word, may be gathered from a good deal of what he has written. There was an aloofness and reserve in his nature which together with his stern and lofty ideals, made him at times somewhat unbending and unapproachable. It was no question of being better or worse than the generality of men, and the sympathy which he could not find in civilized life he sought in wild nature, though well-aware that nature herself is nothing except in her relation to man.

A WEEK ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMACK RIVERS - 1849

The Week one of his earliest travel accounts is perhaps the loveliest that he wrote; it is sheer poetry, and imagination runs riot in it. It is a romantic journey into fairy-land, it is a journey through the land of the heart's desire; language and style are already perfected, and Walden, though not a book of travel, is the fullest blossoming of this great genius. The Week is a book of fantasy, he carries the reader on the surface of the floating rhythmic images. None in these modern days has fully copies him or equalled him. Stephen Graham employs his method in A Tramp's Sketches; Belloc in a way uses his way of philosophic diversions, but nowhere do we find such classic restraint and romantic exuberance, such poetic beauty and philosophic profundity put together; Walden is too much a study of his ego, and in fact Walden pond was never a wild place, it was only a mile from his house; another man would have felt shy in calling it a retirement
in the surroundings of nature win his affection, the description is most enduring; but the city man and the materialist come in for a good direct hitting.

"You shall see rude and sturdy, experienced and wise men, keeping their castles, or teaming up their summer's wood or chopping alone in the woods, men fuller of talk and rare adventure in the sun and wind and rain, than a chestnut is of meat, who were out not only in 1775 and 1812, but have been out every day of their lives; greater men than Homer or Chaucer or Shakespeare, only they never got time to say so; they never took to the way of writing. Look at their fields, and imagine what they might write, if ever they should put pen to paper". 1

His transcendentalism - transcends all human barriers, and looks at life from an altitude that is rarely attained; it gives his work a grace and dignity, and serenity that surpasses all things.

"we had come away up here among the hills to learn the impartial and unbindable beneficence of nature. Strawberries and melons grow as well in one's own garden as another's and the sun lodges as kindly under his hill side when we had imagined that she inclined rather to some few earnest and faithful souls whom we know". 2

"All the events which make the annals of the nations are but the shadows of our private experiences. Suddenly and silently the eras which we call history awake and glimmer in us, and there is room for Alexander and Hannibal to march and conquer. In other words the history which we read is only a fainter memory of events which have appeared in our own experience. Tradition is a more interrupted and feeble memory". 3

He makes a number of beautiful remarks about art, literature, poetry and style; he is a classicist turned romantic; his views are important for their content and the beauty of expression.

"A man cannot wheedle or overawe his Genius. It requires to be conciliated by nobler conduct than the world demands or can appreciate. These winged thoughts are like birds, and will not be handled; even hens will not let you touch them like quadrupeds. Nothing was ever so unfamiliar and startling to a man as his own thoughts". 4

2. Ibid, p. 397.
4. Ibid, p. 413.
OTHER TRAVEL ACCOUNTS BY THOREAU.

1. **Cape Cod.**

Parts of *Cape Cod* were published in Putnam’s *Magazine* in 1855. Two chapters were posthumously published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1864. The entire book first appeared in 1865, edited by Ellery Channing. *The Shipwreck*, *The Well Fleet Oystermen*, *The Highland Light* and *Province Town* are some important chapters of this book but the style is on the whole simple and imagination rarely takes to flights.

2. **Maine Woods.** *Maine Woods* was published in 1864 after Thoreau’s death, here too the old poetic beauty of *The Week* and the profundity of *Walden* is missing.

3. **Excursions.** *Excursions* is a collection of his miscellaneous essays on walks and tours put together in a single volume. Some of the little bright pieces have the lustre and beauty of *The Week* and *The Walden*.

"It is best to lay our plans widely in Youth, for then land is cheap, and it is but too easy to contract our views afterwards. Youths so laid out, with broad avenues and parks that they may make handsome and liberal old men". 1

"Is not the midnight like central Africa to most of us? Are we not tempted to explore it, to penetrate to the shores of Lake Tchad, and discover the source of its Nila, perchance the Mountains of the Moon? Who knows what fertility and beauty, moral and natural are there to be found?" 2

Thoreau made a great and lasting contribution to the literature of travel. His theme may be a pond or a stream, but it becomes the very sea and current of life, he looks at men and women, but is preoccupied with universal humanity. There are no literary flourishes in his style every thing grows out of nature.

Mark Twain deals with travel in a refreshingly cheerful manner, looking at the sunny side of life, and recording his happy experiences of the common happy-go-lucky Yankees.

"It cannot be thought accidental that Sam Clemens became a pilot, Bixby became his mentor, the pilot house his recitation room, the steam-boat his university, the great river - the field of knowledge. In the stupendous course in nature's own college he 'learned the river', as a school boy seldom masters his Greek or his Mathematics. With the native assurance of youth, he gaily enters upon the task of learning some twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the Great Mississippi".

Innocents Abroad (1869). Roughing it over (1872); A Tramp Abroad (1880), Following the Equator (1897), Life on the Mississippi (1883), are his major travel books - but these all have an element of fiction; and the object of the accounts is mainly entertainment. A great deal of his work - the vast majority and the most delightful part beyond question - neither challenges nor could properly admit, examination of this sort - that is a critical study of prose style - there is a definite poverty of rhythmical resources.

The central feeling of these travel books of Mark Twain is social; he lived in an era of social upheavals and his variegated life is a better picture of the age than the work of Thoreau; he moved with the current, whereas Thoreau cut his own narrow path, and stood in splendid isolation. None before Mark Twain had treated the floating dregs of American society, the sailors, the steamboatmen, the cubs on such abroad lines or in so frank a way as he did. He studies them not as a detached superior kind of observer, but as one on . . .

1. Archibald Henderson - Mark Twain - New York - 1912, p.29
sympathy and an instinctive fraternity impregnate his study. But the tone of humour and farcical horseplay which he focusses on mediocre lives of America gives by natural stages a sense of dignity to his work; his treatment of European themes shows the undignified aspect of continental life. Mark Twain never suffered from the anguish of soul or debasing poverty like Dickens; he has tremendous self confidence, self respect, and complete faith in the common American; Tom Sawyer would have certainly made short shift of David Copperfield; Mark Twain in Paris felt no inward qualms as Dickens did in U.S.A. he enjoyed the game hugely; he was never an apostle.

"One day it occurred to me that it had been years since the world had been afforded the spectacle of a man adventurous enough to undertake a journey through Europe on foot. After much thought I decided that I was a person fitted to furnish mankind this spectacle. So I determined to do it. This was in March 1878". 1

Considered from the national point of view Mark Twain has his place in the awakening of the vigorous American spirit, they were politically independent but now they were culturally independent; he was no crusader, he laughed his way to vicotry, he had no fits of moral compunction, in fact his voice is the voice of moral perfection, he seeks no reforms. His temperament holds him aloof, and inspite of his vast popularity he shares mystic exaltation with Emersonian school of thinkers.

INNOCENTS ABROAD (1869).

Innoccents Abroad or New Pilgrims Progress is a delightful account of a tour of Europe, and the Biblical lands. In recent times only Otis Skinner and Emily Kimborough in "Our Hearts were young and gay," and Water Water every where," have successfully imitated Mark Twain, but it cannot be said that they have improved upon him. Travel he finds a tiresome

affair, men and women- all cynics and rogues, guides most ignorant, and artists mere flatterers, but all the same he is a delightful travel companion.

"I shall remember our trip to Vesuvius for many a day partly because of its sight seeing experiences, but chiefly on account of the fatigue of the journey. Two or three of us had been resting ourselves among the tranquil and beautiful scenery of the island of Ischia- eighteen miles out in the harbour, for two days; we called it resting; but I do not remember now what the resting consisted of, for when we got back to Naples we had not slept for forty eight hours."

"The doctor in jest offered to kiss the young girl, and was taken a little aback when she said he might for a franc. The commonest gallantry compelled him to stand by his offer and so he paid the franc, and took the kiss. She was a philosopher. She said a franc was a good thing to have, and she did not care anything for one paltry kiss, because she had a million left."

Mark Twain's first book of travel has freshness and simplicity, he is not comic by intention, and he is not bold in satire; his literary individuality lacks polish: and his imagination in continual effort to emphasise the character of things tends rather to distort them; the outline is on the whole agitated, and there is no repose.

