Elements and Science of English Versification

William C. Jones

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ELEMENTS AND SCIENCE OF ENGLISH VERSIFICATION.

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OF

ENGLISH VERSIFICATION

BY

WILLIAM C. JONES

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PREFACE.

IT IS the desire of the author to create a greater love for poetry. I do not think it is possible to make great poets any more than it is possible to create great musicians, sculptors, artists, or orators. All must be born with the spark of genius inherent within the soul. I believe, however, that even those possessed of great genius may profit by the research of others, and frequently are induced to follow their art by suggestions and rules pointed out to them. To such who possess real genius from a poetic standpoint this work may be of benefit. Another class to be benefited are readers who love poetry and make a study of it, and yet fail to receive the benefits or see the beauties of true poetry simply because they fail to understand the technique.

It is a pleasure to be able to scan critically that which we read. If, however, we are unable to criticise for ourselves the merits of a poem from every standpoint, we necessarily lose much of the real pleasure of the reading. To be able to tell the measure, the rhythm, and the number of feet a verse contains is in every sense a satisfaction to the reader of a poem; yet, not one-third of those who read poetry know anything whatever about measure, feet, or rhythm. They realize there is a certain jingle to the stanza that pleases them, and that is all they know about it. Few readers ever stop to consider whether the poem is composed

of couplets, triplets, or quatrains. The mode of constructing the five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten line stanzas is a matter that has given them no trouble and about which they have never had a thought. The combinations of verses is something that has escaped their attention entirely.

Vers de Société—polite and polished by masters of the art, can hardly be distinguished by some who feign a real love of poetry from blank verse. Poetical licenses and peculiarities are little known and less understood. The same is true of figures of etymology, syntax, and rhetoric; and yet much of the pleasure of reading poetry is derived from being able to criticise it properly from every technical standpoint. A beautiful metaphor or simile is instantly detected by the highly educated reader and is a delight to his soul.

Poetry is not only a question of matter, but one of manner. Our best poets understand versification thoroughly and are ever painstaking. The true poet is careful in every detail. A diamond in the rough may be of value, but not until it is polished does it become a sparkling gem. The day is not distant when versification will be taught with the same care that is now given to rhetoric. Why not? Do not all derive pleasure from reading the works of the masters of poetry?

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, of Baltimore, Maryland, became benefactors to the world when they established a lectureship of poetry at the Johns Hopkins University in memory of their son, Percy Graeme Turnbull, and with an avowed intention of teaching poetry and thereby creating a knowledge of and a love for it. May their noble gift and benefaction become more generally known and others follow their example.

The aim of the true poet is always high. He should not only rely upon those resources with which nature has equipped him, but he, too, should study appropriate models, until he becomes a sufficient master of the art to be able in turn to leave models for others who may follow after.

W. C. J.

Robinson, Illinois.

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THE ART OF POETRY.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

POETRY AS AN ART.

POETRY is an art. Like music, painting and sculpture, it is a divine art. The poetic principle burns within those who are gifted by nature with the true and the ideal. It is a part of their existence, a part of their being. There are those who love music, and spend their best days in its study and composition. It is their joy and their sorrow. The world drinks in that which their souls pour out. Music, to the master mind, is his heart's gratification. He lives and breathes in its atmosphere. To him it is a greater solace than the pleasures of fashion, pomp or power.

He who is master of the art of painting enjoys satisfaction in consummating that art. He gives his life daily to the task of bringing it into perfection. His art is his love, and throughout life he admires her charms.

The sculptor spends days and years in modeling and chiseling the rough marble into the perfect image. He, too, finds true enjoyment in giving his days in bringing his art to the highest degree of excellence.

The true poet finds delight in the rhythmical creation of beauty. His word-pictures are paintings, his ideals are modeled with the care of a sculptor. He sees beauty in the tinting of the flowers, the waving of the grain, the cluster

of the trees, the babbling of the brooks, the ripple of the rivers, the rifting of the clouds, the twinkling of the stars. The birds sing for him, and the winds sigh unto him. The calm, still ocean furnishes a picture of desolation, while its deep surf and mighty waves thunder back its power and destruction as they swell and surge the sands upon the shore.

The moss upon the rock, the violet and the rose, the hum of the bee, the heather and the hyacinth, all have for him some charm.

He can picture the beauty of woman as well as he who paints her upon the canvas. He can sing to her in song as well as he who trills before the harp. He finds the gems and true graces of womanhood. He idolizes the luster of her eye, the soft melody of her voice—the sigh, the laughter, the tear. He worships at the shrine of her faith, in the strength of her purity, in the sweetness of her love.

All that is true and beautiful he sees with the eye of the sculptor, feels with the touch of the painter, and hears with the ear of the musician.

The mysteries of nature are unfolded unto him, and he finds a pleasure in singing, in painting and in picturing her charms and her grandeurs. It is only those who possess the inherent power and a perfect art that can do this. Nature presents to us strength in the rough stone. Art brings to us beauty in the polished diamond.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance.

This verse is from Pope, a master of the art of versification. Born an invalid and possessed of a frail constitution throughout life, he devoted his time to his art. Educated and refined, with a vigor of mind possessed by few, he found

time to eclipse Dryden, his chosen master and model. Mr. Walsh, who was regarded by Dryden as the best critic in all London, encouraged Pope to become the critical writer he afterwards became. "For," said Mr. Walsh, "there is one way of excelling. Although we have several great poets, we have never had any one great poet that was correct." How well Pope succeeded, Cowper tells us :

> But he (his musical finesse was such),
> So nice his ear, so delicate his touch,
> Made poetry a mere mechanic art ;
> And every warbler has his tune by heart.

The act, art or practice of composing poetic verse is versification. The word "verse," in our language, means a line of poetry. A piece of poetry is often incorrectly termed a verse.

> This *verse* be thine.
> *Pope.*
>
> Virtue was taught in *verse.*
> *Prior.*

A verse may be defined as a succession of articulate sounds, consisting of words arranged in measured lines, constituting an order of accented and unaccented syllables, disposed of according to the rules of the species of poetry which the author intends to compose. Verse is merely the dress which poetry assumes. All verse is not poetry, nor is all poetry verse, as one can see by an examination of Ossian's poems, and "Leaves of Grass" by Walt Whitman. A large portion of the Holy Scriptures is poetical. Many parts are called songs, and the elevation of style clearly indicates the poetical construction of others. We

give a quotation from the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah :

> For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty,
> And floods upon the dry ground ;
> I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed,
> And upon thine offspring my blessing profound.

Josephus affirms that the "Songs of Moses" were heroic verse, while the songs of David were composed in trimeters and pentameters.

> Sing unto the Lord with the harp ; with the harp ;
> And the voice of a psalm ;
> With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise
> Before the Lord, the King.
>
> "Psalm xcvii."

Some souls in this world fancy they have no love for poetry. They are mistaken. They love poetry, but they do not understand it. Every one fancies the true and the ideal. Who loves the natural world around and about us? Is it only the man of cultivation and leisure? All love nature. Every beautiful landscape that is visible to our eye is a poem. The everyday occurrences of life are poems. Yet it is only when the master mind perceives and tells to us their hitherto untold beauties, that we pause and listen. It is related of Robert Burns that he knew "The Cotter's Saturday Night" was a success, when told that the scenes he had so faithfully depicted "were common, very common; such as might be witnessed in Scotland at all times in the dwellings of the poor."

Who would now remember "Sheridan's Ride," were it not for a Thomas Buchanan Read? Who would now remember John Howard Payne, were it not for "Home,

Sweet Home"? Ages still preserve, and will, our best poems. This world of ours, with its rivers and lakes, its country and cities, its prairies and mountains, its almost every little nook and dell, is being painted with word accents by someone who sees a special beauty in the little things about him. The polite literature of poetry is keeping almost as many records of heroic events, and the heroes; of inventions, and the inventors; of art, and the artists; of social, domestic, religious and political life, and the actors —as her sister prose. Life's histories of love, adventure, romance, grief, joy, adversity, hope and pleasure—all are woven together and told with unerring skill by the master.

CHAPTER II.

ACCENT AND QUANTITY.

ENGLISH poetry depends upon accent, and accent upon time. Let us illustrate: English poetry has four principal or primary meters. These meters or measures are known as iambic, trochaic, anapestic, and dactylic. All English poetry is written in one of these measures. Again, we have what is known as rhythm. The rhythm of verse is its relation of quantities or time. Take for example an iambic word, or a line of iambuses. The word "bĕfōre" is an iambus. Why? Because the accent falls on the second syllable, the first being unaccented. Hence, should we select an iambic verse, the accent would fall on the second syllable of each foot or measure of the line.

'Twăs vāin: thĕ lōud wăvĕs lāshed thĕ shōre,
Rĕtūrn ŏr āid prĕvēntĭng:—
Thĕ wātĕrs wīld wĕnt ō'er hĭs chīld,—
Ănd hē wăs lēft lămēntĭng.
Campbell—"Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Here we have word accent applied to poetry; every other word or syllable in the verse or line being accented. A long syllable is termed an accented syllable. Now the

quantity of a syllable is the relative portion of time occupied in uttering it. In English poetry every syllable must be reckoned long or short, and a long syllable is usually equal to two short or unaccented syllables.

All words that have not a fixed accent, or in other words, all monosyllables are reckoned in the first instance as being unaccented or short. While this is true, monosyllables when used in English poetry may be used as accented or long, or, as unaccented or short even in the same line, when it becomes necessary in order to make the meter and rhythm. Take the first line of the stanza just quoted :

'Twăs vaĭn : thĕ loūd wavĕs lāshed thĕ shōre.

Here we have a line of iambuses. Here we have a line of four iambic feet. Here we have a line that ticks like a clock :

Tĭck-tōck, tĭck-tōck, tĭck-tōck, tĭck-tōck.

Here we have a line in iambic rhythm. The rhythm here being determined by the accent, viz : The accent falling upon the second syllable of the foot, and the number of syllables in the foot or measure being two. There are four feet in this line. Each foot has two syllables, one accented and one not accented.

Now, let us take another word, and another line. Take the word "lōvelў." Here the accent falls upon the first syllable. In other words it would be termed long, while the "lў" would be unaccented or short syllable. Now, this word is termed a trochee. It is one of the primary feet in English poetry ; a foot where the accent falls upon the first syllable. Here is a stanza familiar to all, a stanza

by one of the greatest and most charming of poets,

Līves ŏf greāt mĕn āll rĕmīnd ŭs
Wē cān māke oŭr līves sŭblīme,
Ānd, dĕpārtĭng leāve bĕhīnd ŭs,
Foōtprĭnts ōn thĕ sānds ŏf tīme.

Longfellow—"A Psalm of Life."

Here we have another stanza of word accents. The accents all fall on the first syllable or unemphatic word of each foot or measure of the line or verse. The trochaic and iambic measures are termed dissyllabic, for the reason that two monosyllables, or two syllables or a word of two syllables, compose a foot or measure.

Now, we have the same old clock ticking, but we will elevate one side of it and put a chip under it. We now have it ticking just the reverse of what it did before. It ticks a little livelier. It now ticks—

Tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck, tōck-tĭck.

Its measure is trochaic, because composed of trochees. Its rhythm is trochaic, because it thus signifies or denotes the kind and character of the feet employed, and arranged into measures. If the line then is composed of four trochaic feet, viz: a trochaic tetrameter, the rhythm must necessarily be trochaic.

What has been said of iambic meter, and trochaic meter, is equally true of anapestic and dactylic meter. These are termed trisyllablic feet. These measures or feet may be also distinguished from the dissyllabic measures. The anapestic foot having one accented and two unaccented syllables, the first two being unaccented the last being accented, hence, it necessarily follows, the time meter and rhythm

must be different. The clock would now tick,—

Tĭck, tĭck-tŏck, tĭck, tĭck-tŏck, tĭck, tĭck-tŏck.

On the other hand, dactylic measure being composed of dactyls, words of three syllables, having the accent upon the first syllable, the last two being unaccented, the clock being elevated slightly again, would tick a little faster, thus

Tŏck, tĭck-tĭck, tŏck, tĭck-tĭck, tŏck, tĭck-tĭck.

The quantity of a syllable, whether long or short, in other words, accented or unaccented, does not depend upon the long or short sound of the vowel, or diphthong, but upon the intensity with which the syllable is uttered, whereby a greater or less portion of time is employed in uttering it.

Rhythmus in the widest sense is a division of time into short portions by regular succession of emotions, impulses, and sounds producing agreeable effect. We speak of the rhythmus of the dance, the rhythmus of music, the rhythmus of the poem. The language of the true-born poet is rhythmical, and its rhythmic nature distinguishes it from ordinary speech. To the lover of true poetry and art there is a peculiar charm and grateful satisfaction attaches to and delights the ear when reading a beautiful poem of a peculiar or particular rhythm. The rhythmic accent marks off given periods of time, and the natural or trained ear is thus enabled to say, as each measure passes in review before it, whether the time value of that particular measure is correct.

CHAPTER III.

OF VERSE.

A VERSE being a metrical line of a length and rhythm determined by rules which usage has sanctioned, it will be therefore necessary to ascertain the divisions of verse.

First, we have the Half Verse or Hemistich, it being a half poetic line or verse not complete:

ANAPESTIC TETRAMETER.

Heavĕn's firĕ ĭs ăroūnd thĕe, tŏ blāst ănd tŏ būrn;
Rĕtūrn tŏ thў dwēllĭng! * * *
Campbell—"Lochiel's Warning."

Second, we have the Couplet or Distich, two verses or a pair of rhymes:

DACTYLIC DIMETER.

Ălās! fŏr thĕ rārĭtў
Ŏf Chrīstiăn chārĭtў.
Hood—"The Bridge of Sighs."

TROCHAIC TETRAMETER.

Fōr thĕ heārt whŏse wōes arĕ lēgiŏn
'Tĭs ă peācefŭl, soōthĭng rēgiŏn.
Poe—"Dreamland."

IAMBIC PENTAMETER.

Whŏ hăth nŏt paŭsed whīle Bēautў's pēnsivĕ ēye
Askĕd frōm hĭs heārt thĕ hōmăge ōf ă sīgh?
Campbell—"Pleasures of Hope."

Third, the Triplet or Tristich, three verses rhyming together:

IAMBIC PENTAMETER.

Ă sēntĭnĕl ăngĕl sĭttĭng hĭgh ĭn glōrў
Heărd thĭs shrĭll wāil rĭng oŭt frŏm Pūrgătōrў:
Hăve mērcў, mīghtў ăngĕl, heār mў stōrў!
Hay—"A Woman's Love."

Ănd whāt's ă lĭfe?—ă wēarў pīlgrĭmāge,
Whŏse glōrў ĭn onĕ dāy dŏth fĭll thĕ stāge
Wĭth chĭldhoŏd, mānhoŏd, ānd dĕcrēpĭt āge.
Quarles—"What is Life."

Fourth, the Stanza or Tetrastich, a regular division of a poem, consisting of two or more lines or verses. They are formulated according to usage, and the taste of the writer, and may be of every conceivable variety. Stanzas of the same poem should be uniform, and constitute a regular division of a poem. Stanzas are often incorrectly termed verses.

A verse is one line of a poem; a stanza, two or more. Stanzas are frequently known by the name of those using them most; as, the stanza of Spenser, the stanza of Burns, the stanza of Chaucer.

The Couplet is the simplest form of the stanza; as,

Whĕre dĭd yŏu cōme frŏm, bābў dēar?
Oŭt ōf thĕ ēvĕrўwhēre ĭntō thĕ hēre.
George Macdonald—"The Baby."

Ălās! fŏr lōve, ĭf thōu ărt āll,
Ănd naūght bĕyōnd, Ō Eārth!
Hemans—"The Graves of a Household."

Any two lines of poetry that make complete sense when taken together, whether they rhyme or do not rhyme may be termed a couplet; and this form of stanza is frequently employed in poems of considerable length; as, Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie;" Tennyson's "Locksley Hall;" Edwin Arnold's "Secret of Death."

The couplet is also employed in combination to form other stanzas.

The next form of stanza is the Triplet, which is three lines rhyming together.

The following example is a trochaic tetrameter:

Bēar thrŏugh sōrrŏw, wrōng, ănd rūth,
Ĭn thў hēart thĕ dēw ŏf yōuth,
Ōn thў lĭps thĕ smīle ŏf trūth.

Ānd thăt smīle, lĭke sūnshĭne, dārt
Ĭntŏ mānў ă sūnlĕss heārt,
Fōr ă smīle ŏf Gōd thŏu ārt.
Longfellow—"Maidenhood."

Like the couplet, the triplet is used in combination to form other stanzas.

The next form is a four-line stanza called a Quatrain. The quatrain is also used in combination to form other stanzas. Quatrains are a very common form of stanzas, and we shall give examples of many of them. Let us take the following iambic:

I.

Hĭs wās thĕ trōublĕd līfe,
Thĕ cōnflĭct ānd thĕ pāin,
Thĕ grīef, thĕ bĭttĕrnĕss ŏf strīfe,
Thĕ hōnŏr wĭthŏut stāin.
Longfellow—"Charles Sumner."

The first, second and fourth lines are iambic trimeter, composed of three iambuses. An iambus consists of a foot of two syllables, the first syllable is unaccented, the second accented. The third line is iambic tetrameter, composed of four iambic feet. In this stanza, the first and third lines rhyme, the second and fourth.

From S. T. Coleridge we have the following :

II.

Shĕ lĭsteněd wĭth ă flĭttĭng blūsh,
Wĭth dōwncăst eyēs ănd mōdĕst grāce ;
Fŏr wēll shĕ knēw, Ĭ coūld nŏt choōse
Bŭt gāze ŭpōn hĕr fāce.
"Genevieve."

In this stanza, the second and fourth lines rhyme. The first three lines are iambic tetrameter, the fourth, iambic trimeter.

III.

Mў dāys ăre īn thĕ yēllŏw lēaf,
Thĕ flowērs ănd frūits ŏf lovē arĕ gōne ;
Thĕ wōrm, thĕ cānkĕr, ānd thĕ grīef,
Arĕ mīne ălonē.
Lord Byron—(Composed on his 36th birthday.)

The first three lines are iambic tetrameter, the fourth, iambic dimeter.

IV.

Ă keēpsăke, măybē,
Thĕ gīft ŏf ănōthĕr, pĕrhāps ă brōthĕr,
Ŏr lōvĕr, whŏ knōws? hĭm hēr heărt chōse,
Ŏr wās hĕr heărt-frēe?
N. G. Shepherd—"Only the Clothes She Wore."

This stanza is iambic, the first and fourth lines rhyming. The first and fourth lines dimeter, the second and third, tetrameter. The second and third have line rhymes.

V.

Clēŏn hāth ă mīlliŏn ācrĕs, ne'ĕr ă onē hăve Ī ;
Clēŏn dwēllĕth īn ă pālăce, īn ă cōttăge Ī ;
Clēŏn hāth ă dōzĕn fŏrtūnes, nōt ă pĕnnў Ī ;
Yēt thĕ poōrĕr ŏf thĕ twāin ĭs Clēŏn, ānd nŏt Ī.
Charles Mackay—"Cleon and I."

This stanza is thirteen syllabled, heptameter, trochaic measure.

VI.

Lĭke Dīăn's kīss, ŭnāsked, ŭnsōught,
Lŏve gīves ĭtsēlf, bŭt īs nŏt bōught ;
Nŏr voīce, nŏr soūnd bĕtrāys
Ĭts dēep, ĭmpāssiŏned gāze.
Longfellow—"Endymion."

The first two lines are iambic tetrameter, the third and fourth, trimeters.

VII.

Rĕvīle hĭm nōt,—thĕ Tēmptĕr hāth
Ă snāre fŏr āll ;
Ănd pĭtyĭng tēars, nŏt scōrn ănd wrāth,
Bĕfĭt hĭs fāll !
Whittier—"Ichabod."

The first and third lines are iambic trimeters, the second and fourth dimeters. The lines rhyme alternately.

VIII.

Tŏ shōw ă heārt griĕf-rēnt;
Tŏ stārve thў sīn,
Nŏt bīn,—
Ănd thāt's tŏ keēp thў Lēnt.
Herrick—"True Lent."

This is a quatrain of iambics.

IX.

Whăt mōre? wĕ toōk oŭr lāst ădieū,
Ănd ūp, thĕ snōwў Splūgĕn drēw,
Bŭt ēre wĕ reāched thĕ hīghĕst sūmmĭt
Ĭ plūck'd ă dāisў, Ĭ gāve ĭt youū.
Tennyson—"The Daisy."

This is a tetrameter stanza of iambuses.

X.

Ănd thĕ nīght shăll bĕ fīlled wĭth mūsĭc,
Ănd thĕ cāres, thăt ĭnfēst thĕ dāy,
Shăll fōld theĭr tēnts, lĭke thĕ Ārăbs,
Ănd ăs sīlĕntlў stēal ăwāy.
Longfellow—"The Day is Done."

This is an anapest.

XI.

Ŏ hēard yĕ yŏn pībrŏch sŏund sād ĭn thĕ gāle,
Whĕre ă bānd cŏmĕth slōwlў wĭth weēpĭng ănd wāil?
'T ĭs thĕ chiēf ŏf Glĕnārā lămēnts fŏr hĭs dēar;
Ănd hĕr sīre, ănd thĕ pēoplĕ, ăre cālled tŏ hĕr biēr.
Campbell—"Glenara."

This is an excellent anapestic tetrameter quatrain.

XII.

Thĕn shoōk thĕ hills wĭth thūndĕr rīvĕn,
Thĕn rūshed thĕ steēds tŏ bāttlĕ drīvĕn,
Ănd lōudĕr thān thĕ bōlts ŏf hēavĕn,
Fār flāshed thĕ rēd ărtīllĕrў.

Campbell—"Hohenlinden."

This stanza is composed of a triplet and an odd line. It is a tetrameter. The last syllables of the first three lines are redundant.

XIII.

Ĭnhūmăn mān! Cŭrse ōn thў bārbaroŭs ārt,
Ănd blāstĕd bē thў mūrdĕr-āimĭng ēye!
Măy nēvĕr pīty soōthe theĕ wĭth ă sīgh,
Nŏr ēvĕr plēasŭre glād thў crūĕl heārt!

Burns—"On Seeing a Wounded Hare."

The stanza is an iambic pentameter.

XIV.

Ăs Ī loŏk ūp ĭntō yoŭr ēyes, ănd wāit
Fŏr sōme rĕspōnse tŏ mў fŏnd gāze ănd toŭch,
Ĭt seēms tŏ mē thĕre īs nŏ sāddĕr fāte
Thăn tō bĕ doōmed tŏ lōvĭng ōvĕrmūch.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"The Common Lot."

This is a ten-syllabled iambic pentameter, the first and third, and the second and fourth lines rhyming.

XV.

Whĭthĕr, mĭdst fālling dēw,
Whĭle glōw thĕ heāvens wĭth thĕ lāst stĕps ŏf dāy,
Fār, throūgh thĕir rōsў dēpths, dŏst thōu pŭrsūe
Thў sōlĭtārў wāy.

Bryant—"To a Waterfowl."

This stanza is iambic. The first and fourth lines are trimeter, the second and third, hexameter.

We have given many forms of the quatrain. We have also given the measure of the stanzas selected. We have endeavored to present different forms with a view to show at a glance the numerous ways the quatrain may be formed. It is a fine form of the stanza, and is more in use than any other style of poetry. Employed with the couplet, and the triplet, as well as the single line of verse, the quartrain is capable of producing many other forms of beautiful stanzas.

CHAPTER IV.

OF METER.

WHILE we may learn to distinguish measures by sound, if we happen to have a good ear for music, or time, still, until one acquaints himself with the art of versification and understands the rules or laws governing the formation of stanzas, he cannot tell or give the reasons why any particular stanza is written in any particular meter. Meter is derived from the Greek word *metron*, and denotes a measure. Measure or meter is a succession of groups of accented and unaccented syllables in which poetry is written. In the classic languages, the measure depended upon the way the long and short syllables were made to succeed one another. Our modern verse depends, as we have seen, not upon the distinction of long and short syllables, but upon that of accented and unaccented syllables.

The accents should occur at regular intervals; and the groups of syllables thus formed, each constitute a measure.

In the classic verse these groups of long and short syllables composing the measure, were called feet, each foot having a distinctive name. Meter in poetry, being similar to measures or musical bars in music, received the name of feet because the measure was regulated by the foot of the director of the Greek choirs.

Keĕpĭng tīme, tīme, tīme.

Poe—"The Bells."

The same names are applied to the modern that were applied to the classic measures, from which they are all taken. An accented syllable in modern verse being held equivalent to a long syllable in classic verse. It is designated by a (—) macron; an unaccented syllable is equal to a short syllable, and designated by a (⏑) breve.

'T ĭs dīstăncе lēnds ĕnchāntmĕnt tō thĕ viēw,
Ănd rōbes thĕ mōuntăin īn ĭts āzŭre hūe.
Campbell—"Pleasures of Hope."

The first word is unaccented and is marked with a breve, the second accented, and marked with a macron, denoting the character of the measure, which is iambic pentameter.

Each measure contains one accented syllable, and either one or two unaccented syllables.

In poetry monosyllables receive accent. Most monosyllables in our language are variable in quantity, and can be used as long or short, as strong or weak sounds suit the sense or rhythm.

Every emphatic word, and every accented syllable, in verse forms a long or accented syllable. Monosyllabic unemphatical words constitute short or unaccented syllables. Words of greater length usually have fixed accents. Accented syllables are always long. Syllables immediately before or after an accented syllable are usually short. To determine the kind of verse, it is always safe to look, first, to the words that have a fixed accent; second, to words that are emphatic that are unaccented.

The number of feet in a stanza must always be reckoned by the number of accented syllables constituting each line or verse.

A syllable is a whole word or each part of a word that is

uttered by one impulse of the mouth. A word usually has as many syllables as it has principal parts. A word of but one principal part is termed a monosyllable; as, God. Such words are pronounced with but one impulse of the voice.

A word of two syllables is termed a dissyllable; as, God-ly. Such words require two articulations. Words of three syllables or principal parts are trisyllables, as God-li-ness, Un-god-ly, and require as many articulations as they have syllables.

Accent in poetry is defined as the uttering or pronouncing of a word, noting the particular stress or force of the voice upon certain words and syllables of words.

The acute accent is marked thus — or thus /

All words of more than one syllable are accented, as,

Hō-lў, Hō-lī-nĕss, Ŭn-hō-lў.

Compound words may have two accents; as,

ēv-ĕr-chāng-ĭng, ē-vĕn-mīnd-ĕd.

Accent is the peculiar stress we lay upon some word or syllable of a word, as,

Fŏr-gīve,	Beaŭ-tĭ-fŭl,
Hōld-ĭng,	Rĕ-wārd-ĭng,
Rēs-ŏ-nance,	Wīnd-ĭng-sheēt,
Cŏn-fū-sĭon,	Bō-nă-fī-dĕ,
Fĭn-ăn-ciēr,	Rĕ-gārd,
Rōgue-haŭnt-ĕd,	Hāp-pў,
Rĕ-wārd,	Ăb-sĕn-teē,
Scārce-lў,	Cŏn-sĭgn-eē,

These words have all fixed accents.

We believe that accent is the sole principle that regulates our English rhythm. It is therefore necessary to observe certain principles that govern accent. In words of two or more syllables, there is one syllable which receives a stronger verbal accent than the others. That is called the primary accent. When the word contains three or more syllables, there is a secondary accent.

Poets have in all ages, where the primary accent fell upon the first syllable, in words of three syllables, taken the liberty of giving a secondary accent to the third syllable, where the rhythm required it. Words of four syllables have a secondary accent, unless the primary accent falls on one of the middle syllables, it is then governed by the same as the trisyllable. Words of five syllables, if accented on the first, seldom have less than three accented syllables and never have less than two.

When a pause separates two syllables, each syllable may receive the accent. In that case the pause fills the place of a syllable.

When a verse, or a section of a verse, begins with an accent, that accent should be a strong, not a weak one.

There is no word, however, so unimportant, that it may not be accented if the rhythm requires it. The article may, and does, receive accent. The rule, however, is that qualifying words, as adjectives, adverbs, and others of the same class, receive a fainter accent than the words qualified.

In Will Carleton's "The Burning of Chicago," we have a fine illustration. Notice the fine effect of the compound words and how nicely the accent falls. The measure is anapestic. The first four lines of the stanza are anapestic trimeter. The remaining ten lines are anapestic hexameter. We give the third stanza as follows :

'T wăs nĭght ĭn thĕ sĭn-bŭrdĕned cĭtў,
Thĕ tŭrbŭlĕnt, vĭce-lădĕn cĭtў,
Thĕ sĭn-cŏmpăssed, rōgue-hăuntĕd cĭtў,
Thŏugh Queĕn ŏf thĕ Nŏrth ănd thĕ Wĕst.

Ănd lōw ĭn thĕĭr cāves ŏf pŏllūtiŏn greăt bēasts ŏf hŭmānĭtў grōwled ;

Ănd ōvĕr hĭs mōnĕy-strĕwn tāblĕ thĕ gāmblĕr bĕnt fiĕrcelў, ănd scōwled ;

Ănd mĕn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mānhoŏd, wĭth cōuntĕnănce flāmĭng ănd fēll,

Drănk deēp frŏm thĕ fĭre-lădĕn fōuntăins thăt sprĭng frŏm thĕ rĭvĕrs ŏf hĕll ;

Ănd mĕn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mānhoŏd, whŏ drēaděd thĕ cōmĭng ŏf dāy,

Prŏwled, cāt-lĭke, fŏr bloŏd-pŭrchăsed plūndĕr frŏm mĕn whŏ wĕre bĕttĕr thăn thēy;

Ănd mĕn wĭth nŏ seēmĭng ŏf mānhoŏd, whŏse dēarĕst-crăved glōrў wăs shāme,

Whŏse jōys wĕre thĕ sōrrŏws ŏf ōthĕrs, whŏse hārvĕsts wĕre ācrĕs ŏf flāme,

Slŭnk whĭspĕrĭng ănd lōw, ĭn thĕĭr cōrnĕrs, wĭth bōwĭe ănd pĭstŏl tĭght-prēssed,

Ĭn rōgue-hăuntĕd, sĭn-cŭrsed Chĭcāgŏ, thŏugh Queĕn ŏf thĕ Nŏrth ănd thĕ Wĕst.

The stanza is mixed by the introduction of an iambus in the first foot of each verse.

The words selected and accented in the preceeding chapter were selected for a two-fold purpose ; first, to show their fixed accents ; second, to illustrate meter, or measure.

Every primary measure in English poetry contains one syllable accented, and either one or two, that are unaccented. Accent may be on either the first, second or third syllable of the group, hence there are four complete and distinct primary meters in our modern poetic forms. In chapter two they were mentioned as iambic, trochaic, ana-

pestic and dactylic measures. Let us further illustrate and define them.

THE TROCHEE.

Two are composed of dissyllables; as an example, the word hō-l̆y. Here we have the accent falling upon the first syllable, the second being unaccented. This word in poetry is called a trochee, and the verse composed in it would be termed trochaic. It is a classic foot and simply means a foot of two syllables, the first accented, the second unaccented.

THE IAMBUS.

Let us next take the word rĕ-wārd. Here we find the accent is placed upon the second syllable, instead of the first. In poetry this word is termed an iambus, a classic foot, signifying a foot of two syllables, the first unaccented, the second accented. Verse written in this measure is termed iambic.

The songs and satires of the ancient classics were written in this measure. We have, then, two dissyllabic meters, the trochaic and the iambic. The greater part of our entire verse is written in one or the other of these measures.

The iambic measure is suited for grave and dignified subjects. The poetry written in this measure cannot well be enumerated. Three-fourths of our modern verse, we feel safe in saying, is written in iambic meter. The trochaic is an elegant foot. It has a faster movement than the iambic. It moves lightly and with a brisk trip. It is not encumbered by an extra syllable, as its sister foot, the dactyl. The trochee and iambus are interchangeable.

THE DACTYL.

Of trisyllabic feet we have two that are primary. The first is the dactyl, the second the anapest. Both are classic feet. Let us take the word bēau-tĭ-fŭl. Here the accent falls upon the first syllable, the second and third being unaccented. This is the dactyl. This meter or foot is called the dactylic, and signifies a meter having the first foot accented, and the other feet unaccented.

THE ANAPEST.

Let us next take the word fĭn-ăn-ciēr. Here we have a word with the accent falling upon the final syllable. This is termed in verse an anapest. Verse written in this measure is termed anapestic. It signifies in poetry a measure having the first two syllables unaccented, the last accented.

The trisyllabic measures are often substituted one for another and like the dissyllabic they are interchangeable. They are also interchangeable with the spondee.

These four primary measures are those most in use. The trisyllabic measures are more difficult to use than the dissyllabic, although the dactyl is termed the flowing measure of poetry. It is capable of many results, and much beautiful verse is written in the dactylic.

We have then four separate and distinct measures, which are termed primary, as follows:

The Trochaic,	— ⏑
The Iambic,	⏑ —
The Dactylic,	— ⏑ ⏑
The Anapestic,	⏑ ⏑ —

The substitution of these feet denominated primary, where one foot is substituted for another frequently, gives rise to what is known and termed mixed measure.

We shall now illustrate the four measures by a specimen of verse written in each kind. The following is a trochaic. The stanza is the eight and seven syllabled trochaic verse; a twelve line stanza, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines rhyming.

Whĕn thĕ hūmĭd shādŏws hŏvĕr
Ŏvĕr āll thĕ stārrў sphēres,
Ānd thĕ mēlănchōlў dārknĕss
Gēntlў weēps ĭn rāinў tēars,
Whāt ă blĭss tŏ prēss thĕ pīllŏw
Ŏf ă cōttăge-chāmbĕr bēd,
Ānd tŏ lĭstĕn tō thĕ pāttĕr
Ŏf thĕ sōft răin ōvĕrhēad !

Coates Kinney—"Rain on the Roof."

Our next stanza is an iambic six line stanza.

Yĕs ! beār thĕm tō thĕir rēst ;
Thĕ rōsў bābe, tĭred wĭth thĕ glāre ŏf dāy,
Thĕ prāttlĕr, fāllĕn ăsleēp e'ĕn ĭn hĭs plāy ;
Clăsp thēm tŏ thў sŏft breāst,
Ŏ nīght !
Blĕss thēm ĭn drēams wĭth ā deĕp, hūshed dĕlīght.

G. W. Bethune—"Hymn to Night."

This stanza contains six lines, the first and fourth are iambic trimeters ; the second, third, and sixth iambic lines of ten syllables, or pentameters, and the fifth a fine specimen of the iambic monometer, a verse of two syllables.

The next stanza is composed of dactyls, and known as dactylic measure :

Cōme tŏ mĕ, deārĕst, Ĭ'm lōnelў wĭthōut theĕ,
Dāy-tĭme ănd nīght-tĭme, Ĭ'm thĭnkĭng ăbōut theĕ ;
Nīght-tĭme ănd dāy-tĭme, ĭn drēams Ĭ bĕhōld theĕ ;
Ŭnwēlcŏme thĕ wākĭng whĭch cēasĕs tŏ fōld theĕ.

Cōme tŏ mĕ, dārling, mў sōrrŏws tŏ lightĕn.
Cōme ĭn thў bēautў tŏ blēss ănd tŏ brīghtĕn;
Cōme ĭn thў wōmănhoŏd, mēeklў ănd lōwlў,
Cōme ĭn thў lōvĭngnĕss qūeenlў ănd hōlў.

Joseph Brennan—"Come to Me, Dearest."

This is a stanza of eight lines, dactylic tetrameter, with the exception of the fourth verse, which is a pure line or verse of amphibrachic tetrameter, a secondary foot substituted for the dactylic, with a truly pleasing effect.

Our next stanza is anapestic.

'T ĭs thĕ voĭce ŏf thĕ slūggărd; Ĭ hēard hĭm cŏmplāin,
Yoŭ hăve wāk'd mĕ toŏ soōn, Ĭ mŭst slūmbĕr ăgaĭn.
Ăs thĕ doōr ŏn ĭts hĭngĕs, sŏ hē ŏn hĭs bēd,
Tŭrns hĭs sĭdes, ănd hĭs shōuldĕrs, ănd hĭs hĕavў hēad.

Dr. Isaac Watts—"The Sluggard."

A four line stanza of anapestic tetrameter.

In addition to the measures which we have termed primary, the ancients had other measures denominated secondary measures. They are frequently introduced into verse to relieve monotony, as well as allowing the writer freer scope. They are also unconsciously introduced by writers fervent with the passion of the subject or theme, and give grace and style. They are three in number.

