

## The Purple Jar



Rosamond, a little girl about seven years, was walking with her mother in the streets of London. As she passed along, she looked in at the windows of several shops and she saw a great variety of different sorts of things, of which she did not know the use, or even the names. She wished to stop to look at them; but there was a great number of people in the streets, and a great many carts and carriages and wheelbarrows, and she was afraid to let go her mother's hand.

"Oh mother, how happy I should be," said she, as she passed a toy-shop, "if I had all these pretty things!"

"What, all! Do you wish for them all, Rosamond?"

"Yes, mamma, all."

As she spoke, they came to a milliner's shop where the windows were hung with ribbons, and lace, and festoons of artificial flowers.

"Oh! mamma, what beautiful roses! Won't you buy some of them?"

"No, my dear."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want them, my dear."

They went a little farther, and they came to another shop, which caught Rosamond's eye. It was a jeweller's shop; and there were a great many pretty baubles, ranged in drawers behind glass.

"Mamma, you'll buy some of these?"

"Which of them, Rosamond?"

"Which? I don't know which; but any of them will do for they are all pretty."

"Yes, they are all pretty; but of what use would they be to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other for them if you would only buy them first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

"Well then, mamma, there are buckles; you know that buckles are useful things, very useful things."

‘I have a pair of buckles. I don’t want another pair,’ said her mother and walked on. Rosamond was very sorry that her mother wanted nothing. Presently, however, they came to a shop, which appeared to her far more beautiful than the rest. It was a chemist’s shop; but she did not know that.

“Oh, mother! oh!” cried she, pulling her mother’s hand. “Look! look! Blue, green, red, yellow, and purple! Oh, mamma, what beautiful things! Won’t you buy some of these?”

Still her mother answered as before, “Of what use would they be to me, Rosamond?”

“You might put flowers in them, mamma and they would look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I wish I had one of them.”

“You have a flower-pot,” said her mother; “and that is not a flower pot.”

“But I could use it for a flower-pot, mamma, you know.”

“Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, if you were to examine it, you might be disappointed.”

“No, indeed; I’m sure I should not. I should like it exceedingly.”

Rosamond kept her head turned to look at the purple vase till she could see it no longer.

“Then, mother,” said she, after a pause, “perhaps you have no money.”

“Yes, I have.”

“Dear ! if I had money, I would buy roses, and boxes, and purple flower-pots, and everything.” Rosamond was obliged to pause in the midst of her speech.

“Oh, mamma, would you stop a minute for me? I have got a stone in my shoe; it hurts me very much.”

“How came there to be a stone in your shoe?”

“Because of this great hole, mamma—it comes in there: my shoes are quite worn out; I wish you’d be so very good as to give me another pair.”

“Nay, Rosamond, but I have not money enough to buy shoes, and flower-pots, and boxes, and everything.”

Rosamond thought that was a great pity. But now her foot, which had been hurt by the stone, began to give her so much pain that she was obliged to hop every other step, and she could think of nothing else. They came to a shoemaker’s shop soon afterwards.

“There! there! mamma, there are shoes—there are little shoes that would just fit me; and you know shoes would really be of use to me.”

“Yes, so they would, Rosamond. Come in.”

She followed her mother into the shop.

Mr. Sole, the shoemaker, had a great many customers, and his shop was full, so they were obliged to wait.

“Well, Rosamond,” said her mother, “you don’t think this shop so pretty as the rest?”

“No, not nearly; it’s black and dark, and there are nothing but shoes all round; and besides, there’s a very disagreeable smell.”

“That smell is the smell of new leather.”

“Is it? Oh!” said Rosamond, looking round, “there is a pair of little shoes; they’ll just fit me, I’m sure.”

“Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure till you have tried them on, any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the purple vase exceedingly, till you have examined it more attentively.”

“Why, I don’t know about the shoes, certainly, till I’ve tried; but, mamma, I’m quite sure I should like the flower-pot.”

“Well, which would you rather have, that jar, or a pair of shoes? I will buy either for you.”

“Dear mamma, thank you—but if you could buy both?”

“No, not both.”

“Then the jar, if you please.”

“But I should tell you that I shall not give you another pair of shoes this month.”