A TRAMP ABROAD. (1880)

A Tramp Abroad is a more hilarious account of a European tour than the Innocents Abroad: it is very much like Pickwick Papers. He makes fun of European students, duel fighters, mountain climbers, dramatic performances, legends and stories of the past are included to give it deeper interest; but the finest parts are those where great classical giants are made to say what they ever never knew.

"Nothing gives such weight and dignity to a book as an Appendix". (Herodotus) 3

"Omar Khayam said, 'but few there be that can keep hotel'. 4

2. Ibid., p. 170.
4. Ibid., p. 521,
By this time, his satire is a perfected weapon; he thrusts is cruelly, and kills every combatant.

"Much as the modern French duel is ridiculed by certain smart people— it is in reality one of the most dangerous institutions of our day. Since it is always sure to fought in the open air the combatants are nearly always sure to catch cold".

He gets crushed by standing behind the duellist; he is honoured for it.

"The cross of the Legion of Honour has been conferred upon me. However few escape this distinction, I have no complaints to make against any one. I acted for myself, and I can stand the consequences. Without boasting I think I may say I am not afraid to stand before a modern French duellist, but as long as I keep in right mind I will never consent to stand behind one again".

It is a book of humour; where humour gains travel loses; but his humour is certainly gay and cheerful, sunny and warming; and style too is more careful; the themes are cheerfully selected and properly connected.

**LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI (1883).**

Mark Twain is the poet of the Mississippi, the apostle of New Orleans, the spokesman of steam boatmen, the philosopher of cubs and captains, the chronicler of river journeys, and the lover of this old crookedest river of the world. From early childhood a spiritual bond is formed never to be broken, enthusiasm for this brotherhood of gawky cubs played a great part in his life; from this love is kindled the flame of native pride and simple gaiety which varied much in expression and form, but never declined even with age. Life on the Mississippi, is a great documentary picture of an era, it is authentic and admirably clear; it forms the essential initiative of all his later work. It is impossible not to see that life on the Mississippi is a

2. Ibid., p. 64.
great autobiographical record which is broad enough to be
the record of the nation at a certain period of recent history.

"But by and by the war came, commerce was suspended,
my occupation was gone. I had to seek another livelihood.
So I became a silver miner in Nevada; next a newspaper
reporter, next a gold miner in California, next a reporter
in San Francisco; next a special correspondent in Sandwich
Islands; next a roving correspondent in Europe and the East
next an instructional torch bearer on the lecture platform
and finally I became a scribbler of books, and an immovable
fixture among the other rocks of New England". 1

Early history of the discovery of the river, personal
reminiscences, accounts of the ranks and dignities of the
pilots, bad characters and hoodlums, murderers and cut throats
all crowd the pages of this excellent book. Humour in this
book is truly American humour of exaggeration.

"But if he was soft on the Arkansas Mosquitoes he was
hard enough on the mosquitoes of Lake Providence to make up
for it, 'those Lake Providence colossi,' as he finely called
them. He said that two of them could whip a dog, and that
four of them could hold a man down, and except help came they
would kill him. 'butcher him', as he expressed it". 2

"If you will let your glass stand half an hour, you
can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis;
and then you will find them both good; the one good to eat,
the other good to drink. The land is very nourishing, the
water is thoroughly wholesome". 3

The blemishes of his style are seen in a mellow light
as connected with the sovereign gifts of an inspired and
thoroughly original artist. As a creator he is prodigious; the
picture of the happy side of American life which he has painted
is one of the richest in the range of literature. His travel
books are remarkable for his direct keenness and fresh vigour,
they are deeply coloured by the writer's personality, and they
possess the quality of an incomparable liveliness. He takes
from reality what interests him, his art obeys the needs of humour
and sentiment.

1. Life on the Mississippi- London- 1914, p. 211.
2. Ibid., p. 330.
3. Ibid., p. 217.
Three Great Innovators.

(1) Hilaire Belloc (2) Stephen Graham (3) V. H. Davies

HILAIRE BELLOC (1870-1953).

1. Path to Rome (1902).
2. Hills and Seas (1906).
3. The Four Men (1912).

"Almighty God will surely cry,
St. Michael who is this that stands
With Ireland in his dubious eyes
And Perigord between his hands;
And on his arm the stirrup thongs
And in his gait th'arrow seas,
And in his mouth Burgundian songs,
But in his heart the Pyrenees". (Hilaire Belloc).

It is this spirit of audaciousness and adventure in the sphere of thought and form that gives Belloc a unique place in the modern literature of travel. He is more rootless than the average English author of today; his soul has many intimate influences, and he looks at life both as an Englishman and a Frenchman. He finds gushing freshness and surprise on the way, he weaves profuse thoughts into the most irresponsible moods; he feels and reveals the beauty of earth and the richness of life. There is no fixed axis of his thought, and yet he is a better thinker than many dull logicians; he journeys by winding ways, but that is the right path to wisdom and happiness. He gives a lovely picture of a world that he beholds spreading before him; he is a romanticist, deny though he may.

"Many things have been discovered about Nothing, which have proved it to me at least to be the warp or ground of all that is holiest. It is of such fine gossamer that loveliness was spun; the mists under the hills or an autumn morning are but gross reflections of it, moon-shine on lovers is earthily compared with it; song sung most charmingly and stirring the dearest recollections is but a failure in the human attempt to reach its embrace and be dissolved in it". 1

The Path to Rome (1902).

The Path to Rome is the best known of his books, but it is hard to place it in any category; it has no ancestry and no progeny.

made since the Reformation, but happily drinks all the red wines and meads that medieval monks made. It is a book of a thousand moods, passing fancies, whims and witty thrusts. He travels alone but carries the Metropolis with him, as Hazlitt would remark. He is never alone when alone; and though apparently a parody of preface writing, what he says is actually the truth. Muses and the Fauns are always with him.

"Now there is another thing book writers do in their prefaces which is to introduce a mass of nincompoops of whom no one ever heard, and to say 'my thanks are due to such and such', all in a litany, as though any one cared a farthing for the rats. If I omit, this believe me it is but on account of the multitude and spendour of those who have attended at the production of this volume. For the stories in it are copied straight from the best authors of Renaissance, the music was written, by the masters of eighteenth century, the Latin is Erasmus's own; indeed there is scarcely a word that is mine. I must also mention the Nine Muses, the Three Graces, Bacchus the Maenads, the Panthers, the Fauns, and I owe very hearty thanks to Apollo". 1

Fun and humour, satire and ridicule of men, manners, learning and scholarship- given with a hearty laugh by this tramp sleeping by the haystack under the stars has more charm in it than the studied and forceful hammer like blows of his friend Chesterton. Chesterton wrote in the 'World',

"The Path to Rome is written recklessly. The Path to Rome is the product of the actual and genuine buoyancy and thoughtlessness of a rich intellect". 2

He was compared with Rabelais by the Daily Chronicle, with Heine by the Manchester Guardian, and with Stevenson by others. The Athenaeum saw Belloc as belonging to the same school as Sterne, Heine, and Cobaett, and it was 'no small advantage for a man to be able to see with eyes of two races'. 4

What is important is that the book should be considered a book of travel; it has a fund of humour and satire, it gives fine

pictures of the villages and landscapes on the way, though he knowingly selects ridiculous subjects for his photographs; his men and women move and live, shout and quarrel, and gesticulate- and they never stand still and finally it is a master piece of self revelation, there is a system in his madness, and a gravity in his recklessness.

"To other, and especially those who have not forgotten youth or the winds that blow beyond the city, the book will stimulate attraction towards that self revelation of a personality which is perhaps the highest function of literature."1.

His humour is mischievous, gay, buoyant, and impish, it verges on the nonsense; there is irony and paradox, and simple buffoonery; he laughs not only at others but also at himself, and yet he has no ill will against any one.

"Never ridicule windows. It is out of windows that many fall to their death. By windows love often enters. Through a window went the bolt that killed King Richard. King Williams father spied Arlette from a window. (I have looked through it myself, but not a soul did I see washing below". 2.

"They had strict orders to challenge once and then fire......So my friends took it, and in one summer night they killed a donkey and wounded two mares, and broke the thin stem of a growing tree". 3.