The Spondee, a foot of two accented syllables; as, prāise Gōd, vāin wōrld, poōr mān. A verse in this foot or meter is termed spondaic.

An Amphibrach is a poetic foot consisting of three syllables, the first and last syllables unaccented, the middle accented; as, cŏnsĭdĕr, trănspōrtĕd.

A Cretic, or Amphimacer, a poetic foot, the first syllable accented, the second unaccented, and the third, accented; as, wĭn-dŏw-sāsh, wĭnd-ĭng-sheēt, lĭfe-ĕs-tāte.

The dissyllabic feet then, are three in number, as follows :

The Trochee — ⏑
The Iambus ⏑ —
The Spondee — —

The trisyllabic are four in number, as follows :

The Anapest ⏑ ⏑ —	The Amphibrach ⏑ — ⏑
The Dactyl — ⏑ ⏑	The Cretic — ⏑ —

Coleridge, in "A Lesson for a Boy," exemplified these seven feet :

Trōcheĕ trīps frŏm lōng tŏ shōrt ;
Frŏm lōng tŏ lōng ĭn sōlĕmn sōrt
Slōw Spōndeē stālks ; strōng foōt ! yĕt īll-ăblĕ
Ēvĕr tŏ cōme ŭp wĭth Dāctўl trĭsўllăblĕ.
Īāmbĭcs mārch frŏm shōrt tŏ lōng :—
Wĭth ă leāp ănd ă boūnd thĕ swĭft Ānăpĕsts thrōng ;
Onĕ sўllăblĕ lōng, wĭth ŏne shōrt ăt ĕach sīde,
Ămphībrăchўs hāstes wĭth ă statēlў strĭde ;
Fīrst ănd lāst bēĭng lōng, mīddlĕ shōrt, Ămphĭmācĕr
Strīkes hĭs thūndĕrĭng hoōfs, līke ă prōud hĭgh-brĕd rācĕr.

Where a verse or line consists wholly of one kind of feet, it is termed pure. If a verse consists of nothing but iambuses, it would be a pure iambic verse ; if no foot but the trochee, a trochaic ; if no foot but the anapest, anapestic ; if dactyls compose the entire line, the line is termed dactylic rhythm.

Thĕ prōpĕr stūdў ōf mănkĭnd ĭs mān.
Pope.

This verse, as will be seen by scansion, is iambic pentameter ; *viz*, a ten syllabled line of iambuses.

Blĕssĭngs ōn thee, lĭttlĕ mān,
Barĕfoŏt bōy, wĭth cheĕk ŏf tān!
Whittier—"The Barefoot Boy."

This poem is seven syllabled trochaic rhythm.

In "Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," by William Knox we have a poem written in pure anapestic rhythm save the first foot, which is an iambus.

Thĕ hānd ŏf thĕ kĭng, thăt thĕ scēptrĕ hăth bōrne;
Thĕ brōw ŏf thĕ prĭest, thăt thĕ mĭtrĕ hăth wōrn;
Thĕ ēye ŏf thĕ sāge, ănd thĕ heārt ŏf thĕ brāve,—
Arĕ hĭddĕn ănd lōst ĭn thĕ dēpths ŏf thĕ grāve.

These two lines from the same poem are pure anapestic tetrameter:

Tŏ thĕ lĭfe wĕ arĕ clĭngĭng, thĕy, ālsŏ, wŏuld clĭng;
Bŭt ĭt speēds fŏr ŭs āll, lĭke ă bĭrd ŏn thĕ wĭng.

The anapestic measure is a very capable one, smŏoth flowing and strong. It is alike suitable for the more serious thoughts of life, as well as, some that are exceedingly mirthful. Brete Harte has adopted this meter in very many of the quaint, mirth-provoking poems which he has written.

For an illustration of the dactylic, we have taken a stanza from Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade:"

"Fōrwărd, thĕ Lĭght Brĭgāde!"
Wās thĕre ă mān dĭsmāyed?
Nōt thŏugh thĕ sōldiĕr knĕw
Sōme onĕ hăd blūndĕred:
Thēirs nŏt tŏ māke rĕplў,
Thēirs nŏt tŏ rēasŏn whў,
Thēirs bŭt tŏ dō ănd dĭe:
Ĭntŏ thĕ vālléy ŏf Deāth,
Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.

This is a fine specimen of dactylic dimeter, mixed with trochees and anapests.

The more pure these several measures are preserved, the more complete and perfect the chime of the verse, which should in every instance be as pure and smooth flowing as it is in the power of the writer to make it. Where, however, verse becomes monotonous, it is well to substitute some other foot. Verse is truly beautiful where these substitutions are made, as—

> Knōw yĕ thĕ lānd whĕre thĕ cўprĕss ănd mўrtlĕ
> Arĕ ēmblĕms ŏf deēds thăt ăre dōne ĭn thĕir clīme—
> Whĕre thĕ rāge ŏf thĕ vūltŭre, thĕ lōve ŏf thĕ tūrtlĕ,
> Nŏw mēlt ĭntŏ sōftnĕss, nŏw mādděn tŏ crīme?
> Knōw yĕ thĕ lānd ŏf thĕ cēdăr ănd vīne,
> Whĕre thĕ flōwĕrs ĕvĕr blōssŏm, thĕ bēams ĕvĕr shīne,
> Ănd thĕ līght wĭngs ŏf zēphўr, ŏpprēssed wĭth pĕrfūme,
> Wăx fāint ŏ'er thĕ gārdĕns ŏf Gūl ĭn hĕr bloōm?
> Whĕre thĕ cĭtrŏn ănd ōlĭve ăre fāirĕst ŏf frūit,
> Ănd thĕ vōice ŏf thĕ nīghtĭngăle nēvĕr ĭs mūte?
> Whĕre thĕ vīrgĭns ăre sōft ăs thĕ rōsĕs thĕy twīne,
> Ănd āll, săve thĕ spīrĭt ŏf mān, ĭs dĭvīne?
> 'T ĭs thĕ lānd ŏf thĕ Eāst—'t ĭs thĕ clīme ŏf thĕ sūn—
> Căn hĕ smīle ŏn sŭch deēds ăs hĭs chīldrĕn hăve dōne?
> Ŏh, wĭld ăs thĕ āccēnts ŏf lōvĕrs' fārewēll,
> Ăre thĕ heārts thăt thĕy beār, ănd thĕ tāles thăt thĕy tēll.
>
> *Byron*—"Bride of Abydos."

Few prettier lines have ever been written in trisyllabic verse than these lines. Note how smoothly flowing the rhythm; how the measures mix and commingle together. It will be seen that the first line is dactylic; second, anapestic, first foot being iambic; third, anapestic. The stanza is anapestic rhythm, that being the prevailing primary foot.

CHAPTER V.

OF RHYTHM.

POETRY being the polite literature of the world, much of its beauty necessarily depends upon how it is written. No matter how beautiful the thought, it must still depend upon how that thought is arranged. To be able to tell at a glance the measure and rhythm of poetry is worth the effort of all classes, especially all readers who enjoy and love that literature that springs from the cathedral of the human heart. Musical notes properly arranged by the hand of a master, give joy to the listener. There is music that lulls to rest. There is music that curdles the blood. There is music that is awe inspiring. There is music that breathes of love. There is rhythm in music. There is rhythm in poetry, the kindred art. How much poetry depends upon rhythm let James Montgomery, a master spirit tell us: "How much the power of poetry depends upon the nice inflections of rhythm alone, may be proved by taking the finest passages of Milton or Shakespeare, and merely putting them into prose with the least possible variation of the words themselves. The attempt would be like gathering up dewdrops which appear jewels and pearls on the grass, but run into water in the hands; the essence and the elements remain, but the grace, the sparkle and the form are gone."

Poetry originates in the enjoyment of equality and fitness. Rhythm, meter, rhyme, stanza, alliteration, and other analogous effects are employed in the moods of verse. Many fail to make any distinction between meter and rhythm. Meter is the arrangement of poetic feet, or of accented and unaccented syllables into verse. Rhythm signifies the character of the feet thus arranged, as,

> Ōh ! ĭt wăs pītĭfŭl !
> Nēar ă whŏle cītў fŭll,
> Hōme shĕ hăd nōne.
>
> *Hood*—"The Bridge of Sighs."

This is termed dactylic rhythm, a dactylic dimeter, it being a line or measure consisting of two dactyls ; thus, a line composed of iambuses, anapests, trochees, and dactyls, being primary feet, would be termed iambic rhythm, anapestic rhythm, trochaic rhythm, dactylic rhythm.

Every reader of poetry has observed that it seldom happens that verse proceeds uniformly with a succession of absolutely equal feet ; namely, with a regular succession of trochees, iambuses, spondees, dactyls, amphibrachys, cretics or anapests only. The most musical lines are often interrupted in the succession and are varied by the introduction of other feet. Trochees are substituted for iambuses ; anapests, amphibrachys, dactyls; spondees and cretics are substituted one for an other. These feet may be termed equivalents, for the feet are of the same length, in other words, where they are of the same number of accented and unaccented syllables.

We find trochees at the beginning of a verse we term iambic, where the iambus is the prevailing foot, denoting that the rhythm is in its character iambic. We also frequently find anapests in a line that is iambic rhythm;

trochees are interrupted by the dactyl; dactyls are interrupted or interspersed with the amphibrachys or some other trisyllabic foot. It is allowable thus to vary the verse, if the time and melody of the line be preserved. The time and the melody of the verse are often rendered more harmonious by the substitution of the trisyllabic foot for the dissyllabic, or the dissyllabic foot for the trisyllabic; or, in other words, the substitution of one foot for another, where there is still preserved harmony in the sound, or where the substituted foot is equal to, or amounts to an equivalent. Pure dactylic stanzas are rare. Anapestic stanzas are seldom pure; and even the trochaic and iambic rhythms, although purer than other rhythms are interspersed with spondees, anapests, dactyls, or some other foot.

The classics were pleased to term the substitution of the trisyllabic for the dissyllabic foot, an irrational foot.

In the iambic measure we more frequently find a spondee or an anapest substituted for the iambus; in a trochaic foot we more frequently find the dactyl as a substitute; in the dactylic foot, the trochee, the spondee, the amphibrach and the cretic. In these substitutions equality should be maintained.

CHAPTER VI.

OF SCANSION.

SCANNING or scansion of verse, is critically to examine and resolve it into poetic feet. Should there be a syllable wanting to complete the measure of a line, the foot is imperfect, and the line is said to be catalectic.

Where there is a syllable over at the end of the line it is said to be hypermeter, or redundant. When, however, the line is found to be neither deficient nor redundant, it is said to be acatalectic. We have seen that meter is a system employed in the formation of verses. Meter depends not only on the character of the feet employed, but likewise on the number of feet employed in the formation of the line or verse. We have, therefore, several varieties of meter or measure, determined by the number of poetic feet the line contains, as :

A monometer, or a line composed of one foot.

'Tĭs tīme !

A dimeter, a line of two feet.

Thĕ twĭlĭght fālls.

A trimeter, a line of three feet.

Thĕ ēvĕnĭng shādes ăppēar

A tetrameter, a line of four feet.

Nŏ lĭttlĕ stārs shĭne oūt tŏ-nĭght.

A pentameter, a line of five feet.

Hŏw glād tŏ feēl thăt jōyoŭs nĭght ĭs hēre.

A hexameter, a line of six feet.

Cŏme hāste! ănd 'mīd thĕ dārknĕss fleē ăwāy, ăwāy!

A heptameter, a line of seven feet.

Erĕ soōn ăgāin thĕ lĭght ŏf stĭll ănōthĕr tēll-tăle dāy.

An octometer, a line of eight feet.

Ĭ hēar thĕ soūnd ŏf hoōf ăfār! Tŏ ārms! Tŏ ārms!
'Tĭs wār! 'Tĭs wār!

Lines in this measure, written in trochees or in iambuses are usually too lengthy for the ordinary page, hence, are frequently written in tetrameter.

It is more important in writing poetry to preserve the same number of accents in lines of like measure than the same number of syllables. An exception to this rule is in our ballad measure, where feet of three syllables are sometimes intermingled with the ordinary feet of two syllables. The redundant syllable in that case should be unaccented and devoid of stress, and capable of being pronounced rapidly. The time of the trisyllabic foot and the time of the dissyllabic foot should be equal. Each syllable should be pronounced distinctly, but with greater rapidity. Our best writers prefer the use of words in their natural state, to words used as follows: flowers to flow'rs, silvery to silv'ry, glistening to glist'ning, murmuring to murm'ring, th' for the, i' for in, a' for an. We have here a stanza from Whittier.

Ănd Ī, ŏbēdĭĕnt tō thy̆ wīll,
Hăve cōme ă sīmplĕ wrēath tŏ lāy,
Sŭpērflŭoŭs, ōn ă grāve thăt stīll
Ĭs sweēt wĭth āll thĕ flōwers ŏf Māy.
"Sumner."

From Longfellow:

Thōu hăst taūght mĕ, Sīlĕnt Rīvĕr!
Māny ă lēssŏn, deēp ănd lōng;
Thōu hăst beēn ă gēnerŏus gīvĕr;
Ī căn gīve theĕ būt ă sōng.
"To the River Charles."

From Willis:

Brĭght flāg ăt yōndĕr tāperĭng māst!
Flĭng ōut yŏur fiēld ŏf āzurĕ blūe;
Lĕt stār ănd strīpe bĕ wēstwărd cāst,
Ănd poīnt ăs freēdŏm's ēaglĕ flēw!
Străin hōme! Ŏh, līthe ănd quīverĭng spārs!
Poĭnt hōme, my̆ coūntry̆'s flāg ŏf stārs!
"Lines on Leaving Europe."

From Tennyson:

Bĕgīns thĕ clāsh ănd clāng thăt tēlls
Thĕ jōy tŏ ēvery̆ wānderĭng breēze;
Thĕ blīnd wăll rōcks, ănd ōn thĕ treēs
Thĕ dēad lĕaf trēmblĕs tō thĕ bēlls.
"In Memoriam."

In the first stanza, the words ŏbēdĭĕnt, sŭpērflŭoŭs and flowers are used by the writer making lines of nine syllables, instead of syncopating the words; in the second stanza, māny a, and gēneroŭs, not gen'rous; in the third, tāperĭng and quīverĭng are used and not syncopated; in the fourth stanza, ēvery and wānderĭng are used in their full form instead of being contracted to the forms ev'ry and wand'ring as is often the case in some poems. Elision and

syncope, as a rule is no longer in use where it can be avoided, nevertheless, it is true, in some cases it is a help to the writer, and lends a charm to the rhythm.

Time is essentially the basis of all true rhythm, and true rhythm is in fact frequently destroyed to the cultivated ear by the syncopation of words that properly belong in the line, and that only need to be spoken in quicker time, which the ear is always ready to recognize. Not only is the ear offended, but the eye, that other organ that enables us to perceive the beauty of written verse.

POETIC PAUSES.

In addition to the regular pauses that occur in the verse or line of poetry, there are other pauses, known as the cesural, and the final pause. The Cesural pause is a natural suspension of the voice, which occurs in the verse, and is readily perceived when the verse is properly read. It is found in long lines, and usually occurs about the middle of the line. The art of the poet is shown in making these pauses occur where the thought requires them. Iambic pentameters usually have the cesural pause come after the fourth or fifth syllables. In Alexandrine, or iambic hexameter, the cesural pause usually occurs after the third foot. Two or more cesurals may sometimes occur in the same line. The cesura is indicated by two parallel lines ; thus, ||.

The final pause occurs at the end of every poetic line, and should always be observed in reading, even when not required by the grammatical construction.

We have selected the following lines from Pope, to illustrate the position of the cesura. Pope's ear was exceedingly accurate in matters of euphony, and the cesural pause

usually occurs after the fourth or fifth syllable in his verse or line. Observe their position in the following lines :

Bŭt mōst bў nūmbĕrs ‖ jūdge ă pōĕt's sōng,
Ănd smoōth ŏr roūgh, ‖ wĭth thĕm, ĭs rĭght or wrōng ;
Thĕse ēquăl sўllăblĕs ‖ ălōne rĕquīre,
Thŏ' ōft thĕ ēar ‖ thĕ ōpĕn vōwĕls tīre ;
Whĭle ĕxplĕtĭvēs ‖ thĕir feēblĕ aīd dŏ jōin ;
Ănd tēn lŏng wōrds ‖ ŏft crēep ĭn onē dŭll līne :
Whĭle thēy rĭng rōund ‖ thĕ sāme ŭnvārĭĕd chīmes,
Wĭth sūre rĕtūrns ‖ ŏf stĭll rĕcūrrĭng rhўmes ;
Whĕre 'ēr yŏu fĭnd ‖ 'thĕ coōlĭng wēstĕrn breēze,'
Ĭn thē nĕxt līne ‖ ĭt ' whĭspĕrs thrōugh thĕ treēs : '
Ĭf crўstăl strēams ‖ 'wĭth plēasĭng mūrmŭrs creēp,'
Thĕ rēadĕr's thrēat'nĕd ‖—nōt ĭn vāin—wĭth ' sleēp.'
Thĕn āt thĕ lāst ‖ ănd ōnlў coūplĕt, frāught
Wĭth sōme ŭnmēanĭng thĭng ‖ thĕy cāll ă thōught,
Ă neēdlĕss Ālĕxāndrĭne ‖ ēnds thĕ sōng,
Thăt, lĭke ă wōundĕd snāke, ‖ drăgs ĭts slōw lēngth ălōng.
Lĕave sūch tŏ tūne ‖ thĕir ōwn dŭll rhўmes, tŏ knōw
Whăt's rōundlў smoōth, ‖ ŏr lānguĭshĭnglў slōw;
Ănd prāise thĕ ēasў vĭgŏr ‖ ōf ă līne
Whĕre Dēnhăm's strēngth ‖ ănd Wāllĕr's sweētnĕss jōin.
Trŭe ēase ĭn wrītĭng ‖ cōmes frŏm ārt, nŏt chānce,
Ăs thōse mŏve ēasĭēst ‖ whŏ hăve leārned tŏ dānce.
'T ĭs nōt ĕnōugh ‖ nŏ hārshnĕss gĭves ŏffēnse,
Thĕ sōund mŭst seēm ăn ēchŏ ‖ tō thĕ sēnse.

"Essay on Criticism."

Let us take next an iambic hexameter by William Wordsworth.

Thĕ dēw wăs fāllĭng fāst, ‖ thĕ stārs bĕgān tŏ blĭnk ;
Ĭ heārd ă voīce ; ĭt sāid, ‖ "Drĭnk, prēttў crēaturĕ, drĭnk !"
Ănd, loōkĭng ō'er thĕ hēdge, ‖ bĕforē mĕ Ī ĕspīed
Ă snōw-whīte mōuntăin lāmb, ‖ wĭth ă māidĕn āt ĭts sīde.

It will be observed the pause occurs after the third foot. It is difficult to lay down absolute rules for the use of the cesura in English poetry. In a decasyllable line, it may occur after any foot, and it is by shifting its place, that verse is rendered less monotonous. In shorter poems, especially of the amatory or lyric nature, it generally falls midway in the line or verse. The cesura should not divide a word; neither should it separate an adjective and its noun; nor an adverb and verb, when in either case, the latter immediately follows the former. The cesura is also counted a foot in poetry.

A single emphatic syllable is used frequently in variegated forms of verse, and when thus taken by itself it is termed a cesura. To illustrate, let us take a stanza in iambic rhythm —iambic trimeter:

Breāk, breāk, breāk.
Ŏn thў cōld grāy stōnes, Ŏ sēa!
Ănd Ĭ woūld thăt mў tōngue coūld ūttĕr
Thĕ thōughts thăt ărīse ĭn mē.
Tennyson—"Break, Break, Break."

We select the following stanza. It is trochaic rhythm, one of the best of a fastidious poet's productions. Nothing in its line has ever excelled it. We give the second stanza:

Hēar thĕ mēllŏw wēddĭng bēlls,
Gōldĕn bēlls!
Whāt ă wōrld ŏf hāppĭnēss theĭr hārmŏnў fŏretēlls!
Throūgh thĕ bālmў āir ŏf nīght,
Hōw thĕy rīng ŏut thēir dĕlīght!
Frōm thĕ mōltĕn gōldĕn nōtes,
Ānd ăll ĭn tūne,
Whāt ă lĭquĭd dittў flōats

Tō thĕ tūrtlĕ-dōve thăt līstĕns, whīle shĕ glōats
Ōn thĕ moōn !
Ōh, frŏm ōut thĕ sōundĭng cēlls,
Whāt ă gūsh ŏf eūphŏnў vŏlūmĭnoūslў wēlls !
Hōw ĭt swēlls !
Hōw ĭt dwēlls
Ōn thĕ Fūtŭre ! hōw ĭt tēlls
Ōf thĕ rāptŭre thāt ĭmpēls
Tō thĕ swĭngĭng ānd thĕ rĭngĭng
Ōf thĕ bēlls, bēlls, bēlls.
Ōf thĕ bēlls, bēlls, bēlls, bēlls,
Bēlls, bēlls, bēlls,—
Tō thĕ rhўmĭng ānd thĕ chīmĭng ōf thĕ bēlls.

Poe—"The Bells."

CHAPTER VII.

OF RHYME.

Sŏme rhȳme ă neighbŏr's nāme tŏ lāsh;
Sŏme rhȳme [văin thōught!] fŏr neēdfŭ' cāsh;
Sŏme rhȳme tŏ cōurt thĕ coūntrў clāsh,
Ănd māke ă pūn;
Fŏr mē, ăn āim Ĭ nēvĕr fāsh—
Ĭ rhȳme fŏr fūn.

Burns—"To James Smith."

RHYME in poetry is of ancient origin. It was brought in by the Gothic conquerors during the middle ages. Some Latin poetry rhymed as early as 500 A. D. It can hardly be considered the invention of any race or age. It is universal, like music, painting, and the sister arts. Since its first use it has steadily gained favor, until it is now the popular form of poetic expression. Alliteration was the common form of the Anglo-Saxon poetry; it had no other ornament. Although no longer a regular constituent of English verse, alliteration is of frequent occurrence in modern poetry. In its most usual sense, rhyme is a correspondence of sound in the last syllables of two or more lines, succeeding each other immediately, or at no great distance. It is used to mark the ends of lines, or verses, of poetry. Rhyme depends upon the sound, and not upon the spelling. To make a perfect rhyme it is necessary that the syllables be both accented. It is

also necessary that the vowel sounds be the same; that the sounds following the vowel sounds be the same; that the sounds preceding the vowel sounds be different. Good and stood, talk and walk, code and ode, dodge and lodge, plod and odd, toil and boil, all are perfect rhymes. We give a stanza from the famous national hymn of France ·

Yĕ sōns ŏf Frānce, ăwāke tŏ glōrў !
Hărk ! Hārk ! Whăt mўrĭāds bĭd yoŭ rīse !
Yoŭr chĭldrĕn, wĭves, ănd grāndsĭres hōarў,
Bĕhōld thĕĭr tēars ănd hēar thĕĭr crĭes.
Rouget de Lisle—"The Marseilles Hymn."

Here the first and third lines have a redundant syllable. Here the first and third lines have the common sound of "ory," in the first line being preceded by the consonants "gl," in the third by the consonant "h." The second and fourth lines have the common sound "ise," the second line being preceded by the consonant "r," and the fourth by the consonants "cr." Rhyme is not always the correspondence of sounds in the terminating or final syllables of two lines or verses. The lines may end with words that are spelled differently, and that may be entirely different in their meaning, yet, they may have an exact correspondence of sound; as peak, pique, and peek; also raze, raise, and rays. These words would not form rhymes, there being a sameness of the initial consonants. Should the initial consonants be changed, we shall have words that make perfect rhymes, as the following:

Fōr thĕ strūctŭre thāt wĕ rāise,
Tĭme ĭs wĭth mătērĭăls fĭlled;
Our tŏ-dāys ănd yēstĕrdāys
Āre thĕ blōcks wĭth whĭch wĕ build.
Longfellow—"The Builders."

The common sound "aise," "ays" here have the initial consonants "r" and "d" different, and hence form a perfect rhyme. It is an absolute rule that no syllable should rhyme with itself. Rhyme always speaks to the ear and not to the eye. Perfect rhymes are pleasing to the ear and not a mere ornament. All people who have adopted an accented rhythm have adopted rhyme. Rhyme marks and helps us find the accent, and strengthens and supports rhythm.

We have in poetry various kinds of rhymes. They may be denominated, alliteration, assonantal, consonantal, masculine, feminine, triple, middle, sectional, inverse and task or odd rhymes.

ALLITERATION.

As we have already seen, alliteration was an old form of Anglo-Saxon verse, which was simply rhyme at the beginning of the word instead of at its ending. It was the distinctive characteristic of all the Gothic meters. Poems continued to be written in English, the verse of which was merely alliterative, down to the time of the sixteenth century. The taste, however, that introduced rhyme rejected alliteration to a very great extent, and its use began to decline. Chaucer was the first English poet particularly to discard it for rhyme, and hence, might be termed the father of English rhyme. While the recurrence of the same sound gave pleasure and satisfaction to the sense, slight, it is true, still one that was perceptible enough ; yet, there can be but little doubt, that the affectation displayed in crowding every line with alliteration, by which inappropriate words were often introduced, not unfrequently obscuring the sense and offending the taste, led to its disuse. Alliteration

is, however, still much used in modern verse. There is a tendency in our nature to form recurring sounds; hence alliteration is frequently produced without any set design; and it is frequently so sparingly and unobtrusively introduced, that many readers of poetry are gratified by the graceful use of alliteration, though not aware to what source their gratification is owing.

We give the following from a poem of Thomas W. Parsons:

Sĕptēmbĕr strēws thĕ woōdlănd ō'er
  Wĭth măn̂y ă brīlliănt cōlŏr;
Thĕ wōrld ĭs brīghtĕr thān bĕfōre,
  Whў shōuld oŭr hēarts bĕ dūllĕr?
Sōrrŏw ānd thĕ scārlĕt lēaf,
  Săd thōughts ănd sūnnў wēathĕr.
Ăh mē! Thĭs glōrў ānd thĭs grīēf
  Ăgreē nŏt wēll tŏgēthĕr.

"A Song for September."

This is an iambic tetrameter, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines redundant.

We give the following, an iambic tetrameter:

Wărm brōke thĕ breēze ăgāinst thĕ brōw,
  Drў sāng thĕ tācklĕ, sāng thĕ sāil:
Thĕ Lādў's-heād ŭpōn thĕ prōw
  Caŭght thē shrĭll sālt, ănd sheēred thĕ gāle.
Thĕ brōad sēas swēlled tŏ meēt thĕ keēl,
  Ănd swēpt bĕhīnd: sŏ quīck thĕ rūn,
Wĕ fēlt thĕ goōd shĭp shāke ănd reēl,
  Wĕ seēmed tŏ sāil ĭntō thĕ Sūn!

Tennyson—"The Voyage."

We select this stanza from the Quaker poet. The first and fourth lines, iambic tetrameter, the third and fourth, iambic dimeter, with a redundant syllable.

Shĕ sāt bĕnēath thĕ brōad-ărmed ēlms
Thăt skīrt thĕ mōwĭng-mēadŏw,
Ănd wātched thĕ gēntlĕ wēst-wĭnd wēave
Thĕ grāss wĭth shīne ănd shādŏw.
Whittier—"Among the Hills."

Ŏlāf, thĕ Kĭng, ŏne sūmmĕr mōrn,
Blĕw ā blăst ōn hĭs būglĕ-hōrn.
Longfellow—"The Saga of King Olaf."

Sōngfŭl, sōulfŭl, sōrrŏwfŭl Īrelănd!
Lanier—"Ireland."

ASSONANTAL.

Assonantal rhyme is the correspondence of the vowels at the end of two lines. Such rhymes are not very frequent in our modern English verse. Rhyme by what is termed similar sound, or allowable rhymes are considered intolerable at the present time. In assonance, while the vowels of the last accented syllable and in all subsequent syllables are the same, the consonants must all be different. Formerly it was allowable to rhyme heels with fields, town with round, ask with blast, but such usage is no longer indulged in by finished writers.

There may be found an occasional perfect assonantal rhyme, as :

Ĭ īn thĕse flŏwĕr̆ mēads woŭld bē,
Thĕse crȳstăl strēams shoŭld sōlăce mē;
Tŏ whōse hărmōnioŭs būbblĭng nōise
Ĭ, wĭth mȳ ānglĕ, woŭld rĕjoīce,
Sĭt hēre, ănd seē thĕ tūrtlĕ-dōve
Cŏurt hīs chăste māte tŏ ācts ŏf lōve.
Izaak Walton—"The Angler's Wish."

The first two lines of this poem of true nature furnish us a fine specimen of the perfect assonantal rhyme in the words

"be" and "me." The final vowel "e" being the same, and the consonants "b" and "m" being different.

CONSONANTAL.

The last two lines of the above poem furnish us with a specimen of another kind of rhyme, by far the most common in English poetry. It is the consonantal rhyme, and is the correspondence of the vowel and the final consonant or consonants in the rhyming syllables. It will be seen that the consonants "d" and "l" in the rhyming words "dove" and "love" are different, while there is a perfect correspondence in the vowels and consonants "ove." The following stanza furnishes us with a fine example of the consonantal:

> Flŏw gēntlў, sweĕt Āftŏn, ămōng thў greĕn brāes,
> Flŏw gēntlў, sweĕt rīvĕr, thĕ thēme ŏf mў lāys;
> Mў Mārў's ăsleēp bў thў mūrmŭrĭng strēam,
> Flŏw gēntlў, sweĕt Āftŏn, dĭstūrb nŏt hĕr drēam.
>
> *Burns*—"Afton Water."

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.

Masculine rhymes are single rhymes, like "braes" and "lays;" "stream" and "dream" in the last stanza. They constitute one accented syllable. They are to be distinguished from those rhymes that have an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one, the last two syllables of the line rhyming with the last two of its mate. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is a good specimen of what is described:

> Āt thĕ fēet ŏf Lāughĭng Wātĕr
> Hīăwāthă lāid hĭs būrdĕn,
> Thrēw thĕ rēd deĕr frōm hĭs shōuldĕrs;

Ānd thĕ māidĕn loōked ŭp āt hĭm,
Loōked ŭp frōm hĕr māt ŏf rūshĕs,
Saīd wĭth gēntlĕ loōk ănd āccēnt,
"Yōu ăre wēlcŏme Hiăwāthă!"

The above selection from Longfellow is trochaic rhythm, tetrameter measure, with the feminine or double ending. The principal rhyming syllables are usually long. Double rhyme adds one short syllable. Triple rhyme, of which we shall next speak, two. Such syllables in iambic and anapestic verses are redundant; in lines of any other kind they are usually included in the measure.

TRIPLE.

Triple rhymes have three corresponding syllables; as,

Cāre, mād tŏ seē ă mān sāe hāppў,
E'ĕn drōwned hĭmsēlf ămāng thĕ nāppў!
Ās beēs fleē hāme wĭ' lādes ŏ' trēasŭre,
Thĕ mīnutēs wīnged thĕir wāy wĭ' plēasŭre;
Kīngs māy bĕ blēst, bŭt Tām wăs glō-rĭ-oŭs,
O'ĕr ā' thĕ cāres ŏ' līfe vĭc-tō-rĭ-oŭs.

Burns—"Tam O'Shanter."

This is an iambic tetrameter. All the lines are redundant, the fifth and sixth furnishing a fine example of triple rhyme.

MIDDLE.

Middle rhymes are a correspondence of sounds at the middle and the close of a verse. It occurs at the natural pause or suspension of the voice in the line, and serves to mark the two sections of the verse.

We give an example, an iambic tetrameter, the second and third lines redundant:

Thĕ splēndŏr fālls ŏn cāstlĕ wālls
Ănd snōwў sūmmĭts ōld ĭn stōrў:
Thĕ lōng lĭght shākes ăcrōss thĕ lākes,
Ănd thĕ wīld cātărăct lēaps ĭn glōrў.
Tennyson—"The Princess."

It was said that Burns was the poet of the many, while Coleridge was the poet of the few. Coleridge was one of the most tasteful of writers and used the middle rhyme with pleasing effect in one of his finest poems—a poem written to help pay the expenses of a trip he and Wordsworth were taking together. He realized twenty-five dollars from its sale. Wordsworth suggested largely for it, and wrote some of its stanzas. We select three stanzas :

Ănd throūgh thĕ drĭfts thĕ snōwў clĭfts
Dĭd sēnd ă dĭsmăl sheēn :
Nŏr shāpes ŏf mĕn nŏr bēasts wĕ kēn—
Thĕ ĭce wăs āll bĕtweēn.

Thĕ ĭce wăs hēre, thĕ ĭce wăs thēre,
Thĕ ĭce wăs āll ărōund :
Ĭt crăcked ănd grōwled, ănd rōared ănd hōwled,
Lĭke nōisĕs ĭn ă swōund !

Ăt lēngth dĭd crōss ăn Ālbătrōss:
Throūgh thĕ fōg ĭt cāme ;
Ăs ĭf ĭt hăd beēn ă Christĭan sōul,
Wĕ hāiled ĭt ĭn Gŏd's nāme.
Coleridge—"The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner."

Middle Rhyme in the hands of the skillful poet adds a charm and lends music to the rhythm. In the hands of those not skilled it is likely to be overdrawn.

SECTIONAL.

Sectional rhyme is akin to middle rhyme. It occurs in the line and exists between syllables of the same section ; as,

Līghtlў ănd brĭghtlў brēaks ăwāy
Thĕ mōrnĭng frōm hĕr māntlĕ grāy.
Byron—"Siege of Corinth."

Thĕy rūshed ănd pūshed, ănd blūide ŏutgūshed.
Burns—"Sheriff Muir."

But thēn tŏ seē hŏw yē're nĕglēckĭt,
Hŏw hūffed ăn' cūffed, ăn' dīsrĕpēckĭt!
Burns—"Twa Dogs."

Sŏ mīght, nŏt rīght, dĭd thrūst mĕ tō thĕ crōwn.
Shakespeare—"Measure for Measure."

Ăll thīs dĕrīsiŏn
Shăll seēm ă drēam ănd frūitlĕss vīsiŏn.
Shakespeare—"Midsummer Night's Dream."

Thĕn yē măy tēll, hŏw pēll ănd mēll,
Bў rēd clăymōres, ănd mūskĕts' knēll,
Wĭ' dўĭng yēll, thĕ tōrĭes fēll.
Burns—"Sheriff Muir."

Whŏ cārĕth nŏr spārĕth tĭll spēnt hĕ hăth āll,
Ŏf bōbbĭng, nŏt rōbbĭng, bĕ fēarfŭl hĕ shāll.
Thomas Tusser.

Nŏt fēarĭng nŏr cārĭng fŏr hēll nŏr fŏr hēavĕn.
Thomas Tusser.

Rŏcks, cāves, lăkes, fēns, bŏgs, dēns ănd shādes ŏf dēath.
Milton—"Paradise Lost."

Sŏ mānў ăs lōve mĕ, ănd ūse mĕ ărĭght,
Wĭth trēasŭre ănd plēasŭre Ĭ rĭchlў rĕquīte.
Thomas Tusser.

INVERSE.

Inverse rhyme occurs between the last accented syllable before the cesura and the first accented syllable after the cesural pause. We have fine examples in the following :

Ăs Tāmmĭe glōw'rĕd, ămāzed ănd cūrĭoŭs,
Thĕ mĭrth ănd fūn grĕw fāst ănd fūrĭoŭs ;
Thĕ pīpĕr *lōud* ănd *lōudĕr* blēw ;
Thĕ dāncĕrs *qūick* ănd *qūickĕr* flēw.
Burns—"Tam O'Shanter."

Sŏme,lūckў, fĭnd ă flōw̆ĕrў spōt,
Fŏr whĭch thĕy nēvĕr toĭled ŏr swāt ;
Thĕy drĭnk thĕ sweēt ănd ēat thĕ fāt.
Burns—"To James Smith."

Whĕre wĭth ĭntēntiŏn Ĭ hăve ērred,
Nŏ ōthĕr plēa Ĭ hăve,
Bŭt, Thōu ărt goōd ; ănd goōdnĕss stĭll
Dĕlĭghtĕth tō fŏrgĭve.
Burns—"A Prayer."

Ŏ Hēndĕrsōn, thĕ mān—thĕ brōthĕr !
Ănd ărt thŏu gōne, ănd gōne fŏrēvĕr ?
Burns—"Elegy on M. Henderson."