“This month! That’s a very long time indeed. You can’t think how these hurt me. I believe I’d better have the new shoes—but yet, that purple flower-pot—Oh, indeed, mamma, these shoes are not so very, very bad; I think I might wear them a little longer; and the month will soon be over: I can make them last to the end of the month, can’t I? Don’t you think so, mamma?”

“Nay, my dear, I want you to think for yourself: you will have time enough to consider about it whilst I speak to Mr. Sole about my clogs.”

Mr. Sole was by this time at leisure; and whilst her mother was speaking to him, Rosamond stood in profound meditation, with one shoe on, and the other in her hand.

“Well, my dear, have you decided?”

“Mamma!—Yes—I believe. If you please—I should like the flower-pot; that is, if you won’t think me very silly, mamma.”

“Why, as to that, I can’t promise you, Rosamond; but when you are to judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you the happiest; and then it would not signify who thought you silly.”

“Then, mamma, if that’s all, I’m sure the flower-pot would make me the happiest,” said she, putting on her old shoe again; “so I choose the flower-pot.”

“Very well, you shall have it: clasp your shoe and come home.”

Rosamond clasped her shoe and ran after her mother: it was not long before the shoe came down at the heel and many times was she obliged to stop to take the stones out of her shoe and often was she obliged to limp with pain; but still the thoughts of the purple flower-pot prevailed, and she persisted in her choice.

When they came to the shop with the large window, Rosamond felt her joy redouble, upon hearing her mother desire the servant, who was with them, to buy the purple jar, and bring it home. He had other commissions, so he did not return with them. Rosamond, as soon as she got in, ran to gather all her own flowers, which she had in a corner of her mother’s garden.

“I’m afraid they’ll be dead before the flower-pot comes, Rosamond,” said her mother to her, when she was coming in with the flowers in her lap.

“No, indeed, mamma, it will come home very soon, I dare say; and shan’t I be very happy putting them into the purple flower-pot?”

“I hope so, my dear.”

The servant was much longer returning home than Rosamond had expected; but at length he came, and brought with him the long-wished-for jar. The moment it was set down upon the table, Rosamond ran up to it with an exclamation of joy.

“I may have it now, mamma?”

“Yes, my dear, it is yours.”

Rosamond poured the flowers from her lap upon the carpet and seized the purple flower-pot. “Oh, dear mother!” cried she, as soon as she had taken off the top, “but there’s something dark in it—it smells very disagreeably what is it? I didn’t want this black stuff.”

“Nor I my dear.”

“But what shall I do with it, mamma?”

“That I can not tell.”

“But it will be of no use to me, mamma.”

“That I can’t help.”

“But I must pour it out, and fill the flower-pot with water.”

“That’s as you please, my dear.”

“Will you lend me a bowl to pour it into, mamma?”

“That was more than I promised you, my dear; but I will lend you a bowl.”

The bowl was produced and Rosamond proceeded to empty the purple vase. But what was her surprise and disappointment, when it was entirely empty, to find that it was no longer a purple vase. It was a plain white glass jar, which had appeared to have that beautiful colour merely from the liquor with which it had been filled.

Little Rosamond burst into tears.

“Why should you cry, my dear?” said her mother; “it will be of as much use to you now as ever for a flower-pot.”

“But it won’t look so pretty on the chimney-piece. I am sure, if I had known that it was not really purple, I should not have wished to have it so much.”

“But didn’t I tell you that you had not examined it and that perhaps you would be disappointed?”

“And so I am disappointed indeed. I wish I had believed you beforehand. Now I had much rather have the shoes, for I shall not be able to walk all this month: even walking home that little way hurt me exceedingly. Mamma, I’ll give you the flower-pot back again and that purple stuff and all, if you’ll only give me the shoes.”

“No, Rosamond, you must abide by your own choice; and now the best thing you can possibly do is to bear your disappointment with good-humour.”

“I will bear it as well as I can,” said Rosamond, wiping her eyes and she began slowly and sorrowfully to fill the vase with flowers.