Inspite of this outward nonseriousness he draws his scenes and men with great power, his are really the powers of a romantic poet, on the wings of Poesy he moves, but he moves on the earth and not the sky; he is Jacques, Touchstone, and Orlando in one; and his prose is handled with the skill of the Indian juggler whom Hazlitt envied.

"The Italian lakes have that in them and their air which removes them from common living. Their beauty is not the beauty which each of us sees for himself in the world, it is rather the beauty of a special creation, the expression of some mind. To eyes innocent and first freshly noting our great temporal inheritance- I mean to the eye of a boy and girl just entered upon the state of this glorious earth, and thinking themselves immortal- this shrine of Europe might remain for ever in the memory an enchanted experience in which the single sense of sight had almost touched the boundary of music". 4.

3. Ibid., p.60.
4. Ibid., p.148.
The men and women whom he has caricatured arrested in grotesque attitudes as it were, just for the sake of fun and with the naughtiness of a boy are many, and he loves them all inspite of their faults.

Any by a custom of the country I paid before I ate. A bad custom. Up in the Linnousin, when I was a boy, in the noisy valley of the Torrent, in the Vienne, I remember a woman that did not allow me to pay till she had held the bottle up to the light, measured the veal with her finger, and estimated the bread with her eye; also she charged double. (God rest her soul), I say, I paid

The Path to Rome is a landmark in the history of literature of travel; Hilaire Belloc had influence on all modern travel writers. His method of sticking in ideas and deep thoughts between the different stages of the tour is followed with modification by such altogether different writers as Aldous Huxley, Graham Greene, Louis MacNeice and Isherwood, Ernest Hemingway, G.K. Chesterton, and Stephen Graham.

**HILLS AND SEAS (1906)**

Hills and Seas is a collection of miscellaneous essays of travel on land and sea, through villages and cities, in England and on the continent, in the past and the present. Here he is more at ease; the he is under no obligation to weave out a long tale; the shorter length and slower speed gives beauty and charm of style which is not possible in a bigger book.

There is a moving simplicity and tender effusion, he dwells more and more in the realms of imagination and dreams. A very sensitive disposition lays him open to all the influences of the field and forest, thesea and the land. This freedom of choice affords him ample opportunity of being in all sincerity the vehement echo, of the human delight in the face of simple nature. The book marks a stage of development of his heart, it is less non serious, and more refined.

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language he uses with greater case, and sentences are more flexible and fluid; along with the curious and fanciful touches he continues to give realistic pictures of men and women, scenes and sights, and his ever active mind spins out new ideas to decorate the canvas when he seems to lack colours. There is a certain fine and subtle element diffused in his thoughts, and supple sense of exact fitness. There is attentive playfulness which replaces his old reckless bouyancy, and which harmonises with his restrained and discreet tenderness, there is lucid consciousness and self possession, and accurate power of observation. His art brings together the aromas of very different places, and scenes, and mixes the flavours of romanticism and classicism.

Beauties of English country-side have inspired some of the finest narrative pieces; his love of colours, his remarkable grasp of the history of this land, and above all his poetic exuberance make him a unique chronicler of the natural history of England.

"But now that landscape was transfigured because many influences had met to make it for the moment an enchanted land. The autumn coming late had crowded it with colours, a slight mist drew out of the distances, and along the horizons stood, quiet, even, and gray like mountains, the solemn presence of the downs. Over all this the sky was full of storm. In some manner which language cannot express, and hardly music, the vision was unearthly." 1.

The mowing of a field— an English field is an occasion for a delightful description of this simple and yet charming process.

"Good verse is best written on good paper with an easy pen, not with a lamp of coal or a white washed wall. The pen thinks for you, and so does the scythe mow for you if you treat it honourably, and in a manner that makes it recognise its service. The manner is this. You must regard the scythe as a pendulum that swings and not as a knife that cuts". 2.

1. Hills and the Seas— London— 1917, p. 204
2. Ibid., p. 152.
Calm and quiet of the valleys and ancient Roman Roads in England enchants his heart, he admires the Spanish mountains but he loves the English fields and farms.

"In the valley of River Rother no hurried men ever come for it leads no where. They cross it now and then and they forget it, but who unless he be a son or a lover, has really known that plain? It leads nowhere to the no man's land, the broken country by Liss. It has in it no curious sight, but only beauty". 1

Spain and France have an appeal to his blood denied to an average Anglo Saxon, he has the benefit of looking at life with two sets of eyes—English and European. Spanish towns and villages, mountains and wild valleys have an appeal to his love of the primitive and the original, he has greater affinity for what he thinks belongs to the past.

"Delft, is the most charming town in the world. It is one of the neat cities, trim small, packed, self contained. A good woman in early middle age, careful of her dress, combined, orderly, not without a sober beauty such a woman on her way to church of a Sunday morning is not more pleasing than Delft. It is on the verge of monotony, yet still individual, in one style, yet suggesting many centuries of activity. There is a full harmony of many colours, yet the memory the place leaves is of a united warm, and generous tone". 2

The sea is already mastering this great master's mind even before he has thought of the cruise in his boat Nona. He deals with the sea in a far different manner than Conrad or Melville, Marryat or F.D. Ommanny; the sea for him is a jolly companion, and sailing is a pleasant friendly affair, he knows little about its brutal cruelty or its mighty powers, the sea never plays with him, he plays with the sea.

"She plunged a lot, but I flattered myself she was carrying Caesar, and I thought it no great harm. We had started without food, meaning to cook a break fast when we were well outside. But man's plans are on the knees of Gods. The god

2. Ibid, p. 28.
called Aeolus that blows from the North East of the world
world (you may see him on old maps— it is pity they don't put
him on the modern) said to his friends: "I see a little boat.
It is long since I sank one", and altogether they gave chase
like Imperialists to destroy what was infinitely weak". 1

THE FOUR MEN (1912).

The Four Men was finished in March, 1912, he had worked
on it for five years, it was originally called The Country
of Sussex', In 1901 he told Maurice Baring that it would
describe myself ' and three other characters walking through
the country. The other characters are really supernatural
beings- a poet, a sailor, the grizzle beard himself. This book
became 'Four Men'.

It has a singularly perfect form, he journeys through the
familiar and discovers the strange; his introspection is touched
with irony. It is a mixture of the real with the imaginary. The
Path to Rome is a pilgrimage, the Four Men is an exploration, story
and song; there is autumnal melancholy in the book. The book stand-
s at the water shed of the life, from now on gloom and darkness
entered his books.

THE CRUSE OF THE NONA. (1925).

The voyage of the Nona took place just before the Great War
in 1917 but the book The Cruise of the Nona, appeared in 1925, It
is a voyage through the waters of the sea of life, the plan is the
same as in the Path to Rome, but it is a grave book of a man who
has seen life, and the rising and setting of many suns.

"I have been led on, as you see, but the essence of this book
is that it shall be a sailing through the seas of the years, that
is a flight through the airs of time, or again a leading on and a
passage through the vales of life, now culling this sour fruit, now
that poisonous hera and now again this stinging plant, which I had
thought to be innocuous". 2

"Indeed the cruising of a boat here and there is very much what happens to the soul of a man in a larger way. We set out for places which we do not reach or reach too late; and on the way their befall us all manner of things which we could never have awaited. We are granted great visions, we suffer intolerable tediums, we come to no end of the business, we are lonely out of sight of England." 1

The book marks a change in the rhythmic life of the mind, the recklessness of youth is gone, but it is compensated by profundity of life or the depth of feelings. After the grand display of emotions, dreams, and tumult of the mind— a period of exhausted simplicity sets in. The love of Nona is certainly a genuine affair, and his style glows when he deals with this old love, the sea comes next to his heart; but the views on literature and life, and other random reflections are not so sweet and so beautifully expressed as in the Path to Rome or in his miscellaneous essays on English countryside.

"Nona, cruising and voyaging Nona, wanderer over the seas of Britain, how in the solitude of your companionship my mind does lead me from one thing to another..." 1

"The Nona is like those women who are peevish and intolerable under all conditions of reasonable happiness, but come out magnificently in distress. I lie; for the Nona is never peevish and intolerable". 3

Humour and wit are softened by this time, satire and paradox are almost eliminated; irony is still there, but it is a gentle irony of a chastened soul; The sea he describes is no more a monster, but a gentle mischief-maker, and a good friend.