Lĕt Prūdĕnce blēss Ĕnjōymĕnt's cūp,
Thĕn rāptŭred sīp, ănd sīp ĭt ūp.
Burns—Written in Friar's Carse Hermitage.

Yŏŭr beaŭtў's ă flōwer, ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng thăt blōws,
Ănd withĕrs thĕ fāstĕr thĕ fāstĕr ĭt grōws.
Burns—"Hey for a Lass."

Ōh hāppў lōve! whĕre lōve like thĭs ĭs fōund!
Burns—"Cotter's Saturday Night."

Cōme ēase ŏr cŏme trāvaĭl, cŏme plēasŭre ŏr pāin,
Mў wărst wōrd ĭs: "Wēlcŏme ănd wēlcŏme ăgāin!"
Burns—"Contented Wi' Little."

TASK, OR ODD.

Under this head are some peculiar combinations of poetry which we shall give, known as task poetry, word-matching and curious lines of word accents. Task poetry is illustrated by a stanza of George Herbert's. The task is dropping the first letter of the last two words of the second and third lines of the triplet:

Ĭnclōse mĕ still, fŏr fēar Ĭ stārt,
Bĕ tō mĕ rāthĕr shārp ănd tārt,
Thăn lēt mĕ wānt thў hānd ănd ārt.

Sŭch shārpnĕss shōws thĕ sweētĕst frĭend,
Sŭch cŭttĭngs rāthĕr hēal thăn rēnd,
Ănd sŭch bĕgĭnnĭngs tōuch thĕir ēnd.

The following curious distich is formed of three lines of the fragments of words, so that the middle ones read with either of the other two:

curs f— w— d— dis— and p—
A —ed iend—rought —eath —ease —ain.
bless— fr— b— br— and ag—

Ă cūrsĕd fiĕnd wrŏught dēath, dĭsēase ănd pāin ;
Ă blēssĕd frĭēnd brŏught brēath ănd ēase ăgāin.

Dr. Holmes has given us an example in an "Ode for a Social Meeting ; With Slight Alterations by a Teetotaler."

Cŏme ! fĭll ă frĕsh būmpĕr,—fŏr whў shoŭld wĕ gō
lōgwoŏd
Whĭle thĕ ~~nēctăr~~ stĭll rēddĕns ŏur cūps ăs thĕy flōw ?
dĕcōctiŏn
Pŏur ōut thĕ ~~rĭch jūicĕs,~~ stĭll brĭght wĭth thĕ sūn,
dўe-stŭff
Tĭll ō'er thĕ brĭmmed crўstăl thĕ ~~rūbiĕs~~ shăll rūn
hālf-rĭpĕned āpplĕs
Thĕ ~~pūrplĕ glŏbed clūstĕrs~~ thĕir lĭfe-dĕws hăve blēd ;
tāste sūgăr ŏf lēad
Hŏw sweēt ĭs thĕ ~~brēath~~ ŏf thĕ ~~frāgrănce thĕy shēd !~~
rănk pōisŏns wīnes ! ! !
Fŏr sūmmĕr's ~~lăst rōsĕs~~ lĭe hīd ĭn thĕ ~~wīnes~~
stāblĕ-bŏys smōkĭng lŏng-nīnes
Thăt wĕre gārnĕred bў ~~māidĕns whŏ lāughed throŭgh thĕ vines~~
scōwl hōwl scōff sneēr
Thĕn ă ~~smīle,~~ ănd ă ~~glăss,~~ ănd ă ~~tōast,~~ ănd ă ~~cheēr,~~
strўchnĭne ănd whĭskĕy, ănd rātsbāne ănd beēr
Fŏr āll ~~thĕ goŏd wīne, ănd wĕ've sōme ŏf ĭt hēre !~~
Ĭn cēllăr, ĭn pāntrў, ĭn ăttĭc, ĭn hāll,
Dŏwn, dōwn wĭth thĕ tўrănt thăt māstĕrs ŭs āll !
~~Lŏng live thĕ găy sĕrvănt thăt lāughs fŏr ŭs āll !~~

Word matching is still another kind of odd rhyme.

Thĕn ūp wĭth yoŭr cūp tĭll yoŭ stāggĕr ĭn speēch,
Ănd mātch mĕ thĭs cātch, thŏugh yoŭ swāggĕr ănd screēch.

Scott.

Another odd rhyme in iambic rhythm written anonymously, is entitled :

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

Thĕre wās ăn ōld dĕcāntĕr,
ānd ĭts mōuth wăs gāpĭng wīde ;
thĕ rōsў wīne hăd ēbbed
ăwāy ănd lēft ĭts
crўstăl sīde ;
ănd thĕ
wīnd
wĕnt
hūmmĭng,
hūmmĭng ; ŭp
ănd dōwn
thĕ sīdes
ĭt flēw, ănd
throūgh thĕ
reēd-lĭke, hōllŏw
nēck thĕ
wīldĕst nōtes
ĭt blēw. Ĭ plāced
ĭt ĭn thĕ wīndŏw, whēre
thĕ blāst wăs blōwĭng freē, ănd
fānciĕd thāt ĭts pāle mŏuth sāng thĕ
queērĕst strāins tŏ mē. "Thĕy tēll mĕ
—pūnў cōnquĕrōrs !—thĕ Plāgue hăs slāin
hĭs tēn, ănd Wār hĭs hūndrĕd-thōusănds ŏf thĕ
vērў bēst ŏf mēn ; bŭt Ĭ "—'twăs thūs thĕ bōttlĕ
spōke—"bŭt Ĭ hăve cōnquĕred mōre thăn āll yoŭr
fāmoŭs cōnquĕrōrs, sŏ fēared ănd fāmed ŏf yōre.
Thĕn cōme, yĕ youūths ănd māiděns, cōme drĭnk
frŏm ōut mў cūp, thĕ bēvĕrāge thăt dūlls thĕ
brāin ănd būrns thĕ spĭrĭt ūp ; thăt pūts tŏ
shāme thĕ cōnquĕrōrs thăt slāy thĕir scōres
bĕlōw ; fŏr thĭs hăs dēlūged mīlliŏns wĭth
thĕ lāvă tīde ŏf wōe. Thŏugh, ĭn thĕ
pāth ŏf bāttlĕ, dārkĕst wāves ŏf bloōd
măy rōll ; yĕt whīle Ĭ kĭlled thĕ
bōdў, Ĭ hăve dāmned thĕ vērў
sōul. Thĕ chōlĕrā, thĕ swōrd,
sŭch rŭĭn nēvĕr wrōught, ăs
Ĭ, ĭn mīrth ŏr mālĭce, ōn thĕ ĭnnŏ-
cēnt hăve brōught. Ănd stĭll Ĭ brēathe
ŭpōn thĕm, ānd thĕy shrĭnk bĕfōre mў
brēath ; ănd yēar bў yēar mў thōusănds
trēad thĕ fēarfŭl rōad tŏ dēath.

In the couplet below every word of the line is answered by another of the same measure and rhyme :

"Shĕ drōve hĕr flŏck ŏ'er mōuntăins,
Bў grōve, ŏr rōck, ŏr fōuntăins."

Another example is :

"Nōw, Ŏ nōw, Ĭ neēds mŭst pārt,
Pārtĭng thōugh Ĭ ābsĕnt mōurn ;
Ābsĕnce cān nŏ jōy ĭmpārt,
Jōy ŏnce flēd căn nē'er rĕtūrn."

The Alphabetic is still another odd rhyme :

"Ŏn gōĭng fōrth lăst nĭght ă friēnd tŏ seē,
Ĭ mēt ă mān bў trāde ă s-n-ŏ-b.
Reēlĭng ălōng hĕ hēld hĭs tīpsў wāy.
'Hō! Hō!' quŏth Ī, 'hĕ's d-r-ū-n-k.'
Thĕn thūs tŏ hĭm : 'Wĕre ĭt nŏt bēttĕr fār
Yoŭ wēre ă lĭttlĕ s-ŏ-b-ĕ-r?
'Twĕre hāppiĕr fōr yoŭr fāmĭlў, Ĭ guēss,
Thăn plāyĭng ōff sŭch rūm r-ĭ-g-s.
Bĕsīdes, ăll drūnkărds, whēn pŏlīcemĕn seē 'ĕm,
Ăre tākĕn ūp ăt ōnce bў t-h-ē-m.' "

A truth is frequently impressed by means of another form of odd rhyme—the Paradox. A first-class example is here given :

Thŏugh wĕ bōast ŏf mōdĕrn prōgrĕss ās ălōft wĕ prōudlў sōar,
Ăbōve ŭntūtŏred cānnĭbāls whŏse hābĭts wē dĕplōre,
Yĕt ĭn ŏur dāilў pāpĕrs ānў dāy yŏu chānce tŏ loōk
Yoŭ māy fĭnd thĭs ădvērtĭsemēnt : "Wāntĕd—Ă gīrl tŏ coōk."

Ida Goldsmith Morris—"A Paradox." In "Magazine of Poetry."

Odd rhymes are frequently employed to aid memory. Few persons understand the use of "Shall" and "Will." The following stanza memorized will be of use to every one :

"In the first person simply Shall foretells;
In Will a threat or else a promise dwells;
Shall in the second or the third doth threat
Will simply then foretells the future feat."

This quatrain is also useful to enable one to remember the formation of Latin verbs :

"From O are formed am and em;
From I, ram, rim, ro, se, and sem.
U, us, and rus are formed from um;
All other parts from re do come."

Another quaint stanza enables us to remember the days of the month :

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Save February alone,
Which has but twenty-eight in fine
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine."

CENTO VERSES.

Still another curious form of poetry is denominated "Cento Verses or Patch Work."

MY LOVE.

I only knew she came and went — *Powell.*
Like troutlets in a pool; — *Hood.*
She was a phantom of delight, — *Wordsworth.*
And I was like a fool. — *Eastman.*

"Ŏne kĭss, dĕar māid," Ĭ sāid ănd sīghed, *Coleridge.*
Ŏut ŏf thŏse lĭps ŭnshŏrn ; *Longfellow.*
Shĕ shoŏk hĕr rĭnglĕts rŏund hĕr hēad, *Stoddard.*
Ănd lāughed ĭn mērrў scŏrn. *Tennyson.*

Rĭng ōut, wĭld bĕlls, tŏ thē wĭld skў, *Tennyson.*
Yoŭ hēard thĕm, Ō mў hēart ; *Alice Carey.*
'Tĭs twĕlve ăt nĭght bў thē cāstlĕ clŏck, *Coleridge.*
"Bĕlōvĕd, wē mŭst pārt." *Alice Carey.*

"Cŏme bāck, cŏme bāck !" hĕ crĭed ĭn grĭēf, *Campbell.*
"Mў ēyes ăre dĭm wĭth tēars,— *Bayard Taylor.*
Hŏw shāll Ĭ lĭve throŭgh āll thĕse dāys? *Osgood.*
Ăll throŭgh ă hŭndrĕd yēars?" *T. S. Perry.*

'Twăs ĭn thĕ prĭme ŏf sŭmmĕr tĭme *Hood.*
Shĕ blĕssed mĕ wĭth hĕr hănd ; *Hoyt.*
Wĕ strāyed tŏgēthĕr, deēplў blĕssed, *Edwards.*
Ĭntŏ thĕ drēamĭng lānd. *Cornwall.*

Thĕ lāughĭng brĭdăl rōsĕs blōw, *Palmore.*
Tŏ drĕss hĕr dārk-brŏwn hāir ; *Bayard Taylor.*
Mў hēart ĭs breākĭng wĭth mў wōe, *Tennyson.*
Mŏst beaŭtĭfŭl ! Mŏst rāre ! *Read.*

Ĭ clāsped ĭt ōn hĕr sweēt, cŏld hānd, *Browning.*
Thĕ prēcioŭs gōldĕn lĭnk ! *Smith.*
Ĭ cālmed hĕr fēars, ănd shē wăs cālm, *Coleridge.*
"Drĭnk, prĕttў crēatŭre, drĭnk." *Wordsworth.*

Ănd sō Ĭ wōn mў Gēnĕvĭēve, *Coleridge.*
Ănd wālked ĭn Pārădīse : *Hervey.*
Thĕ fāirĕst thĭng thăt ēvĕr grēw *Wordsworth.*
Ătweēn mĕ ānd thĕ skĭes. *Osgood.*

Anonymous.

ACROSTIC.

The acrostic is a form of odd rhyme. Below we give one, written by the Lady Frances Manners, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, and wife of Henry, Lord Bergavenny. She was the author of "Precious Pearls of Perfect Godliness" and "The Monument of Matrons," written in 1582, at the end of which is this acrostic of her own name :

Frŏm sīnfŭlnēss prĕsērve mĕ, Lōrd,
Rĕnēw mў spīrĭt īn mў hārt ;
And lēt mў tōngue thĕrewĭth ăccōrd,
Uttĕrīng ăll goōdnĕss fōr hĭs pārt.
Nŏ thōught lĕt thēre ărīse ĭn mē
Cŏntrāirĭe tō thў prēcĕpts tēn ;
Evēr lĕt mē mŏst mīndfŭl bē
Stĭll fōr tŏ prāise thў nāme. Ămēn.
As ōf mў sōul, sŏ ōf mў bōdiĕ,
Bĕ thōu mў guīdĕr, Ō mў Gōd !
Untō theĕ ōnlў dō Ĭ crīe,
Rĕmōve frŏm mē thў fūrioŭs rōd.
Grăunt thăt mў hēad măy stĭll dĕvīse
All thīngs thăt plēasĭng bē tŏ theē.
Untō mīne ēars, ănd tō mīne eīes,
Evēr lĕt thēre ă wătch sĕt beē.
Nŏne ĭll thăt thēy măy hēar ănd seē ;—
Nŏ wĭckĕd deēde lĕt mў hănd dō,
Yn thў goŏd pāths lĕt mў feĕt gō.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS AND PENCE.

	£	s.	d.
Thĭs wōrld's ă scēne ăs dārk ăs Stўx,			
Whĕre hōpe ĭs scārce wŏrth		2	6
Ŏur jōys ăre bōrne sŏ fleētĭng hēnce			
Thăt thēy ăre dēar ăt			18
Ănd yēt tŏ stāy hĕre mōst ăre wīllĭng,			
Ălthōugh thēy măy nŏt hāve		1	

Willis Gaylord—"Lines Written in an Album."

Ăh mē !
Ăm Ī thĕ swāin,
Thăt, lāte frŏm sōrrŏw freē,
Dĭd āll thĕ cāres ŏn ēarth dĭsdāin?
Ănd stĭll ŭntoūched, ăs āt sŏme sāfĕr gāmes
Plăyed wĭth thĕ būrnĭng cōals ŏf lōve ănd beaūtў's flāmes?
Wăs't Ī coŭld drīve ănd sōund ĕach pāssiŏn's sēcrĕt dēpth ăt wĭll,
Ănd frōm thŏse hūge ŏ'erwhēlmĭngs rīse bў hēlp ŏf rĕasŏn stĭll?
Ănd ām Ĭ nōw, Ŏ hēavĕns ! fŏr trўĭng thĭs ĭn vāin,
Sŏ sūnk thăt Ī shăll nēvĕr rīse ăgāin?
Thĕn lēt dĕspāir sēt sōrrŏw's strīng
Fŏr strāins thăt dōlefŭl bē,
Ănd Ī wĭll sĭng
Ăh mē !

Wither—"Rhombic Measures."

CHAPTER VIII.

Nĕvĕr thĕ vērse ăpprōve ŏr hōld ăs goōd,
Tĭll mā̆ny ă dāy ănd mā̆ny ă blōt hăs wrōught
Thĕ pōlĭshed wōrk, ănd chāstĕned ē̆vĕrў thōught
Bў tēnfōld lābŏr tō pĕrfēctiŏn brōught.

Horace.

SELECTION OF WORDS.

The beauty of the poem consists in the perfection of its rhythm, and the aptness of the words selected which constitutes the rhyme.

Perfect rhythm and rhyme make a perfect poem where reason and sound sense are at the bottom of the theme. The resources of our language are such that we are entitled to receive from the poet the most rigid work of perfection. Imperfect or what are termed allowable rhymes should no longer be tolerated.

Rhyme is merely the dress with which our thoughts are clothed in rhythmic verse. Rhyme without reason and good sense is insufferable. Formerly many rhymes were allowable that at the present time would not be endured.

Thŭs Pēgăsūs, ă nēarĕr wāy tŏ tāke,
Mă̆y bōldlў dē̆vĭăte frōm thĕ cōmmŏn trāck.

Pope.

Here "take" and "track" are made to rhyme by one of the most fastidious of all poets. Pegasus is here permitted to deviate from the common track.

The same author we quote from again :

Sŏme hāunt Pārnāssŭs būt tŏ plēase thĕir ēar,
Nŏt mēnd thĕir mīnds ; ăs sōme tŏ chūrch rĕpāir,
Nŏt fōr thĕ dōctrĭne, būt thĕ mūsĭc thēre.

"Ear," "repair," "there," are here used as allowable rhymes.

We quote still another couplet from Pope, in this connection :

Thĕ vūlgăr thūs bў ĭmĭtātĭon ērr,
Ăs ōft thĕ leārned bў bēĭng sĭngŭlār.

"Err" and "singular" are imperfect rhymes. Speaking of what are termed allowable rhymes, let us quote from Pope once more :

Thĕ wĭngĕd cōursĕr, lĭke ă gēneroŭs hōrse,
Shŏws mōst trŭe mētăl whēn yoŭ chēck hĭs cōurse.

"Horse" and "course" are not perfect rhymes.

Hĭs fāithfŭl wĭfe fōrēvĕr doōmed tŏ mōurn,
Fŏr hĭm, ălās ! whŏ nēvĕr shāll rĕtūrn.

Falconer.

"Mourn" and "return" are imperfect rhymes.

Sŏ drāw hĭm hōme tŏ thōse thăt mōurn
Ĭn vāin ; ă fāvoŭrāblĕ speēd,
Rūfflĕ thў mĭrrŏwed māst, ănd lēad
Throŭgh prōsperoŭs floōds hĭs hōlў ūrn.

Tennyson.

"Mourn" and "return" and "mourn" and "urn" were, however, at one time perfect rhymes, but the style of

pronunciation is now obsolete. The fact that pronunciation of words is constantly changing accounts also for many supposed imperfect rhymes.

FOREIGN WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS.

We believe it was Bryant who said he never looked for a foreign word to use in writing a poem but that he found one better in our own language. How true the assertion. Our own language is filled with choice words, and one has little difficulty in finding good English to express ideas and thoughts. The employment of foreign words and expressions, however, is unobjectionable, where the person using them is master of the language used, and where the selection is apt.

In fact, frequently there is a mirth and charm lent to a poem by the use of some word or expression taken from some other language than the mother tongue. A fine example can be found in one of John G. Saxe's poems, entitled :

THE PUZZLED CENSUS TAKER.

"Gŏt ānў bōys?" thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ ă lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne;
Ănd thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Neīn!*"*

"Gŏt ānў gīrls?" thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne;
Ănd ăgāin thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Neīn!*"

* "Nein," German for "no."

"Bŭt sōme ăre dēad?" thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne;
Ănd ăgāin thĕ lādў shoōk hĕr hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Neīn!*"

"Hūsbănd, ŏf cōurse?" thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne;
Ănd ăgāin shĕ shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Neīn!*"

"Thĕ dēvĭl yoŭ hāve!" thĕ Mārshăl sāid
Tŏ thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne;
Ănd ăgāin shĕ shoōk hĕr flāxĕn hēad,
Ănd cīvĭllў ānswĕred, "*Neīn!*"

"Nŏw whāt dŏ yoŭ mēan bў shākĭng yoŭr hēad
Ănd ālwăys ānswĕrĭng, '*Neīn*'?"
'Ĭch kānn nĭcht Ēnglĭsch!" cīvĭllў sāid
Thĕ lādў frŏm ōvĕr thĕ Rhīne.

Charles Durbin is the author of an excellent poem, "Nongtongpaw," the first two stanzas of which we give below:

Jŏhn Būll fŏr pāstĭme toōk ă prānce,
Sŏme tīme ăgō tŏ peēp ăt Frānce;
Tŏ tālk ŏf scĭĕncēs ănd ārts,
Ănd knōwlĕdge gāined ĭn fōreĭgn pārts.
Mŏnsieŭr, ŏbsēquioŭs, hēard hĭm spēak,
Ănd ānswĕred Jōhn ĭn hēathĕn Greēk;
Tŏ āll hĕ āsked, 'bŏnt āll hĕ sāw,
'T wăs "Mōnsieŭr, jē voŭs n'ēntĕnds pās."

Jŏhn tō thĕ Pālăis Rōyăl cōme,
Ĭts splēndŏr ālmŏst strŭck hĭm dūmb.
"Ĭ sāy, whŏse hōuse ĭs thāt thĕre hēre?"
"Hŏuse! Jē voŭs n'ēntĕnds pās, Mŏnsieūr."*

* "I do not understand you, Mister."

"Whăt! Nōngtŏngpāw ăgāin!" crĭes Jōhn;
"Thĭs fēllŏw ĭs sŏme mīghtў Dōn,
Nŏ dōubt hĕ's plēntў fŏr thĕ māw,
Ĭ'll breākfăst wĭth thĭs Nōngtŏngpāw."

Mr. Field has written an excellent poem about the German Zug:

Thĕ Gĕrmănѕ sāy thăt "schnēll" mĕans fāst, ănd "schnēllĕst" fāstĕst yĕt,—
Ĭn āll mў lĭfe nŏ grĭmmĕr bĭt ŏf hūmŏr hāve Ĭ mĕt!
Whў, thĭrteĕn miles ăn hōur's thĕ greātĕst speēd thĕy ēvĕr gō,
Whĭle ōn thĕ ēngĭne pĭstŏn rōds dŏ mōss ănd lĭchĕns grōw,
Ănd yĕt thĕ āverăge Teūtŏn wĭll prĕsūmptŭoūslў măintāin
Thăt ōne *căn't* knōw whăt swĭftnĕss ĭs tĭll hĕ's trĭed thĕ schnēllĕst trāin!

Eugene Field— "The Schnellest Zug."

The use of a foreign word, however, merely for the sake of rhyme, is entirely out of place and not to be indulged.

The beauty of rhyme is perfectness; therefore, use such rhymes only as are perfect to the ear when correctly pronounced,— to the eye when seen.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE STANZA.

THE manner or mode of constructing the stanza should be closely observed by the writer of poetry. Form is essential to beauty, and form in all its details is looked after by the master. (1) Verse which rhymes in alternate lines is always indented. (2) Verse in couplets is never indented, but the lines are all even. (3) Where the stanza is constructed with four lines rhyming alternately and a couplet, the alternate lines are indented and the couplet is usually even or flush with the first and third lines of the stanza. (4) Where the stanza is constructed with first a couplet, then a half-line or bob-wheel, followed by another couplet, and that couplet followed by another half line rhyming with the first half line, the couplets are both even lines while the half lines are indented. No matter whether the stanza is constructed of four, six, eight, or any number of lines these rules hold good. Symmetry always renders the stanza more perfect, and a little observation will soon enable one to imitate a perfect stanza. (5) When a stanza consists of a triplet and a line or half line not rhyming, the latter is always indented. (6) Where the stanza is constructed of a line that is followed by a shorter, or half line, followed by a line rhyming with the first line, followed by the same line used similarly as a second and fourth line, followed by a triplet and an eighth line, similar to the second and fourth line, these similar lines

should be indented. More might be easily added, but enough has been said to suggest the principle or art upon which verse is constructed, and usually printed. As a further illustration of what is intended, we give below an outline or skeleton of the stanzas above mentioned, written in the sign of the various measures :

1.

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Gŏd grānt thăt whēn ŏur hēads ăre grāy,
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Whĕn twīlĭght blūrs thĕ pāge,
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Thĕ mūsĭc ōf ŏur dāwnĭng dāy
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Măy chārm ŏur lōnelў āge.

Burton W. Lockhart—"The Retrospect."

2.

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Thōugh Ĭ mōve wĭth lēadĕn feēt,
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Līght ĭtsēlf ĭs nōt sŏ fleēt ;
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Ānd bĕfōre yoŭ knōw mĕ gōne
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Ĕtērnĭtў ănd Ī ăre ōne.

William Dean Howells—"Time."

3.

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Trŭe lōve nŏt heēdĕth bōlt nŏr bār,
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Bŭt sād 't ĭs ēvĕr sō ;
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Trŭe lōve ănd fāte dŏ cōnstănt wār,
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Ănd nē'er tŏgēthĕr gō ;
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Whăt līttlĕ mōmĕnts lōvĕrs smīle
⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Tŏ thē lŏng dāys bĕtweēn thĕ whīle.

Isaac R. Baxley—"The Ballad of Sir Raymond."

4.

⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Thĕ mōssў mārblĕs rēst
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Ōn thĕ līps thăt hē hăs prĕst·
— ⏑ — Īn thĕir bloōm ;
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Ānd thĕ nāmes hĕ lōved tŏ hēar
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — Hāve beēn cārved fŏr māny ă yēar
— ⏑ — Ōn thĕ tōmb.

Oliver Wendell Holmes—"The Last Leaf."

5.

— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Nēvĕr ă hēart tŭrns fālse ŏr cōld ;
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Nēvĕr ă fāce grŏws grāy ŏr ōld ;
— ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — Nēvĕr ă lōve wĕ māy nŏt hōld,
— ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Ĭn thĕ beaŭtĭfŭl lānd ŏf fāncў.

Libbie C. Baer—"In the Land of Fancy."

6.

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Drāw thĕ līnes ă lĭttlĕ tĭghtĕr,
— ⏑ — Spīrĭt mīne !
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Māke thĕ līfe ă lĭttlĕ brĭghtĕr,
— ⏑ — Spīrĭt mīne !
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Fōr thĕ trūth's săke bē ă fĭghtĕr,
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Shōw thĕ wōrld līfe māy bĕ whĭtĕr,
— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ Pūrĕr, strōngĕr, dēarĕr, lĭghtĕr,
— ⏑ — Mōre dĭvīne !

John O. Coit—"Upward."

RHYTHMIC COMBINATIONS.

Trochees and Dactyls.	Iambi and Anapests.
1. — ⏑ —	17. ⏑ — ⏑ —
2. — ⏑ — ⏑	18. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑
3. — ⏑ — ⏑ —	19. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
4. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	20. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
5. — ⏑ ⏑ —	21. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
6. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑	22. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
7. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —	23. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
8. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	24. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
9. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —	25. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
10. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑	26. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
11. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —	27. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
12. — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	28. ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
13. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —	29. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
14. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑	30. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
15. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —	31. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
16. — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑	32. ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑

ANAPESTS AND IAMBI.

33. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
34. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑
35. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ —
36. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
37. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
38. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
39. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
40. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
41. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
42. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
43. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
44. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑
45. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —
46. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑
47. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ —
48. ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑

These groups of rhythmic feet, or word accents, are capable of many combinations. We have forty-eight groups. To combine them is not difficult. By combining them we shall be enabled to write trochaic, dactylic, iambic, and anapestic rhythms.

To illustrate :

21 : 38.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood."

Examine the rhythmic combinations :

⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑

We find we have a combination of 21 : 38, being anapestic tetrameter.

21 : 37.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam."

⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ — ⏑ ⏑ —

We have as a combination 21 : 37, an anapestic tetrameter.

1 : 18.

"I am dying, Egypt, dying."

— ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑ — ⏑

This combines group 1 with 18 and gives a trochaic tetrameter.

1 : 18

"When the humid shadows hover."

It will be seen the first line of the beautiful poem, "Rain on the Roof," is the same combination, 1 : 18—trochaic tetrameter.

James Whitcomb Riley has very recently written a dialect poem entitled, "The Green Grass av Owld Ireland," from which we select the fourth stanza. The first, third and fifth lines being combinations of groups 18 : 11 — the lines being iambic tetrameter; while group 19, being an iambic trimeter, forms lines two, four and six, the seventh line being a mixed iambic and anapestic tetrameter formed of 18 : 22.

Gŏd blēss yĕz, freĕ Ămērĭkȳ!
Ĭ lōve yĕz, dōck ănd shōre!
Ĭ kēm tŏ yēz ĭn pōvĕrtȳ
Thăt's wōrstĭn' mē nŏ mōre.
Bŭt mōst Ĭ'm lōvĭn' Ērĭn yēt,
Wĭd āll hĕr grāves, d' yĕ seē,
Bȳ rēasŏn āv thĕ greĕn grāss ăv ŏwld Īrelănd.

The following lines are by Elsa D'Esterre Keeling. The first, second and third lines combine groups 17 : 19—iambic tetrameter; and the fourth line, group 17, and is iambic dimeter. We select the fourth stanza:

Lăst, Wīntĕr cōmes; fŏr Ēld hăs brōught ĭts snōw,
Ánd sāys, "Sĭt quīĕt, shēltĕred frōm thĕ stōrm."
Ănd Ī sĭt ĭn mȳ ēasȳ chāir, ănd Ō,
Thĕ heārth hŏw wārm!

8 : 6

"Cōme tŏ mĕ, dēarĕst, Ĭ'm lōnelȳ wĭthōut theĕ."

A combination of group 8 : 6—dactylic tetrameter.

We might add example after example, but enough has been given to illustrate these rhythmic combinations.

The vertical bar is used to separate poetic feet. It is placed between each accented foot. If the measure is dissyllabic the vertical bar distinguishes it, thus :

1 : 18 : 1 : 18.

Once up | on a | midnight | dreary, | while I | pondered | weak and | weary.

Poe.—"The Raven."

The trisyllabic measure is marked as follows :

Pause not to | dream of the | future be | fore us :
Pause not to | weep the wild | cares that come | o'er us :
Hark, how cre | ation's deep, | musical | chorus,
Uninter | mitting, goes | up into | Heaven!
Never the | ocean-wave | falters in | flowing;
Never the | little seed | stops in its | growing;
More and more | richly the | rose-heart keeps | glowing,
Till from its | nourishing | stem it is | riven.

Frances S. Osgood.—"Labor."

The vertical bar is sometimes used by authors of versification to represent or denote accent, as follows :

Once | upon | a mid | night drear | y, while | I pon | dered weak | and wear | y.

The macron — and the breve ⏑ are far preferable, as well as the acute accent, marked thus : ′

Ōnce up | ōn a | mīdnight | drēary, | whīle I | pōndered | wēak and | wēary.

The scansion of verse becomes a pleasure when we understand rhythmic combinations and the use of accentuation marks.

THE FIVE LINE STANZA.

A pleasing form of our poetry is the stanza of five lines. It is composed of the single line, the couplet, the triplet, and quatrain. The combinations thus made are many and elegant. We can devise no better method of studying the art of composing this stanza, than that of giving examples from our best authors. Then, by a close analysis of each example given, we can tell the meter, rhythm and form. A study of each example will soon familiarize the student with this form of the stanza. From a poem by Sir Philip Sidney, we take the following, an iambic pentameter :

Mў trūe-lŏve hāth mў heărt, ănd Ī hăve hīs,
Bў jūst ĕxchānge ŏne tō thĕ ōthĕr gīven :
Ĭ hōld hĭs dēar, ănd mīne hĕ cānnŏt mīss,
Thĕre nēvĕr wās ă bĕttĕr bārgăin drīven :
Mў trūe-lŏve hāth mў hēart, ănd Ī hăve hīs.

"My True-Love Hath My Heart."

Another fine example of the effect of a repetition of the subject of the poem, the same constituting the fifth line of the stanza, is found in the following iambic pentameter lines, entitled,

Līngĕr nŏt lōng ! Hōme ĭs nŏt hōme wĭthōut theĕ ;
Ĭts dēarĕst tōkĕns ōnlў māke mĕ mōurn ;
Ŏh ! Lēt ĭts mēmŏry, līke ă chāin ăbōut theĕ,
Gēntlў cŏmpēl ănd hāstĕn thў rĕtūrn.
Līngĕr nŏt lōng.

Anonymous—"Linger Not Long."

John G. Saxe is the author of the following. It is trochaic tetrameter, except the fourth line, which is a trochaic dimeter. We give the first stanza :

Kĭss mĕ sōftlў ănd spēak tŏ mĕ lōw,—
Mālĭce hăs ēvĕr ă vigĭlănt ēar;
Whāt ĭf Mālĭce wĕre lūrkĭng nēar?
Kĭss mĕ, dēar!
Kĭss mĕ sōftlў ănd spēak tŏ mĕ lōw.
"Kiss Me Softly."

The little poem by Sir John Suckling furnishes a fine example of a stanza in trochaic rhythm :

Whў sŏ pāle ănd wān, fŏnd lōvĕr?
Prўtheĕ, whў sŏ pāle?
Will, whĕn loōkĭng wēll cān't mōve hĕr,
Loōkĭng ĭll prĕvāil?
Prўtheĕ, whў sŏ pāle?
"Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover."

One of the finest poems, written by Percy Bysshe Shelley, is entitled, "To a Skylark." It is a trochaic rhythm, the first four lines are trochaic trimeter, the fifth trochaic hexameter. We give the first stanza :

Hāil tŏ theē, blĭthe spĭrĭt!
Bĭrd thŏu nēvĕr wĕrt,
Thāt frŏm hēavĕn ŏr nēar ĭt,
Pōurĕst thў fŭll hēart
Ĭn prŏfūse străins ōf ŭnprēmĕdĭtătĕd ārt.
"To a Skylark."

Charlotte Smith is the author of a bright poem. It is iambic tetrameter, the first and third and fourth lines rhym-

ing, and the second and fifth, the third and fourth being a couplet. We give the third stanza :

Cŏme, sūmmĕr vĭsĭtānt, ăttāch
Tŏ mў rĕĕd-roōf yoŭr nēst ŏf clāy ;
Ănd lēt mў ēar yoŭr mūsĭc cātch,
Lŏw twĭttĕrĭng ūndĕrnēath thĕ thātch,
Ăt thē grăy dāwn ŏf dāy.

"The Swallow."

We give an example from a poem of nature by Mary Bolles Branch. It is iambic tetrameter. The first, fourth and fifth lines rhyme, and the second and third. The second and third, and fourth and fifth lines are couplets. We select the third stanza, describing the rock in the brook. How delicate and true the description :

Thĕ rōck ĭs rōugh ănd brōkĕn ōn ĭts ēdge
With jūttĭng cōrnĕrs, būt thĕre cōme ălwāy
Thĕ mērrў rīpplĕs wĭth thĕir tĭnў sprāy,
Tŏ prēss ĭt ēre thĕy flōw ŏn bў thĕ sēdge,
Thĕy nēvĕr fāil thĕ ōld rŏck's brōkĕn ēdge.

"My Little Brook."

Tennyson furnishes an excellent iambic pentameter stanza in blank verse. We give the first stanza of the poem.

Tĕars, ĭdlĕ tēars, Ĭ knōw nŏt whāt thĕy mēan,
Tĕars frōm thĕ dēpths ŏf sōme dĭvīne dĕspāir
Rĭse īn thĕ heārt, ănd gāthĕr tō thĕ ēyes,
Ĭn loōkĭng ōn thĕ hāppў Āutŭmn-fiēlds,
Ănd thĭnkĭng ōf thĕ dāys thăt āre nŏ mōre.

"Tears, Idle Tears."

Thomas Moore, the author of so many touching and

pathetic lines, has written few better than "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." It is iambic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

Thĕy mādе hĕr ă grāve, toŏ cōld ănd dāmp
Fŏr ă heārt sŏ wārm ănd trūe;
Ănd shĕ's gōne tŏ thĕ Lāke ŏf thĕ Dismăl Swāmp
Whĕre, āll nīght lōng, bў ă fīre-flў lāmp,
Shĕ pāddlĕs hĕr white cănoē!
"The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

Another form of this stanza is given in the following, in iambic measure :

Ēntĕrs tŏdāy
Ănōthĕr bōdў ĭn chūrch yărd sōd,
Ănōthĕr sōul ŏn thĕ life ĭn Gōd.
Hĭs Chrīst wăs būrĭĕd—ănd lives ălwāy :
Trŭst Hĭm, ănd gō yoŭr wāy.
Dinah Maria Mulock—"Buried Today."

We give the third stanza of a touching poem in iambic rhythm :

Ănd Ō, sĭnce thăt bābў slēpt,
Sŏ hūshed, hŏw thĕ mōthĕr hăs kēpt,
Wĭth ă tēarfŭl plēasŭre,
Thăt lĭttlĕ dĕar trēasŭre,
Ănd ō'er thĕm thōught ănd wēpt!
William Cox Bennett—"Baby's Shoes."

