

## **Unit II**

### **Detailed:**

**Oliver Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs at Home**

### **Non-Detailed:**

**Stephen Leacock's With the Photographer**

*handsome*  
BEAU TIBBS

on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's <sup>face</sup> visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

*Handsome*

## BEAU TIBBS

Though naturally <sup>moody</sup> pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be had, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward; work my passions into a similitude of frivolous <sup>reality</sup> earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for awhile below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights. as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the

public walks near [the city. Here we <sup>walk slowly</sup> sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid somebody who followed; we now turned to the right, then to the left; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain; the person whom he attempted to escape, hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. 'My dear Charles,' cries he, shaking my friend's hand, 'where have you been hiding this half a century? Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country'. During the reply I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness; his looks were pale, thin, and sharp; round his neck he wore a broad black ribbon, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass; his coat was trimmed with <sup>broken silk</sup> tarnished twist; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt, and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged with the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend's reply, in which he complimented Mr. Tibbs on the taste of his clothes, and the bloom in his countenance, 'Psha, psha, Charles', cried the figure, 'no more of that if you love me; you know I hate flattery,

on my soul I do; and yet, to be sure, an intimacy with the great will improve one's appearance, and a course of venison will fatten; and yet, faith, I despise the great as much as you do but there are a great many honest fellows among them; and we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants <sup>refinement</sup> breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. 'Ned', says he to me, 'Ned', says he, 'I'll hold gold to silver I can tell where you were poaching last night'. 'Poaching, my lord?' says I; 'faith, you have missed already; for I stayed at home, and let the girls <sup>COOK</sup> poach for me. That's my way; I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey; stand still, and <sup>shoot</sup> swoop, they fall into my mouth'.

'Ah, Tibbs, thou art an happy fellow', cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity; 'I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company?' 'Improved', replied the other; 'you shall know—but let it go no further—a great secret—five hundred a year to begin with. My lord's word of honour for it. His lordship took me down in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a lete-a-lete dinner in the country; where we talked of nothing else.' 'I fancy you forgot, sir', cried I; 'you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town.' 'Did I say so?' replied he coolly. 'To be sure, if I said so it was so. Dined in town: egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town; but I dined in the country too; for you must know, my boys. I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I'll tell you a

pleasant affair about that: We were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogam's, an affected piece, but let it go no further; a secret. 'Well', says I, 'I'll hold a thousand guineas, and say done first, that——'. But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature, lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till——. But, harkee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you'.

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. 'His very dress', cries my friend, 'is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day you find him in rags; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffee-house acquaintance. However, both for the interests of society, and perhaps for his own, Heaven has made him poor; and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence; but when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then <sup>Footst</sup> <sup>Action</sup> will he find himself forsaken by all; condemned, in the decline of life, to hang upon some rich family whom he <sup>Unlike</sup> once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt, to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bug-bear to fright children into duty'.

#### BEAU TIBBS AT HOME *Alterge*

There are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook

me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair; wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be an harmless amusing little thing I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity; so we walked forward on the terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The <sup>out of the way</sup> oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he drew out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company, with much importance and <sup>Carefully</sup> assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole <sup>entire</sup> Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as he by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, 'Hang me', cries he, with an air of <sup>Happiness</sup> vivacity, 'I never saw the park so thin in my life before; there's no company at all to-day.' Not a single face to be seen. 'No company', interrupted I, <sup>peevishly</sup>; no company where there is such a crowd? Why, man, there is too much. What are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company?' 'Lord, my dear', returned he, with the utmost good humour, 'you seem immensely <sup>and</sup> chagrined; but, hang me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at all the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash, the

Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke's sake. But I see you are grave; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day; I must insist on't; I'll introduce you to Mrs. Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature; she was bred, but that's between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice! But no more of that; she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too. Carolina Wilhelma Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature; I design her for my Lord Drumstick's eldest son; but that's in friendship, let it go no further; she's but six years old, and yet she <sup>well</sup> walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar <sup>Do</sup> immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place I'll make her a scholar; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her; but let that be a secret.