"And what has all this to do with the sailing of the sea? Nothing save that it is during the sailing of lonely sea that men most consider the nature of things". 4.

2. Ibid., p.37.
3. Ibid., p. 89.
4. Ibid., p. 50.
"But what happened was something wholly unexpected, it is always so at least, and that is why it is said that the sea brings all adventures. Indeed I think that as we go on piling measurements upon measurements, and making one instrument after another more and more perfect to extend our knowledge of material things, the sea will always continue to escape us. For there is a living spirit, who rules the sea, and many attendant spirits around him." 1

His views on literature and style have great significance; they provide the light with which to see clearly the good points of his own literary work. He is a classicist at heart, but he finds it difficult to subdue his romantic spirit. There is no systematic treatment of the problems of criticism, but his briefly given opinions show his serene intelligence, and his clear intellectuality - albeit although he may be constantly playing with paradoxes.

"The excellence of prose lies in its adaptation to the function of intelligent expression or narration. It is a statement, the end of it is not the exciting of emotion, but the clear presentation, whether of a record (in fiction or fact) or of an idea, which the writer desires to communicate to his fellows." 2

Hilaire Belloc's contribution to the literature of travel is really great. His work is all made of of his personality, and inspite of his classical views on style and literature - there is fullest display of self - there is an unlimited exercise of sensibility which expresses itself and which carries along with it all the most individual elements of inner-being. This display of self - and the humorous spirit of the display - become the guiding principle of his inspiration. Its close association with art is not really perfect, there is something of an artifice; he abruptly discards the road to Rome or the waters around Nona, and flies into unexpected spheres. But this delectable and lucid originality implies a detachment and a self-possession. There is a communicative flavour, and an expressive exuberance, his prose is clear, lucid, and bathed in implicitness.

2. Ibid. p.221
Stephen Graham—a tramp, a wanderer, a homeless lover of homes and huts, a seer and a poet, a dreamer and a singer—must share with Walter Starkie and W. D. Davies—the honour of getting a high place among modern wandering authors, seeing life first hand, and making it immortal with their pen. It is creative impulse of type which has tended to disappear in this age; but it is not new, it is a resurgence of an activity that found Orpheus singing in the woods; Corydon and Thyrsis under the same influence sang in the pastures wild; it is an old impulse and in Stephen Graham it reappears with perfect poetic purity. Sensibility and imagination are found in intimate fusion; his travel literature can be defined as an accentuated predominance of emotional life joined together with imaginative vision. His neglect is really a mystery; histories of literature never even refer to him.

He combines simplicity with beauty, intense emotion is coupled with intense display of imagery. It is not the same emotion as inspired The Excursion or The Prelude; he has no theories of literature and no political philosophy. He is a chronicler of life, a narrator of Human Story, a friend of brother man, and a child of nature. His simple experiences possess intrinsic newness, and his perception is inward—the senses slumber, and then he hears the inner and deeper Harmony of life. He is not a priest of nature nor a prophet; he is only a poet and painter, he lives neither in the past nor in the future; he has no regrets, and no psychological clashes. The dominant characteristic of his work is a certain mood, 'a repose that
ever is the same; in an obscure way he grasps this mood; by an effort of spiritual will power he sticks to this mood; and flowers shine in his way, and the blossoms kiss his feet, the lightning smiles over him, and the sun and moon shower their blessings upon him, he is a tramp of eternity.

A Tramp's Sketches - 1912

It is a masterpiece, his finest contribution to the literature of travel. It is with life itself that the book is concerned. It is friendly and personal, and on that account craves indulgence. Here are the songs and sighs of a wanderer, many lyrical pages, and the very minimum of scientific and topographical matter. It is the life of the wanderer and seeker, the walking hermit, the rebel against modern conditions who has gone out into the wilderness. It was chiefly written while tramping along the Caucasian and Crimean shores of the Black Sea, and on a pilgrimage with Russian peasants to Jerusalem. Most of it was written in the open air, sitting on logs, in the pine forests or on bridges over mountain streams, by the side of the morning fire or on the sea sand after the morning dip.

"The question remains who is the tramp? He is the walking hermit, the world forsaker, but he is above all things a rebel and a prophet, and he stands in very distinct relation to the life of his time." 1

"When a star passes a star once in a thousand years, or perhaps once in the forever, and does not meet again what a tale has each to tell. So with tramps and wanderers when two meet upon the road what a tale of life is due from one to the other. Many tramps have I met in this world." 1

"But not, not old, nor will the tramp ever be old, for he has in his bosom that by virtue of which even in old age, he remains a boy. There is in him like spring buds among the withered leaves of autumn, one never dying fountain of Youth. He is the boy who never grows old. FatherTime when he comes and takes some of us along his ways into middle age will have to pull". 2

It is the spiritual diary of a happy tramp, it records his moods, the pleasures of tramping, the beauties of woods and fields, rivers and dasey seas, the morning, evening and the starry night. The seasons have mysteries of their own; silence - itself is eloquent. It is what Hazlitt would have abundantly enjoyed - but his soul was restless; it is the ground that Stevenson would have trudged with Modestine, but his body was a poor failing comrade; Thoreau would have loved it, but it was too far from Concord and Boston; Borrow would have liked it, but there were no dangers and risks to stimulate his imagination. The beauties of nature are too wild to philosophise upon, Davies would not be able to limp across these woods, and Walter Starkie would have missed is gypsies.

"We have choice to live in the shadow and shine of outer life where visions fade, or to live with all the beauty we have ever known, where it is treasured in the heart. Choosing the former we atlast perish with the world by but choosing the latter we ourselves receive an immortality in the here and now". 3

Love of silence is spiritual in nature, under the garb of the literary traveller he is a true mystic seeking significance of life in silent places.

2. Ibid, p. 204.
3. Ibid, p. 43.
"There was silence too, such wonderful silence, one could hear one's heart beating. Such a morning was indeed what Richter calls a still creation day, that still silence of the heart that prefaces new revelation, as the brooding of the dome on the waters at the creation of a world."

It is the atmosphere of the night that dominates the book; night here is a benign thing, mild, soft and sleepy, hiding the harsh realities of life, and whispering the secrets of eternity. Night is a blissful force, and in the fields it is much more blissful.

"He tosses a while, and stares at the stars. At last the stars stare at him; his eyes close; he sleeps. Three hours pass — it is always a critical time, three hours before sunrise, many sleeping things stir at that time. His thoughts are right for a moment, but then fall heavy again. He wonders at the moon, and the moon wonders. She is hunting on a dark mountain side."

"He is nearer to the birds because he has slept with them in the bush. They also are nearer to him, for the night has left her mysterious traces upon his face and garments, something which humans cannot see, not even the tramp himself, but which the wild things recognise right enough."

The seasons and the sea are other subjects which make him lyrical.

"Summer is the year itself, all that the other seasons have laboured for. It is the glory of the year. Then may the tramp cease marching, for in the height of summer nature also must cease from going forward to turn back. He may rest in the sun and mature his fruits. Autumn is coming, and all the year beauties must yield to death."

"The fact is the sea describes us, that is why we cannot describe it. It is, itself, language and metaphor, for the telling of our own longings, and our own mysteries. In the sound of the waves, is only the song of man's life; in the endless variety of its appearance only the story of our own mystery."

The book is a collection of indelible memories, and sweet pictures of a wanderer's life; here and there Nature is like a Dionysian orgy, cities and villages on the distant shores are skilfully described.

"The whole wild mountainous Crimean shore sat before the sea and dreamed."

1. A Tramp's Sketches - London-1127 p. 51
2. Ibid. p. 27
3. Ibid. p. 34
4. Ibid. p. 204
5. Ibid. p. 56
6. Ibid.
Stephen Graham has left an authentic and moving picture of the Russian peasant before the revolution of 1917, it is not a political or economic inquiry but a human document; he gives no figures and facts, no prince or patriarch finds a place in these two books of great beauty; he was no spy and propagandist; it is a chronicle of soul's agony, a visit to a Paradise placed in Inferno; none has looked at Russia with such poetic eyes; even Gorky and Chekhov did not set out to sleep by the road just to know the reality of Russian life. He paints Holy Russia of monks and pilgrims, the Russia of sorrow and serenity, the Russia of discontented rich men and happy poor men. Stephen Graham quotes in the preface Harezhovsky to point out the disparities of Russian character.