Whittier describes a visit to Hampton Beach. The rhythm is iambic. We give the twelfth stanza :

Whăt heēd Ĭ ōf thĕ dūstў lānd
Ănd noīsў tōwn?
Ĭ seē thĕ mīghtў deēp ĕxpānd
Frŏm ĭts white līne ŏf glĭmmerĭng sānd
Tŏ whēre thĕ blūe ŏf hēaven ŏn blūĕr wāves shŭts dōwn!
"Hampton Beach."

A poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, contains this excellent stanza in iambic rhythm. It is the second one of the poem :

> Fŏr shāme, mў friēnd ! rĕnōunce thĭs īdlĕ strāin !
> Whăt woūldst thŏu hāve ă goōd greăt mān ŏbtāin ?
> Wĕalth, tītlĕ, dīgnĭtў, ă gōldĕn chāin,
> Ŏr hēap ŏf cōrsĕs whīch hĭs swōrd hăth slāin ?
> Goōdnĕss ănd greātnĕss āre nŏt mēans, bŭt ēnds.
>
> "The Good Great Man."

Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of our best writers, furnishes a dashing poem. It is in trochaic rhythm. We give a stanza :

> Hārk ! thĕ jīnglĕ
> Ōf thĕ slēigh-bĕlls' sōng !
> Ēarth ănd āir ĭn snōwў sheēn cŏmmīnglĕ ;
> Swĭftlў, thrōng
> Nōrselănd fāncĭes, ās wĕ sāil ălōng.
>
> "The Sleigh-Ride."

Who is there that has not read of the fabled youth—

> "Ă yoūth, whŏ bōre, 'mĭd snōw ănd īce,
> Ă bānnĕr wĭth thĕ strānge dĕvīce—
> Ĕxcēlsĭōr ! "

a youth that pressed on, harkening not the voices that gave him warning, until overtaken by death. The poem is by Longfellow. It is an iambic tetrameter, except the last line of the stanza, which is iambic dimeter. We have selected the fifth stanza :

> "Ŏh stāy, " thĕ māidĕn sāid, "ănd rēst
> Thў wēarў hēad ŭpōn thĭs brēast ! "
> Ă tēar stoŏd īn hĭs brīght blŭe eўe
> Bŭt stīll hĕ ānswĕred, wīth ă sīgh,
> Ĕxcēlsĭōr.
>
> "Excelsior."

Edmund Waller is the author of a pretty poem in iambic rhythm. The third stanza is given.

Smăll īs thĕ wōrth
Ŏf beaūtў frōm thĕ līght rĕtīred;
Bĭd hēr cŏme fōrth,
Sūffĕr hĕrsēlf tŏ bē dĕsīred,
Ănd nōt blŭsh sō tŏ bē ădmīred.
—"Go Lovely Rose."

Henry Kirke White added to the poem, this stanza:

Yĕt, thōugh thoŭ fāde,
Frŏm thў dĕad lēaves lĕt frāgrănce rīse;
Ănd tēach thĕ māid,
Thăt gōodnĕss Tīme's rŭde hānd dĕfīes,
Thăt vīrtŭe līves whĕn beaūtў dīes.

Longfellow ever teems in good thoughts. This one in iambic rhythm is worth remembering. We give the eighth stanza of the poem:

Ănd hē whŏ hās nŏt leārned tŏ knōw
Hŏw fālse ĭts spārklĭng būbblĕs shōw,
Hŏw bĭttĕr āre thĕ drōps ŏf wōe,
Wĭth whīch ĭts brīm măy ōvĕrflōw,
Hĕ hās nŏt leārned tŏ līve.
—"The Goblet of Life."

Another charming poem by Longfellow, is entitled "Christmas Bells." It is iambic rhythm. We give the seventh stanza:

Thĕn pēaled thĕ bēlls mŏre loūd ănd dēep:
"Gŏd īs nŏt dēad; nŏr dōth hĕ slēep!
Thĕ Wrōng shăll fāil,
Thĕ Rīght prĕvāil,
Wĭth pēace ŏn ēarth, gŏod-wĭll tŏ mēn!"
"Christmas Bells."

"A Woman's Question," is the title of a poem written by Adelaide Anne Proctor in iambic rhythm, furnishing us an example of the middle or line rhyme in the fifth line, as well as another form. We give the first stanza :

Bĕfōre Ĭ trūst mў fāte tŏ thēe,
Ŏr plāce mў hānd ĭn thīne,
Bĕfōre Ĭ lēt thў fūtŭre gīve
Cōlŏr ănd fōrm tŏ mīne,
Bĕfōre Ĭ pērĭl āll fŏr thēe, quēstiŏn thў sōul tŏ-nĭght fŏr mē.
—"A Woman's Question."

THE SIX LINE STANZA.

Endless are the varieties of our English stanza. The art of the poet is susceptible of a high degree of cultivation. Our best authors have from time to time found new and beautiful combinations. The six line stanza is one capable of producing the very best of results. We have selected many forms of the six line stanzas with a view of illustrating their combinations and formations. Our first selection is in anapestic rhythm,—anapestic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

Thĕre's ă lĭttlĕ lŏw hūt bў thĕ rĭvĕr's sīde,
Withĭn thĕ sōund ŏf ĭts rĭpplĭng tīde ;
Ĭts wālls ăre grēy wĭth thĕ mōssĕs ŏf yēars,
Ănd ĭts rōof ăll crūmblĕd ănd ōld ăppēars :
Bŭt fāirĕr tŏ mē thăn cāstlĕ's prīde
Ĭs thĕ lĭttlĕ lŏw hūt bў thĕ rĭvĕr's sīde !
P. B. Shillaber—"My Childhood Home."

A stanza by Tennyson, in anapestic rhythm is given. The first, second, third, fourth and sixth lines trimeter, the fifth, tetrameter.

Cŏme īntŏ thĕ gārdĕn, Māud,
Fŏr thĕ blăck băt, nīght, hăs flōwn!
Cŏme īntŏ thĕ gārdĕn, Māud,
Ĭ ăm hēre ăt thĕ gāte, ălōne;
Ănd thĕ wōodbĭne spīcĕs ăre wāftĕd ăbrōad,
Ănd thĕ mūsk ŏf thĕ rōsĕs blōwn.
—"Come Into the Garden, Maud."

Another form of this stanza, in iambic tetrameter, the lines rhyming alternately, is given. The first stanza is selected:

Shĕ wălks ĭn beaūtў, līke thĕ nīght
Ŏf cloūdlĕss clīmes ănd stārrў skīes,
Ănd āll thăt's bēst ŏf dārk ănd brīght
Mĕet īn hĕr āspĕct ānd hĕr ēyes,
Thŭs mēllŏwed tō thăt tēndĕr līght
Whĭch hēaven tŏ gaūdў dāy dĕnīes.
Byron—"She Walks in Beauty."

Here is another six line stanza rhyming in alternate lines. It is a poem of exquisite finish and delicacy of touch, tender and pathetic, by Edgar Allen Poe, entitled "Annabel Lee." The poem was composed by Poe in memory of his child-wife, who was his cousin and to whom he was devotedly attached; whom he loved "with a love that the winged seraphs of heaven coveted her and me." It is anapestic rhythm:

Ĭt wăs mānў ănd mānў ă yēar ăgō,
Ĭn ă kīngdŏm bў thĕ sēa,
Thăt ă māidĕn lĭved whŏm yoū măy knōw
Bў thĕ nāme ŏf Ānnăbĕl Lēe;
Ănd thĭs māidĕn shĕ lĭved wĭth nŏ ōthĕr thōught
Thăn tŏ lōve, ănd bĕ lōved bў mē.
—"Annabel Lee."

Sorrow and adversity are depicted in these lines by one of England's best writers. It is iambic rhythm and a fine form of the stanza,—dimeter and tetrameter lines :

Sprĭng ĭt ĭs chēerў,
Wĭntĕr ĭs drēarў,
Grĕen lēaves hăng, būt thĕ brōwn mŭst flў;
Whĕn hē's fŏrsākĕn,
Wĭthĕred ănd shākĕn,
Whăt cān ăn ōld măn dō bŭt dīe?
Hood—"What Can an Old Man do but Die?"

Another form of this stanza, in iambic rhythm, is composed of a quatrain, rhyming in alternate lines, and a couplet :

Ĭ lōve, ănd hāve sŏme caūse tŏ lōve, thĕ eārth,—
Shĕ īs mў Mākĕr's crēatŭre, thērefŏre gōod ;
Shĕ īs mў mōthĕr, fŏr shĕ gāve mĕ bĭrth ;
Shĕ īs mў tēndĕr nūrse, shĕ gĭves mĕ fōod ;
Bŭt whāt's ă crēatŭre, Lōrd, cŏmpāred wĭth thēe?
Ŏr whāt's mў mōthĕr ōr mў nūrse tŏ mē?
Francis Quarles—"Delight in God."

Robert Herrick is the author of the following in iambic rhythm :

Făir plēdgĕs ōf ă frūitfŭl trēe,
Whў dō yĕ fāll sŏ fāst?
Yoŭr dāte ĭs nōt sŏ pāst
Bŭt yoū măy stāy yĕt hēre ăwhīle
Tŏ blūsh ănd gēntlў smīle,
Ănd gō ăt lāst.
"To Blossoms."

A fine trochaic stanza is to be found in "Twelfth Night,"

Act II, scene 3. The third and sixth lines rhyme, the other lines rhyming in couplets :

Whāt ĭs lōve? 'Tĭs nōt hĕreāftĕr;
Prēsĕnt mīrth hăth prēsĕnt lāughtĕr;
  Whāt's tŏ cōme ĭs stĭll ŭnsūre:
Ĭn dĕlāy thĕre lĭes nŏ plēntў,—
Thēn cŏme kĭss mĕ, Swēet-ănd-twēntў,
  Yoŭth's ă stŭff wĭll nōt ĕndūre.
Shakespeare—"O Mistress Mine."

An ardent love stanza composed by John Moultrie, is to be found in the following in iambic rhythm, rhyming in couplets :

"Fŏrgēt thĕe?"—Ĭf tŏ drēam bў nīght, ănd mūse ŏn thēe bў dāy,
Ĭf āll thĕ wōrshĭp, dēep ănd wĭld, ă pōēt's hēart căn pāy,
Ĭf prāyĕrs ĭn ābsĕnce brēathed fŏr thēe tŏ Hēavĕn's prŏtēctĭng pōwer,
Ĭf wĭngĕd thōughts thăt flĭt tŏ thēe—ă thōusănd ĭn ăn hōur,
Ĭf būsў Fāncў blēndĭng thēe wĭth āll mў fūtūre lōt,—
Ĭf thĭs thŏu cāll'st "fŏrgēttĭng," thōu ĭndēed shălt bē fŏrgōt!
"Forget Thee?"

Ralph Hoyt is the author of a poem depicting old age. It is touching and pathetic and portrays true to life some of the sad events of this existence. The poem is written in trochaic rhythm. The first, second, third, fourth and sixth lines being trochaic pentameter, and the fifth trochaic dimeter. We have selected the seventh stanza :

"Āngĕl," sāid hĕ sādlў, "Ī ăm ōld;
  Ēarthlў hōpe nŏ lōngĕr hāth ă mōrrŏw;
Yēt, whў Ī sĭt hēre thoŭ shālt bĕ tōld."
  Thēn hĭs eўe bĕtrāyed ă pēarl ŏf sōrrŏw,
    Dōwn ĭt rōlled!
"Āngĕl," sāid hĕ sādlў, "Ī ăm ōld."
"Old."

Another form of the six line stanza is the quatrain rhyming in alternate lines, with the couplet. The following is iambic rhythm and the first stanza of the poem :

Friĕnd ăftĕr friĕnd dĕpārts ;
Whŏ hăth nŏt lōst ă friĕnd ?
Thĕre īs nŏ ūniŏn hēre ŏf heārts
Thăt fīnds nŏt hēre ăn ēnd !
Wĕre thīs frăil wōrld ŏur fīnăl rēst,
Līvĭng ŏr dўĭng nōne wĕre blēst.
James Montgomery—"Parted Friends."

A dainty poem, exquisite in its form, is by Sarah Roberts. It is trochaic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

Hĕre Ĭ cŏme crēepĭng, crēepĭng ēverўwhēre ;
Bў thĕ dūstў rōadsĭde,
Ōn thĕ sūnnў hīllsĭde,
Clōse bў thĕ noīsў brōok,
Ĭn ēverў shādў nōok,
Ĭ cŏme crēepĭng, crēepĭng ēverўwhēre.
"The Voice of the Grass."

Burns is not the first who used the form of the stanza following. He, however, used it frequently in his writings and it is known as the stanza of Burns. It is iambic rhythm:

Stĭll thōu ărt blēssed, cŏmpāred wĭ' mē !
Thĕ prēsĕnt ōnlў toūchĕth thēe :
Bŭt, ōch ! Ĭ bāckwărd cāst mў ē'e
Ŏn prōspĕcts drēar ;
Ăn' fōrwărd, thōugh Ĭ cănnă' sēe,
Ĭ guēss ăn' fēar.
"To a Mouse."

"The Little Beach Bird" is the theme of a poem by Richard Henry Dana. It is also in iambic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

Thoŭ lĭttlĕ bĭrd, thoŭ dwēllĕr bў thĕ sēa,
Whў tākĕst thoŭ ĭts mēlănchōlў voĭce?
Whў wĭth thăt bōdĭng crў
Ō'er thĕ wāves dŏst thoŭ flў?
Ŏ, rāthĕr, bĭrd, wĭth mē
Throŭgh thĕ fāir lānd rējoĭce!
"The Little Beach Bird."

An interesting stanza may be formed in alternate lines, the first, second and fourth trimeter, the third tetrameter, and the fifth and sixth a tetrameter couplet, as follows :

Tĕll mē Ĭ hāte thĕ bōwl,—
Hăte ĭs ă feēblĕ wōrd;
Ĭ lōathe, ăbhōr,—mў vērў sōul
Bў strōng dĭsgūst ĭs stĭrred
Whĕn'ēr Ĭ seē, ŏr hēar, ŏr tēll
Ŏf thē dărk bēvĕrāge ŏf hēll!
Anonymous—"Go Feel What I Have Felt."

In trochaic rhythm we give—

Sō, goŏd nĭght!
Slūmbĕr ōn tĭll mōrnĭng lĭght;
Slūmbĕr tĭll ănōthĕr mōrrŏw
Brĭngs ĭts stōres ŏf jōy ănd sōrrŏw;
Fēarlĕss, ĭn thĕ Fāthĕr's sĭght!
Slūmbĕr ōn. Goŏd nĭght!
Körner—"Good Night."

William Cullen Bryant is the author of this patriotic stanza, in iambic rhythm :

Ŏ MŌTHĔR ŏf ă mīghtў rāce,
Yĕt lōvelў īn thў yoūthfŭl grāce !
Thĕ ēldĕr dāmes, thў hāughtў peērs,
Ădmīre ănd hāte thў bloōmĭng yēars ;
Wĭth wōrds ŏf shāme
Ănd tāunts ŏf scōrn thĕy jōin thў nāme.
"America."

Charles Kingsley is the author of a poem in iambic rhythm, from which we give the second stanza :

Thĕ creēpĭng tīde cămıe ūp ălōng thĕ sānd,
Ănd ō'er ănd ō'er thĕ sānd,
Ănd rōund ănd rōund thĕ sānd,
Ăs fār ăs eўe coŭld seē ;
Thĕ blīndĭng mīst cāme dōwn ănd hīd thĕ lānd:
Ănd nēvĕr hōme cāme shē.
"The Sands of Dee."

In trochaic rhythm Longfellow has written a poem entitled "Sea Weed." It is a neat form of the six-line stanza. The first, third, fourth and sixth lines are tetrameter, the second and fifth dimeter. We give the fifth stanza

Sō whĕn stōrms ŏf wīld ĕmōtiŏn
Strīke thĕ ōceăn
Ōf thĕ pōĕt's sōul, ĕre lōng,
Frōm ĕach cāve ănd rōckў fāstnĕss
Īn ĭts vāstnĕss
Flōats sŏme frāgmĕnt ōf ă sōng.
"Sea Weed."

Maria Gowan Brooks is the author of these exquisite lines

in trochaic rhythm. The quatrain is tetrameter, the couplet dimeter. We give the second stanza:

Thōu, tŏ whōm Ĭ lōve tŏ heārkĕn;
Cōme, ĕre nīght ărōund mĕ dārkĕn;
Thōugh thў sōftnĕss būt dĕcēive mĕ,
Sāy thŏu'rt trūe, ănd Ī'll bĕlīēve theĕ;
Vēil, ĭf ill thў sōul's ĭntēnt,
Lēt mĕ thĭnk ĭt ĭnnŏcēnt!
"Day, in Melting Purple Dying."

THE SEVEN LINE STANZA.

Ōf āll thōse ārts ĭn whĭch thĕ wīse ĕxcēl,
Nātūre's chiēf māstĕrpiēce ĭs wrītĭng wĕll;
Nŏ wrītĭng lifts ĕxāltĕd mān sŏ hīgh
Ās sācrĕd ānd sŏul-mōvĭng pōēsў.

Buckingham.

This stanza may not be so generally used as the ones of four, five and six lines, still many beautiful and exquisitely finished poems are to its credit. It is also capable of many nicely formed combinations. The various forms that may be selected from our best poems, examined and analyzed, will soon make us familiar with the stanza of seven lines. The first selection is a sweet, spicy, little love poem by Charles Sibley, entitled "The Plaidie." How true to nature are these little word accents in iambic rhythm. An analysis of the first line of the stanza shows a line composed of three iambic feet, with a redundant syllable; the second line is composed of a trochee, and two iambuses; the third line is composed of an anapest and two iambuses, with a redundant syllable; the fourth line is composed of an anapest and two iambuses; the fifth line is composed of one iambus

and a redundant syllable ; the sixth line is like the third ; the seventh is composed of three iambuses. The fifth line is a monometer, the others trimeter :

THE PLAIDIE.

Ŭpōn ăne stōrmў Sūndăy,
Cōmĭng ădoōn thĕ lāne,
Wĕre ă scōre ŏf bōnnĭe lāssĭes—
Ánd thĕ sweētĕst Ī măintāin
Wăs Cāddĭe,
Thăt Ĭ toōk ŭnnēath mў plāidĭe,
Tŏ shiēld hĕr frōm thĕ rāin.

Shĕ sāid thăt thĕ dāisiĕs blūshed
Fŏr thĕ kĭss thăt Ī hăd tā'en ;
Ĭ wādnă hăe thoūght thĕ lāssĭe
Wăd sāe ŏf ă kĭss cŏmplāin :
" Nŏw, lāddĭe !
Ĭ wīnnă stăy ūndĕr yoŭr plāidĭe,
Ĭf Ī găng hāme ĭn thĕ rāin !"

Bŭt ōn ăn āfter Sūndăy,
Whĕn clōud thĕre wās nŏt āne,
Thĭs sēlfsăme wīnsŏme lāssĭe
(Wĕ chānce tŏ meēt ĭn thĕ lāne)
Săid, " Lāddĭe,
Whў dīnnă yĕ weār yoŭr plāidĭe ?
Whă kēns bŭt ĭt măy rāin ? "

" How Many Times," a poem in iambic rhythm, by Charles Lovell Beddoes, gives expression of great love. We have selected the second stanza :

Hŏw mānў tīmes dŏ Ĭ lōve, ăgāin?
Tĕll mē hŏw mānў bēads thĕre ārе
Ĭn ă sīlvĕr chāin
Ŏf thĕ ēvenĭng rāin,
Ūnrāvĕled frōm thĕ tūmblĭng māin,
Ănd thrēadĭng thĕ eўe ŏf ă yēllŏw stār:
Sŏ mānў tīmes dŏ Ĭ lōve, ăgāin.
"How Many Times."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning has written a delicately finished and pathetic poem entitled, "My Heart and I." We give the seventh and last stanza. It is iambic rhythm:

Yĕt, whō cŏmplāins? Mў heārt ănd Ī?
Ĭn thīs ăbūndănt eārth nŏ dōubt
Ĭs lĭttlĕ roōm fŏr thĭngs wŏrn ōut;
Dīsdāin thĕm, breāk thĕm, throw thĕm bў;
Ănd īf bĕfōre thĕ dāys grĕw rōugh,
Wĕ ōnce wĕre lōved, thĕn—wēll ĕnoūgh
Ĭ thĭnk wĕ've fāred, mў heārt ănd Ī.
"My Heart and I."

From an old manuscript in the time of Henry VIII, written anonymously, the following stanza in iambic rhythm is taken:

Ăh, mў sweĕt sweētĭng;
Mў lĭttlĕ prēttў sweētĭng,
Mў sweētĭng wĭll Ĭ lōve whĕrēvĕr Ĭ gō;
Shĕ ĭs sŏ prōpĕr ănd pūre,
Trŭe, stēadfăst, stāblĕ ānd dĕmūre,
Thĕre ĭs nŏne sūch, yoŭ māy bĕ sūre,
Ăs mў sweĕt sweētĭng.
"My Sweet Sweeting.

Tennyson's "Song of the Milkmaid," from "Queen Mary," is a fine specimen of the seven line stanza. It is trochaic measure :

Shāme ŭpōn yoŭ, Rōbĭn,
Shāme ŭpōn yoŭ nōw !
Kĭss mĕ woūld yoŭ ? wĭth mў hānds
Mĭlkĭng thĕ cōw ?
Dāisĭes grōw ăgāin,
Kĭng cŭps blōw ăgāin,
Ānd yoŭ cāme ănd kĭssed mĕ mĭlkĭng thĕ cōw.

Jean Ingelow is the author of "Songs of Seven," which contains a love song in anapestic rhythm :

Ĭ lēaned ŏut ŏf wĭndŏw, Ĭ smēlt thĕ whĭte clōvĕr,
Dărk, dārk wăs thĕ gārdĕn, Ĭ săw nŏt thĕ gāte ;
"Nŏw, ĭf thĕre bĕ foōtstĕps, hĕ cōmes, mў ŏwn lōvĕr,—
Hŭsh, nĭghtĭngāle, hūsh ! Ŏ sweĕt nĭghtĭngāle, wāit
Tĭll Ĭ lĭstĕn ănd hēar
Ĭf ă stĕp drăwĕth nēar,
Fŏr mў lōve hĕ ĭs lāte !
"Seven Times Three, Love."

A poem greatly admired is by Rev. Charles Kingsley. It is an anapestic rhythm. The stanza which we have selected is an anapestic tetrameter, and analyzed is as follows: The first line is composed of two anapestic and two iambic feet ; the second line is like the first ; the third is composed of four iambic feet ; the fourth is composed of one iambic and three anapestic feet ; the fifth is composed of one anapestic and three iambic feet ; the sixth is like the third ; and the seventh line is like the fifth, the anapestic

foot prevailing denotes the rhythm of the stanza. The third stanza is as follows :

Threĕ cōrpsĕs lăy ōut ŏn thĕ shĭnĭng sānds
  Ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng glēam ăs thĕ tīde wĕnt dōwn,
Ănd thĕ wōmĕn ăre weēpĭng ănd wrĭngĭng thĕir hānds
  Fŏr thōse whŏ wĭll nēvĕr cŏme bāck tŏ thĕ tōwn,
Fŏr mĕn mŭst wōrk, ănd wōmĕn mŭst weēp ;
  Ănd thĕ soōnĕr ĭts ōvĕr, thĕ soōnĕr tŏ sleēp ;
Ănd goŏd-bўe tŏ thĕ bār ănd ĭts moānĭng.
"The Three Fishers."

"My Love is Dead," is a poem by Thomas Chatterton, in trochaic measure composed of nine stanzas, from which we have selected the second. The measure is mixed, the trochaic foot prevailing. The stanza is tetrameter, except the fifth and sixth lines, they being dimeter. The first and third, the second and fourth lines rhyme. The fifth and sixth being a rhyming couplet :

Blāck hĭs hāir ăs thĕ sūmmĕr nĭght,
  Whīte hĭs nēck ăs thĕ wĭntĕr snōw,
Rūddў hĭs fāce ăs thĕ mōrnĭng lĭght ;
  Cōld hĕ lĭes ĭn thĕ grāve bĕlōw.
    Mў lōve ĭs dēad
    Gōne tŏ hĭs dĕath-bēd,
  Āll ūndĕr thĕ wĭllŏw trēe.
"My Love is Dead."

Henry N. Cobb is the author of the following lines in iambic rhythm. The first four lines being pentameter, the fifth and sixth dimeter, and the seventh a monometer. We give the first stanza of the poem :

Thĕ wāy ĭs dārk, mў Fāthĕr ! Clōud ŏn clōud
Ĭs gāthĕrĭng thĭcklў ō'er mў hēad, ănd lōud
Thĕ thūndĕrs rōar ăbōve mĕ. Sēe, Ĭ stānd
Lĭke ōne bĕwĭldĕred ! Fāthĕr, tāke mў hānd,
Ănd throūgh thĕ glōom
Lĕad sāfelў hōme
Thў chĭld !
"Father, Take my Hand."

In a fine descriptive poem Francis Bret Harte thus narrates the cause of the fear of the inhabitants of a seaport town, in iambic rhythm. We give the second stanza :

Gŏod cāuse fŏr fēar ! Ĭn thĕ thĭck mĭddāy
Thĕ hūlk thăt lāy bў thĕ rōttĭng pĭēr,
Fĭlled wĭth chĭldrĕn ĭn hāppў plāy,
Pārtĕd thĕ mōorĭngs ănd drĭftĕd clēar,—
Drĭftĕd clĕar bĕyōnd thĕ rēach ŏr cāll,—
Thĭrtēen chĭldrĕn thĕy wēre ĭn āll,—
Āll ădrĭft ĭn thĕ lōwĕr bāy !
"A Greyport Legend."

A ride made famous in iambic tetrameter is that of Sheridan's from Winchestertown. We give the first stanza :

Ŭp frōm thĕ Soūth ăt breāk ŏf dāy
Brĭngĭng tŏ Wĭnchĕstĕr frēsh dĭsmāy,
Thĕ āffrĭghtĕd āir wĭth ă shūddĕr bōre,
Lĭke ă hĕrăld ĭn hāste, tŏ thĕ chiēftaĭn's dōor,
Thĕ tĕrrĭblĕ grūmblĕ, ănd rūmblĕ, ănd rōar,
Tēllĭng thĕ bāttlĕ wăs ōn ŏnce mōre,
Ănd Shĕrĭdăn twēntў mīles ăwāy.
Thomas Buchanan Read—"Sheridan's Ride."

Another little poem depicting rural sport, is by Thomas Tod Stoddart, in trochaic rhythm. It is very cleverly

written and the stanza worth reading to a lover of the sport. We give the first stanza :

Sĭng, sweĕt thrūshĕs, fōrth ănd sĭng !
Mĕet thĕ mōrn ŭpōn thĕ lēa ;
Āre thĕ ēmĕrălds ōf thĕ sprĭng
Ōn thĕ ănglĕr's trўstĭng-trēe ?
Tēll, sweĕt thrūshĕs, tēll tŏ mē !
Āre thĕre būds ŏn ŏur wĭllŏw-trēe ?
Būds ănd bīrds ŏn ŏur trўstĭng-trēe ?
"The Angler's Trysting-Tree."

What a fine sentiment is contained in this stanza, the last one of a poem by Mrs. Craik. It is iambic rhythm :

Ŏ sōul, fŏrgĕt thĕ weĭght thăt drāgs theĕ dōwn,
Dēathfŭllў, dēathfŭllў:
Knŏw thўsĕlf. Ās thĭs glōrў wrāps theĕ rōund,
Lĕt it mĕlt ōff thĕ chāins thăt lōng hăve bōund
Thў strēngth. Stănd frēe bĕfōre thў Gōd ănd crў—
"Mў Fāthĕr, hēre ăm Ī :
Gĭve tō mĕ ās thŏu wĭlt—fĭrst crōss, thĕn crōwn."
"The Aurora on the Clyde."

And by the same author we find a fine iambic stanza taken from a poem entitled "Sitting on the Shore" :

Ŏ lĭfe, Ŏ sīlĕnt shōre,
Whĕre wĕ sĭt pātiĕnt : Ō greăt sēa bĕyōnd
Tŏ whĭch wĕ tūrn wĭth sōlĕmn hōpe ănd fōnd,
Bŭt sōrrŏwfūl nŏ mōre :
Ă lĭttlĕ whīle, ănd thēn wĕ toō shăll sōar
Lĭke whĭte-wĭnged sēa-bĭrds ĭntŏ thĕ Ĭnfĭnĭte Deēp ;
Tĭll thēn, Thŏu, Fāthĕr—wĭlt oŭr spĭrĭts keēp.
"Sitting on the Shore."

Let us give still another from the same author. It is from a poem in anapestic rhythm entitled, "Sleep on Till Day":

Yĕt lĭfe's bŭt ă vĭsiŏn toŏ lōvelў tŏ stāy :
Mŏrn pāssĕs, noŏn hāstĕns, ănd pleāsŭres dĕcāy ;
Ănd ēvenĭng ăpprōachĕs ănd clōsĕs thĕ dāy :
Thĕn lāid wĭth prāisĕs
Ūndĕr thĕ dāisĭes :
Smīlĭng wĕ'll creēp tŏ ŏur pīllŏw ŏf clāy,
Ănd sleēp ŏn tĭll Dāy, mў lŏve, sleēp ŏn tĭll Dāy.

For one desirous of selecting a wife, the following stanza may be of some practical help. The poem is an iambic tetrameter. Here is the third stanza :

Ĭf Ī coŭld fĭnd ă lāssĭe—mīld,
Wōmăn ĭn wĭt, ĭn heārt ă chīld :
Blĭthe—jūst tŏ sweētĕn sōrrŏw ;
Sĕdāte ĕnoūgh tŏ tēmpĕr mīrth—
Meĕk-heārtĕd, rĭch ĭn hōusehŏld wōrth—
Nŏt quīte thĕ ūglĭĕst gīrl ŏn ēarth,—
Ĭ'd mārrў hēr tŏmōrrŏw.

Craik—"The Six Sisters."

A "Dream in the Woods," written by Thomas Hood, in iambic rhythm, is a poem of excellent merit—contemplative in character. We give the sixty-seventh stanza :

Bŭt hāughtў peēr ănd mīghtў kĭng
Ŏne doōm shăll ōvĕrwhēlm !
Thĕ ōakĕn cēll
Shăll lōdge hĭm wēll
Whŏse scēptrĕ rūled ă rēalm—
Whĭle hē whŏ nēvĕr knēw ă hōme
Shăll fĭnd ĭt ĭn thĕ ēlm !

"The Elm Tree."

Henry Carey is the author of "God Save the King," written in dactylic rhythm. We give a stanza :

Gŏd săve ŏur grăcioŭs kĭng,
Lŏng lĭve ŏur nŏblĕ kĭng,
Gŏd săve thĕ kĭng !
Sĕnd hĭm vĭctŏrĭoŭs
Hăppў ănd glŏrĭoŭs,
Lŏng tŏ rĕign ŏvĕr ŭs,
Gŏd săve thĕ kĭng !

A patriotic poem by Francis Bret Harte furnishes this excellent stanza in trochaic rhythm. The second one of the poem is selected :

"Lĕt mĕ ŏf mў heărt tăke cŏunsĕl :
Wăr ĭs nŏt ŏf lĭfe thĕ sŭm ;
Whŏ shăll stăy ănd rĕap thĕ hărvĕst
Whĕn thĕ aŭtŭmn dăys shăll cŏme ? "
Bŭt thĕ drŭm
Ĕchŏed, "Cŏme !
Dĕath shăll rĕap thĕ brăvĕr hărvĕst," săid thĕ
sŏlĕmn sŏundĭng drŭm.
"The Reveille."

Lord Tennyson is the author of a soul-stirring poem in dactylic rhythm. The second stanza is given :

Bĕ nŏt dĕaf tŏ thĕ soŭnd thăt wărns !
Bĕ nŏt gŭlled bў ă dĕspŏt's plĕa !
Ăre fĭgs ŏf thĭstlĕs, ŏr grăpes ŏf thŏrns ?
Hŏw shoŭld ă dĕspŏt sĕt mĕn freĕ ?
Fŏrm ! fŏrm, Rĭflĕmĕn, fŏrm !
Rĕadў, bĕ rĕadў tŏ meĕt thĕ stŏrm !
Rĭflĕmĕn, rĭflĕmĕn, rĭflĕmĕn, fŏrm !
"The War."

Phœbe Carey has written many tender and charming poems. The art of the poet was one she thoroughly understood. This stanza, the last one of the poem, is in trochaic rhythm :

Āh wĭse mōthĕr ! īf yoŭ prōved
  Lōvĕr nēvĕr crōssed hĕr wāy,
  Ī woŭld thīnk thĕ sēlf-sāme wāy.
Ēvĕr sĭnce thĕ wōrld hăs mōved,
  Bābes seĕm wōmĕn īn ă dāy ;
  Ānd, ălās ! ănd wĕll ă dāy !
Mēn hăve woōed ănd māidĕns lōved !
Phœbe Cary—" Gracie."

Matthew Arnold has written a fine poem, which he entitles "A Question." It is trochaic rhythm. We give the first and second stanzas :

Jōy cŏmes ănd gōes, hōpe ĕbbs ănd flōws
    Lĭke thĕ wāve ;
Chānge dŏth ŭnknīt thĕ trānquĭl strĕngth ŏf mĕn.
  Lōve lĕnds lĭfe ă lĭttlĕ grāce,
Ă fĕw săd smĭles ănd thēn
  Bŏth ăre lāid ĭn ōne cŏld plāce, —
    Īn thĕ grāve.

Drēams dăwn ănd flȳ, friēnds smĭle ănd dīe
    Lĭke sprĭng flōwers;
Ŏur vāuntĕd lĭfe ĭs ōne lŏng fūnĕrāl.
  Mēn dĭg grāves wĭth bĭttĕr tēars
Fōr theĭr dēad hŏpes ; ănd āll,
  Māzed wĭth dōubts ănd sīck wĭth fēars,
    Cōunt thĕ hōurs.
"A Question."

What is known as the Rhyme-Royal, a stanza invented by Chaucer, is still another form of the seven line stanza. The first four lines being an ordinary quatrain, with alternate lines rhyming, the fifth line repeating the rhyme of the fourth, and the last two rhymes forming a rhyming couplet. We give a stanza illustrating :

Ănd thōu, sweĕt Mūsĭc, dāncĭng's ōnlў lĭfe,
Thĕ ēar's sōle hāppĭnēss, thĕ āir's bĕst speēch,
Lōadstŏne ŏf fēllŏwshĭp, chārmĭng-rōd ŏf strĭfe,
Thĕ sōft mĭnd's pārădīse, thĕ sĭck măn's leēch,
Wĭth thīne ŏwn tōngue thŏu treēs ănd stōnes căn'st tēach,
Thăt, whēn thĕ āir dŏth dānce hĕr fĭnĕst mēasŭre,
Thĕn ārt thŏu bōrn, thĕ gōds' ănd mēn's sweĕt plēasŭre.
Sir John Davies—"The Dancing of the Air."

THE EIGHT LINE STANZA.

This stanza is used extensively in writing poetry. No form, unless it should be the quatrain, is in such general use. It is capable of great variety. The stanza may be composed of four couplets, or a six line stanza and a couplet, or a seven line stanza with an odd rhyming line.

As our object is not only the familiarizing ourselves with the various forms of the stanza, but also to learn perfectly the art of scansion, become perfectly acquainted with the rhythm and meter of verse, we shall endeavor to select from the best authors the various forms of the eight line stanza, assuring the reader that he cannot be too familiar with the formation of the stanzas, if he has a desire to become perfectly acquainted with the art of versification.

The selections given, while but a single stanza of some excellent poem, will certainly be a help to the reader who will undoubtedly follow up the poem and give to it a thor-

ough reading. First, we have selected the fourth stanza of Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt." It is iambic rhythm. The stanza is as follows :

Ŏh ! mēn wĭth sĭstĕrs dēar !
Ŏh ! mēn wĭth mōthĕrs ănd wĭves !
ıt ĭs nŏt lĭnĕn yoŭ're weărĭng ōut,
Bŭt hŭmăn crēatŭres' lĭves !
Stĭtch—stĭtch—stĭtch !
Ĭn pōvĕrtў, hŭngĕr ănd dĭrt,
Sēwĭng ăt ōnce, wĭth ă dōublĕ thrēad,
Ă SHROUD ăs wēll ăs ă shĭrt !