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and <sup>at every turn to</sup> winding ways; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular <sup>Dislike</sup> aversion to every frequented street; at last, however, we got to the door of a <sup>Gloomy</sup> dismal-looking house in the outlets of the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open: and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase, when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded whether I delighted in prospects; to which answering in the affirmative, 'Then', says he,

'I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one: but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener.'

By this time we were arrived as high as the the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within, demanded, 'Wha's there?' My conductor answered that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand: to which he answered louder than before, and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was? 'Good troth', replied she, in the northern dialect, 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer'. 'My two shirts!' cries he in a tone that faltered with confusion, 'what does the idiot mean?' 'I ken what I mean well enough', replied the other; 'she's washing your two shirts at the next door, because—' 'Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations,' cried he. 'Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag', continued he, turning to me, 'to be for ever in the family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet is very surprising too, as I had her

from a parliament man, a friend of mine, from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret'.

We waited some time for Mrs. Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned, a cradle in one corner, a lumbering cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all of his own drawing. 'What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face: and though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her; for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know'.

The wife at last, made her appearance, at once a slattern and a coquette; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twenty apologies for being seen in such odious dishabille; but hoped to be excused, as she had stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. 'And indeed, my dear', added she, turning to her husband, 'his lordship drank your health in a bumper', 'Poor Jack', cries he, 'a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner? You need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a—' 'Or what do you think, my dear', interrupts the wife,

was willing  
&  
hesitant

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'of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?' 'The very thing', replies he; 'it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let's have the sauce his grace was so fond of I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over; extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life'.

By this time my curiosity began to <sup>Go Down</sup> abate, and my appetite to increase; the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave: Mr. Tibbs assuring me that dinner, if I stayed, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

## CHARLES LAMB

(1776—1834)

Charles Lamb almost better known as Elia, was the gentlest and most kindly of men. Born in London in 1775, the son of a lawyer's clerk, he was well if humbly educated, and spent an unexciting life as a clerk in the South Sea House. His private life was a sad one; he devoted himself to looking after his sister Mary, who was subject to fits of insanity, in one of which she stabbed her mother to death (Mary is the Bridget of many of the essays; something of the gentle pathos of their life will be found in the essay on Dream Children). As well as essays Lamb wrote a little verse, in the same gently pathetic strain; and he and his sister, who had also real literary ability, collaborated in tales from Shakespeare retold for children. It is impossible to represent Lamb adequately in a brief anthology; the two essays which follow have been chosen to illustrate his ability in humour and pathos, and his pleasant narrative style.

### OLD CHINA

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I enquire for the china-closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

<sup>Blue</sup> I had no <sup>Dislike</sup> repugnance then—why should I now have?—<sup>Coloured</sup> to these little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, un-<sup>UNCHECKED</sup> circumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

↓  
DIFFERENT VIEWS [AT DIFF. ANGLES]

OUT OF PROPORTION

- b. The Man in Black often used to say that the provision made for the poor in England was not adequate ..... *Say whether the statement is true or false.*
- c. 'He had, however, no easy part to act as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet to relieve himself by relieving the sailor' ..... *Explain.*
- d. 'The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his' ..... *Comment.*

D. a. WRITE ESSAYS ON THE MAN IN BLACK'S

1. Sordid and selfish maxims (100 words)
2. Appearance of ill-nature (100 words)
3. Real humanity (100 words)

- b. Sketch the character of the Man in Black (1000 Words)

BEAU TIBBS

- A. a. Saunter : wander idly
- b. I'll hold gold to : manner of betting silver
- c. Tete-a-tete : private conversation among intimate friends
- d. poaching : taking another's game or fish stealthily ; here referring to having a clandestine love affair
- e. Egad : oath taken in the name of God
- f. Precarious : uncertain

B. . ANSWER EACH OF THE FOLLOWING IN ABOUT 30 WORDS.

- a. Where did the author and his friend meet Beau Tibbs ?
- b. What was the reaction of the author's friend on seeing Beau Tibbs ?
- c. Of whom did Beau Tibbs talk most of the time ?
- d. What makes the author think that Beau Tibbs was an agreeable companion ?
- e. How did a conversation with Beau Tibbs end generally ?  
What is the author's moralization on the character of Beau Tibbs ?

