Myers is one of those prodigious writers who extend the theme or the story of one novel into another. At times his plots bear autobiographical touches and reminiscences of his boyhood. For instance, young Jali's apprehension at the opening of The Root and the flower seems to have been drawn from Myers's own life. His home was known for intellectual pursuits. But for a child of tender age it must have been a somewhat perturbing one. The reaction of young Leo, His brother and his younger sister to the presence of the various mediums brought there for investigation was one of the mingled amusements and terror. This is beautifully described:

"Spiritual presences moved. He was surrounded. Gradually he felt his skin tighten, his heart beats quicken, his eyes dilate. Slipping to the floor he crept crouching out of the room."\(^1\)

Jali often becomes Myers's mouthpiece. He is mystic and agnostic alike. In the company of his own loneliness he would creep about under the shade of the parching trees:

He feels:

"... the furious sun, by sheer persistence, had broken through to them turning them suddenly into skeletons, and it was these beautiful silvery skeletons that now invested the wood with its air of magical desiccation, and by the clinking of their fairy bones filled it with its peculiar silky rustle. That rustle! Hark to it now! rushing past like a flight of ghosts upon the hot wind's breath."\(^2\)

The use of figures of speech and anecdotes enhance the beauty of his prose and deepen the meaning of his stories. While describing the deserted temple in the woods Myers make Jali sit squatted upon his haunches in the pose of the monkeys as if he were meditating. The peepal tree and the monkeys sitting in it - near a deserted temple - all this description seems to have come out of the pen to an experienced artist who is well acquainted with Hindu Mythology and its rites and rituals.

The following description of a Hindu temple makes interesting reading -

"... small dilapidated Hindu shrine that stood by itself in the midst of the wood. You would hardly call it a temple, for it was so small, but it had its own enclosure which was separated from the jungle by a low mud wall; and it had a group of sacred fig trees at the back of it. In days long ago its squat sun - baked wall must have been gay with paint but the colours had nearly peeled off. The low, round, white washed dome sheltered an altar upon which stood a primitive Lingam. So it was really a temple, although a very humble one; it still was the home of a God."\(^3\)

Myers's knowledge of the Hindu tradition of the worship of Shiva is astounding:

"Fresh offerings of marigolds and bilva leaves appeared nearly every day upon the altar."\(^4\)

There are other references to Hindu goods which give great credit to the novelist, e.g.

"... a shrine to Ganapati. The God of Luck!"\(^1\)

"... a lie is easily atoned for by a little offering to saraswati."\(^2\)

"The universe was full of terrifying and destructive forces. There was Kali..."\(^3\)

These clearly reveal Myers's familiar knowledge of Hindu pantheon. The descriptions of the Indian Landscape are also remarkable for their vividness and minuteness of details.

The description of the hillocks of Kathiapur is typically Indian:

"one way ran along a dype under the spur of the hill that runs steep up on the south of the Kathiapur and just out for two or three miles into the plain. The country in front of us as far as the eye could see was flat and green - green with the delicate coloring of young crops... the plain became a desert. Right up to the distant southern horizon there was nothing but hard, pebbly sand. And a hot dry wind came off this sand, a wind that was delicious to me after the enervating air of Kathiapur."\(^4\)

Myers succeeded in creating an adequate image of the landscape of India.

The presentation of the dawn is superb:

"... It seemed long ago since the
their nasal call of the muezzins had floated through the air, but the creak of an occasional ox-cart still rose from the long, powdery roods below, and he could still hear the familiar croaking of the dusty crows preparing to roost."

In his imaginative comprehensive of India Myers tried his best to create concrete and realistic pictures of dress and food habits of Indians Rajah Amar's apparel is described with rare felicity of word and phrase:

"It puts a flush upon his white tunic and touched with a faint glitter his only ornaments, a jeweled sword - belt and the aigretted clasp on his turban."

His wife Sita wore a dress that was- "rose colored, with a fringe of silver, and a veil of pale lilac draped her head and shoulder."

The Portrait of Gunevati surpass all:
"She was wearing cherry-colored silks, and on her arms and bosom were silver bangles and precious stones. She glowed like an idol against the dark forest shades ... In those fine clothes and with that look in her eyes her proper place was, in truth, the harem of some royal prince - a harem where she could recline all day upon cushions of golden tissue, breathing an air of sandal-wood and musk."

The pictorial presentations of Myers are so beautiful, meaningful and heart touching that the readers are very naturally charmed with the future of historical towns, forests, Palaces and the durbars and the gardens. It naturally follows that Myers had not only a wonderful fancy but also a surprising sense of the pictorial and realistic. This is why a full Indian scene is created before our eyes.

Works Cited

[4]. I bid, P. 230
[6]. Myers, L.H.: The Root and the Flower, P.500
[7]. Myers, L.H.: The Root and the Flower, P274
[8]. Myers, L.H.: The Root and the Flower, P. 65