"You love the middle; we the extremities. You are sober, we drunken; you reasonable and we lawless. You guard and keep your souls, we always seek to lose ours. You possess what we seek you, you are in last limit of your freedom, we in the depth of our bondage have almost never ceased to be rebellious, secret, anarchic and now only the mysterious is clear".1

Religious spirit and purity, simplicity and sadness of Russian life is painted in most touching phrases; he is a poet of pathos, and the agony of the moujik is presented with a moving effect.

"Fast underground lie the poor joinered coffins, most of which the mouiks had made for themselves before they died. All the fair form and flesh have vanished away, and with them the personality and loveliness of those whose life's limit was marked by these crosses. But to the Russians it is the cross planted upon the grave that nullifies the grave, signifying the triumph of Christ over death. No crosses are of stone and the wood is for him the wood of the tree of life. "or there are no dead in Russia . . . all who have passed the dark portal are alive for ever more". 2

2. Ibid. p. 4.
It is an ideal land for the tramp, sure of food at every
monastery, and lodging at every poor man's cottage; a man may
pass all his life in tramping about, and what can be more beautiful
than that. It is a journey to our childhood and the springs of
all our human delights.

"A feeling of the sadness and loneliness came over me, a
wave of homesickness of a kind. But from what home? The wanderer
is everywhere at home yet never at home, not even in the land
where he was born. He is a seeker. The world is a strange
accidental place". 1

Nature and her thousand moods are described again and
again with a new facet revealed every time that Stephen Graham
takes up his pen. His love of nature has something of St. Francis
about it, Thoreau would not embrace brother lightning and sister
storm. W. H. Hudson would look for delicate simple neglected
things and Wordsworth would be awe-stricken in the face of such
immensities.

"Away in the West, over the forest, stood a patch of
dreadful sunset, pawing forward towards us like some dreadful
yellow tiger. It seemed marvellously angry, a thing of wonder
and of awe, standing beyond the black forests... and I marched
up and down the sands, wandering at it, and repeating with
new feeling.

"Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
In the Forests of the night". 2

As a painter of the physical aspect and the soul of
Russia Stephen Graham is a poet. The gleams of sky, earth, and
water in which he bathes his tales have a tender rapturous
charm, there is accuracy and fluidity of contours, sharply
distinct and melting into light grey mist. He knows how to
render the freshness of Russian Country-side and the shimmering
of a cloud-veiled light. He is too genuinely desirous of truth
to lend an artificial intensity to the stream of consciousness.

London Nights is certainly a gloomy book, a study of the homeless and the unhappy, the moral wreck, and the stupid bum. It is a cross section of a society that is not aware of its own outcastes; a book of admiration and sympathy, and yet full of bitter tears of condemnation of a system that permits such things. He does not love the poor, he only describes them, he has no political or economic theory, but he only touches the sores of the society; he is no preacher but he points out what man has made of man. The style is simple and clear, and the sufferings of mankind are no occasion for a lyrical outpouring, or a rhetorical display of powers. Yet there is poetic sensibility and a fine vividness and clarity.

"Our days are democratic, our nights are feudal. For if there is a seeming equality by day, there is an evident disparity by night. Though Dukes and tramps may walk Piccadilly in the sunlit hours, there is no such companionship, in the night."

London Night has much similarity with Dreiser's book the Colour of a Great City. He describes with simplicity and pathos the poor wretches sleeping on the Embankment, wandering in Covent Garden, studying at the coffee house at night, or resting in the church yards, the prison house, the dens of the Chinese; all other streets are laid bare, and their poor unhappy wretches are brought before the gaze of the readers, seeking their sympathy through the mist of tears.

"Human beings seem to be most easily classified by their beds, by the places where they sleep, the lowest down, the most unhappy wretches of all, sleep in hospitals and infirmaries. Those who sit all night on the Embankment benches or lie huddled on theatre steps, or even stretch themselves on the deserted pavement of back alleys are a cut above the worst."

2. Ibid., p. 44.
There are poor women who beg that the meat meant for cats, entrails and fish heads, should be given to them.

"Another vision of poverty and degradation. The prodigal son would fain have filled his belly with the husks that swine did eat, and the prodigal daughter is ready to take food from the cats". 1

At the first, glance our eye is caught by the swarming host of human figures; over the vast fresco of this book he has thrown them in plenty; they give it the pulsation of life itself, a life that is feverish and fretful. He has not tried to embellish these creations, they come fresh from life, with their nakedness and their wounds; they are the children of sorrow and they bear the stamp of grief.

"I could not help feeling what a lot of animals men tend to become when herded together without homes, wives, children, that pregnant silence of the doss house seemed to speak a complete self sufficiency and detachment. There was no delicacy, no shame, but instead of it natural matter of factness, as of the behaviour of horses in stables". 2

IN QUEST OF EL DORADO - LONDON - 1924.

In Quest of El Dorado shows that the fine travel writer giving a poor show of his powers; it is a journalistic affair, and he seems to be wandering in old cities and among men with whom he has no affinity. Geography has great significance in literature, the skies and the seas which make one a great writer may make another a dull merchant or a stupid peasant; Rimbaud was a rage in Paris, the most fashionable poet of the most modern city; but in Cairo and Arabia he became a tea merchant with a large harem.

Stephen Graham follows the route of Columbus from Cadiz Bay and voyages through San Juan De Puerto Rico, San Domingo, Haiti, Cuba and reaches New Mexico. He journeys through New Mexico, climbs a peak in Darien, passes through Panama.

and Nicargua, he looks at the severities of Cibola, and goes to Montezuma's capital. But somehow his style has no vitality, it has no force and no charm, and imagination works but rarely.

"This one is a beautiful voyage so serene, with blue skies every day, and a dust waving sea and breeze blowing behind the boat that wafts our smoke ahead of it. It is delicious to sit upon the very nose of the vessel, and be Columbus now. We are splashing it new, splashing it white, in stars and white halls and darts of surprised foam. Green and yellow sea weed cane up from the depths of the ocean and like untraversed liquid glass, the sea is ahead of us in curving lines, imm in natural wild parallels to the sun".

Stephen Graham is essentially a tramp, a tramp of the plains, of villages and fields and forests; his mind works best with a long rambling foot-path before him, and the knapsack on his back, birch shoes in his feet and a staff in his hand.

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60. W. H. DAVIES (1870 - 1940).

The gentle noble soul, simple and unassuming, quiet and soft spoken, the lame tramp became a celebrity in later years; he was a literary freak, a poet who had never read any poetry and a writer who had never attended any College. He sang on as the mood came upon him, technical defects, if any were never known to him. When he forced George Bernard Shaw to pay for the specimen copy or return it he by a bold whim, won a powerful supporter; Shaw brought him into the lime light, and the Auto-biography of a Super-tramp really won the heart of a generation that had not seen anything so simple and unsofisticated. Shaw says in the Preface:

"A less simple minded super tramp would not have thought it worth writing at all; for it mentions nothing that might not have happened to any of us. As to scandal, I, though a most respectable author have never written half so proper a book. These prudent pages are unstained with the frightful language, the debased dialect, of the fictitious proletarians of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and other genteel writers".

1. In Quest of El Dorado - London - 1924 - p.33
It is an unusual book, rare in fact; a book of beggars memories, his begging adventures take him across many states, a book of sly Goldsmithian humour, and gentle satire and mockery; there is some element of fiction too, but that is only to connect the different parts, and give it a fine form; there is in restraint and laconic brevity which heightens the effect, there is simplicity of the simple unlettered monks of the ancient times. Chaucer would have written such prose if he had become a beggar and had wandered with a begging bowl. It is a great achievement to find beauty and charm in Scandalous Voluntary jail life, and on the dirty cattle boats; that he does not condemn whole heartedly the corrupt charitable institutions, and never curses fate or the powers to be for his severed leg - shows the greatness of his simple soul. It is a strange canvas crowded with strange figures, but all drawn realistically, they are authentic, they live, they breathe. It is a world which none had seen before, a voyage into the interior of a social life which none had taken; it is a book of sorrow, but it is a pleasure to hear of this pain. By what simple natural touches he makes it a master-piece is no mystery. It comes from a noble heart with
no bitterness but only thankfulness, it is a picture of a noble soul, there is no clash and there is no disharmony. He has no theories, and no systems of thought, life is all of a piece for him; love of nature and of men, of good and evil alike, make it a record of a mind that looks at life from starry heights. The world of beggars is not devoid of its vanities and dignities, it ranks and titles, its Dukes and Knights and Commoners; here are a new strata of human society laid bare.