- B. a. 'A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour'— *Comment.*
- b. '.... egad, now I do remember, I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too ; for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners' .— *Comment.*
- c. 'With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly.....' *Complete the sentence.*
- d. 'However, both for the interests of society and perhaps for his own. Heaven has made him poor' *Explain.*
- e. Pretending to be a member of the aristocracy, Beau Tibbs managed to earn a substantial living—*Say whether the statement is true or false.*

- f. The natural hilarity of Beau Tibbs was perfectly compatible with his youth.—*say whether the statement is true or false.*
- D. a. Write a short essay on the peculiarity of Beau Tibb's dress (100 words)
- b. Try to reconstruct an imaginary dialogue between Beau Tibbs and one of his acquaintances.

## BEAU TIBBS AT HOME

- A. a. Powder in his hair : hair powder ; using wigs and hair powder was fashionable in the eighteenth century
- b. Temple spectacles : Pince-nez ; pair of eye glasses with a spring to clip the nose
- c. Chagrined : vexed
- d. Minuet : a kind of dance
- e. The northern dialect : variety of English spoken by the people of Scotland
- f. Fire and fury : angry oath
- g. Highlands : Scotland
- h. Japanned : varnished
- i. Mandarin : Chinese official
- j. Grisoni : name of an Italian painter
- k. A slattern and a coquette : woman of cheap fashions one who flirts with men
- l. A turbot, an ortolan : delicacies prepared out of fish (turbot) and bird (ortolan)

ANSWER EACH OF THE FOLLOWING IN ABOUT 30 WORDS

- B. a. Who were the people Beau Tibbs greeted ?
- b. Where did Beau Tibbs live ?
- c. What does Beau Tibbs say about the prospects from his house ?
- d. Who opened the door for Beau Tibbs and the Chinese Philosopher ?
- e. How did Mrs. Tibbs look ?
- f. How did the Chinese Philosopher take leave of Beau Tibbs and his wife ?
- C. a. 'I never saw the park so thin in my life before ; there is no company at all today'—*Comment.*
- b. 'In the first place I'll make her a scholar ; I'll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her ;'—*Comment.*
- c. The Tibbs couple lived in a fashionable locality very much beyond their means. *Say whether the statement is true or false.*
- d. 'The company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy.'—*Explain.*
- D. a. Write Essays on
1. The boast of Beau Tibbs about his wife and daughter. (100 words)



## NOTES AND EXERCISES

2. The reception given to the Chinese Philosopher at the house of Beau Tibbs (300 words)
3. Mrs. Tibbs (300 words)
- b. Beau Tibbs and his wife complement each other—*discuss* (1000 words)
- c. Sketch the character of Beau Tibbs. (1000 words)

## CHARLES LAMB

(1775—1834)

## OLD CHINA

- A. a. Terra firma : firm earth
- b. Hyson : kind of green tea
- c. *Speciosa miracula* : spectacular miracles
- d. Folio Beaumont and Fletcher : folio edition of Beaumont, and Fletcher the twin dramatists of the seventeenth century
- e. Barker's : bookshop in London
- f. Corbeau : dark green verging on black
- g. Lionardo : Leonardo da Vinci, the famous Forentine painter and artist of the Renaissance
- h. Colnaghi : a London dealer in prints
- i. Izaak Walton : author of the 'Compleat Angler'

## NOTES AND EXERCISES

- j. Piscator : angler
- k. Trout Hall : A place mentioned in The Compleat Angler
- l. The 'Battle of Hexham' and the Surrender of Calais : plays by George Colman
- m. Bannister : an actor who performed at Drury Lane
- n. Mrs. Bland : a reputed singer and actress of the times
- o. The 'Children in the Wood' : a musical play by Thomas Morton
- p. 'Lusty brimmers' : expression from a poem by Charles Cotton, a favourite poet of Lamb
- q. Croesus : proverbially wealthy king of Lydia who lived in the 6th century
- r. The great Jew R-Nathan Meyer Rothschild : a successful business man of Lamb's time who had many business establishments including one in London
- B. ANSWER EACH OF THE FOLLOWING IN ABOUT 30 WORDS :
- a. What does Elia say about his partiality for Old China ?
  - b. Why does Bridget wish to be poor ?
  - c. Account for the joy which the author and his cousin felt on buying the Beaumont and Fletcher folio.