But Rosamond’s disappointment did not end here: many were the difficulties and distresses into which her imprudent choice brought her before the end of the month. Every day her shoes grew worse and worse, till at last she could neither run, dance, jump, nor walk in them. Whenever Rosamond was called to see anything, she was pulling her shoes up at the heels and was sure to be too late. Whenever her mother was going out to walk, she could not take Rosamond with her, for Rosamond had no soles to her shoes; and at length, on the very last day of the month, it happened that her father proposed to take her

with her brother to a glass-house which she had long wished to see. She was very happy; but, when she was quite ready, had her hat and gloves on, and was making haste downstairs to her brother and father, who were waiting for her at the hall door, the shoe dropped off; she put it on again in a great hurry; but, as she was going across the hall, her father turned round.

“Why are you walking slipshod? No one must walk slipshod with me. Why, Rosamond,” said he, looking at her shoes with disgust, “I thought that you were always neat; go, I can not take you with me.”

Rosamond coloured and retired. “Oh, mamma,” said she, as she took off her hat, “how I wish that I had chosen the shoes! they would have been of so much more use to me than that jar: however, I am sure—no, not quite sure—but I hope I shall be wiser another time.”

**- MARIA EDGEWORTH**

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### About the Author :

**Maria Edgeworth** (1768-1849) born of Anglo-Irish ancestry was one of the first realist writers in children's literature. Her first children's book 'The Parent's Assistant' was published in 1796.

### About the Story :

The Purple Jar revolves around Rosamond, a little girl of seven who drives her mother to buy a purple coloured jar. She persists in her choice overlooking the immediate requirement of a new pair of shoes, although her old shoes had worn-out completely. The jar contains some smelly fluid which Rosamond empties out, thereby reducing the jar to post a pretty ordinary look. Rosamond finally decides to be wiser with her choices in the future.

### Glossary

milliner	-	a person who sells women's hats
festoons	-	decorative chain of flowers, leaves or ribbons
baubles	-	small, showy trinkets or decoration
profound	-	deep or intense
clasp	-	hook or pin, grasp or hold tightly
abide by	-	accept or obey, follow
slip-shod	-	disorganised, messy, haphazard

### COMPREHENSION

#### (A) Tick the correct alternative :

- If Rosamond had money, what would she want to buy ?  
(a) roses (b) boxes  
(c) purple flower-jar (d) all of the above
- What was the profession of Mr. Sole ?  
(a) chemist (b) shoemaker  
(c) teacher (d) milliner
- Rosamond asked her mother to lend her a \_\_\_\_\_.  
(a) flower pot (b) vase  
(c) shoe (d) bowl

4. Rosamond believed that the purple flower vase would look good on \_\_\_\_\_.
- (a) windows (b) the stairs  
(c) the chimney-piece (d) the door

**(B) State whether the statements given below are True (T) or False (F) :**

1. Rosamond desired to buy everything she saw in the market. [ ]
2. Mr. Sole, the shoemaker had no customers in his shop. [ ]
3. It was Rosamond's mother who went out to buy the Purple Jar. [ ]
4. The Purple Jar contained a fine-odoured liquid inside it. [ ]
5. Rosamond's shoes could not last very long. [ ]

**(C) Answer the following questions in 20-25 words each :**

1. Who was Rosamond and where was she walking ?
2. Who accompanied Rosamond ? What did she see inside the milliner's shop ?
3. Why did Rosamond and her mother have to wait at Mr. Sole's shop ?
4. Why did Rosamond's father refuse to take her along with him ?
5. What Rosamond saw inside the jeweler's shop ?

**(D) Answer the following questions in 30-40 words each :**

1. Why was Rosamond's mother not buying anything from the market ?
2. How did the purple jar lose its favour with Rosamond ?
3. Why did Rosamond want to buy a flower vase for herself ?
4. What was Rosamond's reaction after seeing the chemist's shop ?

**(E) Answer the following questions in 60-80 words each :**

1. What Rosamond's father proposed ? Why was she left out ?
2. Why Rosamond decided to buy the purple jar ?
3. Why Rosamond felt uncomfortable inside Mr. Sole's shop ?

**ACTIVITY :**

In pairs, argue in favour or against the topic, 'Rosamond was right in her decision to defy her mother.' Give logical and relevant reasons and present your point of view in the class.