What can be more beautiful than the poem of Edward Coate Pinkney entitled, "A Health?" It is also in iambic rhythm. The poem is composed of five stanzas. We have selected the last, as follows :

Ĭ fĭll thĭs cūp tŏ ōne mădе ūp
Ŏf lōvelĭnēss ălōne,
Ă wōmăn, ōf hĕr gēntlĕ sēx
Thĕ seēmĭng pārăgōn.
Hĕr hēalth ! ănd woŭld ŏn ēarth thĕre stoōd
Sŏme mōre ŏf sūch ă frāme,
Thăt lĭfe mĭght bē ăll pōĕtrў,
Ănd wēarĭnēss ă nāme.

Philip Pendleton Cooke gives us a fine example of an eight line stanza in a little poem entitled, "Florence Vane." It is iambic rhythm. We select the third stanza :

Thōu wăst lōvelĭĕr thān thĕ rōsĕs
Īn thĕir prīme ;
Thў vōice ĕxcēlled thĕ clōsĕs
Ŏf sweētĕst rhўme ;
Thў heārt wăs ă rīvĕr
Wĭthōut ă māin.
Woŭld Ĭ hăd lōved theĕ nēvĕr,
Flōrĕnce Vāne.

Samuel Daniel has written a neat little poem entitled, "Love is a Sickness." We give the last stanza :

Lŏve īs ă tōrmĕnt ōf thĕ mīnd,
Ă tēmpĕst ēvĕrlāstĭng ;
Ănd Jōve hăth mādе ĭt ōf ă kīnd,
Nŏt wēll, nŏr fūll, nŏr fāstĭng.
Whў sō?
Mŏre wē ĕnjōy ĭt, mōre ĭt dies ;
Ĭf nōt ĕnjōyed, ĭt sīghĭng crīes
Hĕigh-hō.

James Shirley is the author of a fine poem in iambic rhythm entitled, "Death the Leveler." The last stanza is selected :

Thĕ gārlănds wīthĕr ōn yoŭr brōw,
Thĕn bōast nŏ mōre yoŭr mīghtў deēds ;
Ŭpōn dĕath's pūrplĕ āltăr nōw
Seĕ whēre thĕ vīctŏr-vīctĭm bleēds ;
Yoŭr hēads mŭst cōme
Tŏ thē cōld tōmb ;
Ōnlў thĕ ăctiŏns ōf thĕ jūst
Smĕll sweēt, ănd blōssŏm īn thĕir dūst.

Alexander Rogers gives us a beautiful stanza, in a love poem entitled, "Behave Yourself Before Folk." We select the fifth stanza, which is iambic rhythm :

Yĕ tēll mĕ thāt mў lĭps ăre sweēt :
Sĭc tāles, Ĭ dōubt ăre ā' dĕcēit ;—
Ăt ōnў rāte, ĭt's hārdlў meēt
Tŏ prīe thĕir sweēts bĕfōre fŏlk.
Bĕhāve yoŭrsēl' bĕfōre fŏlk,—
Bĕhāve yoŭrsēl' bĕfōre fŏlk,—
Gĭn thāt's thĕ cāse, thĕre's tīme ănd plāce,
Bŭt sūrelў nō bĕfōre fŏlk !

John G. Saxe, the author of so many excellent poems, who delighted the reading public throughout his life, tells us he is growing old in these finished lines entitled, "I'm Growing Old." We give the fourth stanza. It is iambic tetrameter :

Ĭ feĕl ĭt ĭn mў chāngĭng tāste ;
Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў chāngĭng hāir ;
Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў grōwĭng wāist ;
Ĭ seē ĭt ĭn mў grōwĭng hēir ;
Ă thōusănd sīgns prŏclāim thĕ trūth,
Ăs plāin ăs trūth wăs ēvĕr tōld,
Thăt, ēvĕn ĭn mў vāuntĕd yoūth,
Ĭ'm grōwĭng ōld ! "

An anonymous poem entitled, "The Grave of Bonaparte" is a beautiful eight line stanza in anapestic rhythm. We have selected the first stanza :

Ŏn ă lōne-bărrĕn ĭsle, whĕre thĕ wĭld-roărĭng bĭllŏws
Ăssāil thĕ stĕrn rŏck, ănd thĕ lōud-tĕmpĕsts rāve,
Thĕ hērŏ lĭes stĭll, whĭle thĕ dēw-drŏppĭng wĭllŏws,
Lĭke fōnd-weĕpĭng mōurnĕrs lēan ōvĕr thĕ grāve.
Thĕ lĭghtnĭngs măy flāsh, ănd thĕ lōud-thŭndĕrs rāttlĕ ;
Hĕ heēds nŏt, hĕ hēars nŏt, hĕ's freē frŏm ăll pāin ;—
Hĕ sleēps hĭs lăst sleēp—hĕ hăs fōught hĭs lăst bāttlĕ !
Nŏ sōund căn ăwāke hĭm tŏ glōrў ăgāin !

"A Doubting Heart," by Adelaide Anne Proctor, is a pathetic poem in iambic rhythm, expressive of sorrow and adversity. We give the third stanza :

Thĕ sūn hăs hĭd ĭts rāys
Thĕse mānў dāys ;
Wĭll drēarў hōurs nēvĕr lēave thĕ ēarth ?
Ŏ dōubtĭng heārt !
Thĕ stōrmў clōuds ŏn hĭgh
Vēil thĕ săme sūnnў skў
Thăt soōn, fŏr sprĭng ĭs nĭgh,
Shăll wāke thĕ sūmmĕr ĭntŏ gōldĕn mĭrth.

We present below a stanza of eight lines, the second, fourth, sixth and eighth lines rhyming. It is taken from one of the finest poems in the English language, "Man was Made to Mourn," by Robert Burns. It is iambic rhythm. We give the eleventh stanza :

Ŏ Dēath ! thĕ poōr măn's dēarĕst friĕnd,
Thĕ kīndĕst ānd thĕ bēst !
Wēlcŏme thĕ hōur mў āgĕd līmbs
Ăre lāid wĭth theē ăt rēst !
Thĕ greāt, thĕ wēalthў, fēar thў blōw,
Frŏm pōmp ănd plēasŭre tōrn ;
Bŭt Ŏ, ă blēst rĕlĭēf tŏ thōse
Thăt wēarў-lāděn mōurn !

The "Cavalry Song" by Edmund Clarence Stedman· taken from "Alice of Monmouth," is a poem showy and animated, a very neat form of the eight line stanza. It is also iambic rhythm. We give the second stanza :

Dăsh ōn bĕnēath thĕ smōkĭng dōme :
Throŭgh lēvĕl lĭghtnĭngs gāllŏp nēarĕr !
Ŏne loōk tŏ Hēavĕn ! Nŏ thōughts ŏf hōme ;
Thĕ guīdŏn's thāt wĕ beār ăre dēarĕr.
CHĀRGE !
Clĭng ! Clāng ! fōrwărd āll !
Hēaven hĕlp thōse whŏse hōrsĕs fāll ;
Cŭt lēft ănd rĭght !

Caroline E. Norton is known the world over by "Bingen on the Rhine." The poem is highly descriptive, tender and sympathetic, touching a keynote that reverberates and swells as the reader cons each line. It is in iambic measure —an iambic heptameter :

Hĭs trĕmblĭng vōice grĕw fāint ănd hōarse—hĭs gāsp wăs chīldĭsh wēak,—
Hĭs eȳes pŭt ōn ă dȳĭng loōk,—hĕ sīghed ănd cēased tŏ spēak ;
Hĭs cōmrăde bēnt tŏ lĭft hĭm, būt thĕ spārk ŏf lĭfe hăd flēd !
Thĕ sōldiĕr ōf thĕ Lēgiŏn, ĭn ă fōrĕign lānd—ĭs dēad !
Ānd thĕ sōft moŏn rōse ŭp slōwlў, ănd cālmlў shē loŏked dōwn
Ŏn thĕ rēd sănd ōf thĕ bāttlĕ-fiēld wĭth bloŏdў cōrsĕs strēwn ;
Yĕs, cālmlў ōn thăt drēadfŭl scēne hĕr pāle lĭght seēmed tŏ shīne,
Ās ĭt shōne ŏn dīstănt Bĭngĕn—făir Bĭngĕn ōn thĕ Rhīne !

John G. Saxe is the author of "American Aristocracy," from which we have selected the first stanza. It is iambic rhythm :

Ŏf āll thĕ nōtăblĕ thĭngs ŏn ēarth,
Thĕ queĕrĕst ōne ĭs prīde ŏf bĭrth
Ămōng ŏur "fiĕrce dĕmōcrăcў !"
Ă brĭdge ăcrōss ă hūndrĕd yēars,
Wĭthōut ă prōp tŏ sāve ĭt frŏm snēers,
Nŏt ēvĕn ă cōuplĕ ŏf rōttĕn peĕrs,—
Ă thĭng ŏf lāughtĕr, fleĕrs ănd jeĕrs,
Ĭs Ămĕrĭcăn ărĭstōcrăcў !

How true to nature is this poem by Joanna Baillie, entitled "The Heath-Cock." It is iambic rhythm. We select the first stanza :

Goŏd mōrrŏw tō thў sāblĕ bēak
Ănd glōssў plūmăge dārk ănd sleēk,
Thў crīmsŏn moŏn ănd āzŭre eȳe,
Cŏck ōf thĕ hēath, sŏ wĭldlў shў ;
Ĭ seē theĕ slўlў cōwĕrĭng throūgh
Thăt wĭrў wĕb ŏf sĭlvĕrў dēw,
Thăt twĭnklĕs ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng āir,
Lĭke cāseměnts ōf mў lādў fāir.

The Italian Heroic meter in which Tasso and Ariosto wrote, known as the "Ottava Rima," is a stanza of eight iambic pentameter lines. The stanza consists of six lines rhyming alternately, and the seventh and eighth a rhyming couplet. Lord Byron wrote "Don Juan" in this stanza, a selection from the first canto, is here given :

'Tĭs sweēt tŏ hēar thĕ wātch-dŏg's hōnĕst bārk
Bāy deēp-mŏuthed wēlcŏme ās wĕ drāw nēar hōme ;
'Tĭs sweēt tŏ knōw thĕre īs ăn eȳe wĭll mārk
Ŏur cōmĭng, ānd loŏk brīghtĕr whēn wĕ cōme ;
'Tĭs sweēt tŏ bē ăwākĕned bȳ thĕ lārk,
Ŏr lūlled bȳ fāllĭng wātĕrs ; sweēt thĕ hūm
Ŏf beēs, thĕ vōice ŏf gīrls, thĕ sōng ŏf bīrds,
Thĕ līsp ŏf chīldrĕn, ānd thĕir ēarlĭĕst wōrds.

THE NINE LINE STANZA.

The nine line stanza gives fine effect to English poetry, and hence may be termed a favorite among writers. It is capable of many combinations. One form, however, of the nine line stanza is fixed, and it is this form that is so justly praised and highly noted. It is the Spenserian, so named from Edmund Spenser, the author of "The Fairy Queen," who composed that beautiful poem in that stanza. While Spenser is generally accredited as being the inventor of the form of the stanza that now bears his name, and is so widely used, he borrowed it from Italian poetry.

Many of the highest types of poetical composition, we find in this stanza —Byron's "Childe Harold," Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night," Beattie's "Minstrel," Thomson's "Castle of Indolence." The Spenserian stanza consists of nine lines, the first eight being iambic pentameter, the ninth an iambic hexameter. The stanza is composed of

two quatrains rhyming in alternate lines. The last line of the first quatrain rhymes with the first line of the second quatrain ; the ninth line rhyming with the eighth.

Ăh ! whō căn tēll hŏw hārd ĭt īs tŏ clīmb
Thĕ steēp whĕre Fāme's prŏud tēmplĕ shīnes ăfār !
Ăh ! whō căn tēll hŏw māny ă sōul sŭblīme
Hăs fēlt thĕ ĭnflŭĕnce ōf măligănant stār,
Ănd wāged wĭth Fōrtŭne ān ĕtĕrnăl wār ;
Chēcked bў thĕ scōff ŏf Prīde, bў Ēnvў's frōwn,
Ănd Pōvĕrtў's ŭncōnquĕrāblĕ bār;
Ĭn līfe's lŏw vāle rĕmōte hăs pīned ălōne,
Thĕn drōpped ĭntō thĕ grāve, ŭnpĭtiĕd ānd ŭnknōwn !
Beattie—"The Minstrel."

We have also selected a stanza from a beautiful poem, "Philip, My King," an illustration of childhood. It is by Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. It is iambic rhythm. We select the first stanza :

Loŏk āt mĕ wĭth thў lārge brŏwn eўes,
Phīlĭp, mў kīng !
Rŏund whōm thĕ ĕnshādŏwĭng pūrplĕ lies
Ŏf bābўhoŏd's rōyăl dignĭtĭes.
Lăy ōn mў nēck thў tīnў hānd
Wĭth Lōve's ĭnvīncĭblĕ scēptĕr lādĕn ;
Ĭ ām thīne Ēsthĕr, tō cŏmmānd
Tĭll thōu shălt fĭnd ă queēn-hăndmāidĕn,
Phīlĭp, mў kīng !

Another fine nine line stanza is from the pen of Sir Charles Sedley, entitled, "Phillis is My Only Joy." It is trochaic rhythm. We give the first stanza ·

Phĭllĭs ĭs mў ōnlў jōy,
Fāithlĕss ās thĕ wĭnd ŏr sēas ;
Sōmetĭmes cōmĭng, sōmetĭmes cōy,
Yĕt shĕ nēvĕr fāils tŏ plēase.
If wĭth ă frōwn
I ām căst dōwn,
Phĭllĭs, smĭlĭng
And bĕguīlĭng,
Mākes mĕ hāppiĕr thān bĕfōre.

Robert Burns touched the hearts of all Scotland, as well as the reading world, when he gave to the public, "The Cotter's Saturday Night." It is a poem that portrays vividly the life of the Scottish peasant, and is so true and accurate as to bring home to all, the scenes it so faithfully depicts. The rhythm is iambic. We select the third stanza:

Ăt lĕngth hĭs lōnelў cōt ăppēars ĭn viēw,
Bĕnēath thĕ shĕltĕr ōf ăn ăgĕd treē ;
Thĕ ĕxpēctănt weē thĭngs tōddlĭn', stāchĕr throūgh
Tŏ meēt thĕir dād, wĭ' flĭchterĭn' nōise ăn' gleē.
Hĭs weē bĭt ĭnglĕ blĭnkĭng bōnnĭlў,
Hĭs clēan heārthstōne, hĭs thrĭftĭe wĭfie's smīle,
Thĕ lĭspĭng ĭnfănt prāttlĭng ōn hĭs kneē,
Dŏes ā' hĭs wēarў cārkĭng cāres bĕguīle,
Ănd mākes hĭm quīte fŏrgēt hĭs lābŏr ānd hĭs tōil.

William Cullen Bryant is the author of this stanza, selected from one of his poems entitled, "June." The measure is iambic. We give the third stanza :

Thĕre throūgh thĕ lōng, lŏng sūmmĕr hōurs
Thĕ gōldĕn lĭght shoŭld lie,
Ănd thĭck yŏung hĕrbs ănd groūps ŏf flōwers
Stănd ĭn thĕir beaūtў bў.

Thĕ ōrĭōle shoŭld buĭld ănd tēll
Hĭs lōve-tăle clōse bĕsīde mў cēll ;
Thĕ ĭdlĕ būttĕrflў
Shoŭld rēst hĭm thēre, ănd thēre bĕ hēard
Thĕ hōusewĭfe beē ănd hŭmmĭng-bĭrd.

Another beautiful poem is selected from the same author. Who hasn't read William Cullen Bryant's "Robert of Lincoln," and admired the charming rhythm? The measure is mixed, the trochaic prevailing. We select the fifth stanza :

Sĭx whĭte ēggs ŏn ă bēd ŏf hāy,
Flēcked wĭth pūrplĕ, ă prēttў sīght !
Thēre ăs thĕ mōthĕr sĭts ăll dāy,
Rōbĕrt ĭs sĭngĭng wĭth āll hĭs mĭght ;
Bōb-ō'-lĭnk, bōb-ō'-lĭnk,
Spĭnk, spānk, spĭnk ;
Nĭce goŏd wĭfe, thăt nēvĕr gŏes ōut,
Keēpĭng hŏuse whĭle Ĭ frōlĭc ăbōut.
Cheē, cheē, cheē.

From Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto III, we select the following stanza from his description of "Waterloo." No grander poem of its kind was ever written. It is written in Spenserian stanza, which is always iambic rhythm. The first eight lines are iambic pentameter, the ninth line being an hexameter ·

Ăh ! thēn ănd thēre wăs hŭrrўĭng tō ănd frō,
Ănd gāthĕrĭng tēars, ănd trēmblĭngs ōf dĭstrēss,
Ănd cheēks ăll pāle whĭch būt ăn hōur ăgō
Blūshed ăt thĕ prāise ŏf thēir ŏwn lōvelĭnēss ;
Ănd thēre wĕre sūddĕn pārtĭngs, sūch ăs prēss
Thĕ lĭfe frŏm ōut yoŭng heārts, ănd chōkĭng sīghs
Whĭch nē'er mĭght bē rĕpēatĕd ; whō woŭld guēss
Ĭf ēvĕrmōre shoŭld meēt thōse mūtuăl eўes
Sĭnce ūpŏn nĭght sŏ sweēt sŭch āwfŭl mōrn coŭld rīse !

How beautiful are the "Lines" by Thomas Campbell, "On leaving a Scene in Bavaria." We select the seventh stanza. It is iambic rhythm :

Yĕs ! Ī hăve lōved thў wīld ăbōde,
Ūnknōwn, ŭnplōughed, ŭntrōddĕn shōre ;
Whĕre scārce thĕ woōdmăn fīnds ă rōad,
Ănd scārce thĕ fīshĕr plies ăn ōar ;
Fŏr mān's nĕglēct Ī lōve theĕ mōre ;
Thăt ārt nŏr āvărīce ĭntrūde
Tŏ tāme thў tōrrĕnt's thūndĕr-shōck,
Ŏr prūne thў vīntăge ōf thĕ rōck
Măgnīfĭcēntlў rūde.

A fine variation of the Spenserian stanza is found in the following from Percy Bysshe Shelley's lines entitled, "The Sun is Warm, the Sky is Clear." It is iambic rhythm. We select the third stanza :

Ălās ! Ī hāve nŏr hōpe nŏr hēalth,
Nŏr pēace wĭthĭn, nŏr cālm ărōund,
Nŏr thāt Cŏntēnt sŭrpāssĭng wēalth
Thĕ sāge ĭn mēdĭtātiŏn fōund,
Ănd wālked wĭth ĭnwărd glōrў crōwned,—
Nŏr fāme, nŏr pōwĕr, nŏr lōve, nŏr lēisŭre,
Ōthĕrs Ī seē whŏm thēse sŭrrōund ;
Smīlĭng thĕy lĭve, ănd cāll lĭfe plēasŭre ;
Tŏ mē thăt cūp hăs beĕn dēalt ĭn ănōthĕr mēasŭre.

THE TEN LINE STANZA.

This form of the stanza is widely used. It may be employed in many combinations. Five couplets make a beautiful ten line stanza. Three triplets and a single line may be used. The quatrain doubled and the couplet combined form the stanza. It can be formed of two five line stanzas ;

of a six line and a quatrain ; of a seven line and a triplet. We select a stanza from Shakespeare, entitled, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," from "As You Like It," act ii, scene 7. It is iambic rhythm. We select the first stanza :

Blŏw, blōw, thŏu wīntĕr wīnd,
Thŏu ārt nŏt sō ŭnkīnd
Ăs mān's ĭngrātĭtūde ;
Thў tooth ĭs nōt sŏ keēn,
Bĕcāuse thŏu ārt nŏt seēn,
Ălthōugh thў brēath bĕ rūde.
Hĕigh-hō ! sĭng hĕigh-hō ! ŭntō thĕ greĕn hōllў ;
Mŏst frĭendshĭp ĭs fēignĭng, mŏst lōvĭng mĕre fōllў;
Thĕn hĕigh-hō, thĕ hōllў !
Thĭs lĭfe ĭs mŏst jōllў !

Our next selection is a poem from John Keats. It is one of the best of that celebrated writer's productions. It is entitled, "Ode to a Nightingale." We select the seventh stanza :

Thŏu wāst nŏt bōrn fŏr dēath, ĭmmōrtăl Bīrd !
Nŏ hūngrў gĕnĕrātiŏns trēad theĕ dōwn ;
Thĕ vōice Ĭ hēar thĭs pāssĭng nīght wăs hēard
Ĭn ānciĕnt dāys bў ĕmpĕrōr ănd clōwn ;
Pĕrhāps thĕ sēlf-sămе sōng thăt fōund ă pāth
Throŭgh thĕ săd heārt ŏf Rūth, whĕn sīck fŏr hōme,
Shĕ stoōd ĭn tēars ămīd thĕ ālиĕn cōrn ;
Thĕ sāme thăt ōft-tĭmes hāth
Chărmed măgĭc cāseмĕnts ōpeнĭng ōn thĕ fōam
Ŏf pērilоŭs sēas, ĭn fāerў lānds fŏrlōrn.

Charles Mackay has written an excellent poem which has been oft quoted, entitled, "Tell Me, Ye Winged Winds." It is iambic measure. We select the first stanza :

Tĕll mē, yĕ wīngĕd winds,
  Thăt rōund mў pāthwăy rōar,
Dŏ yē nŏt knōw sŏme spōt
  Whĕre mōrtăls weēp nŏ mōre?
Sŏme lōne ănd plēasănt dēll,
  Sŏme vālleў īn thĕ wēst,
Whĕre freē frŏm tōil ănd pāin,
  Thĕ wēarў sōul măy rēst?
Thĕ lōud wĭnd dwīndlĕd tō ă whīspĕr lōw,
Ănd sīghed fŏr pītў ās ĭt ānswĕred, "Nō."

Milton's "May Morning" is another charming ten line stanza. It is also iambic rhythm, as follows:

Nŏw thē brĭght mōrnĭng stār, dăy's hārbĭngēr,
Cōmes dāncĭng frōm thē ēast, ănd lēads wĭth hēr
Thē flōwerў Māy, whŏ frōm hĕr greēn lăp thrōws
Thē yēllŏw cōwslĭp ānd thē pāle prĭmrōse.
Hăil, bōunteoŭs Māy! thăt dōth ĭnspīre
Mīrth ănd youth ănd wārm dēsīre;
Woŏds ănd grōves ăre ōf thў drēssĭng,
Hĭll ănd dāle dŏth bōast thў blēssĭng,
Thŭs wē sălūte theĕ wĭth ŏur ēarlў sōng,
Ănd wēlcŏme theē, ănd wish theĕ lōng.

"The Owl," a poem by Bryan W. Proctor, furnishes another excellent ten line stanza, in a mixed anapestic and iambic rhythm, the iambic prevailing. We select the first stanza:

Ĭn thĕ hōllŏw treē, ĭn thĕ ōld grăy tōwĕr,
  Thĕ spēctrăl ōwl dŏth dwēll;
Dŭll, hātĕd, dĕspīsed, ĭn thĕ sūnshĭne hōur,
  Bŭt ăt dūsk hē's ăbrōad ănd wēll!
Nŏt ă bīrd ŏf thĕ fōrĕst ē'er mātes wĭth hĭm;
  Ăll mōck hĭm ōutrĭght bў dāy;
Bŭt ăt nīght, whĕn thĕ woŏds grŏw stĭll ănd dĭm,
  Thĕ bōldĕst wĭll shrĭnk ăwāy!
Ŏ, whēn thĕ nĭght fālls, ănd roŏsts thĕ fōwl,
Thĕn, thēn, ĭs thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ hōrnĕd ōwl!

A rare old poem is "The Ivy Green," and its author is no less a personage than Charles Dickens. It is mixed anapestic and iambic rhythm, the iambic foot prevailing :

Ŏ, ă dāintў plānt ĭs thĕ ĭvў greēn,
Thăt creēpĕth ŏ'er rūĭns ōld !
Ŏf rīght chŏice foōd ăre hĭs mēals, Ĭ weēn,
Ĭn hĭs cēll sŏ lōne ănd cōld.
Thĕ wālls mŭst bĕ crūmblĕd, thĕ stōnes dĕcāyed,
Tŏ plēasŭre hĭs dāintў whīm ;
Ănd thĕ mōuldĕrĭng dūst thăt yēars hăve mādе,
Ĭs ă mērrў mēal fŏr hīm.
Creēpĭng whēre nŏ līfe ĭs seēn,
Ă rāre ŏld plānt ĭs thĕ ivў greēn.

No less loved by everyone is Mrs. S. J. Hale. All school boys have read "It Snows," written by her. The poem is but a glimpse of the actual reality of the delight of the youth at a sight of snow and the rare pleasure of the winter sports. It is anapestic rhythm. We give the first stanza :

"Ĭt snōws !" crĭes thĕ Schoōl-bŏy, "Hŭrrāh !" ănd hĭs shōut
Ĭs rīngĭng throŭgh pārlŏr ănd hāll,
Whĭle swīft ăs thĕ wīng ŏf ă swāllŏw, hĕ's ōut,
Ănd hĭs plāymătes hăve ānswĕred hĭs cāll ;
Ĭt mākes thĕ heărt lēap bŭt tŏ wĭtnĕss thĕir jōy ;
Prŏud wēalth hăs nŏ plēasŭre, Ĭ trōw,
Lĭke thĕ rāptŭre thăt thrōbs ĭn thĕ pūlse ŏf thĕ bōy,
Ăs hĕ gāthĕrs hĭs trēasŭres ŏf snōw;
Thĕn lāy nŏt thĕ trāppĭngs ŏf gōld ŏn thĭne hēirs,
Whĭle hēalth, ănd thĕ rīchĕs ŏf nātŭre, ăre thēirs.

Harrison Weir is the author of "Christmas in the Woods." It is a six line stanza and a quatrain combined. It is anapestic rhythm. We select the first stanza :

Frŏm ūndĕr thĕ bōughs ĭn thĕ snōw-clād woōd
Thĕ mērle ănd thĕ māvĭs ăre peēpĭng,
Ălīke sĕcūre frŏm thĕ wĭnd ănd thĕ floōd,
Yĕt ă sīlĕnt Chrīstmăs keēpĭng.
Stĭll hāppў ăre thēy,
Ănd thĕir loōks ăre gāy,
Ănd thĕy frĭsk ĭt frŏm bōugh tŏ bōugh ;
Sĭnce bērrĭes brĭght rēd
Hăng ōvĕr thĕir hēad,
Ă rĭght goōdlў fēast, Ĭ trōw.

"Pack Clouds Away," a poem by Thomas Heywood, in iambic rhythm, is a neat, pretty, dainty poem of love. We select the second stanza:

Wāke frŏm thў nĕst, rōbĭn-rēdbrĕast !
Sĭng, bīrds, ĭn ēv͡erў fūrrŏw ;
Ănd frōm ĕach bīll lĕt mūsĭc shrĭll
Gĭve mў fāir lōve goŏd-mōrrŏw !
Blăckbĭrd ănd thrūsh, ĭn ēv͡erў būsh,
Stăre, lĭnnĕt, ānd cŏck-spārrŏw,
Yoŭ prēttў ēlves, ămōng yoŭrsĕlves,
Sĭng mў fāir lōve goŏd-mōrrŏw.
Tŏ gĭve mў lōve goŏd-mōrrŏw,
Sĭng, bīrds, ĭn ēv͡erў fūrrŏw.

Another fine ten line poem is by Thomas Gray. It is entitled, "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eaton College." It is iambic rhythm. We give the last stanza :

Tŏ ĕach hĭs sūff͡erĭngs : āll ăre mĕn,
Cŏndēmned ălīke tŏ grōan ;
Thĕ tēndĕr fōr ănōthĕr's pāin,
Thĕ ŭnfeēlĭng fōr hĭs ōwn.
Yĕt, āh ! whў shoūld thĕy knōw thĕir fāte,
Sĭnce sōrrŏw nēvĕr cōmes toŏ lāte,
Ănd hāppĭnĕss toŏ swĭftlў flīes?
Thōught woŭld dĕstrōy thĕir pārădīse.
Nŏ mōre ; whĕre ĭgnŏrānce ĭs blĭss,
'Tĭs fōllў tō bĕ wīse.

THE SONNET.

One of the finest forms of the stanza in our English poetry is the Sonnet. Borrowed by the Italians from the early Provencial poets, it was assiduously cultivated by them, and brought to a high state of perfection. Many beautiful sonnets are found in the writings of Petrarch, Ariosto, Guido, and Dante. The Sonnet is a poetical piece containing fourteen iambic pentameter lines. It is generally lyrical in its nature. In fact it is the primordial form of modern English lyric poetry. It deals with *one* idea of a grave nature, presented under various aspects. The sonnet was introduced into English poetry in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt. The Italian sonnet then introduced is termed the correct and strict form. After the introduction of the sonnet into the English from the Italians, another form of the fourteen line stanza was used by English poets, in which the succession of rhymes was different in order from that authorized by the Italian form. To distinguish the two forms, the Italian was termed the regular, while all the others were called irregular, and are governed by separate and distinct rules or laws to be used in the formation of the different kinds of sonnets.

The sonnet in its structure is more elaborate than any form of the stanza. The Italian is always a positive and fixed form in some respects. It consists of two divisions. A major and a minor portion. The major portion consists of eight lines, called the octave ; the minor portion consists of six lines, called the sestette. The octave is composed of two quatrains. The quatrains are similar in form and construction. The first and fourth lines of each quatrain rhyme with each other, and the second and third lines rhyme. The octave, however, has but two rhymes, for the first and

fourth lines of the first quatrain rhyme with the first and fourth lines of the second quatrain; the same is true of the second and third lines of both quatrains. The octave is joined to the sestette by a close grammatical structure. The octave is a fixed form.

In the construction of the sestette of the Italian form of the sonnet, the first and fourth, the second and fifth, the third and sixth lines rhyme; or, the first, third and fifth rhyme with the second, fourth and sixth of the sestette. All other forms of the sonnet are not termed pure. Our best poets have used the sonnet to pour forth their most sublime thoughts expressive of love, friendship, praise, adoration, grief and sorrow. It seems peculiarly adopted as a form to express the most intense feelings of the human mind, and to enable the writer to give vent to the finer feelings and thoughts.

A beautiful sonnet by Richard Watson Gilder expresses in admirable language the sonnet:

WHAT IS A SONNET?

MAJOR PORTION—FIRST QUATRAIN.

Whăt ĭs ă sŏnnĕt? 'Tĭs ă pēarlў shĕll
  Thăt mūrmŭrs ōf thĕ fär-ŏff mūrmŭrĭng sēa;
  Ă prēcioŭs jēwĕl cārved mŏst cūrioŭslў;
Ĭt ĭs ă lĭttlĕ pĭctŭre pāintĕd wēll.

MAJOR PORTION—SECOND QUATRAIN.

Whăt ĭs ă sŏnnĕt? 'Tĭs thĕ tēar thăt fĕll
  Frŏm ā greăt pōĕt's hĭddĕn ĕctăsў;
  Ă twŏ-ĕdged swōrd, ă stär, ă sōng—ăh mē!
Sŏmetĭmes ă hēavў-tōllĭng fūnerăl bēll.

MINOR PORTION.

Thĭs wās thĕ flāme thăt shoōk wĭth Dāntĕ's brēath,
Thĕ sōlĕmn ōrgăn whĕreōn Mĭltŏn plāyed,
Ănd thē clĕar glāss whĕre Shākespĕare's shādŏw fālls ;
Ă sēa thĭs ĭs—bĕwāre, whŏ vĕntŭrēth !
Fŏr lĭke ă fiōrd thĕ nārrŏw floōr ĭs lāid
Deĕp ās mĭd-ōceăn tō sheĕr mōuntăin wālls.

John Milton thus describes his own blindness in a sonnet of the regular model :

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

To Cyriack Skinner.

OCTAVE.

Whĕn Ī cŏnsīdĕr hōw mў līght ĭs spēnt
Ĕre hālf mў dāys, ĭn thīs dărk wōrld ănd wīde,
Ănd thāt ŏne tālĕnt, whĭch ĭs dēath tŏ hīde,
Lŏdged wĭth mĕ ūseleśs, thōugh mў sōul mŏre bēnt

Tŏ sērve thĕrewĭth mў Mākĕr, ānd prĕsēnt
Mў trūe ăccōunt, lĕst Hē, rĕtūrnĭng, chīde ;
"Dŏth Gōd ĕxāct dăy-lābŏr, līght dĕnīed?"
Ĭ fōndlў āsk. Bŭt Pātiĕnce, tō prĕvēnt

SESTETTE.

Thăt mūrmŭr soōn rĕplīes, "Gŏd dōth nŏt neēd
Ēithĕr măn's wōrk, ŏr hĭs ŏwn gĭfts ; whŏ bēst
Bĕar hĭs mĭld yōke, thĕy sērve hĭm bēst. Hĭs stāte
Ĭs kĭnglў ; thōusănds āt hĭs bĭddĭng speēd,
Ănd pōst ŏ'er lānd ănd ōceăn wĭthōut rēst ;
Thĕy ālsŏ sērve whŏ ōnlў stānd ănd wāit!"

Longfellow has written many exquisitely charming sonnets. None better than, "A Summer Day by the Sea:"

Thĕ sūn ĭs sĕt; ănd ĭn hĭs lātĕst bēams
Yŏn lĭttlĕ clōud ŏf āshĕn grāy ănd gōld,
Slōwlў ŭpōn thĕ ămbĕr āir ŭnrōlled,
Thĕ fāllĭng māntlĕ ōf thĕ Prōphĕt seēms.
Frŏm thē dĭm hēadlănds mānў ă lĭghthŏuse glēams,
Thĕ streēt-lămps ōf thĕ ōceăn; ănd bĕhōld,
Ŏ'erhēad thĕ bānnĕrs ōf thĕ night ŭnfōld;
Thĕ dāy hăth pāssed ĭntō thĕ lānd ŏf drēams.
Ŏ sūmmĕr dāy, bĕsīde thĕ jōyoŭs sēa!
Ŏ sūmmĕr dāy, sŏ wōndĕrfūl ănd whīte,
Sŏ fūll ŏf glādnĕss ānd sŏ fūll ŏf pāin!
Fŏrēvĕr ānd fŏrēvĕr shālt thŏu bē
Tŏ sōme thĕ grāvestŏne ōf ă dēad dĕlīght,
Tŏ sōme thĕ lāndmărk ōf ă nēw dŏmāin

The following by Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a good example of the sonnet:

Mĕthĭnks ōfttĭmes mў heărt ĭs lĭke sŏme beē,
Thăt gōes fŏrth throūgh thĕ sūmmĕr dāy ănd sĭngs,
Ănd gāthĕrs hŏnĕy frŏm ăll grōwĭng thĭngs
Ĭn gārdĕn plōt, ŏr ōn thĕ clōvĕr lēaf.
Whĕn thē lŏng āftĕrnoōn grŏws lāte, ănd shē
Woŭld seēk hĕr hīve, shĕ cānnŏt lĭft hĕr wĭngs,
Sŏ hēavĭlў thĕ toō sweēt būrdĕn clĭngs,
Frŏm whĭch shĕ woūld nŏt, ānd yĕt woūld, flў freē.
Sŏ wĭth mў fūll fŏnd heărt; fŏr whēn ĭt trĭes
Tŏ lĭft ĭtsēlf tŏ pēace-crŏwned hēights ăbŏve
Thĕ cŏmmŏn wāy whĕre cōuntlĕss feēt hăve trōd,
Lŏ! thēn, thĭs būrdĕn ōf dĕar hūmăn ties,
Thĭs grōwĭng wēight ŏf prēcioŭs ēarthlў lōve,
Bĭnds dōwn thĕ spĭrĭt thāt woŭld sōar tŏ Gōd.

The regular model is varied in the sestette. Below we give forms of these variations. "Echo and Silence," is an excellent sonnet :

Ĭn ēd͡dyĭng cōurse, whĕn lēaves bĕgān tŏ flȳ,
Ănd Āutŭmn īn hĕr lāp thĕ stōre tŏ strēw,
Ăs 'mīd wīld scēnes Ĭ chānced thĕ Mūse tŏ woō,
Throŭgh glēns ŭntrōd, ănd woōds thăt frōwned ŏn hīgh,
Twŏ sleēpĭng nȳmphs wĭth wōn͡derĭng mūte Ĭ spȳ!
Ănd, lō, shĕ's gōne—ĭn rōbe ŏf dārk-greĕn hūe,
'Twăs Ēchŏ frōm hĕr sīstĕr Sīlĕnce flēw,
Fŏr quīck thĕ hūntĕr's hōrn rĕsōundĕd tō thĕ skȳ!
Ĭn shāde ăffrīghtĕd Sīlĕnce mēlts ăwāy.
Nŏt sō hĕr sīstĕr. Hārk! fŏr ōnwărd stīll,
Wĭth fār-hĕard stēp, shĕ tākes hĕr lĭst͡enĭng wāy,
Bōundĭng frŏm rōck tŏ rōck, ănd hīll tŏ hīll.
Āh, mārk thĕ mērrȳ māid ĭn mōckfŭl plāy
Wĭth thōusănd mīmĭc tōnes thĕ lāughĭng fōrĕst fīll!