II. First combine each of the following pairs of sentences into one sentence, converting the second sentence into a relative clause. Then, where it is possible, write another sentence dropping the relative pronoun:

1. Susila couldn't get the magazines. You wanted the magazines.
2. I have sent the book. You asked for the book.
3. Have you read the reviews? The reviews appeared in all leading journals.
4. The author was born in Pakistan. The author wrote the controversial book.
5. The book has already sold a million copies. The book has been banned in ten countries.
6. The issues have roused strong passions. The book deals with the issues.
7. The author has expressed distress about the situation. His critics have created the situation.

III. Combine each pair of sentences below into one sentence, converting the second sentence into a defining relative clause. Use alternative constructions wherever possible. Follow the example worked out:

The old woman got the letter. She was waiting for the letter.  
 The old woman got the letter for which she was waiting.  
 The old man got the letter which she was waiting for.  
 The old woman got the letter that she was waiting for.  
 The old woman got the letter she was waiting for.

1. It was a very difficult situation. He could not cope with it.
2. Here is the blouse. You can match the new sari with it.
3. The joke was rather silly. They all laughed at it.
4. There is a pool up the hill. We can swim in the pool.
5. The song was melodious. We were listening to it.
6. There are scores of letters. I have to reply to them.
7. It is irresponsible behaviour. No one can put up with it.
8. That is a spacious hall. All of us can sleep in it.

### COMPOSITION

1. In what ways was Kamala Nehru similar to other Indian women? In what ways was she different? Write a note in about 300 words.
2. Suppose Kamala Nehru wrote a letter during her illness at Switzerland to Jawaharlal Nehru who was then in India. Imagine that letter and write it in about 200 words. The letter should be mainly about the relation between them.

## 7. WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHER

*Stephen Leacock*

'I want my photograph taken', I said. The photographer looked at me without enthusiasm. He was a drooping man in a grey suit, with the dim eye of a natural scientist. But there is no need to describe him. Everybody knows what a photographer is like.

'Sit there', he said, 'and wait'.

I waited an hour.

After an hour the photographer opened the inner door.

'Come in', he said severely.

I went into the studio.

'Sit down', said the photographer.

I sat down in a beam of sunlight filtered through a sheet of factory cotton hung against a frosted skylight.

The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room and crawled into it from behind.

He was in only a second—just time enough for one look at me—and then he was out again, tearing at the cotton sheet and the window-panes with a hooked stick, apparently frantic for light and air.

Then he crawled back into the machine again and drew a little black cloth over himself. This time he was very quiet in there. I knew that he was praying and I kept still.

When the photographer came out at last, he looked very grave and shook his head.

'The face is quite wrong', he said.

'I know', I answered quietly. 'I have always known it'.

He sighed.

'I think', he said, 'the face would be better three-quarters full'.

'I'm sure it would', I said enthusiastically, for I was glad to find that the man had such a human side to him. 'So would yours. In fact', I continued, 'how many faces one sees that are apparently hard, narrow, limited, but the minute you get them three-quarters full they get wide, large, almost boundless in—'.

But the photographer had ceased to listen. He came over and took my head in his hands and twisted it sideways. I thought he meant to kiss me, and I closed my eyes.

But I was wrong.

He twisted my face as far as it would go and then stood looking at it.

He sighed again.

'I don't like the head', he said.

Then he went back to the machine and took another look.

'Open the mouth a little', he said.

I started to do so.

'Close it', he added quickly.

Then he looked again.

'The ears are bad', he said, 'droop them a little more. Thank you. Now the eyes. Roll them in under the lids. Put the hands on the knees, please, and turn the face just a little upwards. Yes, that's better. Now just expand the lungs! So! And hump the neck—that's it—just contract the face, it's just a trifle too full, but—'

I swung myself round on the stool. . . .