"Brum was a genuine beggar who did not make flashes in the dark having one day plenty and nothing on the next day; what he required he proceeded to beg, every morning making an inventory of his wants. Rather than wash a good handkerchief he would beg an old one that was clean and he would without compunction discard a good shirt, altogether rather than sew a button on, thus keeping on the dignity of his profession to the extreme. He scorned to carry soap, but went to a house like a Christian, and asked to be allowed to wash, with a request for warm water if the morning was cold".

"We were determined to be in fashion, and to visit the various delightful watering places on Long Island Sound. Of course it would be necessary to combine business with pleasure, and pursue our calling as beggars. . . . We would share with them the same sun and breeze. We could dip in the surf at our own pleasure, and during the heat of the day we would stretch our limbs in the green shade, or in the shadow of some large rock that overlooked the Sound . . . . What a glorious time we had, they catered for us as though we were the only tramps in the whole world, and as if they considered it providential that we should call at their houses for assistance".

There is a refined, soft, highly gentle humour that is unexpected from a wandering tramp, it is truth seasoned with a little fiction just to heighten the effect; the old jail system full of voluntary prisoners was a scandal; Davies would have missed it if he had been but only a year late.

2. Ibid, p.43
Brum Says, "Now if you would like to rest and grow fat during the coldest months, come with me to Michigan. You can there enter jails without committing offence of any kind, and take ten, fifteen twenty or thirty days, all at your sweet discretion. No work to do, good food to be had, and tobacco daily supplied". 1

"After serving our sentence, and the Sheriff exacting a promise from us to return again that winter, if not the following, we sought another jail some twenty miles from the last which prisoners had spoken highly of. We were told that there was no necessity at this place of going through the form of an arrest, but that we could go straight in out of the cold". 2

This system of boodle soon disappeared, but this and other side lights on the American life of the day have great importance as authentic pieces of observation made from a tramp's point of view; there are magistrates who extort money from people trespassing the railroad; there are captains of oyster dredging ships who knock down their men into the sea to save wages; there are women who travel in the disguise of cattlemen, tramps beat their way on trains without ticket, and scenes of lynching are common enough things.

"Soon they came to a group of trees on the outskirts of the town and choosing the largest of these, they threw the rope end over its strongest branch, the prisoner at the same time crying for mercy, and trying to throw his body full on the ground. When this was done a dozen hands caught the rope end, made one quick jerk and the prisoner's body was struggling in the air. Then all these men shouldered their guns, fired one volley, and in a second the body was hanging lifeless with a hundred shots". 3

The happy days in America come to an end with the sad accident when his right foot is severed from the ankles when he is over run while trying to catch a train. Then follow the unhappy days in London in several charitable institutes and poor houses, farm houses, and Salvation Army centres, badly managed by crooked men. With a wooden limb from the Surgical Aid Society he is again able to move.

2. Ibid., p. 64.
about, and starts grieving (selling buttons etc.). There are jovial characters who find joy in childish things and make strange complaints—a fly paper seller complains of the end of flies in England, and a singer of religious songs complains of the wastage of vocal energy.¹

What comes triumphant in this saga of a tramp's life is the noble and cheerful spirit of the author; he has not only courage and patience, but also a poetical love of nature, a simple appreciation of life itself, and a joy in the mere fact of existence.

"I noted with joy the first green field after the park, the first bird that differed from the sparrow, the first style in the hedge after the carved gate, and the first foot-path across the wild common that was neither of gravel nor of ash. I had something like nine shillings in my pocket and I felt that business was out of question as long as any of this remained. Reaching St. Albans on the first night, I walked through the town, and making a pillow of my pack, lay down on the wild common. It seemed as though extra bodies of stars had been drafted that night into the heaven to guard and honour the coming of age of a beautiful moon". ²

Autobiography of a Super Tramp is as simple and convincing as Robinson Crusoe, it has the flavour of Goldsmith's Deserted village, and Vicar of Wakefield; it is as artless as the Canterbury Tales, and it is as bold and courageous as Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress. It is not of this age, but of all ages; he has not particular style; it can be called the English style, his prose combines all the felicities of Elizabethan and Augustan prose with the inventiveness and personal touch of the modern.

2. Ibid., p.166,

1. Paris Nights (1913)
2. The Journals - two volumes (1963)
3. Over There - 1915.

It is interesting to look at eminent novelists, masters of a certain technique, and narrators with great powers - from a new point of view; looked at as travellers they reveal some new hidden propensities, and ways of thinking. Arnold Bennet, the great chronicler of Five Towns and all that is dull and drab in the industrial life of central district of England - travelled for the collection of material - at least that is what his Paris Nights and his Journals show. He seems to pose as a critic and a snob, dealing with every city and every important sight as he does with the potteries and the dull and drab life of the people there. Paris Nights is a book of ironical sketches; use of sarcasm and bitter type of satire stamps every page of the book. The Journals get a little kinder to mankind and more oblivious of their blunders. But it is while, describing the war scenes in Over There that he reveals his true gentle nature and his love of mankind; here we see him without his mask.

PARIS NIGHTS - (1913).

Paris Nights is a book of brief occasional sketches of visits to different places in England, France, Switzerland, and Italy; he somehow is partial to England, he upholds to some extent the dignity and honour of England, and he has respect and kindness for her men and women. France he
treats savagely, Italy feelinglessly and Switzerland non-seriously.

"Every theatre with a reputation has its note, and the note of the Varieties is to make a fool of its public. Its attitude to the public is that of an English provincial hotel or an English bank. "Come and be d-d to you", Above all do not imagine that I exist for your convenience- you exist for mine." 1

Again he has another fling at French restaurants in addition to the theatres.

"Sylvains' is the only good restaurant in the centre of Paris where you can dine in the open air that is to say in the street'. Close by the dark still mass of the opera rises hugely out of the dusk, and out of the flitting traffic at its base. Sylvains is full of diners who have no eyes to see beyond the surfaces of things". 2

The Italian opera gets the worst treatment from this connoisseur.

"Then a long time afterwards in the comparatively calm interval between the first and second Wagner crazes, I heard the real Verdi. It was La Traviata in a little town in Italy, and it was the first operatic performance I had attended in Italy. I adored it, when I was not privately laughing at it, and there are one or two airs in it, which I would sit through the whole opera to hear, if I could not hear them otherwise." 3

He loves the real semi-England, and would not like to be sentimental about sights of every day life.

THE JOURNALS - Two Volumes - 1903.

It is more of a diary than a book of travel, odds and ends of intellectual activities are put together in this book. Only a few pages here and there are devoted to impressions of different places, the tone of satire and sarcasm does not change.

"Juliet's home I suppose some would call it. The phrase takes the edge off romance, and I designed it to do so, determined as I am somehow to vent my rage at being shown Juliet's home, a picturesque and untidy tenement with balconies certainly too high for love, unless Juliet was a trapeze acrobat, accustomed to hanging, head down-ward, with her toes". 4

1. Paps.-Nights - London - 1913 p. 15
2. Ibid., p. 657
Over There is an account of a visit to the front - Heaux, Chambry, Rheims, Arras, Grips and Ypres. This short booklet is a lovely and moving account of the dead who brought honour to the earth; he went there not as a soldier like Rupert Brooke, but only as a reporter.

"A leg could be seen sticking out of the side of the trench. He smelt a number of these smells, and saw a number of these legs. Each leg was a fine leg, well clad and superbly shod in almost new boots with nail protected soles. Each leg was a human leg, attached to a human body, and at the other end was of the body was presumably, a face crushed in the earth."

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867 - 1933).

John Galsworthy has a subtler grasp of things, the soul and essence of things; he rarely writes about his travels, but in Another Sheaf - 1916-1919, he has given certain accounts of places and countries without giving them the colour of fiction; his all other books, particularly *The Inn of Tranquillity - 1912, contain many short vivid pictures which have a magical quality about their texture. He has a fine and generous sensibility, he has delicate perception, and keen penetration of intelligence.