Samuel Egerton Brydges.

Another elegant sonnet is:

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

Thĕ pōĕtrȳ ŏf ēarth ĭs nēvĕr dēad:
Whĕn āll thĕ bīrds ăre fāint wĭth thē hŏt sūn,
Ănd hīde ĭn coōlĭng treēs, ă vōice wĭll rūn
Frŏm hēdge tŏ hēdge ăbōut thĕ nēw-mŏwn mēad,
Thăt ĭs thĕ grāsshŏppēr's—hĕ tākes thĕ lēad
Ĭn sūmmĕr lūxur͡ȳ,—hē hăs nēvĕr dōne
Wĭth hĭs dĕlīghts; fŏr, whĕn tĭred ōut wĭth fūn,
Hĕ rēsts ăt ēase bĕnēath sŏme plēasănt weēd.
Thĕ pōĕtrȳ ŏf ēarth ĭs cēasĭng nēvĕr:
Ŏn ā lŏne wĭntĕr ēv͡enĭng whēn thĕ frōst
Hăs wrōught ă sīlĕnce, frōm thĕ stōve thĕre shrīlls
Thĕ crīckĕt's sōng, ĭn wārmth ĭncrēasĭng ēvĕr,
Ănd seēms, tŏ ōne ĭn drōwsĭnĕss hălf lōst,
Thĕ grāsshŏppēr's ămōng sŏme grāssȳ hīlls.

John Keats.

William Shakespeare deigned to trangress the laws of the Italian model and mold one of his own. Can it not be said what was fit for Shakespeare's use is all sufficient for any person? These sonnets, one hundred fifty-four in number, are wonderful in composition and merit. They are devoted to friendship and love. Their form consists of three quatrains and a couplet. Many of the best poets have written sonnets on the Shakesperian model:

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Whĕn Ī dŏ cōunt thĕ clōck thăt tēlls thĕ tīme,
Ănd seē thĕ brāve dăy sūnk ĭn hĭdeoŭs nīght;
Whĕn Ī bĕhōld thĕ vĭŏlĕt păst prīme,
Ănd sāblĕ cūrls ăll sīlvĕred ō'er wĭth whīte;
Whĕn lōftў treēs Ī seē bārrĕn ŏf lēaves,
Whĭch ērst frŏm hēat dĭd cānŏpў thĕ hērd,
Ănd sūmmĕr's greĕn ăll gīrdĕd ūp ĭn shēaves,
Bŏrne ōn thĕ biēr wĭth whīte ănd brīstlў bēard;
Thĕn ōf thў beaūtў dō Ī quēstiŏn māke,
Thăt thōu ămōng thĕ wāstes ŏf tīme mŭst gō,
Sĭnce sweēts ănd beaūtiēs dō thĕmsēlves fŏrsāke,
Ănd dīe ăs fāst ăs thēy seĕ ōthĕrs grōw;
Ănd nōthĭng 'gāinst Tĭme's scўthe căn māke dĕfēnce,
Săve breēd, tŏ brāve hĭm whĕn hĕ tākes theĕ hēnce.

William Shakespeare.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, an English poet, has written a sonnet fashioned after the Shakesperian model. It is entitled, "Love, Time and Death:"

Ăh mē, drĕad friēnds ŏf mīne—Lŏve, Tīme ănd Dēath!
Sweĕt Lōve, whŏ cāme tŏ mē ŏn sheēnў wīng,
Ănd gāve hĕr tō mў ārms—hĕr līps, hĕr brēath,
Ănd āll hĕr gōldĕn rīnglĕts clūstĕrīng;
Ănd Tīme, whŏ gāthĕrs īn thĕ flўĭng yēars,
Hĕ gāve mĕ āll—bŭt whēre ĭs āll hĕ gāve?
Hĕ toŏk mў Lōve ănd lēft mĕ bārrĕn tēars;
Wēarў ănd lōne, Ī fōllŏw tō thĕ grāve.

Thĕre Dēath wĭll ēnd thĭs vīsiŏn hālf dĭvīne,
Wăn Dēath, whŏ wāits ĭn shādŏw ēvĕrmōre,
Ănd sīlĕnt ēre hĕ gāve thĕ sūddĕn sīgn ;
Ŏh, gēntlў lēad mĕ throŭgh thў nārrŏw doōr,
Thŏu gēntlĕ Dēath, thŏu trūstĭĕst frīend ŏf mīne.
Ăh mē, fŏr Lōve wĭll Dēath mў Lōve rĕstōre?

A fine sonnet after the same model is by Thomas Hood :

FALSE POETS AND TRUE.

Loŏk hŏw thĕ lārk sŏars ūpwărd ānd ĭs gōne,
Tūrnĭng ă spīrĭt ās hĕ nēars thĕ skў !
Hĭs vōice ĭs hēard, bŭt bōdў thēre ĭs nōne
Tŏ fix thĕ vāgue ĕxcūrsiŏns ōf thĕ eўe.
Sŏ pōĕts' sōngs ăre wĭth ŭs, thōugh thĕy dīe
Ŏbscūred ănd hīd bў dēath's ŏblīvioŭs shrōud,
Ănd ēarth ĭnhērĭts thē rĭch mēlŏdў,
Lĭke rāinĭng mūsĭc frōm thĕ mōrnĭng clōud.
Yĕt, fēw thĕre bē whŏ pīpe sŏ sweēt ănd loūd,
Thĕir vōicĕs rēach ŭs throŭgh thĕ lāpse ŏf spāce ;
Thĕ nōisў dāy ĭs dēafĕned bў ă crōwd
Ŏf ūndĭstĭnguĭshed bīrds, ă twĭttĕrĭng rāce ;
Bŭt ōnlў lārk ănd nīghtĭngāle fŏrlōrn
Fĭll ūp thĕ sīlĕncēs ŏf nīght ănd mōrn.

A granddaughter of the famous orator, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, herself famous as a poetess of extraordinary merit, pays this compliment to her loved treasures, in a sonnet :

TO MY BOOKS.

Sīlĕnt cŏmpāniŏns ōf thĕ lōnelў hōur,
Friĕnds whō căn nēvĕr āltĕr ōr fŏrsāke.
Whŏ fŏr ĭncōnstănt rōvĭng hāve nŏ pōwer,
Ănd āll nĕglēct, pĕrfŏrce, mŭst cālmlў tāke,—
Lĕt mē rĕtūrn tŏ yoū ; thĭs tūrmŏil ēndĭng
Whĭch wōrldlў cāres hăve ĭn mў spīrĭt wrōught.
Ănd, ō'er yoŭr ōld fămīliăr pāgĕs bēndĭng,
Rĕfrēsh mў mĭnd wĭth mā̆ny ă trānquĭl thōught,

Till happy meeting there, from time to time,
Fancies, the audible echo of my own,
'T will be like hearing in a foreign clime
My native language spoke in friendly tone,
And with a sort of welcome I shall dwell
On these, my unripe musings, told so well.

Caroline Elizabeth Norton.

William Lisle Bowles furnishes a fine sonnet on the river Rhine. Mr. Bowles had great ability as a sonneteer :

THE RIVER RHINE.

'Twas morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
[Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine]
Streamed the blue light, when on the sparkling Rhine
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted. Varying as we go,
Lo, the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls or glistening spire
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
Here dark, with furrowed aspect, like despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff; there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
While Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heed how fast the prospect winds away.

Matthew Arnold's sonnet of "Quiet Work" is a lesson in itself. It is not strictly a sonnet of the regular type, the difference, however, is very slight. The second and third lines of the first and second quatrains do not rhyme together, making more than two rhymes in the octave. Arnold's sonnets, twenty-three in number, are all first-class, but none of them strictly pure :

QUIET WORK.

Ŏne lēssŏn, Nātŭre, lēt mĕ lēarn ŏf theē,
  Ŏne lēssŏn whīch ĭn ēvĕrў wīnd ĭs blōwn,
  Ŏne lēssŏn ōf twŏ dūtĭes kēpt ăt ōne
Throŭgh thē lŏud wŏrld prŏclāim theĭr ēnmĭtў,
Ŏf tōil ŭnsēvĕred frōm trănquīlĭtў;
  Ŏf lābŏr thāt ĭn lāstĭng frūit ŏutgrōws
  Făr nōisiĕr schēmes, ăccōmplĭshed īn rĕpōse,
Toŏ greāt fŏr hāstĕ, toŏ hĭgh fŏr rīvălrў.
Yĕs, whīle ŏn ēarth ă thōusănd dīscŏrds rīng,
  Măn's sēnselĕss ūprŏar mīnglĭng wĭth hĭs tōil,
    Stĭll dō thў quĭĕt mīnĭstērs mŏve ōn,
Thĕir glōrĭoŭs tāsks ĭn sīlĕnce pērfĕctĭng;
  Stĭll wŏrkĭng, blāmĭng stĭll ŏur vāin tŭrmōil,
    Lābŏrērs thăt shāll nŏt fāil, whĕn mān ĭs gōne.

One of the finest sonnets in our language is entitled:

NIGHT.

Mўstērĭoŭs Night! whĕn ōur fĭrst pārĕnt knĕw
  Theĕ frŏm rĕpōrt dĭvīne, ănd hēard thў nāme,
  Dĭd hē nŏt trĕmblĕ fōr thĭs lōvelў frāme,—
Thĭs glōrĭoŭs cānŏpў ŏf lĭght ănd blūe?
Yĕt 'nēath ă cūrtăin ōf trănslūcĕnt dēw,
  Băthed īn thĕ rāys ŏf thē greăt sĕttĭng flāme,
  Hĕspērŭs, wĭth thĕ hōst ŏf hēavĕn cāme,
Ănd lō! crĕātĭon wīdĕned īn măn's vĭēw.
Whŏ coŭld hăve thōught sŭch dārknĕss lāy cŏncēaled
  Wĭthĭn thў bēams, Ŏ Sūn! ŏr whō coŭld fĭnd,
Whĭlst flў ănd lēaf ănd ĭnsĕct stoŏd rĕvēaled,
  Thăt tō sŭch cōuntlĕss ōrbs thŏu mād'st ŭs blĭnd!
Whў dō wĕ thēn shŭn dēath wĭth ānxioŭs strĭfe!
Ĭf lĭght căn thūs dĕcēive, whĕrefŏre nŏt lĭfe?

Joseph Blanco White.

THE BALLADE.

The French ballade is radically different from the English ballad. Of late years it has come into general use, and it is now fairly well known to lovers of the poetic art. The ballade was attempted in England as early as the sonnet, more than three-hundred years ago, but it did not succeed. The ballade consists of three stanzas and a half stanza, clept an envoy, addressed to some prince or power, title or theme. The arrangement of the first stanza is repeated in the others; and the burden or refrain concludes all three stanzas, as well as the envoy. Eight line stanzas using three rhymes are generally used; but ten line stanzas using four rhymes are of frequent occurrence, and permissible. There is also a variety of the ballade known as the double ballade. It is simply a ballade of six stanzas of either eight or ten lines, repeating the arrangement of the first stanza, and the ballade may conclude with or without an envoy, as the writer may desire.

Then we have still another form of the ballade. It is a ballade with a double refrain. The stanzas are always of but eight lines; and the fourth and eighth lines of the first stanza are repeated in the fourth and eighth lines of the other stanzas, while the envoy consists of two couplets, the first refrain occurring in the second line, and the second refrain occurring in the fourth line of the envoy.

BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA.

Thĕre's ă jōy withŏut cānkĕr ŏr cārk,
Thĕre's ă plēasŭre ĕtērnăllў nēw,
'Tĭs tŏ glōte ŏn thĕ glāze ănd thĕ mārk
Ŏf chīnă thăt's ānciĕnt ănd blūe;

Ŭnchīpped ăll thĕ cēntŭrĭes throūgh
Ĭt hăs pāssed, sĭnce thĕ chīme ŏf ĭt rāng,
Ănd thĕy fāshiŏned ĭt, fīgŭre ănd hūe,
Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

Thĕse drāgŏns (thĕir tāils, yoŭ rĕmārk,
Ĭntŏ būnchĕs ŏf gīllyflŏwers grēw)—
Whĕn Nōăh căme ōut ŏf thĕ ārk,
Dĭd thēse lĭe ĭn wāit fŏr hĭs crēw?
Thĕy snōrtĕd, thĕy snāpped, ănd thĕy slēw,
Thĕy wĕre mīghtў ŏf fĭn ănd ŏf fāng,
Ănd thĕir pōrtrăits Cĕlēstĭăls drēw
Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

Hĕre's ă pōt wĭth ă cōt ĭn ă pārk,
Ĭn ă pārk whĕre thĕ pēach-blŏssŏms blēw,
Whĕre thĕ lōvĕrs ĕlōped ĭn thĕ dārk,
Lĭved, dīed, ănd wĕre chānged ĭntŏ twō
Brĭght bīrds thăt ĕtĕrnăllў flēw
Throŭgh thĕ bōughs ŏf thĕ Māy, ăs thĕy sāng;
'Tĭs ă tāle wăs ŭndōubtĕdlў trūe
Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

ENVOY.

Cŏme, snārl ăt mў ēcstăsĭes, dō,
Kĭnd crītĭc, yoŭr "tōngue hăs ă tāng"
Bŭt—ă sāge nĕvĕr heēdĕd ă shrēw
Ĭn thĕ rēign ŏf thĕ Ēmpĕrŏr Hwāng.

Andrew Lang.

THE BALLADE OF PROSE AND RHYME.

(BALLADE A DOUBLE REFRAIN).

Whĕn thĕ wāys ăre hēavў wĭth mīre ănd rūt,
Ĭn Nŏvēmbĕr fōgs, ĭn Dĕcēmbĕr snōws,
Whĕn thĕ Nŏrth Wĭnd hōwls ănd thĕ doŏrs ăre shūt
Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnoūgh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse;

Bŭt whĕnēvĕr ă scēnt frŏm thĕ whītethŏrn blōws,
Ănd thĕ jāsmĭne-stārs ăt thĕ cāsemĕnt clĭmb,
Ănd ă Rōsălĭnd-fāce ăt thĕ lāttĭce shōws,
Thĕn hēy !—fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

Whĕn thĕ brāin gĕts drȳ ăs ăn ēmptȳ nŭt,
Whĕn thĕ rēasŏn stānds ŏn ĭts squārĕst tōes,
Whĕn thĕ mĭnd (lĭke ă bēard) hăs ă "fōrmăl cŭt,"—
Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnōugh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse ;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr thĕ Māy-bloŏd stĭrs ănd glōws,
Ănd thĕ yōung yĕar drāws tŏ thĕ "gōldĕn prĭme,"
Ănd Sĭr Rōmĕŏ stĭcks ĭn ḥĭs ēar ă rōse,—
Thĕn hēy !—fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

Ĭn ă thēme whĕre thĕ thōughts hăve ă pēdănt strŭt,
Ĭn ă chāngĭng quārrĕl ŏf "Āyes" ănd "Nōes,"
Ĭn ă stārchĕd prŏcēssiŏn ŏf "Ĭf" ănd "Bŭt,"—
Thĕre ĭs plāce ănd ĕnoŭgh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse ;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr ă sōft glănce sōftĕr grōws
Ănd thĕ lĭght hŏurs dānce tŏ thĕ trȳstĭng-tĭme,
Ănd thĕ sēcrĕt ĭs tōld thăt "nō ŏne knōws,"—
Thĕn hēy ! fŏr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

ENVOY.

Ĭn thĕ wōrk-ă-dăy wōrld,—fŏr ĭts neĕds ănd wōes,
Therĕ ĭs plāce ănd ĕnoŭgh fŏr thĕ pāins ŏf prōse;
Bŭt whĕnēvĕr thĕ Māy-bĕlls clāsh ănd chīme,
Thĕn hēy ! fōr thĕ rĭpplĕ ŏf lāughĭng rhȳme !

Austin Dobson.

THE CHANT ROYAL.

Another variation of the ballade is known as the Chant Royal. It is a ballade of five stanzas of eleven lines, with an envoy of five lines. It is not, however, a practical form of verse and is difficult of construction. We give below a very excellent Chant Royal by Mr. Austin Dobson :

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

(CHANT ROYAL, AFTER HOLBEIN).

"Contra vim Mortis
Non est Medicamen in hortis."

Hĕ īs thĕ dēspŏts' Dēspŏt. Āll mŭst bīde,
Lātĕr ŏr soōn, thĕ mēssăge ōf hĭs mīght;
Prīncĕs ănd pōtĕntātes thĕir hēads mŭst hīde,
Tōuched bў thĕ āwfŭl sīgĭl ōf hĭs rīght;
Bĕsīde thĕ Kaīsĕr hē ăt ēve dŏth wāit
Ănd pōurs ă pōtiŏn īn hĭs cūp ŏf stāte;
Thĕ stātelў Queēn hĭs bīddĭng mūst ŏbēy,
Nŏ keēn-eўed Cārdĭnāl shăll hīm ăffrāy;
Ănd tō thĕ Dāme thăt wāntŏnēth hĕ sāith—
"Lĕt bē, Sweĕtheārt, tŏ jūnkĕt ānd tŏ plāy."
Thĕre īs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblĕ thăn Dēath.

Thĕ lūstў Lōrd, rējōicĭng īn hĭs prīde,
Hĕ drāwĕth dōwn; bĕfōre thĕ ārmĕd Knīght
Wĭth jīnglĭng brīdăl-rēin hĕ stīll dŏth rīde;
Hĕ crōssĕth thĕ strōng Cāptăin īn thĕ fīght;
Hĕ bēckŏns thĕ grāve Ēldĕr frōm dĕbāte;
Hĕ hāils thĕ Ābbŏt bў hĭs shāvĕn pāte,
Nŏr fōr thĕ Ābbĕss' wāilĭng wĭll dĕlāy;
Nŏ brāwlĭng Mēndĭcānt shăll sāy hĭm nāy;
Ē'en tō thĕ pўx thĕ Priēst hĕ fōllŏwēth,
Nŏr cān thĕ Leēch hĭs chīllĭng fīngĕr stāy.
Thĕre īs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblĕ thăn Dēath.

Ăll thīngs mŭst bōw tŏ hīm. Ănd wōe bĕtīde
Thĕ Wīne-bībbĕr—thĕ Rōystĕrĕr bў nīght;
Hīm thĕ fēast-măstĕr mānў bōuts dĕfīed,
Hĭm 'twĭxt thĕ plēdgĭng ānd thĕ cūp shăll smīte;
Wŏe tō thĕ Lēndĕr āt ŭsūrioŭs rāte,
Thĕ hārd Rĭch Mān, thĕ hīrelĭng Ādvŏcāte;
Wŏe tō thĕ Jūdge thăt sēllĕth rīght fŏr pāy;
Wŏe tō thĕ thīēf thăt līke ă bēast ŏf prēy
Wĭth creēpĭng trēad thĕ trāvĕlĕr hārrўēth:—
Thĕse, īn thĕir sīn, thĕ sūddĕn swōrd shăll slāy.
Thĕre īs nŏ kīng mŏre tērrĭblĕ thăn Dēath.

Hĕ hāth nŏ pĭtў,—nōr will bē dĕnĭed,
Whĕn thē lŏw heārth ĭs gārnĭshĕd ănd brĭght,
Grĭmlў hĕ flĭngĕth thē dĭm pōrtăl wīde,
Ănd stēals thē Ĭnfănt ĭn thē Mōthĕr's sĭght ;
Hĕ hāth nŏ pĭtў fōr thē scōrned ŏf fāte :—
Hĕ spāres nŏt Lāzărŭs lўĭng āt thē gāte,
Năy, nōr thē Blĭnd thăt stūmblĕth ās hĕ māy ;
Năy, thē tĭred Plōughmăn,—āt thē sĭnkĭng rāy,
Ĭn thē lăst fūrrŏw,—feēls ăn ĭcў brēath,
Ănd knōws ă hānd hăth tūrned thē tēam ăstrāy
Thĕre ĭs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

Hĕ hāth nŏ pĭtў. Fōr thē nēw-măde Brīde,
Blĭthe wĭth thē prōmĭse ōf hĕr lĭfe's dĕlĭght,
Thăt wāndĕrs glādlў bў hĕr Hūsbănd's sīde,
Hĕ wĭth thē clāttĕr ōf hĭs drūm dŏth frĭght ;
Hĕ scāres thē Vīrgĭn āt thē Cōnvĕnt grāte ;
Thē māid hălf-wŏn, thē Lōvĕr pāssiŏnāte ;
Hĕ hāth nŏ grāce fŏr wēaknĕss ānd dĕcāy :
Thē tēndĕr Wĭfe, thē Wĭdŏw bēnt ănd grāy,
Thē feēblē Sīre whŏse foōtstĕp fāltĕrēth,—
Ăll thēse hĕ lēadĕth bў thē lōnelў wāy—
Thĕre ĭs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

ENVOY.

Yoŭth fōr whŏse ēar ănd mōnĭshĭng, ŏf lāte
Ĭ sāng ŏf Prōdĭgāls ănd lōst ĕstāte,
Hăve thōu thў jōy ŏf lĭvĭng ānd bĕ gāy ;
Bŭt knōw nŏt lēss thăt thēre mŭst cōme ă dāy,—
Aўe, ānd pĕrchānce ĕ'en nōw ĭt hāstĕnĕth,—
Whĕn thīne ŏwn heārt shăll spēak tŏ theē ănd sāy,—
Thĕre ĭs nŏ kĭng mŏre tĕrrĭblē thăn Dēath.

THE RONDEAU.

The rondeau is a form of verse introduced from the French by the English. Its form dates back to the fourteenth century. The rondeau is composed of thirteen

verses or lines, of which eight have one rhyme and five another. These lines are divided in three unequal strophes ; the four first words of the first line serve as the refrain, and occur after the eighth and thirteenth lines. It is a delicate form of poetry and capable of the highest degree of excellence and finish. Many delight to use it for that reason, and have succeeded in producing poems of rare beauty. The practice of new meters and the study of new forms aids the poet and enables him to rise higher in his art. Form and precision are necessary to a high degree of excellence. The rondeau in its true type, has a fixed exotic form, susceptible of a highly English polish. Lope de Vega and Hurtado de Mendoza wrote sonnets on sonnet making; Voiture imitated them as regards the rondeau. Here is a paraphrase of Voiture :

Yoŭ bīd mĕ trȳ, Blūe Eȳes, tŏ wrīte
Ă rōndeaŭ. Whāt !—fŏrthwīth ?—tŏnīght ?
Rĕflĕct. Sŏme skīll Ĭ hāve, 'tĭs trūe ;—
Bŭt thīrteĕn līnes !—ănd rhȳmed ŏn twō !
" Rĕfrāin," ăs wĕll. Ăh, hāplĕss plīght !
Stĭll, thĕre ăre fīve lĭnes,—rānged ărīght.
Thĕse Gāllĭc bōnds, Ĭ fēared, woŭld frīght
Mȳ ēasȳ Mūse. Thĕy dīd, tĭll yoū—
Yoŭ bīd mĕ trȳ !

Thăt mākes thĕm ēight. Thĕ pōrt's ĭn sīght ;—
'T ĭs āll bĕcāuse yoŭr eȳes ăre brīght !
Nŏw jŭst ă pāir tŏ ēnd ĭn "oō,"—
Whĕn māids cŏmmānd, whăt cān't wĕ dō !
Bĕhōld !—thĕ rōndeaŭ, tāstefŭl, līght,
Yoŭ bīd mĕ trȳ !

TO A JUNE ROSE.

Ŏ rōyăl Rōse ! thĕ Rōmăn drēssed
Hĭs fēast wĭth theē ; thў pētăls prēssed
Aŭgŭstăn brōws ; thĭne ōdŏr fīne,
Mĭxed wĭth thĕ threē-tĭmes mīnglĕd wīne,
Lēnt thĕ lŏng Thrāciăn drāught ĭts zēst.
Whăt mārvĕl thēn, ĭf hōst ănd guēst,
Bў Sōng, bў Jōy, bў Theē cărēssed,
Hălf-trēmblĕd ōn thĕ hālf-dĭvīne,
Ŏ rōyăl Rōse !

Ănd yēt—ănd yēt—Ĭ lōve theĕ bēst
Ĭn ōur ŏld gārdĕns ōf thĕ Wēst,
Whēthĕr ăbōut mў thātch thŏu twīne,
Ŏr Hērs, thăt brōwn-eўed māid ŏf mīne,
Whŏ lūlls theĕ ōn hĕr lāwnў brēast,
Ŏ rōyăl Rōse !

Austin Dobson.

FOR MY DEAR LOVE.

(AN OPAL.)

Fŏr mў dĕar lōve Ĭ lōng tŏ brīng
Sŏme rāre ănd dāintў ōffĕrīng.
Ĭ'll stēal ă rāinbŏw frōm thĕ skў
Tŏ pāint mў jōy whĕn shē ĭs nīgh ;
Thĕ fāirnĕss ōf hĕr fōrm tŏ sīng,
Ĭ'll mōunt mĕ ōn a pōĕt's wīng ;
Throŭgh wīntĕr frōst, ĕach flōwer ŏf sprīng
Shăll spēak ănd tēll hĕr hōw Ĭ sīgh
Fŏr mў dĕar lōve.

Năy, nāy, thĭs ĭs bŭt loĭtĕrīng ;
Seĕ, hēre, ă tĭnў, rōundĕd thīng,
Whĕre āll sweĕt shādes ĭmprĭsŏned līe,
Hĕr blūsh, thĕ flōwers, thĕ rāinbŏw skў ;
Nŏw, Ĭ wĭll sĕt thĭs ĭn ă rīng,
Fŏr mў dĕar lōve.

Margaret B. Logan—"The Magazine of Poetry."

THE RONDEL.

The rondel is a poem, in two rhymes, containing fourteen lines. The refrain of the rondel is but a repetition of the first and second lines as the seventh and eighth, and again as the thirteenth and fourteenth. It is the original form of the rondeau.

THE WANDERER.

Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng,—
  Thĕ ōld, ŏld Lōve thăt wĕ knĕw ŏf yōre !
  Wĕ seē hĭm stānd bў thĕ ōpĕn doōr,
Wĭth hĭs greăt eўes sād, ănd hĭs bōsŏm swēllĭng.

Hĕ mākes ăs thoūgh ĭn ŏur ārms rĕpēllĭng,
  Hĕ făin woŭld līe ăs hĕ lāy bĕfōre ;—
Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng.—
  Thĕ ōld, ŏld Lōve thăt wĕ knĕw ŏf yōre !

Āh, whō shăll hēlp ŭs frŏm ōvĕr-tēllĭng
  Thăt sweēt fŏrgōttĕn, fŏrbĭddĕn lōre !
  Ē'en ās wĕ dōubt ĭn ŏur hcārt ŏnce mōre,
Wĭth ă rūsh ŏf tēars tŏ ŏur eўelĭds wēllĭng,
Lŏve cōmes băck tō hĭs vācănt dwēllĭng.

Austin Dobson.

RONDEL.

Thĕse mānў yēars sĭnce wĕ bĕgān tŏ bē,
Whăt hāve thĕ gŏds dŏne wĭth ŭs? whăt wĭth mē?
Whăt wĭth mў lōve? Thĕy hăve shōwn mĕ fātes ănd fēars,
Hărsh sprĭngs, ănd fōuntăins bĭttĕrĕr thān thĕ sēa,
Griēf ă fĭxed stār, ănd jōy ă vāne thăt veērs,
  Thĕse mānў yēars.

Wĭth hēr, mў lōve, wĭth hēr hăve thēy dŏne wēll?
Bŭt whō shăll ānswĕr fōr hĕr? whō shăll tēll
Sweēt thĭngs ŏr sād, sŭch thĭngs ăs nō măn hēars?
Măy nō tĕars fāll ; ĭf nō tĕars ēvĕr fēll,
Frŏm eўes mŏre dēar tŏ mē thăn stārrĭĕst sphēres
  Thĕse mānў yēars

Bŭt ĭf tĕars ēvĕr toūched, fŏr ānў griēf,
Thŏse eўelĭds fōldĕd lĭke ă whīte-rŏse lēaf,
Deĕp dōublĕ shēlls whĕre throūgh thĕ eўe-flŏwer peĕrs,
Lĕt thēm weĕp ōnce mŏre ōnlў, sweēt ănd briēf,
Briĕf tēars ănd brĭght, fŏr ōne whŏ gāve hĕr tēars
Thĕse mānў yēars.

A. C. Swinburne.

THE ROUNDEL.

Another variation of the rondeau is the Roundel. It is formed of three stanzas of three lines each, containing only two rhymes. A refrain composed of the first four or five words or syllables of the first line constituting the refrain or burden, which is at the end of both the first and third stanzas:

THE ROUNDEL.

Ă Rōundĕl ĭs wrōught ăs ă rĭng ŏr ă stār-brĭght sphēre,
Wĭth crāft ŏf dēlĭght ănd wĭth cūnnĭng ŏf sōund ūnsōught,
Thăt thĕ heārt ŏf thĕ hēarĕr măy smīle ĭf tŏ plēasŭre hĭs ēar
Ă rōundĕl ĭs wrōught.

Ĭts jēwĕl ŏf mūsĭc ĭs cārvĕn ŏf āll ŏr ŏf āught—
Lŏve, lâughtĕr ŏr mōurnĭng—rĕmēmbrănce ŏf rāptŭre ŏr fēar—
Thăt fāncў măy fāshiŏn tŏ hāng ĭn thĕ ēar ŏf thōught.

Ăs ă bīrd's quĭck sōng rŭns rōund, ănd thĕ heārts ĭn ŭs hēar—
Păuse ānswĕrs tŏ pāuse, ănd ăgāin thĕ sāme străin cāught
Sŏ mōves thĕ dĕvĭce whĕnce, rōund ăs ă pēarl ŏr tēar,
Ă rōundĕl ĭs wrōught.

A. C. Swinburne.

THE VILLANELLE.

The villanelle is still another form of French poetry introduced and adopted by our English writers. It is a

poem of but two rhymes written in tercets. The first and third lines of the first stanza alternating as the third line in each successive stanza, and at the close forming a couplet.

VILLANELLE.

(TO M. JOSEPH BOULMIER, AUTHOR OF "LES VILLANELLES.")

Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?
  Hāth thĕ sĭngĕr cēased tŏ sĭng?
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Mān͡y ă pīpe ănd scrānnĕl flūte
  Ōn thĕ breēze thĕir dĭscŏrds flĭng;
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt *thŏu* mūte?

Sōund ŏf tūmŭlt ānd dĭspūte,
  Nōise ŏf wār thĕ ēchŏes brĭng;
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Ōnce hĕ sāng ŏf būd ănd shoōt
  Ĭn thĕ sēasŏn ōf thĕ Sprĭng;
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?

Fādĭng lēaf ănd fāllĭng frūit
  Sāy, "Thĕ yēar ĭs ōn thĕ wĭng,
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?"

Ēre thĕ āxe lĭe āt thĕ roōt,
  Ēre thĕ wĭntĕr cōme ăs kĭng,
Vĭllănēllĕ, whȳ ărt thŏu mūte?
Hāth thĕ Māstĕr lōst hĭs lūte?

Andrew Lang.

FOR A COPY OF THEOCRITUS.

(VILLANELLE.)

Ŏ Sĭngĕr ōf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld,
  Thĕōcrĭtūs! Pān's pīpe wăs thīne—
Thĭne wās thĕ hāp͡pĭĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Fŏr theē thĕ scēnt ŏf nēw-tŭrned mōuld,
Thĕ beē-hĭves ānd thĕ mūrmŭrĭng pīne,
Ŏ Sīngĕr ōf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld !

Thŏu sāng'st thĕ sīmplĕ fēasts ŏf ōld,—
Thĕ beēchĕn bōwl măde glād wĭth wīne—
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Thŏu bād'st thĕ rūstĭc lōves bĕ tōld,—
Thŏu bād'st thĕ tūnefŭl reēds cŏmbīne,
Ŏ Sīngĕr ōf thĕ fiēld ănd fōld !

Ănd rōund theĕ, ēvĕr-lāughĭng, rōlled
Thĕ blīthe ănd blūe Sĭcĭlĭan brīne—
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld.

Ălās fŏr ūs ! Ŏur sōngs ăre cōld ;
Ŏur Nōrthĕrn sūns toŏ sādlў shīne :—
Ŏ Sīngĕr ōf thĕ flēld ănd fōld,
Thĭne wās thĕ hāppiĕr Āge ŏf Gōld !

Austin Dobson.

THE SESTINA.

The sestina or sestine is another French form of verse, quaint and difficult. It, like many others, is from Provence, France, hence termed Provencial. It had its origin in the thirteenth century, and was invented by Arnauld Daniel, a troubadour. As its name indicates it is a stanza composed of six lines, each line or verse ending in the same six words arranged in a prescribed order, but not rhyming. The sestina concludes with an envoy of three lines, which must contain all six of the final words ; three of these words must be in the body of the verses and three at the end of the verses or lines. Mr. Swinburne varies this form by making the six final rhyme by threes. We give his poem at length :

SESTINA.

Ĭ sāw mў sōul ăt rēst ŭpōn ă dāy
  Ăs ā bĭrd sleēpĭng ĭn thĕ nēst ŏf nĭght,
Ămōng sŏft lēaves thăt gīve thĕ stārlĭght wāy
  Tŏ toūch ĭts wĭngs but nōt ĭts eўes wĭth lĭght ;
Sŏ thāt ĭt knēw ăs ōne ĭn vĭsiŏns māy,
  Ănd knēw nŏt ās mĕn wākĭng, ōf dĕlĭght:

Thĭs wās thĕ mēasŭre ōf mў sōul's dĕlĭght ;
  Ĭt hās nŏ pōwer ŏf jōy tŏ flў bў dāy,
Nŏr pārt ĭn thē lărge lōrdshĭp ōf thĕ lĭght ;
  Bŭt ĭn ă sēcrĕt, moōn-bĕhōldĕn wāy
Hăd āll ĭts wĭll ŏf drēams ănd plēasănt nĭght,
  Ănd āll thĕ lōve ănd lĭfe thăt sleēpĕrs māy.

Bŭt sūch lĭfe's trĭŭmph ās mĕn wākĭng māy
  Ĭt mĭght nŏt hāve tŏ feēd ĭts fāint dĕlĭght
Bĕtweēn thĕ stārs bў nĭght ănd sūn bў dāy,
  Shŭt ūp wĭth greēn lĕaves ānd ă lĭttlĕ lĭght :
Bĕcāuse ĭts wāy wăs ās ă lōst stăr's wāy,
  Ă wōrld's nŏt whōllў knōwn ŏf dāy ŏr nĭght.

Āll lōves, ănd drēams, ănd sōunds, ănd glēams ŏf nĭght
  Măde ĭt āll mūsĭc thāt sŭch mĭnstrĕls māy,
Ănd āll thĕy hād thĕy gāve ĭt ōf dĕlĭght ;
  Bŭt ĭn thĕ fūll făce ōf thĕ fĭre ŏf dāy
Whăt plāce shăll bē fŏr ānў stārrў lĭght,
  Whăt pārt ŏf hēaven ĭn āll thĕ wĭde sŭn's wāy?

Yĕt thē sŏul wōke nŏt, sleēpĭng bў thĕ wāy,
  Wātched ăs ă nūrslĭng ōf thĕ lārge-eўed nĭght,
Ănd sōught nŏ strēngth nŏr knōwlĕdge ōf thĕ dāy,
  Nŏr clōsĕr tōuch cŏnclūsĭve ōf dĕlĭght,
Nŏr mĭghtiĕr jōy, nŏr trūĕr thăn drēamĕrs māy,
  Nŏr mōre ŏf sōng thăn thēy, nŏr mōre ŏf light.

For who sleeps once, and sees the secret light
Whereby sleep shows the soul a fairer way
Between the rise and rest of day and night,
Shall care no more to fare as all men may,
But be his place of pain or of delight,
There shall he dwell, beholding night as day.

Song, have thy day, and take thy fill of light
Before the night be fallen across thy way;
Sing while he may, man hath no long delight.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

SESTINA.