'Stop', I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity. 'This face is my face. It is not yours; it is mine. I've lived with it for forty years and I know its faults. I know it's out of drawing; I know it wasn't made for me; but it's my face—the only one I have'—I was conscious of a break in my voice, but

went on—'such as it is, I've learned to love it. And this is my mouth, not yours. These ears are mine, and if your machine is too narrow—' Here I started to rise from the seat.

Snick!

The photographer had pulled the string. The photograph was taken. I could see the machine still staggering from the shock.

'I think', said the photographer, pursing his lips in a pleased smile, 'that I caught the features just in a moment of animation'.

'So!' I said bitingly, 'features, eh? You didn't think I could animate them, I suppose? But let me see the picture'.

'Oh, there's nothing to see yet', he said, 'I have to develop the negative first. Come back on Saturday, and I'll let you see a proof of it'.

On Saturday I went back.

The photographer beckoned me in. I thought he seemed quieter and graver than before. I think, too, there was a certain pride in his manner.

He unfolded the proof of a large photograph and we both looked at it in silence.

'Is it me?' I asked.

'Yes', he said quietly, 'it is you', and he went on looking at it.

'The eyes', I said hesitatingly, 'don't look very much like mine'.

'Oh, no', he answered. 'I've retouched them: they come out splendidly, don't they?'

'Fine', I said; 'but surely my eyebrows are not like that?'

'No', said the photographer, with a momentary glance at my face, 'the eyebrows are removed. We have a process, now—the delphide—for putting in new ones. You'll notice here where we've applied it to carry the hair away from the brow. I don't like the hair low on the skull'.

'Oh, you don't, don't you? I said.

'No', he went on, 'I don't care for it. I like to get the hair clear back to the superfcies and make out a new brow line'.

'What about the mouth', I said, with a bitterness that was lost on the photographer, 'is that mine?'

'It's adjusted a little', he said. 'Yours is too low. I found I couldn't use it'.

'The ears, though', I said, 'strike me as a good likeness: they are just like mine'.

'Yes', said the photographer thoughtfully, 'that's so; but I can fix that all right in the print. We have a process now—the sulphide—for removing the ears entirely, I'll see if—'

'Listen', I interrupted, drawing myself up and animating my features to their full extent and speaking with a withering scorn that should have blasted the man on the spot. 'I came here for a photograph, a picture, something which—bad though it seems—would have looked like me. I wanted something that would depict my face as Heaven gave it to me, humble though the gift may have been. I wanted something that my friends might keep after my death, to reconcile them to my loss. It seems that I was mistaken. What I wanted is no longer done. Go on, then, with your brutal work. Take your negative, or whatever it is you call it, dip it in sulphide, bromide, oxide, cowhide—anything you like: remove the eyes, correct the mouth, adjust the face, restore the lips, reanimate the necktie and reconstruct the waistcoat. Coat it with an inch of gloss, shade it, emboss it, gild it, till even you acknowledge that it is finished. Then when you have done all that, keep it for yourself and your friends. They may value it. To me it is but a worthless bauble'.

I broke into tears and left.

## NOTES

Stephen Leacock is better known to the common reader as a writer of humorous skits than as a professor of political economy. He can be subtle; he can also be boisterous. He can also see the serious, the near-tragic aspect of even an apparently comic situation.

*With the Photographer* describes an experience with the photographer of the fifties and sixties—the fuss they made, the artists they wanted to pass for, ordering us about, commenting on our features. We enjoy it all to begin with, but soon we see the other side—the horror and the pity.

## GLOSSARY

a drooping man: a man bending down.

natural scientist: student of botany or zoology.

frosted skylight: light coming through a sheet of glass frosted (not transparent).

three-quarters full: three-fourths of the size of the photograph itself — a huge head!

a trifle: a little, somewhat.

out of drawing: not correctly drawn.

pursing his lips: drawing his lips together.

animation: liveliness.

superfcies: surface.

gloss: bright, polished surface.

bauble: a pretty, bright thing of no value.

## VOCABULARY

Match the words in A with their meanings in B.