There is mellowness and sweetness of effect and in his travel accounts he combines realism with the sweetness of romanticism, there is complete harmony of different elements.

"Road stretched in a pale straight streak, narrowing to a mere thread at the limit of vision - the only living things in the wild darkness. All was very still, the wetherather, and the pines gave forth scent, and little gusty shivers shook the dripping birch trees. In the pools of sky between broken clouds, a few stars shone, and half of a moon was seen from time to time, like the fragment of a silver horn held up there in an invisible hand, waiting to be blown."

He tries to form a visual impression of countries as a whole, as if he were a god examining the different lands created by the Lord Almighty, and kept in some museum of heaven.

"Each country has its special genius of colouring best displayed in winter. To characterise such genius by a word or two is hopeless, but one might say the genius of Spain is brown, of Ireland green, of England chalky blue green, of Egypt shimmerings and stone. For France amethystine faintly expresses the sensation; the blend is subtle, stimulating, rarefield at all events in the centre and the South". 1.

He travels with the eyes of a mystic looking at the mystery of things and at the secrets of life; with a fine touch the material and the spiritual, the gross and the subtle the lower and the higher are separated. With a few words he paints, a picture of the body and the mind of a country.

"Paris is Pari, ever shall be. Paris is not France. If the Germans had taken Paris they would have occupied the bodily heart, the centre of her circulatory system; but the spirit of France their heavy hands would not have clutched. For it never dwelt there, Paris is hard and hurried, France is not. Paris loves pleasure. France loves life, Paris is a brilliant stranger in her own land". 2.

Galsworthy has a great genius for travel books, in a way he is similar to Somerset Maugham in his method of analysing the soul behind the body, but there the comparison ends. For Galsworthy did not mock at human nature by finding the contradictions and weaknesses of human nature seen during his travels, and in pure beauty of description. Maugham is no match for him.

63. Havelock Ellis (1859-1939) Soul of Spain (1908)

"Spain represents above all, the supreme manifestation of a certain primitive and eternal attitude of the human spirit, an attitude of heroic energy, of spiritual exaltation directed not chiefly towards comfort or gain but towards the more fundamental facts of human existence. It is this essential Spain that I have sought to explore". 3.

2. Ibid., p.43.
The soul of Spain is an effort to capture the spirit of that nation with a really flame like soul, and how far Havelock Ellis comes out successful can be judged only by comparing him with a number of men who have in all ages been attracted by this fascinating land of passion, Love and Death. In our own times Hemingway was attracted by blood and death, and the deep earthly passionate existence of this people. The whole secret he finds is their art of deep living and a daring attitude towards death. Death in the Afternoon is a symbolical representation of not one bull fight but the grand fight of man and death. Somerset Maugham is interested in Spanish mysticism, passion and love, and their wild blood and sweat existence through the centuries.

"So great is the fascination of that country that it is not a gross exaggeration to say that anyone who has been there, any length of time, and can wield a pen or pound a typewriter, has found himself impelled to write a book about it". 1

The object of Havelock Ellis' journey was clear and definite; he was desirous of catching the salient features of Spanish life, her stoicism, her art and literature, her architecture, and the character of her cities, and love and passion, and her virility are some of the points on which he concentrates. This arrangement somehow affects the form of the book; personal narrative is very often replaced by plain essay writing and the presentation of the facts which he collected there. It is probably for this abundance of facts and figures, and details of history and philosophy that it becomes difficult to maintain the strict form of a personal narrative of travel. His model is clearly Gautier, but he lacks his clarity and brevity, his succinctness and vividness.

Ellis is a romanticist, a dreamer of past glories, a visionary creating the visages of men long since mixed with the dust; he recalls sometimes Gibbon by his memories of kings and priests of the middle ages and the Golden Age of the Sixteenth century; he some times foreshadows the writers of tod y trying like Maugham to probe deep into the psychology of that nation. He rarely talks about himself as others do and he never tries to run down other writers and theorists in the field; like a noble sight-seer he looks, wanders and departs. His prose is clear and simple and his sentences are modern and restrained. Here and there he gives free reins to his fancy, and the effect is admirable.

"It is really tempting to descend the zigzag roads and issue by the old gates on the one side or the other of the city, on the north across the Eresma, or on the south across the Clamoras. If we descend on the north side, we reach just outside the walls, the abandoned monastery of Santa Cruz built over the dark cave in which the austere Domingo de Gusman lived. Torquemada was once prior here, and many saints kings and princes came hither to worship; Now its decayed splendour forms an asylum for the poor, and the in front of the beautiful portal an old man sits motionless in the sun."

The main theme of the book is the idea that a certain savage element—Berber most probably has given a certain quality to Spanish blood because of which they find a certain joy in stoicism and austerity, and they consider physical passion to be a form of the divine love. It is this racial characteristic that is responsible for much of their virile part in history.

"I was at first surprised to find that my only companions were two loving young couples belonging to the people. It had not occurred to me that the shrine of our Lady of Monserrat should be a fitting place for honeymoon. I had forgotten what I was soon to realise that in the simple ardent and austere temperament of the Spanish love and religion are two forms of passion that naturally merge into each other, and that the conditions for gratifying the one instinct may very well be adequate to gratify the other; in Spain a holyday holiday is still, as it once was, with us in the north, a holyday."  

2. Ibid., p. 375.
RUDYARD KIPLING (1865 - 1936)

1. From Sea to Sea and Other Sketches - Letters of Travels 1900.

Rudyard Kipling saw an America in the making; the views which he gives have a great significance in a study of his own mind and art. He who could become lyrical over the scenes and sights of India has nothing but bitter contempt and wild ridicule for all American towns and cities; from page 471 Volume I. to page 136 Volume II, there is not a single kind word for America or the Americans. But it is an excellent example of his venomous powers of satire, his forceful use of language, his ringing sharp vocabulary flashing like the swords in the field of Troy; he storms the citadel, and conquers, and destroys everything from San Francisco to New York, even Cortez and Pizzaro never displayed such brilliance in making the charge. He whips with a demoniac force, tears to pieces everything that stands before him. Words roll, move, gather force, rush and get such momentum that nothing can stand this avalanche. There are volcanic fires, and the forces of a tornado, like Changez he never touches, but destroys completely. The reasons for this bitterness must concern the historians of politics and imperial affairs; but outwardly it is American vulgarity that irritates him. American accent, journalism, vulgar women, mad rush of life, their false sense of superiority and equality, their untidy cities—all make him doubtful about their future.

"I have struck a city, a real city, and they call it Chicago. The other places do not count... Having seen it I urgently desire never to see it again. It is inhabited by savages. Its water is the water of the Hugli, and its air is dirt. Also it says that it is the boss town of America."¹

¹ From Sea to Sea - London - 1917 p. 151 Vol. II.
But I am sorry for Bret Harte. It happened this way.
A reporter asked me what I thought of the city, and I made
answer suavely that it was hallowed, ground to me because of
Bret Harte. That was true, "Well" said the reporter, "Bret
Harte claims California, but California does not claim Bret
Harte. He has been so long in England that he has become quite
English. Have you seen our cracker factories, and new offices
of the Examiner?" He could not understand that to me from
outside world the city was worth a great deal less than the
man. 1

He spares nothing and nobody, it is a merciless and cruel
tirade, and everything falls before it. His use of satire,
humour, irony are simply superb, but the total result is
almost shattering. Since his day Americans have been criticised
and condemned, but never with such virulence and such venom.
But it is not without originality and penetration of thought.
He carries his methods to such a point that it menaces the very
existence of the American way of life; there is lucidity, and
rational study of the new values of life. There is concentra­
tion and intensity in his intellectual emotion, and this
impassioned bitterness falls with a pathetic vehemence. The
whole criticism he holds positive and peaceful values of life
which he believes the Americans have discarded. He is blunt,
audacious, wise, forceful and always sincere.


It is a simple book - a book of love and affection for
England - her fields and her forests, her hills and streams -
it is a lover's account of delightful days in the company of
his beloved - the English country-side. His knowledge of
history and economics and social life - never interrupts the
simple narrative of a long walk over the hills of Sussex.
It is a discursive book, with it he tries to while away the
trivial hours, he loves to dally with it; Hazlitt, Lamb and
Montagne would have admired this simple writer for his artless
expression of his love for the land.