Fra tutti il primo Arnaldo Daniello gran maestro d'amor.
—PETRARCH.

In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady's heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

"Harsh be my lines," cried Arnaut, "harsh the woe,
My lady, that enthorned and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme!"
But through the metre spake the voice of Love,
And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by the poet's lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang;
Perchance through cloud of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

Thĭs thĭng ălōne wĕ knōw ; thĕ trĭplĕ rhўme
Ŏf hĭm whŏ bāred hĭs vāst ănd pāssiŏnāte heārt
Tŏ āll thĕ crōssĭng flāmes ŏf hāte ănd lōve,
Wĕars ĭn thĕ mĭdst ŏf āll ĭts stōrm ŏf wōe—
Ăs sōme lŏud mōrn ŏf Mārch măy beār ă rōse—
Thĕ ĭmprĕss ōf ă sōng thăt Ārnăut sāng.

"Smĭth ōf hĭs mōthĕr-tōngue," thĕ Frēnchmăn sāng
Ŏf Lāuncelŏt ānd ŏf Gālāhād, thĕ rhўme
Thăt bēat sŏ bloŏd-lĭke āt ĭts cōre ŏf rōse,
Ĭt stĭrred thĕ sweēt Frănсēscă's gēntlĕ heārt
Tŏ tāke thăt kĭss thăt brōught hĕr sō mŭch wōe,
Ănd sēaled ĭn fīre hĕr mārtўdōm ŏf lōve.

Ănd Dāntĕ, fūll ŏf hēr ĭmmōrtăl lōve,
Stăyed hĭs dĕar sōng, ănd sōftlў, sweētlў sāng
Ăs thōugh hĭs vōice brŏke wĭth thăt wēight ŏf wōe;
Ănd tō thĭs dāy wĕ thĭnk ŏf Ārnăut's rhўme
Whĕnēvĕr pītў āt thĕ lā͡bŏrĭng heārt
Ŏn fāir Frănсēscă's mē͡mŏrў drōps thĕ rōse.

Āh ! Sōvĕrĕign Lōve, fŏrgīve thĭs wēakĕr rhўme !
Thĕ mēn ŏf ōld whŏ sāng wĕre greāt ăt heārt,
Yĕt hāve wĕ toō knŏwn wōe, ănd wōrn thў rōse."

E. W. Gosse.

THE TRIOLET.

Another form borrowed from the French is the triolet. It is a short poem of eight lines. Its peculiarity consists in the first lines being repeated as the fourth and again as the seventh lines ; while the second line is repeated as the eighth.

A KISS.

Rōse kĭssed mē tŏdāy.
  Wĭll shĕ kĭss mĕ tŏmōrrŏw?
Lēt ĭt bē ăs ĭt māy,
  Rōse kĭssed mē tŏdāy.

Būt thĕ plēasŭre gĭves wāy
Tō ă sāvoŭr ŏf sōrrŏw;
Rōse kĭssed mē tŏdāy.—
Wĭll shĕ kĭss mē tŏmōrrŏw?

Austin Dobson.

Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wīse, thĕ brāve,
Thăt bōast thĕmsēlves thĕ sōns ŏf mĕn!
Ŏnce thēy gŏ dŏwn ĭntō thĕ grāve—
Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wīse, thĕ brāve,
Thĕy pĕrĭsh ānd hăve nōne tŏ sāve,
Thĕy āre sŏwn, ānd ăre nŏt rāised ăgāin;
Ălās, thĕ strōng, thĕ wīse, thĕ brāve,
Thăt bōast thĕmsēlves thĕ sōns ŏf mĕn!

Andrew Lang.

VIRELAY.

The virelay is an ancient French song or short poem. Owing to the peculiarities of its formation it is termed the Veering Lay. The French form contained only two rhymes, one of which is made to lead at the beginning and the other at the end of the poem The English virelay is composed of more than two rhymes, and the rhymes change place or alternate. Here is a specimen of an ancient little poem of this type.

Thŏu crūĕl fāir, Ĭ gō,
Tŏ seēk ŏut ānў fāte bŭt theē;
Sĭnce thēre ĭs nōne căn woūnd mĕ sō,
Nŏr thāt hăs hālf thў crūĕltў,
Thŏu crūĕl fāir, Ĭ gō.

Fŏrēvĕr, thēn, fărewēll!
'Tĭs ā lŏng lēave Ĭ tāke; bŭt ōh!
Tŏ tārrў wĭth theĕ hēre ĭs hēll,
Ănd twēntў thōusănd hēlls tŏ gō—
Fŏrēvĕr, thēn, fărewēll.

Cotton.

Here is another specimen of one of our early virelays. It is a stanza of an old song of the fifteenth century :

Rōbĭn săt ōn thĕ goōd greĕn hīll,
Keēpĭng ă flōck ŏf fīe,[1]
Mērrў Mākўn sāid hĭm tīll,[2]
Rōbĭn, rūe ŏn mē,
Ĭ hāve lŏved theē, ĭn speēch ănd stīll,[3]
Thēse yĕars twō ŏr threē,
Mў sēcrĕt sōrrŏw ŭnlēss thŏu dēll[4]
Dōubtlĕss ĭn soōth Ĭ dē.[5]

Robert Henryson.

[1] Sheep. [2] Unto or to. [3] Silence. [4] Assuage. [5] Die.

THE PANTOUM.

French poets anxious for something new adopted a Malayan form, the Pantoum. It is not of much practical use, but serves to illustrate the quaint and peculiar in verse. It is best adapted to the light, airy and frivolous things of life, and used in describing comic or ludicrous affairs. Mr. Austin Dobson has exercised his ingenuity and literary skill writing a pantoum entitled "In Town." It will be perceived the pantoum consists of a series of quatrains ; the second and fourth lines of the first stanza reappear as the first and third lines of the second stanza, and the second and third lines of the second stanza reappear as the first and fourth lines of the third stanza, and so on until the end of the poem. The first and third lines of the first stanza are again used as the third and fourth lines of the last stanza. Mr. Dobson's pantoum is in dactylic rhythm and is here given :

IN TOWN

The blue fly sung in the pane.—TENNYSON.

Tōilĭng ĭn Tōwn nŏw ĭs "hōrrĭd,"
(Thēre ĭs thăt wōmăn ăgāin!)—
Jūne ĭn thĕ zēnĭth ĭs tōrrĭd,
Thōught gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ brāin.

Thēre ĭs thăt wōmăn ăgāin:
"Strāwbĕrrĭes! fōurpĕnce ă pōttlĕ!"
Thōught gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ brāin;
Ĭnk gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ bōttlĕ.

"Strāwbĕrrĭes! fōurpĕnce ă pōttlĕ!"
Ŏ fōr thĕ greēn ŏf ă lāne!—
Ĭnk gĕts drȳ ĭn thĕ bōttlĕ;
"Būzz" gŏes ă flȳ ĭn thĕ pāne!

Ŏ fōr thĕ greēn ŏf ă lāne,
Whēre ŏne mĭght līe ănd bĕ lāzȳ!
"Būzz" gŏes ă flȳ ĭn thĕ pāne;
Blūebŏttlĕs drīve mĕ crāzȳ!

Whēre ŏne mĭght līe ănd bĕ lāzȳ,
Cārelĕss ŏf tōwn ănd ăll ĭn ĭt!—
Blūebŏttlĕs drīve mĕ crāzȳ;
Ĭ shăll gŏ mād ĭn ă mĭnŭte!

Cārelĕss ŏf tōwn ănd ăll ĭn ĭt,
Wĭth sōme ŏne tŏ soōthe ănd tŏ stĭll yoŭ;—
Ĭ shăll gŏ mād ĭn ă mĭnŭte;
Blūebŏttlĕ, thēn Ĭ shăll kĭll yoŭ!

Wĭth sōme ŏne tŏ soōthe ănd tŏ stĭll yoŭ;—
Ăs ōnlȳ ŏne's fēmĭnĭne kĭn dŏ,—
Blūebŏttlĕ, thēn Ĭ shăll kĭll yoŭ:
Thēre nŏw! Ĭ've brōkĕn thĕ wĭndŏw!

Ăs ōnlў ŏne's fēmĭnĭne kĭn dŏ,—
  Sŏme mūslĭn-clăd Māběl ŏr Māy !—
Thēre nŏw, Ĭ've brōkĕn thĕ wĭndŏw !
  Blūebŏttlĕ's ōff ănd ăwāy !

Sŏme mūslĭn-clăd Māběl ŏr Māy,
  Tŏ dāsh ŏne wĭth eaū dĕ Cŏlōgne ;—
Blūebŏttlĕ's ōff ănd ăwāy ;
  Ănd whў shoŭld Ĭ stāy hĕre ălōne !

Tŏ dāsh ŏne wĭth eaū dĕ Cŏlōgne,
  Ăll ōvĕr ŏne's ēmĭnĕnt fōrehĕad ;—
Ănd whў shoŭld Ĭ stāy hĕre ălōne !
  Tōilĭng ĭn Tōwn nŏw ĭs "hōrrĭd."

BLANK VERSE.

Blank verse is without rhyme. It is, however, a favorite form of poetic art with many writers of verse. All poetry was in blank verse until rhyming was introduced by Chaucer. For a long while its devotees condemned rhyme. Rhyming was termed frivolous and its practice and use discountenanced by some of the best writers of early English poetry. It gradually gained favor, however, until today, instead of our best and sweetest thoughts finding expression in blank verse, as was formerly the case, we find them expressed in rhyme. To blank verse, however, the world of literature is greatly indebted. It was in blank verse Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" and Bryant "Thanatopsis." The first may be termed the first and greatest of English poems in blank verse. For while it was used in Greek and Latin poetry, it was in little use in English poetry, until the appearance of Milton's "Paradise Lost." It immediately came into general favor in writing epic poetry. Before this its chief use in English was its use in dramatic composition.

The second, "Thanatopsis," is justly termed one of the best and grandest of conceptions of an elegiac character. Blank verse is ten-syllabled, that is, composed of five poetic feet. It is also termed Heroic verse, and is iambic pentameter. Blank verse usually ends with an important word.

THANATOPSIS.

Tŏ hĭm̤ whŏ ĭn thĕ lōve ŏf Nātŭre hōlds
Cŏmmūnĭŏn wĭth hĕr vĭsiblĕ fōrms shĕ spēaks
Ă vārĭoŭs lānguăge ; fōr hĭs gāyĕr hōurs
Shĕ hās ă vōice ŏf glādnĕss, ānd ă smīle
Ănd ēlŏquēnce ŏf beaūtў, ānd shĕ glīdes
Ĭntŏ hĭs dărk mūsĭngs wĭth ă mīld
Ănd gēntlĕ sўmpăthў thăt stēals ăwāy
Thĕir shārpnĕss ēre hĕ ĭs ăwāre.

William Cullen Bryant.

LIFE.

Lĭfe ĭs thĕ trānsmĭgrātiŏn ōf ă sōul
Throŭgh vārĭoŭs bōdĭes, vārĭoŭs stātes ŏf bēĭng :
Nĕw mānnĕrs, pāssiŏns, nēw pŭrsūits ĭn ēach ;
Ĭn nōthĭng, sāve ĭn cōnscioŭsnĕss, thĕ sāme.
Ĭnfăncў, ādŏlēscĕnce, mānhoŏd, āge,
Ăre ālwăy mōvĭng ōnwărd, ālwăy lōsĭng
Thĕmsēlves ĭn ōne ănōthĕr, lōst ăt lēngth
Lĭke ūndŭlātiŏns ōn thĕ strānd ŏf dēath.

James Montgomery.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hăil, hōlў Līght, ōffsprĭng ŏf Hēaven, fĭrst-bōrn,
Ŏr ōf thĕ ĕtērnăl, cō-ĕtērnăl bēam,
Măy Ī ĕxprēss theĕ ŭnblāmed? sĭnce Gōd ĭs līght,
Ănd nēvĕr būt ĭn ūnăpprōachĕd līght
Dwĕlt frōm ĕtērnĭtў, dwĕlt thēn ĭn theē,
Brĭght ēfflŭēnce ŏf brĭght ēssēnce ĭncrĕāte.

John Milton.

MEN.

Měn āre bŭt chĭldrĕn ōf ă lārgĕr grōwth ;
Ŏur āppĕtītes ăs āpt tŏ chānge ăs thēirs,
Ănd fūll ăs crāvĭng, toō, ănd fūll ăs vāin ;
Ănd yēt thĕ sōul shŭt ūp ĭn hēr dărk roōm,
Viēwĭng sŏ clēar ăbrōad, ăt hōme seēs nōthĭng ;
Bŭt līke ă mōle ĭn ēarth, būsў ănd blīnd,
Wŏrks āll hĕr fōllў ūp, ănd cāsts ĭt ōutwărd
Tŏ thē wŏrld's viēw.

John Dryden.

A COUNTRY LIFE.

Hŏw blēst thĕ mān whŏ ĭn thĕse pēacefŭl plāins,
Plŏughs hīs pătērnăl fiēld ; făr frōm thĕ nōise,
Thĕ cāre, ănd būstlĕ ōf ă būsў wōrld !
Āll ĭn thĕ sācrĕd, sweēt sĕquēstĕred vāle
Ŏf sōlĭtūde, thĕ sēcrĕt prīmrŏse-pāth
Ŏf rūrăl līfe, hĕ dwēlls ; ănd wĭth hĭm dwēll
Pēace ānd Cŏntēnt, twĭns ōf thĕ sўlvăn shāde,
Ănd āll thĕ grācĕs ōf thĕ gōldĕn āge.

Michael Bruce.

CHAPTER X.

MEASURES EXEMPLIFIED.

Trochaic.

Tāstefŭl, grācefŭl, plēasĭng mēasŭre
Ānd tŏ wrīte theĕ īs ă plēasŭre.

THERE is real music about a well written poem composed in this measure. The stress or accent is laid on the odd syllables, and the even ones are unaccented or short.

Trochees are often mixed with iambuses, but that can make no difference in the scansion, as the number of feet in a verse or line must be reckoned by the number of accented syllables. Trochaic verse admits of the cutting off of the final syllable ; of the use of single rhymed endings, or in other words, single rhymed trochaic omit the final or unaccented syllable. While a foot may end in one accented syllable, a foot in no instance can be permitted to commence with simply one syllable. This is true in trochaic, iambic, or any other kind of measure. Frequently we find a line ending in one syllable in dimeter, trimeter, or tetrameter verse. Hence we have lines of three, five and seven syllables. Trochaic retrenched of the last unaccented syllable is, however, trochaic still.

Iambuses are admitted frequently in trochaic verse as we have already noticed. It is not usual, however, to intro-

duce a trochaic line with an iambic foot, although it is permissible. Double rhymes are always less frequent than single ones; hence lines oftener terminate in trochaic measures catalectic than in full trochaic. But the accented syllable is always counted a foot. The inconvenience that naturally results from writing a line of full trochees is at once apparent. There must always be a double ending to the rhymes. This cannot always happen. It is also useless. There is no good reason why trochaic of any length should not be allowed to terminate in a single rhyme.

One or more unaccented syllables are termed hypermetrical.

When trochaic ends in a single accented syllable, constituting a foot, such accented syllable is not to be termed an "additional" syllable. The verse is simply catalectic.

No additional, unaccented syllable is ever allowed before the first foot. By permitting this you destroy all distinction between iambic and trochaic. It is well to observe also, in this connection, that iambic measure is never shorn of the unaccented syllable in the first foot. Iambic measure never commences with a single accented syllable. It must always commence with a regular foot, and so, too, must trochaic.

Measure, Monometer.

Rhythm, Trochaic.

Formula, Ab.

Sign, — ⏑

EXAMPLE (1).

1.	2.	3.
Hēltĕr,	Sīngĭng,	Hūrrў,
Skēltĕr,	Swīngĭng,	Skūrrў,
Skātĕrs gō.	Thĕy gŏ bў.	Seē thĕm glīde.
Chāngĭng,	Whīskĭng,	Rāttlĭng,
Rāngĭng,	Frīskĭng,	Bāttlĭng,
Īn ă rōw.	Ās thĕy flў.	Skātĕr's prīde.

"The Skaters."

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 2.
Sign, — ⏑ × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Nōne dŏ hēar
Ūse tŏ sweār:
Ōaths dŏ frāy
Fīsh ăwāy;
Wĕ sĭt stĭll,
Wātch oŭr quĭll:
Fīshĕrs mŭst nŏt wrānglĕ.

Chalkhill—"The Angler."

One peculiarity of the above poem, many of its lines might be termed safely anapestic meter. The trochaic foot, however, prevails and the poem is trochaic.

A fine specimen of trochaic dimeter is furnished in the following, with single rhyme:

EXAMPLE (2).

Īn ă māze
Lōst, Ĭ gāze:
Cān ŏur ēyes
Rēach thў sīze?
Māy mў lāys
Swēll wĭth prāise
Wōrthў theē!
Wōrthў mē!
Mūse, ĭnspīre
Āll thў fīre!
Bārds ŏf ōld
Ōf hĭm tōld,
Whēn thĕy sāid
Ātlăs' hēad
Prōpped thĕ skīes.
Seē! ănd bĕlīēve yoŭr ēyes!

Seē hĭm strīde
Vāllĕys wīde;
Ōvĕr woōds,
Ōvĕr floōds.
Whēn hĕ trēads,
Mōuntăin hēads,
Grōan ănd shāke:
Ārmĭes quāke,
Lēst hĭs spūrn
Ōvĕrtūrn
Mān ănd steēd.
Troōps, tăke heēd;
Lēft ănd rīght
Speēd yoŭr flīght,
Lēst ăn hōst,
Bĕnēath hĭs foōt bĕ lōst.

John Gay—"A Lilliputian Ode."

This poem is also attributed to Alexander Pope and it is published in his works.

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 3.
Sign, — ⏑ × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Gō nŏt, hāppў dāy,
  Frōm thĕ shīnĭng fiēlds,
Gō nŏt, hāppў dāy,
  Tĭll thĕ māidĕn yiēlds.
Rōsў īs thĕ Wēst,
  Rōsў īs thĕ Sōuth,
Rōsĕs āre hĕr cheēks,
  Ānd ă rōse hĕr mōuth.
Whēn thĕ hāppў Yēs
  Fāltĕrs frōm hĕr lips,
Pāss ănd blūsh thĕ nēws
  Ō'er thĕ blōwĭng shīps,
Ōvĕr blōwĭng sēas,
  Ōvĕr sēas ăt rēst,
Pāss thĕ hāppў nēws,
  Blūsh ĭt thrō' thĕ Wēst,
Tĭll thĕ rēd măn dānce
  Bў hĭs rĕd cēdăr-treē,
Ānd thĕ rēd măn's bābe
  Lēap, bĕyōnd thĕ sēa.
Blūsh frŏm Wēst tŏ Ēast,
  Blūsh frŏm Ēast tŏ Wēst,
Tĭll thĕ Wēst ĭs Ēast,
  Blūsh ĭt thrō' thĕ Wēst.
Rōsў īs thĕ Wēst,
  Rōsў īs thĕ Sōuth,
Rōsĕs āre hĕr cheēks,
  Ānd ă rōse hĕr mōuth.

Alfred Tennyson—"Maud."

EXAMPLE (2).

LYRICS AND EPICS.

Ĭ wŏŭld bē thĕ Lўrĭc,
Ēvĕr ōn thĕ lĭp,
Rāthĕr thān thĕ Ēpĭc
Mēmŏrў lĕts slĭp!
Ĭ wŏŭld bē thĕ dĭamŏnd
Āt mў lādў's ēar,
Rāthĕr thān thĕ Jūne-rŏse
Wōrn bŭt ōnce ă yĕar!
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Lyrics and Epics."

EXAMPLE (3).

Swĭngĭng ōn ă bĭrch-treĕ
Tō ă sleēpў tūne,
Hūmmĕd bў āll thĕ breēzĕs
Ĭn thĕ mōnth ŏf Jūne!
Lĭttlĕ lēaves ă-flŭttĕr,
Sōund lĭke dāncĭng drōps
Ōf ă broōk ŏn pēbblĕs;
Sōng thăt nēvĕr stōps.
Lucy Larcom—"Swinging On a Birch Tree."

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 4.
Sign, — ⏑ × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

"Your Mission" is an excellent poem in trochaic tetrameter. We select the last stanza

" Dō nŏt, thēn, stănd ĭdlў wāitĭng
Fōr sŏme greătĕr wōrk tŏ dō ;
Fōrtŭne ĭs ă lāzў gōddĕss,
Shē wĭll nĕvĕr cōme tŏ yoū.
Gō ănd tōil ĭn ănў vĭneyărd,—
Dō nŏt fēar tŏ dō ănd dāre,
Ĭf yoŭ *wānt* ă fiēld ŏf lăbŏr,
Yoū căn fĭnd ĭt ănўwhēre."

Ellen M. H. Gates.

EXAMPLE (2).

Sōund, sweĕt sōng, frŏm sōme făr lānd,
Sīghĭng sōftlў clōse ăt hānd,
Nōw ŏf jōy, ănd nōw ŏf wōe !
Stārs ăre wōnt tŏ glĭmmĕr sō.
Soōnĕr thŭs wĭll goōd ŭnfōld ;
Chĭldrĕn yoūng ănd chĭldrĕn ōld
Glādlў hēar thў nūmbĕrs flōw.

Goethe—" Sound, Sweet Song."

Another poem that will never die illustrates this measure. In addition to its perfect versification there is something of heaven's own music, something supernal, in the poem. Its lines are so elevating and pure, with a sweet tenderness of expression unsurpassed :

" Ēverў tĭnklĕ ōn thĕ shĭnglĕs
Hās ăn ēchŏ ĭn thĕ heărt."

EXAMPLE (3).

The fifth of six stanzas is here given :

Ānd ănōthĕr cōmes, tŏ thrĭll mĕ
Wĭth hĕr ēyes' dĕlĭcioŭs blūe ;
Ānd Ĭ mĭnd nŏt—mūsĭng ōn hĕr,
Thāt hĕr heărt wăs āll ŭntrūe ;

Ĭ rĕmēmbĕr būt tŏ lōve hĕr
Wĭth ă pāssiŏn kĭn tŏ pāin,
Ānd mў heārt's quĭck pūlsĕs vĭbrāte
Tō thĕ pāttĕr ōf thĕ rāin.
Coates Kinney—"Rain on the Roof."

Measure, Pentameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 5.
Sign, — ⏑ × 5.

EXAMPLE (1).

Tāll thĕ plūmăge ōf thĕ rūsh-flŏwer tōssĕs;
Shārp ănd sōft ĭn mā͡ny ă cūrve ănd līne,
Glēam ănd glōw thĕ sēa-cŏlōred mărsh-mōssĕs,
Sālt ănd splēndĭd frōm thĕ cīrclĭng brīne;
Strēak ŏn strēak ŏf glĭmmĕrĭng sēa shĭne crōssĕs
Āll thĕ lānd sĕa-sātŭrāte ās wĭth wīne.
A. C. Swinburne—"By the North Sea."

EXAMPLE (2).

"Mōthĕr, dēar, whăt ĭs thĕ wātĕr sāyĭng?
Mōthĕr, dēar, whў dōes thĕ wĭld sĕa rōar?"
Crў thĕ chĭldrĕn ōn thĕ whīte sănd plāyĭng,—
Ōn thĕ whīte sănd, hālf ă mīle frŏm shōre,
"Lĭttlĕ ōnes, Ĭ fēar ă stōrm ĭs grōwĭng.
Cōme ăwāy! Ŏh, lēt ŭs hāstĕn hōme!"
Cālls thĕ mōthĕr; ānd thĕ wĭnd ĭs blōwĭng;
Flāshĭng ūp ă mīllĭon ēyes ŏf fōam.
Anonymous—"The High Tide."

The following poem is by one of our best authors, and the poem from which selection is taken one of his best lyrics. The measures are mixed and present an example of:

1st, Dimeter ; 2nd, Trimeter ; 3rd, Pentameter ; 4th, Dimeter ; 5th, Pentameter.

EXAMPLE (3).

Jĭnglĕ ! Jĭnglĕ !
  Hōw thĕ fiēlds gŏ bў̄ !
Ēarth ănd āir ĭn snōwў̆ sheēn cŏmmĭnglĕ,
  Fār ănd nĭgh ;
Ĭs thĕ grōund bĕnēath ŭs, ōr thĕ skў̄ ?
  Edmund Clarence Stedman—"The Sleigh Ride."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 6.
Sign, — ⏑ × 6.

EXAMPLE (1).

Nēvĕr yēt hăs pōēt sūng ă pērfĕct sōng,
  Būt hĭs lĭfe wăs roōtĕd lĭke ă treē's, ămōng
Ēarth's greăt feēdĭng fōrcēs—ēvĕn ăs crāgs ănd mōuld,
  Rhўthms thăt stīr thĕ fōrĕst bў̄ fīrm fībrĕs hōld.
Lucy Larcom—"The Trees."

From the works of the same author we take another example—the first and third stanzas :

EXAMPLE (2).

Hāppў̆ fiēlds ŏf sūmmĕr, āll yoŭr āirў̆ grāssĕs
Whĭspĕrĭng ănd bōwĭng whēn thĕ Wēst wĭnd pāssĕs,
Hāppў̆ lārk ănd nēstlĭng, hīd bĕnēath thĕ mōwĭng,
Roōt sweēt mūsĭc ĭn yoŭ, tō thĕ whīte clŏuds grōwĭng.

Hāppў̆ lĭttlĕ chĭldrĕn, skĭes ăre brĭght ăbōve yoŭ,
Treēs bĕnd dōwn tŏ kĭss yoŭ, breēze ănd blōssŏm lōve yoŭ;
Ānd wĕ blĕss yoŭ, plāyĭng ĭn thĕ fiēld-păths māzў̆,
Swĭngĭng wĭth thĕ hārebĕll, dāncĭng wĭth thĕ dāisў̆ !
Lucy Larcom—"Happy Fields of Summer."

EXAMPLE (3).

Nŏw thĕ hāre ĭs snāred ănd dēad bĕsīde thĕ snōw-yărd,
Ānd thĕ lārk bĕsīde thĕ drēarў wīntĕr sēa,
Ānd mў bābў īn hĭs crādlĕ īn thĕ chūrch-yărd
Wāitĕth thēre ŭntĭl thĕ bēlls brĭng mē.

Charles Kingsley—"The Merry Lark."

Each couplet of the trochaic hexameter is sometimes divided into alternate lines of six and five syllables, forming the trochaic 11s of our hymns.

Measure, Heptameter.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 7.
Sign, — ⏑ × 7.

Iambic heptameter is what is termed ballad meter, being lines of tetrameter and trimeter alternately. There can be no good reason shown why trochaics can not also be used in the same manner. One thing, however, must necessarily be observed, where it is thus divided, every other line becomes iambic While the first and third lines will be trochaic and catalectic, the second and fourth will be iambic and hypermeter.

Trochaics of seven feet are exceedingly rare. We find few examples. It is not certainly on account of the extreme length, for trochaics octometer of late years are plentiful and can no longer be termed "prosodial anomalies," as they were formerly termed.

This is the 7s and 6s of our hymns :

"Stŏp, poŏr sīnnĕr, stŏp ănd thīnk,"
Bĕfōre yoŭ fūrthĕr gō;
Wīll yoŭ spōrt ŭpōn thĕ brīnk
Ŏf ēvĕrlāstĭng wōe?"

It will be observed the second and fourth lines are iambic. If, however, the lines were not alternated they would be trochaic.

EXAMPLE (1).

Clĕŏn seēs nŏ chārms ĭn nātŭre, ĭn ă dāisў Ī ;
Clĕŏn hēars nŏ ānthĕm rīngĭng ĭn thĕ sēa ănd skў ;
Nātŭre sīngs tŏ mē fŏrēvĕr, eārnĕst lĭstĕnĕr Ī ;
Stāte fŏr stāte, wĭth āll ăttēndănts, whō woŭld chānge ? Nŏt Ī.
Charles Mackay—"Cleon and I."

EXAMPLE (2).

Hōlў, hōlў, hōlў ! Thōugh thĕ dārknĕss hīde Theĕ,
Thōugh thĕ ēye ŏf sīnfŭl mān Thў glōrў māy nŏt seē,
Ōnlў Thōu, Ŏ Gōd, ărt hōlў ; thēre ĭs nōne bĕsīde Theĕ,
Pērfĕct Thōu ĭn pōwer, ĭn lōve ănd pūrĭtў !
Reginald Heber—"Trinity Hymn."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hāstĕn sĭnnĕr tō rĕpēnt theĕ, tūrn tŏ Gōd ănd līve,
Seēk fŏr mērcў, bēg fŏr pārdŏn, Gōd ălōne căn gīve ;
Lēave thĕ sīnfŭl thrōng fŏrēvĕr, sĭnnĕr, whў dĕlāy ?
Seēk fŏrgĭveněss, seēk hĭs blēssĭng, hāste theĕ, hāste ăwāy!—

Trŭst Hĭm, sĭnnĕr, hē wĭll blēss theĕ, ōnlў mērcў crāve
Trŭst thў lōvĭng, lōvĭng Sāvĭoŭr, Hē ălōne căn sāve.
Cōme tŏ Jēsŭs, tō thў Sāvĭoŭr, plēad bĕfōre toŏ lāte,
Cōme ĭn sōrrŏw, cōme rĕpēntănt, dō nŏt lōngĕr wāit.

Chrĭst hăs lēft a trūe rĕlĭgiŏn, thāt wĕ māy nŏt ērr,
Cōme ănd shāre ĭt, choōse ĭt, sĭnnĕr, wĭll yoŭ nōt prĕfĕr
Ā rĕlĭgiŏn thāt căn sāve yoŭ ĭn thăt wōrld ăbōve ?
Whēre ĭs blĭss ănd ēndlĕss plēasŭre—Gōd ălōne ĭs lōve.
"Hasten Sinner to Repent Thee."

Measure, Octometer.
Rhythm, Trochaic.
Formula, Ab × 8.
Sign, — ⏑ × 8.

EXAMPLE (1).

Shē wăs wālkĭng ĭn thĕ sprĭng-tĭme, ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng-tīde ŏf līfe,
Lĭttlĕ rēckonĭng ōf thĕ joūrnĕy, ōf ĭts pērĭls ānd ĭts strīfe;
Fōr thĕ flōwers wĕre peēpĭng cōylў, ānd thĕ sūnshĭne glīstĕned brĭght,
Ānd thĕ dēwdrŏps lĭngĕred, quīvĕrĭng, lĭke fāirў bēlls ŏf lĭght.
Nōt ă clōud wăs ĭn thĕ hēavĕns, nōt ă sūrge wăs ōn thĕ deēp,
Fōr thĕ rĭmplĕd sēa lăy brēathĭng ĭn ăn ūnĭmpāssiŏned sleēp,
Ānd thĕ frēsh greĕn lēaves wĕre nōddĭng, tō thĕ whĭspĕrs ōf thĕ breēze—
"Ōh! thĕ wŏrld mŭst bē ă pārădīse wĭth prōmĭsēs lĭke thēse!
Thēre's nŏ cānkĕr ĭn thĕ blōssŏms, ānd nŏ blĭght ŭpōn thĕ treēs."
Hunter—"The Curtain."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ĭn thĕ sprĭng ă fūllĕr crīmsŏn cōmes ŭpōn thĕ rōbĭn's brēast;
Ĭn thĕ sprĭng thĕ wānt̆ŏn lāpwĭng gēts hĭmsēlf ănōthĕr crēst;
Ĭn thĕ sprĭng ă lĭvelĭĕr īrĭs chāngĕs ōn thĕ būrnĭshed dōve;
Ĭn thĕ sprĭng ă yoūng măn's fāncў lĭghtlў tūrns tŏ thōughts ŏf lōve.
Alfred Tennyson—"Locksley Hall."

EXAMPLE (3).

Āh, dĭstĭnctlў Ī rĕmēmbĕr, ĭt wăs ĭn thĕ blēak Dĕcēmbĕr,
Ānd ĕach sēparāte dўĭng ēmbĕr wrōught ĭts ghōst ŭpōn thĕ floōr.
Eagĕrlў Ī wĭshed thĕ mōrrŏw; vāinlў Ī hăd sōught tŏ bōrrŏw
Frōm mў boōks sŭrcease ŏf sōrrŏw,—sōrrŏw fōr thĕ lōst Lĕnōre,—
Fōr thĕ rāre ănd rādiănt māidĕn whōm thĕ ăngĕls nāme Lĕnōre,—
Nāmelĕss hēre fŏrēvĕr mōre.
Edgar A. Poe—"The Raven."

IAMBIC.

As before observed the iambic measure is used more than all others combined. Accent in iambic verse is placed on the even syllables, and the odd ones are unaccented.

This measure must always be commenced with a regular foot of two syllables, although the first may be a trochee, and often is. However, the first foot cannot be commenced with a single syllable. By an attempt to commence the first foot of the verse with a single accented syllable, you will simply change the measure to trochaic. A single syllable not accented, frequently is added to the end of the verse. It is, however, not to be reckoned as anything but supernumerary unless we should term the ending an amphibrach.

Dactyls and anapests, where they serve to explain the meter of a line of poetry should be used, as it is far better to do so than to have recourse to extra metrical syllables.

It is sometimes difficult to tell the prevailing foot. However, only the accents are to be counted, and where a proper scansion is made the introduction of other feet causes no trouble. A dactyl may be often employed instead of a trochee, an anapest for an iambus. This usually occurs where one unaccented vowel precedes another in what we usually regard as separate syllables, and both are clearly heard, although uttered in such quick succession that both syllables occupy only half the time in utterance a long syllable would require, as :

Fŭll *māny ă* gēm ŏf pūrĕst rāy sĕrēne.
"Gray's Elegy."

Thĕ *mūrmurĭng* wĭnd, thĕ *quĭverĭng* lēaf,
Shăll sōftlў tēll ŭs thōu ărt nēar!
Oliver Wendell Holmes—"Hymn of Trust."

The words "murmuring" and "quivering" are pronounced naturally with more rapidity. So too "many a" in the first example.

Lines may contain ten syllables and yet be only iambic tetrameter. The last two syllables being hypermetrical, as:

Thĕre wās ăn ānciĕnt sāge Phĭlōsŏphĕr
Whŏ hād rĕad Ālĕxāndĕr Rōss ŏvĕr.
Butler's "Hudibras."

Extra metrical syllables can, however, occur, and are permissible only at the end of a line, or verse. Such syllables are always unaccented.

Measure, Monometer.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA.
Sign, ⏑ —.

Poems in this measure are very rare. The measure is often used, however, to construct a single line, in combination with other lines in forming a stanza.

EXAMPLE (1).

Thŭs Ī	Ăs ōne	Ī'm mādе
Păss bў	Ŭnknōwn	Ă shādе,
Ănd dīe.	Ănd gōne!	Ănd lāid

Ī' th' grāve;
Thĕre hāve
Mў cāve:
Whĕre tēll
Ī dwēll.
Fărewēll.
Robert Herrick—"Upon His Departure Hence."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ăt mōrn,
  Ĭ hēar
Thў nōte,
  Sŏ cheēr,
Sweĕt Thrūsh.

Ănd thў
  Găy trĭll
Ĭs būt
  Hĭs wĭll,
Ŏ Thrūsh !

Thĕ whīle
  Ĭ drēam,
Ĭn sōng
  Yoŭ teēm,
Blĭthe Thrūsh.

Măy Ī
  Bĕ hēard,
Lĭke theē,
  Fŏnd bĭrd,
Brĭght Thrūsh :

Gŏd māde
  Thĕ ēarth
Tŏ jōy
  Ĭn mĭrth
Dĕar Thrūsh.

Tŏ sĭng
  Gŏd's prāise,
Sweĕt ās
  Thў lāys,
Brŏwn Thrūsh.

"The Thrush."

EXAMPLE (3).

Ănd hē
Whŏm wē
Seĕ dĕjēctĕd,
Nĕxt dāy
Wĕ māy
Seĕ ĕrēctĕd.

Herrick—"Anacreontic."

EXAMPLE (4).

Hărk ! hīst !
Ărōūnd
Ă līst !
Thĕ boūnds
Ŏf spāce
Ăll trāce,
Ĕffāce
Ŏf sōund.

Victor Hugo—"The Djinns."

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 2.
Sign, ⏑ — × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏnce throūgh thĕ fōrĕst
Ălōne Ĭ wĕnt ;
Tŏ seĕk fŏr nōthĭng
Mў thōughts wĕre bĕnt.

Ĭ sāw ĭn thĕ shădŏw
Ă flōwer stănd thēre ;
Ăs stārs ĭt glĭstĕned,
Ăs ēyes 'twăs fāir.