A	B
(a) boundless	(i) sternly
(b) bitingly	(ii) admit
(c) contract	(iii) cruel
(d) grave	(iv) move slowly
(e) animate	(v) sharply
(f) severely	(vi) called
(g) brutal	(vii) give life to
(h) beckoned	(viii) make small
(i) crawl	(ix) without limits
(j) acknowledge	(x) serious

## COMPREHENSION

I. Answer the following questions in not more than 50 words each:

1. Is the appearance of the photographer here different from that of other photographers? How do we know?
2. 'The photographer rolled a machine into the middle of the room....' What is the machine referred to?
3. The photographer says the author's face is 'quite wrong'. Why? In what sense is the face wrong?
4. "'Stop", I said with emotion but, I think, with dignity'. Why does the author say 'I think'? Think about the meaning of the word 'dignity'.
5. 'I know it's out of drawing'. What does *it* mean here? What does the author mean by the statement?
6. 'I was conscious of a break in my voice'. This means
  - (a) He paused for a while in his speech.
  - (b) His voice wasn't clear.
  - (c) He was about to cry.
 Choose the right alternative.
7. When the author returns to see the proof he notices 'a certain pride' in the photographer's manner? What is the photographer proud of? Does the author know the reason right now? Or does he find out later?
8. The author reacts with bitterness to the photographer's remarks on 'retouching' the photo. Is the author's bitterness perceived by the photographer? Support your answer with evidence from the text.
9. "'Listen", I interrupted, drawing myself up and animating my features to their full extent and speaking with a withering contempt that should have blasted the man on the spot' (second last Para). Why does the author say 'animating my features to their full extent'? Does this refer to any remark made earlier by the photographer or the author?
10. Look at the sentence quoted in the previous question. The author says he spoke with 'withering contempt'. What does this mean?
11. 'Go on, then, with your brutal work'. What is the 'brutal work'? Why is it called 'brutal'?
12. 'Take your negative....dip it in *sulphide*, *bromide*, *oxide*, *cowhide*'. Look at the words italicized. Are all of them names of chemical substances?

II. Answer the following questions in not more than 50 words each:

1. The photographer's name is not mentioned anywhere. He is throughout '*the* photographer'. Is there any significance in this?
2. What kind of photograph does the author want?
3. What kind of photograph does the photographer try to give the author?
4. The author compares the photographer's eye to 'the dim eye of a natural scientist'. What else is there in common between the photographer and the natural scientist?
5. What is the effect of the author's narration on us, the readers? Does it make us laugh? Or does it move us to sympathy and pity? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

## COMPOSITION

1. Suppose you visit a photo studio to have your photo taken. Will you have the same experience as the author had? The following points of comparison may be useful. Write in about 200 words.
  - (a) the arrangements in the studio.
  - (b) the photographer's attitude to his job and to the person who wants to be photographed.
  - (c) the photographer's remarks and instructions while taking the photo.
  - (d) the facilities available for developing and retouching.
2. The photographer finds many things 'wrong' with the author's appearance. What are these things and how does the photographer try to 'correct' them? Use the following frame to complete your answer.
  - (a) He finds the face 'quite wrong' and he tries to photograph it three-quarters full.
  - (b) (Eyes)
  - (c)
  - (d)
  - (e)

## GRAMMAR

- I. Verbs in English can be classified into two broad categories: *regular verbs* and *irregular verbs*. Regular verbs are those which form the past tense and past participle by adding *-ed*. e.g. *walk, walked* (past tense) *walked* (past participle), *play, played, played*. Verbs which *do not* form the past tense and past participle by the addition of *-ed*.

e.g. *come, came* (past tense), *come* (past participle) are irregular verbs. Pick out the irregular verbs from the following list. Write their past tense and past participle forms.

- (a) make (b) animate (c) do (d) stagger (e) bite (f) draw (g) dip  
(h) depict (i) fling (j) dive

II. 1. Change the following into reported speech:

'Listen', I interrupted, 'I came here for a photograph, a picture, something which—bad though it seems—would have looked like me. I wanted something that would depict my face as Heaven gave it to me, humble though the gift may have been. I wanted something that my friends might keep after my death, to reconcile them to my loss. It seems that I was mistaken. What I wanted is no longer done'.