"Come", said the spirit: the day is short, and you may come again to seek me, yet not find me, because of the dimness of eyes". Then I walked with the spirit over lovely smooth shaven hills to silent solitudes.  

Old legends and stories the ancient Roman roads, pageants and village sylvan celebrations, the dewponds, the fairy rings — all fascinate this gentle traveller, and he shares his joy with others.

"It is good to be on this high hill commanding the breezy, sun-laved Downland — good to lie here, and listen to the music of the softly singing wind, to feel the higher palpitation of one's heart, to see the hundred tints in earth and sky and sea, and to behold the glory of the gorse".

It is a book of the old world type — simple and gentle, a picture of England before modern industry defiled it, and a simplicity of narration before scholarly and scientific studies spoiled the simple joy of beholding the glory of the hills, and breathing the balmy air of the pastures. In a way it is the last picture and the most endearing of a beauty that was to vanish soon.

"I am looking for the fairies. I have searched for them for years without success, but infinite of disappointment I know that one day I shall find them for already I have discovered their haunts. I have seen the places where they dance, I know their footmarks on the turf, and I can point out their toadstool tables and seats among the fairy fauna of the South Downs".

It is a book of Botany and Beauty — because on the Sylva of the World on the Alps — both go together; and Reginal Farrer must be classed with Tyndall and Huxley, Bates, and others who present the facts of science with rare literary skill. They were the scholars well grounded on the classics, original and free, and most charming when they presented dry facts in the most alluring form. It is a book of a mountain tour in search of flowering plants, but nature is made to live

2. Ibid., p.308.
3. Ibid., p.346.
and breathe, and roar, smile and sleep and give peace - with
perfect literary skill; sound pictures, and colours and tints
abound in it - and it has a philosophy too - the philosophy of
flowers.

"More and more deeply do flowers give consolation in the
wrackage of life - and the heart of the gardeners can never be
wholly sad so long as the impenetrable beauty of life goes on
being born on the earth to which we all return. The sprouting
little crocus in spring is more King of eternity than the Kaisers,
and the faith of a flower moves the mountains of the world". 1

It is a perfect paradise of flowers that he describes.
The single flowered lavender Aster towers over the green turf,
it seems to watch round with a golden eye; it is stalwart and
graceful. Edelweiss and Grass of Parnassus grow in sheets
of silver and white. The slopes look like shot rosy silk -
because of the conspersa, among tiny dumpy bushes of the
shrub Potentilla. It is the veritable land of the Lotos eaters.

"From now the scent is so keen and entrancing that all the
air quivers with the intoxicating deliciousness of it for half
a mile round the village in every direction, and the toils of the
climb ended sweetly indeed as I lay out upon the flat roof through
the soft summer dusk and dark lapped in waves of that warm
fragrance, staring up to where the dim bulk of the mountain
overhead again and again leapt into a vivid a r darkness, with
the wide flares of sheet lighting flickering out behind". 2

The book has great charm and sweetness; the pictorial
powers of the author are simply exceptional. The harvest he
brings home is not only the buds and leaves, herbs and bulbs
which he collects - but the beautiful scenes and sights, fragrances and sounds, soft silken buds and enchanting smells,
which are as vivid and strong in the pages of the book as when
really beheld in the lap of nature.


1. If there is a source book for Dr. Zhivago - by Pasternak
2. On the Eaves of the World - London - 1917, Edwin Arnold,
p. 314, Vol-II.
Ibid., p.5.
it is Under Cossack and Bolshevik, by Miss Rhoda Power. This simple private tutor in the family of a rich Russian nobleman has given a complete inside picture of the Russian Revolution - by describing the course of events in the town of Rostov. These simple facts are presented gently with sympathy for the poor, but no bitterness for the cruel, because they were all pawns in the hands of fate; she gives an admirable picture of these days that shook the world. There are soldiers, going to the front with broken shoes, and no one waves to them, there is little Anna standing for hours at the bakery to get bread for her little orphaned brothers, and then she herself dies, maid servants stop working because they have got liberty, different parties come one after the other to loot the unarmed civilians. A cab driver - like the cab driver in Chekhov tells her:

"Ah, it is the Red guard and they have arrested the arresters who are thieves". He looked affectionately at the wreckage he called his horse and added chucking his reins as the animal turned back one ear”, "I have been speaking with my horse to about it, and he says wonderful things are happening now a days, little master, "wonderful things". Apparently the first arrest was a hoax on the part of a number of brigands who wished to put an end to all surveillance in the town and so have a clear field for robbery. It reminded me of clown and pantaloon the pantomimes of my childhood*. 1.

Insane meaningless cruelty is described with a vividness which is just horrifying; this little Russian town becomes a miniature picture of the large scale barbarity, in the whole country.

"Once we were greeted by shouts of mirth as we turned a corner, and a crowd of small boys rushed towards us. "Oh barishins", they laughed, "they have cut off the head of a cadet. It is lying on the ground, we are trying to hit the nose with snow balls". 2.

1. Under Cossack and Bolshevik-London-1919, Methuen p.140,
2. Ibid. p.198,
This tragic story is here and there made much more pathetic by some humorous or comic episode. It is what life brings in its wake.

"Our gardener's son disappeared shortly after the death of little Krasnov. The parents were frantic, and sought him everywhere. The mother went to the Melitz headquarters daily weeping for her little pigeon. For a week there was no sign of the child, and when we had given up all hope and the Father had burnt a candle for him in the parish church, a disappointed little figure, dusty and forlorn, slunk in by the backdoor, saying it was no good playing 'Robinson Crusoe' in Rostov because there were no goats to kill". 1.

She never saw large scale fighting, but whatever she saw she has given without exaggeration and with fine restraint and simplicity.


The story told by Miss Rawer is fully corroborated by Mrs. Snowdon who went to Russia as a member of a delegation sent by the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress for an independent and impartial inquiry into the industrial economic and political conditions of Russia. More sophisticated and more scientific in outlook she too was deeply moved by the conditions prevailing in that country.

"Of what immediate concern to these unfortunate masses of unhappy people is the materialistic conception of history, the proletarian dictatorship or even the Third International. Eighty five percent of the population is composed of peasants, most of whom I am convinced never heard of such things. To these Lenin is no more than a name, a devil to the rich peasants, a name with which to conjure out of both rich and poor peasant the stocks of food they are believed to be hiding". 2.

It is an account of unhappy days by a sensitive woman. She has no tolerance for cruelty, useless beastly acts perpetrated by the maddened crowds; she pities alike the prince and the pauper who are caught alike in this vice.

2. Through Bolshevik Russia -London-1920 p.16,
"I tried very hard to control my imagination but it was very difficult; cruelty is one of the vices which madden one. When we rode in the late Czar's motor car, I did not feel the presence of my fellow delegates, but the ghosts of the murdered unhappy little man and his family. The car was a thing of beauty, large and luxurious without it one could have seen very little. But the perfect joy of using it was marred by two things - the sight of the sore and undressed feet of many of the weary proletarians of Moscow who had not the means for a tramride, much less a ride in the automobile or a drosky; and by the obvious joy and satisfaction with which those who accompanied us on our investigations regarding the capture of the Czar's car as an emblem of a cruel triumph". 1.

If Pasternak's book Dr. Zhivago is a poetic story of pain Mrs. Snowden's book is a story of suffering and unrest with rays of peace shining over it. She never loses sight of the ultimate reality which is always there, and which men realise when they have blundered around a little. The incident which she describes has symbolic possibilities.

"I am reminded here of a curious and beautiful adventure of ours, a few versts of this side of Astrakhan. It was two in the morning with a bright round moon in the sky, when the ship stopped and the boats were lowered. A violin softly played, and the crooning of their Volga songs, by the boatmen added charm to the scene. We took to the boat and landed on the right bank of the river. Millions of crickets chirped in the grass. In the distance a bull frog croaked himself hoarse. Suddenly there came upon our view the outline of an Eastern building. It was a Buddhist temple......... It was an amazing thing to discover in this little bit of Asia". 2.

The style of Miss Power is simple, unaffected, and has a girlish grace in it; she wrote for no particular party. Mrs. Snowden has a maturer command over her style, and it bears upon it the impress of a report made by a responsible delegate. Both have imagination and sincerity, power for vivid description and clear narrative, it remains to be seen if these two books were directly responsible for the creation of Dr. Zhivago.

2. Ibid. p.170.