## Feast of the Dead



January changed the colour of the air. The world seemed grimmer and people went out only for work. There was nobody under the oak trees, in the courtyards of the mosques and other cool places where children gathered in the summer. The fountains were never completely deserted. Almost every day there would be someone to go there to fetch the day's water.

That noon the boy who had been to the fountain ran back to the street panting and told the first man he saw,

“Dursun Agha is dead !”

Dursun Agha, the water carrier, was a familiar figure on the street. He barely made both ends meet and lived with his wife and two children in a small house. His entire capital consisted of two water cans and a pole, with a chain dangling from either end. Hoisting the pole on his shoulder, hooking the cans by their handles to the chains, he set out every morning.

“Water. Anybody need water ?”

His voice would carry as far as the last house on the street. Those who needed water would call back, “Dursun Agha, one trip,” or “two trips,” or “three trips.”

‘One trip’ meant two cans of water. Then Dursun Agha would climb up the hill to the fountain, fill up his cans and go to and fro, between the fountain and the houses, all day long. He got three *kurush* for each trip. This way of earning was like digging a well with a needle. If they had had to rely only on his earnings, it would have been impossible to feed four mouths but thank God, his wife Gulnaz was called upon, three or four times a week to wash clothes. She tried to help her husband earn just a little bit more, cheating in pathetic, harmless ways using a can or two more water, so that her husband could earn a few more than three *kurush*.

Now all this had ended suddenly. Dursun Agha had slipped while trying to stand up on the ice that had hardened during the previous night and hit his head on the stone bowl under the tap. When Gulnaz heard the news, she froze. What was she going to do now ? It was not easy to be left with two children, one nine years old and the other six. How could she feed them only by washing clothes two or three times a week ? She thought and thought but could not reach a decision.

It is a tradition for the neighbours to send food, for a day or two, to the house where death has occurred. The first meal came to Gulnaz and her children from the white

house where Raif Effendi, the wealthy businessman lived. At noon on the day after Dursun Agha died, the maid from the white house appeared with a large tray. On it were dishes of noodles cooked in chicken broth, some meat in a rich sauce, cheese rolls and sweets.

To tell the truth, no one had thought of eating that day but as soon as the cover was lifted from the tray, the aroma of the food beckoned them. They gathered round the table and may be because they had never had such good food before, it tasted exceptionally delicious. Having eaten once, they found it natural to sit around the table at supper-time and satisfy their hunger with the leftovers of their lunch.

Another neighbour took care of the food for the next day. This went on for three or four days. None of the later meals were as tasty or generous as the food from the white house but they were all a great deal better than any that was ever cooked in Gulnaz's pot. If this could have continued, Gulnaz and her children could easily have borne their sorrow to the end of their lives but when the trays stopped coming and the coal they were buying from the store on the main street could not be bought any more, they began to realise that their sorrow was unbearable.

The first day the food stopped, they kept up their hopes till noon, running to the door each time they heard a footstep outside. But it was only people going about their daily lives. At supper time, they realised no one was going to bring them food, so they had to cook at home as they had done before.

They had got used to quite a different type of food during the past few days and found it difficult to adjust to the meagre dish Gulnaz cooked with hardly a trace of butter. They had no choice but to get used to it again. It was not long before they ran out of butter, flour, potatoes and grain. For the next few days they ate whatever they found in the house — two onions, a clove of garlic, a handful of dry beans found in a corner of the cupboard. Finally, there came a day when all the pots, baskets, bottles and boxes in the house were empty. That day, for the first time, they went to bed on empty stomachs.

The next day was the same. By the next afternoon the little one had started crying with hunger. Gulnaz kept hoping someone would send for her to wash clothes but the people of the street thought it would be inconsiderate to call her for work. The day after no one in the household thought of getting up. They all had visions of food. The younger boy saw soft and fluffy bread, the older boy saw sweets instead. If only he had them once more, he would eat them one by one, savouring each mouthful. What a fool he had been to have eaten all his share at once !

Gulnaz lay in her bed, listening to the murmurs of her children, tears flowing silently down her cheeks. Life went on in the street outside as before. A door closed. She knew it was the boy next door going to school. Footsteps sounded outside. This time it was Tahsin Effendi, the barber, walking down the street to open his shop. The next one