2. When we report requests, commands, instructions, etc. we change the introductory verb *say*, etc. to *tell, order, ask, command*.

'Open the mouth', he said.

He asked me to open the mouth.

Now, report the following conversation:

*Sheela*: How do I make vermicelli *payasam*?

*Prakash*: Pour four teaspoonfuls of ghee into the vessel and heat it.

*Sheela*: It's done. What do I do next?

*Prakash*: Now fry the vermicelli.

*Sheela*: Okay, it's fried. Now what?

*Prakash*: Pour a glass of water.

*Sheela*: Yes, over. What should I do now?

*Prakash*: Nothing. Just let the water boil. When it boils, pour half a litre of milk, add sugar.

*Sheela*: Hold on, hold on. Why has the stove gone out? Oh, god, the cylinder is empty.

*Prakash*: Light the kerosene stove.

*Sheela*: Do it yourself. Do you think I married you to be struggling with kerosene stoves? I will tell you what you should do immediately. Go and order a second gas cylinder.

## 8. PROFESSIONS FOR WOMEN

*Virginia Woolf*

1. When your secretary invited me to come here, she told me that your Society is concerned with the employment of women and she suggested that I might tell you something about my own professional experiences. It is true I am a woman; it is true I am employed; but what professional experiences have I had? It is difficult to say. My profession is literature; and in that profession there are fewer experiences for women than in any other, with the exception of the stage—fewer, I mean, that are peculiar to women. For the road was cut many years ago—by Fanny Burney, by Aphra Behn, by Harriet Martineau, by Jane Austen, by George Eliot—many famous women, and many more unknown and forgotten, have been before me, making the path smooth, and regulating my steps. Thus, when I came to write, there were very few material obstacles in my way. Writing was a reputable and harmless occupation. The family peace was not broken by the scratching of a pen. No demand was made upon the family purse. For ten and six pence one can buy paper enough to write all the plays of Shakespeare—if one has a mind that way. Pianos and models, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, masters and mistresses, are not needed by a writer. The cheapness of writing paper is, of course, the reason why women have succeeded as writers before they have succeeded in the other professions.

2. But to tell you my story—it is a simple one. You have only got to figure to yourselves a girl in a bedroom with a pen in

Detail:

Unit - 11

16/09/19

## Beau Tibbs At Home

- Oliver Goldsmith

Oliver Goldsmith was an Irish novelist, playwright and poet. He is best known for his novel "The Vicar of Wakefield", his pastoral poem "The Deserted Village" and his play "The Good Natured Man". "Beau Tibbs At Home" is an extract from "The Citizens of the World".

In this lesson "Beau Tibbs At Home" the speaker, Altangi, describes Tibbs as a poor, foolish and unknown man who is careful about his dress and appearance. He pretends to be a friend of rich men in the city. One day Altangi met Beau Tibbs in a public walk. Beau Tibbs' appearance was as usual added with more powder in his hair. He wore a dirty shirt with a temple spectacles and hat under his arm. He was a homeless man with a smile on his face. The speaker and Beau Tibbs started their conversation by walking forward with common topics.

Beau Tibbs character began to appear soon. He started wishing all the well-dressed persons on the way, though they were strangers to him. Suddenly he took a pocket book and started noting all the details of the strangers he met on his way. On the end of the procession Beau Tibbs cried with an air of vivacity expressing that he never saw the park so thin without any company. Though the park was actually crowded.

Beau Tibbs asked Altargi to join with him to have a good companion at home. He was happy to introduce Mrs. Tibbs who was an elegant lady in nature. Her voice was charming which may help them to enjoy a piece of song. He also wanted to introduce his little daughter, Carolina Wilhelma Amelia Tibbs, who was a sweet pretty creature in nature. He designed her for his Lord Drumstick's elder son. She was a six year old girl who walks a minuet and plays guitar well. He wanted to make her a scholar. He added that he will teach her Greek himself, where he will first learn the language to teach her next. He also requested Altargi not to share that secret with others as they may be jealous of it.

Beau Tibbs forcefully took Altargi to his home. They passed through many dark alleys and winding ways. Tibbs pretended as if he was not familiar with the way and expressed his dislike. Finally they reached a gloomy house which was in the outlets of the town. Tibbs informed that he chose this house to reside for the benefit of the air.

The lower door seemed to lie most hospitably open. The staircase was old and creaking. Tibbs told that it will be



more beautiful to see the ship sailing and the whole country for twenty miles from the windows of his home. He also added that he refused to sell his pretty house even for ten thousand guineas to his friend, Lord Swamp. He always loved to keep his prospects at home as his friends may come often to see him.

Beau Tibbs took Altangi to the top of the building. It was almost called as the first floor down the chimney. Finally they reached home. By knocking at the door for a long time, a Scottish lady opened the door with a demanding voice. It was Tibbs' old maid-servant. Tibbs welcomed Altangi with a great ceremony. He enquired the lady about his wife. She replied in a northern dialect that Mrs. Tibbs was washing his two shirts at the next door. Not to make others know his poor condition he shouted at the maid and asked her to inform Mrs. Tibbs that they have a guest. He told Altangi that he got that maid from a parliament man, one of his friend, from the High lands who was one of the politest men in the world. He also wanted that to be a secret.

Altangi had enough time to survey the chamber and its furniture since the arrival of Mrs. Tibbs was late. The home consisted four chairs with old wrought bottoms which was assured as his wife's embroidery. There was a square table that had been japanned years ago, a cradle at one

\* 4 chairs  
\* square table

\* Broken shepherders  
\* Mandarin without head.

draw in the  
manner of  
Grisonia.

corner and a lumbering cabinet at another corner. There was a broken shepherds yard and a mandarin without a head which was stuck over the chimney. There were several paltry and unframed pictures round the wall which was described as his own drawings. There was a drawing at the corner of the wall which was described as his own face. Tibbs proudly says that he is not ready even to sell these drawings.

At last Mrs. Tibbs made her appearance. She was shabby and coquette. She made twenty apologies for her late arrival. She excused herself saying that she stayed out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the Countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. She told her husband that Jack enquired about him. Meanwhile Tibbs asked about the dinner. He told her to prepare a turbot or an ortolan in a limited manner. Tibbs added that he hates wasting food.

Understanding the poor condition of Beau Tibbs, Altangi pretended to have had a previous engagement and left the house. According to Mrs. Tibbs Altangi was suppose to wait for at least two hours to have the dinner. This humour made Altangi to understand the company of fools which never fails to render us melancholy at last!

understand that the company of fools may first make us smile but last never fails of rendering us melancholy. Feeling of passive sadness.

II Annotate the following:

# Stephen Leacock's With The Photographer

## Summary

Stephen Leacock is a modern English prose writer. He has written many prose pieces. All his prose pieces are known for their subtle humour. They talk about real life situation. With The Photographer is a short prose that describes Leacock's experience with a photographer. Leacock, as is the regular case, gets a bitter experience.

Leacock goes to a photographer to get himself photographed. He waits for an hour and he is called into the inner room. The photographer is a grave man. The photographer is not satisfied with Leacock's face. He says that Leacock looks ugly. He then concludes that he would shoot three quarter view of Leacock. Leacock acknowledges this and starts reasoning about the decision but the photographer does not respond or care for what Leacock is talking.

The photographer hides himself behind the camera and comes out of it. He comes close to Leacock. Leacock thinks that the photographer is going to kiss him but he turns Leacock's face that would be good for a pose. The photographer gives a series of instructions like close mouth, droop ears, roll eyes, turn face, expand lungs, etc., to Leacock. Leacock is confused and he is frightened. Leacock becomes impatient, he scolds the photographer, and the photographer clicks a shot. Leacock is shocked.

The photographer asks Leacock to check the proof on Saturday and the photograph would be delivered by Sunday. On Saturday Leacock is further shocked on seeing the proof. The photographer says that he has edited the eyebrows and the mouth. He also plans to edit his ears. Leacock shouts at the photographer asking for a photograph that would resemble him. He says that he loves his original face than the altered one. He leaves the photo studio with tears.