Ĭ soūght tŏ plūck ĭt,—
Ĭt gēntlў sāid :
"Shăll Ī bĕ gāthĕred
Ōnlў tŏ fāde ?"

Wĭth āll ĭts roōts
Ĭ dūg ĭt wĭth cāre,
Ănd toōk ĭt hōme
Tŏ mў gārdĕn fāir.

Ĭn sīlĕnt cōrnĕr
Soōn ĭt wăs sēt ;
Thĕre grōws ĭt ēvĕr—
Thĕre bloōms ĭt yĕt.

Goethe—"Found."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thŏugh cāre ănd strīfe
Ēlsewhĕre bĕ rīfe,
Ŭpōn mў wōrd Ĭ dō nŏt heēd 'ĕm ;
Ĭn bēd Ĭ lie
Wĭth boōks hărd bў,
Ănd wĭth ĭncrēasĭng zēst Ĭ rēad 'ĕm.

Eugene Field—"De Amicitiis."

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 3.
Sign, ⏑ — × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏh yoū thĕ vīrgĭns nīne,
Thăt dō ŏur sōuls ĭnclīne
Tŏ nōblĕ dīscĭplīne.
Nŏd tō thĭs vōw ŏf mīne!
Cŏme thēn, ănd nōw ĭnspīre
Mў vĭŏl ānd mў lўre
Wĭth yoūr ĕtērnăl fīre,
Ănd māke mĕ ōne ĕntīre
Cŏmpōsĕr īn yoŭr chōir.
Thĕn Ī'll yoŭr āltărs strēw
Wĭth rōsĕs sweēt ănd nēw,
Ănd ēvĕr līve ă trūe
Ăcknōwlĕdgēr ŏf yoū.
Robert Herrick—"A Hymn to the Muses."

EXAMPLE (2).

Lōst! lōst! lōst!
Ă gēm ŏf cōuntlĕss prīce
Cŭt frōm thĕ līvĭng rōck,
Ănd grāved ĭn Pārădīse,
Sĕt roūnd wĭth threē tĭmes ēight
Lărge dĭamŏnds, clēar ănd brĭght,
Ănd ēach wĭth sĭxtў smāllĕr ōnes,
Ăll chāngefŭl ās thĕ lĭght.
Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney—"A Lost Day."

EXAMPLE (3).

Cŏme, āll yĕ jōllў shēphĕrds
  Thăt whīstlĕ throūgh thĕ glēn,
I'll tēll yoŭ ōf ă sēcrĕt
  Thăt cōurtiĕrs dīnnă kēn :
Whăt īs thĕ greātĕst blīss
  Thăt thĕ tōngue ŏf mān căn nāme?
'Tīs tŏ woō ă bōnnīe lāssiĕ
  Whēn thĕ kўe cŏmes hāme !
James Hogg—"When the Kye Comes Hame."

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 4.
Sign, ⏑ — × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

Fŏr whīle thŏu lĭn͡gerĕst īn dĕlīght,—
  Ăn īdlĕ pōĕt, with thў rhўme,
Thĕ sūmmĕr hōurs wĭll tāke thĕir flīght
  Ănd lēave theĕ īn ă bārrĕn clīme.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Song Time."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ĭ ōnce knĕw āll thĕ bīrds thăt cāme
  Ănd nēstĕd īn ŏur ōrchărd treēs ;
Fŏr ēv͡erў flōwĕr Ĭ hād ă nāme—
  Mў friēnds wĕre woōd-chŭcks, tōads, ănd beēs ;
Ĭ knēw whĕre thrīved īn yōndĕr glēn—
  Whăt plānts woŭld soōthe ă stōne-brŭised tōe·
Ŏh ! Ī wăs vērў lēarnĕd thēn ;
  Bŭt thāt wăs vērў lōng ăgō !
Eugene Field—"Long Ago."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hăve yoū nŏt hēard thĕ pōēts tēll
  Hŏw cāme thĕ dāintў Bābў Bēll
  Ĭntŏ thĭs wōrld ŏf ōurs?
Thĕ gātes ŏf hēaven wĕre lēft ăjār:
Wĭth fōldĕd hānds ănd drēamў ēyes,
Wāndeŕĭng ōut ŏf Pārădīse,
Shĕ sāw thĭs plānĕt, lĭke ă stār,
  Hŭng ĭn thĕ glĭsteńĭng dēpths ŏf ēvĕn—
Ĭts brĭdgĕs, rūnnĭng tō ănd frō,
Ŏ'er whĭch thĕ whīte-wĭnged Āngĕls gō,
  Beārĭng thĕ hōlў dēad tŏ hēavĕn.
Shĕ toūched ă brĭdge ŏf flōwĕrs—thŏse feēt
Sŏ lĭght thĕy dĭd nŏt bēnd thĕ bēlls
Ŏf thē cĕlēstĭal āsphŏdēls,
Thĕy fēll lĭke dēw ŭpōn thĕ flōwers;
Thĕn āll thĕ āir grĕw strāngelў sweēt!
Ănd thūs căme dāintў Bābў Bēll
  Ĭntŏ thĭs wōrld ŏf ōurs.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Baby Bell."

EXAMPLE (4).

"Măn wānts bŭt lĭttlĕ hēre bĕlōw,
  Nŏr wānts thăt lĭttlĕ lōng."
'Tĭs nōt wĭth mē ĕxāctlў sō,
  Bŭt 'tĭs sŏ ĭn thĕ sōng.
Mў wānts ăre mānў, ānd ĭf tōld,
  Woŭld mūstĕr mā̆nў ă scōre:
Ănd wēre ĕach wĭsh ă mĭnt ŏf gōld,
  Ĭ stĭll shoŭld lōng fŏr mōre.

John Quincy Adams, "The Wants of Man."

EXAMPLE (5).

Mў dāys ămōng thĕ dēad ăre pāssed;
  Ăroūnd mĕ Ĭ bĕhōld,
Whĕre'ēr thĕse cāsŭăl eyes ăre cāst,
  Thĕ mĭghtў mĭnds ŏf ōld:

Mў nĕvĕr-fāilĭng friĕnds ărе thēy
Wĭth whōm Ĭ cōnvĕrse nīght ănd dāy.

Wĭth thĕm Ĭ tāke dĕlīght ĭn wēal,
Ănd seĕk rĕliēf ĭn wōe;
Ănd whīle Ĭ ūndĕrstānd ănd feĕl
Hŏw mūch tŏ thĕm Ĭ ōwe,
Mў cheĕks hăve ōftĕn beĕn bĕdĕwed
Wĭth tēars ŏf thōughtfŭl grātĭtūde.
Robert Southey—"The Library."

EXAMPLE (6).

Thĕ Fāys thăt tō mў chrĭstenĭng cāme
(Fŏr cōme thĕy dĭd, mў nūrsĕs tāught mĕ,)
Thĕy dĭd nŏt brĭng mĕ wēalth ŏr fāme,
'Tĭs vĕrў lĭttlĕ thāt thĕy brōught mĕ.
Bŭt ōne, thĕ crōssĕst ōf thĕ crĕw,
Thĕ ūglў ōld ŏne, ūnĭnvĭtĕd,
Săid, "Ĭ shăll bĕ ăvēnged ŏn *yoŭ*,
Mў chīld; yoŭ shāll grŏw ūp shŏrt-sīghtĕd!"
Wĭth māgĭc jūicĕs dĭd shĕ lāve
Mĭne eўes, ănd wrōught hĕr wĭckĕd plēasŭre.
Wĕll, ōf ăll gĭfts thĕ Fāirĭes gāve,
Hĕrs ĭs thĕ prēsĕnt thāt Ĭ trēasŭre!

Thĕ bōre whŏm ōthĕrs feār ănd fleĕ,
Ĭ dō nŏt fēar, Ĭ dō nŏt fleĕ hĭm;
Ĭ pāss hĭm cālm ăs cālm căn bē;
Ĭ dō nŏt cūt—Ĭ dō nŏt seĕ hĭm!
Ănd wĭth mў feĕblĕ eўes ănd dĭm,
Whĕre *yoŭ* seĕ pātchў fiĕlds ănd fēncĕs,
Fŏr mē thĕ mĭsts ŏf Tūrnĕr swĭm—
Mў "āzŭre dĭstănce" soŏn cŏmmēncĕs!
Năy, ās Ĭ blĭnk ăboŭt thĕ streĕts
Ŏf thĭs bĕfōggĕd ănd mĭrў cĭtў,
Whў, ālmŏst ēvĕrў gĭrl ŏne meĕts
Seĕms prētĕrnātŭrāllў prēttў!

"Trў spēctăclēs," ŏne's frīends ĭntōne ;
"Yoŭ'll seē thĕ wōrld cŏrrēctlў throūgh thĕm."
Bŭt Ī hăve vīsiŏns ōf mў ōwn,
Ănd nōt fŏr wōrlds woŭld Ī ŭndō thĕm.
Andrew Lang—"The Fairy's Gift."

EXAMPLE (7).

Ăs, bў sŏme tўrănt's stērn cŏmmānd,
Ă wrētch fŏrsākes hĭs nātĭve lānd,
Ĭn fōrĕign clīmes cŏndēmned tŏ rōam
Ăn ēndlĕss ēxĭle frōm hĭs hōme :
Pēnsĭve hĕ trēads thĕ dēstĭned wāy,
Ănd drēads tŏ gō, nŏr dāres tŏ stāy :
Tĭll ōn sŏme nēighborĭng mōuntăin's brōw
Hĕ stōps, ănd tūrns hĭs eўes bĕlōw ;
Thĕre, mēltĭng āt thĕ wēll-knŏwn vĭēw,
Drōps ă lăst tēar, ănd bīds ădieū ;
Sŏ, Ī thŭs doōmed frŏm theē tŏ pārt,
Găy queēn ŏf fāncў ānd ŏf ārt,
Rĕlūctănt mōve, wĭth dōubtfŭl mīnd,
Ŏft stōp, ănd ōftĕn loōk bĕhīnd.
Sir William Blackstone—"A Lawyer's Farewell to His Muse."

Measure, Pentameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 5.
Sign, ⌣ — × 5

EXAMPLE (1).

Făir īnsĕct ! thāt, wĭth thrēad-lĭke lēgs sprĕad ōut,
Ănd bloōd-ĕxtrăctĭng bĭll, ănd fĭlmў wĭng,
Dŏst mūrmŭr, ās thoŭ slōwlў sāil'st ăbōut,
Ĭn pĭtĭlĕss ēars fŭll mā͡nў ă plāintĭve thĭng ;
Ănd tēll'st hŏw lĭttlĕ ōur lărge vēins shoŭld bleēd,
Woŭld wē bŭt yiēld thĕm freēlў ĭn thў neēd.
Bryant—"To a Mosquito."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ĕtĕrnăl Hōpe! whĕn yōndĕr sphēres sŭblīme
Pēaled thĕir fīrst nōtes tŏ sōund thĕ mārch ŏf Tīme,
Thў jōyoŭs youth bĕgān—bŭt nōt tŏ fāde.
Whĕn āll thĕ sīstĕr plānĕts hāve dĕcāyed,
Whĕn wrāpt ĭn fīre thĕ rēalms ŏf ēthĕr glōw
Ănd hēaven's lăst thūndĕr shākes thĕ wōrld bĕlōw,
Thŏu, ūndĭsmāyed, shălt ō'er thĕ rŭĭns smīle,
Ănd līght thў tōrch ăt Nātŭre's fūnĕrăl pīle.

Thomas Campbell—"Pleasures of Hope."

EXAMPLE (3).

Ĭn āll mў wā͡nderĭngs roŭnd thĭs wōrld ŏf cāre,
Ĭn āll mў grīefs—ănd Gōd hăs gī͡ven mў shāre—
Ĭ stĭll hăd hōpes mў lātĕst hōurs tŏ crōwn,
Ămīdst thĕse hūmblĕ bōwers tŏ lāy mĕ dōwn;
Tŏ hūsbănd ōut līfe's tāpĕr āt thĕ clōse,
Ănd, keēp thĕ flāme frŏm wāstĭng bў rĕpōse:
Ĭ stĭll hăd hōpes, fŏr prīde ăttēnds ŭs stĭll,
Ămīdst thĕ swāins tŏ shŏw mў boōk-lĕarned skĭll,
Ăroŭnd mў fīre ăn ēvē͡nĭng groūp tŏ drāw,
Ănd tēll ŏf āll Ĭ fēlt, ănd āll Ĭ sāw;
Ănd, ās ă hāre, whŏm hōunds ănd hōrns pŭrsūe,
Pănts tō hĭs plāce frŏm whēnce ăt fīrst shĕ flēw.
Ĭ stĭll hăd hōpes, mў lōng vĕxātiŏns pāst,
Hĕre tō rĕtŭrn—ănd dīe ăt hōme ăt lāst.

Oliver Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

EXAMPLE (4).

Whăt īs't tŏ ūs, ĭf tâxĕs rīse ŏr fāll?
Thănks tō ŏur fōrtŭne, wē păy nōne ăt āll.
Lĕt mūckwŏrms, whō ĭn dīrtў ācrĕs dēal,
Lămēnt thŏse hārdshĭps whĭch wē cănnŏt feēl.
Hĭs Grāce, whŏ smārts, măy bēllŏw ĭf hĕ plēase,
Bŭt mūst Ĭ bēllŏw toō, whŏ sīt ăt ēase?

By cūstŏm sāfe, thĕ pōĕt's nūmbĕrs flōw
Freĕ ās thĕ lĭght ănd āir sŏme yēars āgō.
Nŏ stātesmăn ē'er wĭll fĭnd ĭt wōrth hĭs pāins
Tŏ tāx ŏur lābŏrs ānd ĕxcīse ŏur brāins.
Būrthĕns lĭke thēse, vīle ēarthlў buĭldĭngs beār;
Nŏ trĭbŭte lāid ŏn cāstlĕs ĭn thĕ āir!

Charles Churchill—"The Poverty of Poets."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 6.
Sign, ⏑ — × 6.

EXAMPLE (1).

Bĕsīde thĭs māssĭve gātewăy
Buĭlt ūp ĭn yēars gŏne bў,
Ŭpōn whŏse tōp thĕ clōuds
Ĭn ĕtērnăl shādŏw līe,
Whĭle strēams thĕ ēvenĭng sūnshĭne
Ōn thĕ quĭĕt woōd ănd lēa,
Ĭ stānd ănd cālmlў wāit
Tĭll thĕ hĭngĕs tūrn fŏr mē.

William Cullen Bryant—"Waiting by the Gate."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ădōre nŏ Gōd bĕsīdes mĕ, tō prŏvōke mĭne eўes;
Nŏr wōrshĭp mē ĭn shāpes ănd fōrms thăt mēn dĕvīse;
Wĭth rĕvĕrĕnce ūse mў nāme, nŏr tūrn mў wōrds tŏ jĕst;
Ŏbsērve mў Sābbăth wēll, nŏr dāre prŏfāne mў rēst;
Hōnŏr ănd dūe ŏbēdĭĕnce tō thў pārĕnts gīve;
Nŏr spĭll thĕ guĭltlĕss bloōd, nŏr lēt thĕ guĭltў lĭve;
Prĕsērve thў bōdў chāste, ănd fleē thĕ ŭnlāwfŭl bĕd;
Nŏr stēal thў nēighbŏr's gōld, hĭs gārmĕnt, ōr hĭs brēad;
Fŏrbeār tŏ blāst hĭs nāme wĭth fālsehoŏd ōr dĕcēit;
Nŏr lēt thў wĭshĕs loōse ŭpōn hĭs lārge ĕstāte.

Dr. Isaac Watts—"The Ten Commandments Versified."

EXAMPLE (3).

Whăt āils theĕ, yoūng Ŏne? whāt? Whў pūll sŏ āt thў cōrd?
Ĭs ĭt nŏt wĕll wĭth theē? wĕll bōth fŏr bēd ănd bōard?
Thў plōt ŏf grāss ĭs sōft, ănd greēn ăs grāss căn bē;
Rĕst, lĭttlĕ yoūng Ŏne, rēst; whăt ĭs't thăt āilĕth theē?
Wordsworth—"The Pet Lamb."

The iambic hexameter is seldom employed by our poets, except in combination with other measures. It is used to form the last line of the Spenserian stanza.

Measure, Heptameter.
Rhythm, Iambic.
Formula, bA × 7.
Sign, ⏑ — × 7.

This is our regular ballad meter. For greater convenience, owing to its length, it is generally written in alternate lines of four and three feet.

It is a favorite measure, and perhaps more examples may be found in it than almost any other kind.

Dr. Holmes, always a felicitous writer, has few better poems than the one from which we quote the first stanza. It is in ballad meter:

EXAMPLE (1).

Ŏ fōr ŏne hōur ŏf yoūthfŭl jōy!
Gĭve bāck mў twēntiĕth sprĭng!
Ĭ'd rāthĕr lāugh ă brīght-hăired bōy
Thăn rēign ă grāy-bĕard kĭng!
"The Old Man Dreams."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thĕ Sōuth-wĭnd brēathes, ănd lō! yoŭ thrōng
Thĭs rūggĕd lānd ŏf ōurs:
Ĭ thĭnk thĕ pāle blŭe clōuds ŏf Māy
Drŏp dōwn, ănd tūrn tŏ flōwers.
Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"The Bluebells of New England."

EXAMPLE (3).

Ăs ōne whŏ cōns ăt ēvĕnĭng ō'er ăn ālbŭm āll ălōne,
Ănd mūsĕs ōn thĕ fācĕs ŏf thĕ frĭēnds thăt hē hăs knōwn,
Sŏ Ĭ tūrn thĕ lēaves ŏf fāncў tĭll, ĭn shādŏwў dēsĭgn,
Ĭ fĭnd thĕ smĭlĭng fēatŭres ŏf ăn ōld sweĕtheārt ŏf mīne.
James Whitcomb Riley—"An Old Sweetheart."

EXAMPLE (4).

Thĕ mātrŏn ăt hĕr mĭrrŏr, wĭth hĕr hānd ŭpōn hĕr brōw,
Sĭts gāzĭng ōn hĕr lōvelў fāce—ăy, lōvelў ēvĕn nōw;
Whў dōth shĕ lēan ŭpōn hĕr hānd wĭth sŭch ă loŏk ŏf cāre?
Whў stēals thăt tēar ăcrōss hĕr cheĕks?—Shĕ seēs hĕr fĭrst grăy hāir.
Thomas H. Bayly—"The First Gray Hair."

Measure, Iambic.
Rhythm, Octometer.
Formula, bA × 8.
Sign, ⏑ — × 8.

Owing to the length of the lines we usually find this measure written in stanzas of four lines, rhyming alternately:

EXAMPLE (1).

Ĭt wās thĕ tĭme whĕn lĭlĭes blōw,
Ănd clōuds ăre hĭghĕst ŭp ĭn āir,
Lŏrd Rōnăld brōught ă lĭlў-whĭte dōe
Tŏ gĭve hĭs coūsĭn, Lādў Clāre.
Alfred Tennyson—"Lady Clare."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thĕ light ŏf smīles shăll fĭll ăgāin
Thĕ līds thăt ōvĕrflōw wĭth tēars;
Ănd wēarў hōurs ŏf wōe ănd pāin
Āre prōmĭsēs ŏf hăppiĕr yēars.
Bryant—"Blessed Are They That Mourn."

DACTYLIC.

Verse in dactylic rhythms is not so common as in other rhythms. It is, however, capable of great results. It is a stately rhythm, and one in which some of our best battle hymns are written. Love, pathos, grief and all the tender emotions are expressed in this rhythm with durable effect. Patriotism finds true expression in dactylic accents. Tetrameter verse is the favorite measure of writers of this rhythm. Dactylic with single rhymes end with a caesura or single foot; while double rhymes end with a trochee; full dactylic usually form triple rhymes. Dactylic poetry is seldom pure and regular.

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb × 2.
Sign, — ⏑ ⏑ × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Līttlĕ whīte Līlў
Sāt bў ă Stōne,
Droōpĭng ănd wīltĭng
Tīll thĕ sŭn shōne.
Līttlĕ whīte Līlў
Sūnshĭne hăs fēd;
Līttlĕ whīte Līlў
Ĭs lĭftĭng hĕr hēad.
George Mac Donald—"The White Lily."

EXAMPLE (2).

Māke nŏ deĕp scrūtĭnў
Ĭntŏ hĕr mūtĭnў,
Rāsh ănd ŭndūtĭfŭl:
Pāst ăll dĭshōnŏr,
Dēath hăs lĕft ōn hĕr
Ōnlў thĕ beaūtĭfŭl.
Thomas Hood—"Bridge of Sīghs."

EXAMPLE (3).

"Roōm fŏr hĭm ĭntŏ thĕ
Rānks ŏf hŭmānĭtў;
Gīve hĭm ă plāce ĭn yoŭr
Kīngdŏm ŏf vānĭtў!
Wēlcŏme thĕ strāngĕr wĭth
Kīndlў ăffĕctiŏn;
Hōpefŭllў, trūstfŭllў,
Nōt wĭth dĕjēctiŏn."
"My Boy."

EXAMPLE (4).

Rīsĭng ănd lēapĭng,
Sīnkĭng ănd creēpĭng,
Swēllĭng ănd sweēpĭng,
Shō͡werĭng ănd sprīngĭng,
Flўĭng ănd flīngĭng,
Wrīthĭng ănd rīngĭng,
Ēd͡dўĭng ănd whīskĭng,
Spōutĭng ănd frīskĭng,
Tūrnĭng ănd twĭstĭng,
Ărōund ănd ărōund—
Wĭth ēndlĕss rĕbōund!
Robert Southey—"The Cataract of Lodore."

EXAMPLE (5).

Hālf ă lĕague, hālf ă lĕague,
Hālf ă lĕague ōnwărd,
Āll ĭn thĕ vālléy ŏf Dēath
Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.
"Fōrwărd, thĕ Lĭght Brĭgāde!
Chārge fŏr thĕ gūns," hĕ sāid:
Ĭntŏ thĕ vālléy ŏf Dēath
Rōde thĕ sĭx hūndrĕd.

Tennyson—"The Charge of the Light Brigade."

EXAMPLE (6).

Bīrd ŏf thĕ wĭldĕrnĕss,
Blīthesŏme ănd cūmbĕrlĕss,
Sweēt bĕ thў mātĭn, ŏ'er moōrlănd ănd lēa!
Ēmblĕm ŏf hāppĭnĕss,
Blēst ĭs thў dwēllĭng plăce—
Ō, tŏ ăbīde ĭn thĕ dēsĕrt wĭth theē!
Wīld ĭs thў lāy ănd lōud
Fār ĭn thĕ dōwnў clōud,
Lōve gĭves ĭt ēnĕrgў, lōve găve ĭt bīrth.
Whēre, ŏn thў dēwў wīng,
Whēre ărt thŏu jōurnĕyĭng?
Thў lāy ĭs ĭn hēavĕn, thў lōve ĭs ŏn ēarth.

Ō'er fēll ănd fōuntăin sheēn
Ō'er moŏr ănd mōuntăin greēn,
Ō'er thĕ rĕd strēamĕr thăt hĕrălds thĕ dāy,
Ōvĕr thĕ clōudlĕt dīm,
Ōvĕr thĕ raīnbŏw's rīm,
Mūsĭcăl chērŭb, sŏar, sĭngĭng ăwāy!
Thēn, whĕn thĕ glōamĭng cōmes,
Lōw ĭn thĕ hēathĕr bloōms
Sweēt wĭll thў wēlcŏme ănd bēd ŏf lŏve bē!
Ēmblĕm ŏf hāppĭnĕss,
Blēst ĭs thў dwēllĭng plăce—
Ō, tŏ ăbīde ĭn thĕ dēsĕrt wĭth theē!

James Hogg—"The Sky Lark."

The above is dimeter, trimeter and tetrameter.

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb × 4.
Sign, — ⏑ ⏑ × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

Cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr wĭth beaūtĭfūl flōwĕrs ;
Dēck thĕm wĭth gārlănds, thōse brōthĕrs ŏf ōurs ;
Lўĭng sŏ sīlĕnt, bў nīght ănd bў dāy,
Sleēpĭng thĕ yēars ŏf thĕir mānhoŏd ăwāy :
Yēars thĕy hăd mārked fŏr thĕ jōys ŏf thĕ brāve ;
Yēars thĕy mŭst wāste ĭn thĕ slōth ŏf thĕ grāve.
Āll thĕ brĭght lāurĕls thĕy fōught tŏ măke bloōm
Fēll tŏ thĕ ēarth whĕn thĕy wēnt tŏ thĕ tōmb.
Gīve thĕm thĕ meēd thĕy hăve wōn ĭn thĕ pāst ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ hōnŏrs thĕir mērĭts fŏrecāst ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ chāplĕts thĕy wōn ĭn thĕ strĭfe ;
Gīve thĕm thĕ lāurĕls thĕy lōst wĭth thĕir lĭfe.
Cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr—yĕs, cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr—
Pārĕnt, ănd hūsbănd, ănd brōthĕr, ănd lōvĕr :
Crōwn ĭn yoŭr heārt thĕse dēad hērŏes ŏf ōurs,
Ănd cōvĕr thĕm ōvĕr wĭth beaūtĭfūl flōwers.

Will Carleton—"Cover Them Over."

EXAMPLE (2).

Wēarў wăy-wāndĕrĕr, lānguĭd ănd sĭck ăt heărt,
Trāvĕlĭng pāinfūllў ōvĕr thĕ rūggĕd rŏad,—
Wĭld-vĭsăged wāndĕrĕr ! Gŏd hĕlp theē, wrĕtchĕd ŏne !

Robert Southey—"The Soldier's Wife."

EXAMPLE (3).

Hāil tŏ thĕ Chiēf whŏ ĭn trĭŭmph ădvāncĕs !
Hōnŏred ănd blēssed bĕ thĕ ēvĕrgreĕn pīne !
Lōng măy thĕ treē, ĭn hĭs bānnĕr thăt glāncĕs
Floūrĭsh, thĕ shēltĕr ănd grāce ŏf ŏur līne !

Sir Walter Scott—"Boat Song."

EXAMPLE (4).

Cōme tŏ mĕ, dēar, ĕre Ĭ dīe ŏf mў sōrrŏw,
Rīse ŏn mў gloōm lĭke thĕ sūn ŏf tŏ-mōrrŏw.
Strōng, swĭft ănd fōnd ăs thĕ wōrds thăt Ĭ spēak, lŏve
Wĭth ă sōng ŏn yoŭr lĭp ănd ă smīle ŏn yoŭr cheēk, lŏve.
Cōme, fŏr mў heărt ĭn yoŭr ābsĕnce ĭs wēarў —
Hāste, fŏr mў spīrĭt ĭs sīckĕned ănd drēarў —
Cōme tŏ thĕ ārms whĭch ălōne shoŭld cărēss theĕ,
Cōme tŏ thĕ heărt whĭch ĭs thrōbbĭng tŏ prēss theĕ!
Joseph Brennan — "Come to Me, Dearest."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Dactylic.
Formula, Abb × 6.
Sign, — ⏑ ⏑ × 6.

EXAMPLE (1).

Beaŭtĭfŭl wās thĕ nĭght. Bĕhĭnd thĕ blăck wāll ŏf thĕ fŏrĕst,
Tĭppĭng ĭts sūmmĭt wĭth sĭlvĕr, ărōse thĕ moōn. Ŏn thĕ rĭvĕr
Fēll hĕre ănd thēre throŭgh thĕ brānchĕs ă trĕmŭloŭs glēam ŏf thĕ
moōnlĭght,
Lĭke thĕ sweĕt thōughts ŏf lōve ŏn ă dārkĕned ănd dĕvĭoŭs spĭrĭt.
Nēarĕr ănd rōund ăbōut hĕr, thĕ mānĭfōld flōwers ŏf thĕ gārdĕn
Pōured ŏut thĕir sōuls ĭn ōdŏrs, thăt wēre thĕir prāyers ănd
cŏnfēssiŏns
Ūntŏ thĕ nĭght, ăs ĭt wĕnt ĭts wāy, lĭke ă sīlĕnt Cărthūsiăn.
Fūllĕr ŏf frāgrănce thăn thēy, ănd ăs hēavў wĭth shādŏws ănd
nĭght dĕws,
Hūng thĕ heărt ŏf thĕ māidĕn. Thĕ cālm ănd thĕ măgĭcăl moōn-
lĭght
Seēmed tŏ ĭnŭndăte hĕr sōul wĭth ĭndēfĭnāblĕ lōngĭngs,
Ās, throŭgh thĕ gārdĕn gāte, ănd bĕnēath thĕ shāde ŏf thĕ ōak
treĕs
Pāssed shĕ ălōng thĕ pāth tŏ thĕ ēdge ŏf thĕ mēasŭreleŝs prārĭĕs.
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—"Evangeline on the Prairie."

ANAPESTIC.

Anapestic measure is growing in favor year by year, and the tumbling meter of King James is one of the beautiful rhythms of modern verse. It is interchangeable with the iambus, as well as other measures, especially the dactylic and amphibrach. An iambus is frequently the first foot of anapestic measure. Anapestic tetrameter is very smooth flowing, a rhythm some of our poets use with admirable effect, producing verse of both melody and vigor. It is well adapted to cheerful and humorous verse.

Measure, Monometer.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA.
Sign, ⏑ ⏑ —.

Anapestic monometer is rarely met with except where it is used as a refrain or in combination with other measures of verse. It is so near akin to trochaic catalectic dimeter, that it is often extremely difficult to distinguish it from that measure. Anapestic verse is very often mixed, and its measure can only be determined by a careful scansion, and, by the prevailing primary measure or foot.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ĭn thĕ slēigh
Hĭe ăwāy!
Hĕre wĕ gō
Ŏn thĕ snōw.

Mŭsĭc-swēlls
Ŏf thĕ bēlls
Ĭn thĕ nīght
Gĭve dēlīght.

Ĭn ă trānce,
Hŏw wĕ dānce
Steĕds ăwāy
Ŏh hŏw gāy!

Ĭn ă dāze
Hŏw wĕ gāze
Ĭn ă māze
Ăt thĕ slēighs!

Nŏw wĕ rīde,
Nŏw wĕ glīde,
Swĭft gŏ bȳ
Hŏw wĕ flȳ!

'Tĭs ă trēat,
Ŏn thĕ sleēt—
Wĭth yoŭr Sweēt
Tŏ gŏ slēighĭng!
"The Sleigh Ride."

EXAMPLE (2).

Thĕn wĕ gō
Tŏ ănd frō,
Wĭth ŏur knăcks
Ăt ŏur bācks,
Tŏ sŭch strēams
Ăs thĕ Thāmes
Ĭf wĕ hāve thĕ lēisŭre.
Chalkhill—"The Angler."

"The Angler" is a trochaic poem, although these lines are readily scanned as anapestic monometer.

Measure, Dimeter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 2.
Sign, ⏑ ⏑ — × 2.

EXAMPLE (1).

Hĕ ĭs gōne! Hĕ ĭs gōne!
Lĭke thĕ lēaf frŏm thĕ treē,
Ŏr thĕ dōwn thăt ĭs blōwn
Bў thĕ wĭnd ŏ'er thĕ lēa.
Hĕ ĭs flēd, thĕ lĭght-heārtĕd!
Yĕt ă tēar mŭst hăve stārtĕd
Tŏ hĭs eўes, whĕn hĕ pārtĕd
Frŏm lŏve strĭckĕn mē.
Motherwell—"He is Gone—He is Gone."

The stanza below from the "Heathen Chinee" is anapestic dimeter, trimeter and tetrameter :

EXAMPLE (2).

Whĭch Ĭ wĭsh tŏ rĕmārk—
Ănd mў lānguăge ĭs plāin—
Thăt fŏr wāys thăt ăre dārk
Ănd fŏr trĭcks thăt ăre vāin,
Thĕ hēathĕn Chĭneē ĭs pĕcūlĭār :
Whĭch thĕ sāme Ĭ woŭld rīse tŏ ĕxplāin.
Bret Harte—"Plain Language from Truthful James."

EXAMPLE (3).

Thĕ blēssĕd ŏld fīre-plăce ! hŏw brīght ĭt ăppēars,
Ăs bāck tŏ mў bōyhoŏd Ĭ gāze,
Ŏ'er thĕ dēsŏlāte wāste ŏf thĕ vānĭshĭng yēars,
Frŏm thĕ gloōm ŏf thĕse lōne lăttĕr-dāys ;
Ĭts lĭps ăre ăs rūddў, ĭts heārt ĭs ăs wārm
Tŏ mў fāncў tŏnīght ăs ŏf yōre,
Whĕn wĕ cūddlĕd ăroūnd ĭt ănd smīled ăt thĕ stōrm,
Ăs ĭt shōwed ĭts whĭte tēeth ăt thĕ doōr.
James Newton Matthews—"The Old Fireplace."

This stanza is anapestic trimeter and tetrameter.

Measure, Trimeter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 3.
Sign, ⏑ ⏑ — × 3.

EXAMPLE (1).

Ĭ ăm mōnărch ŏf āll Ĭ sŭrvēy,
Mў rīght thĕre ĭs nōne tŏ dĭspūte ;
Frŏm thĕ cēntrĕ ăll rōund tŏ thĕ sēa,
Ĭ ăm lōrd ŏf thĕ fōwl ănd thĕ brūte.

Ŏ Sōlĭtūde! whēre ăre thĕ chārms
Thăt sāgĕs hăve seēn ĭn thў fāce?
Bĕttĕr dwēll ĭn thĕ mĭdst ŏf ălārms
Thăn rēign ĭn thĭs hŏrrĭblĕ plāce.
William Cowper—"Alexander Selkirk."

EXAMPLE (2).

Ŏh, Lōve ĭs ă wōndĕrfŭl wĭzărd!
Hĕ căn seē bў hĭs ŏwn keēn lĭght,
Hĕ lāughs ăt thĕ wrāth ŏf thĕ tēmpēst,
Hĕ hăs nēvĕr ă fēar ŏf thĕ nĭght.
Twŏ lĭves thăt ăre wēddĕd lĕagues hōld nŏt ăpārt,—
Lŏve căn hēar, ĕ'en throŭgh thūndĕr, thĕ bēat ŏf ă heārt.
Lucy Larcom—"On the Misery Islands."

This stanza is trimeter and tetrameter:

Measure, Tetrameter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bbA × 4.
Sign, ⏑ ⏑ — × 4.

EXAMPLE (1).

Mr. 'Lĭakĭm Smĭth wăs ă hărd-fĭstĕd fārmĕr
Ŏf mŏdĕrăte wēalth,
Ănd ĭmmŏdĕrăte hēalth,
Whŏ fĭftў-ŏdd yēars ĭn ă stŭb ănd twĭst ārmŏr
Ŏf cālloŭs ănd tān, hăd fought lĭke ă mān
Hĭs ŏwn dŏggĕd prŏgrĕss throŭgh trĭăls ănd cāres,
Ănd lŏg-hĕaps, ănd brŭsh-hĕaps, ănd wĭld căts ănd beārs,
Ănd āgŭes ănd fēvĕrs, ănd thĭstlĕs ănd brĭars,
Poŏr kĭnsmăn, rĭch fōemăn, fălse sāints, ănd trŭe lĭars;
Whŏ ōft, lĭke "thĕ mān ĭn ŏur tŏwn," ŏvĕrwīse,
Throŭgh thĕ brămblĕs ŏf ĕrrŏr hăd scrătched ŏut hĭs eўes,
Ănd whĕn thĕ ŭnwēlcŏmĕ rĕsūlt hĕ hăd seēn,
Hăd āltĕred hĭs nōtiŏn,
Rĕvĕrsĭng thĕ mōtiŏn

Ănd scrătched thĕm bŏth ĭn ăgāin, pērfĕct ănd clēan ;
Whŏ hăd wēathĕred sŏme stōrms, ăs ă sāilŏr mĭght sāy,
Ănd tăcked tŏ thĕ lēft ănd thĕ rĭght ŏf hĭs wāy,
Tĭll hĕ foūnd hĭmsĕlf ānchŏred, păst tēmpĕsts ănd breākērs,
Ūpōn ă goŏd fārm ŏf ă hūndrĕd-ŏdd ācrĕs.

Will Carleton—"The Three Lovers."

EXAMPLE (2).

Whĕn thĕ cāndlĕs bŭrn lōw, ănd thĕ cōmpănў's gōne,
Ĭn thĕ sīlĕnce ŏf nīght ăs Ĭ sīt hĕre ălōne—
Ĭ sīt hĕre ălōne, bŭt wĕ yĕt ăre ă pāir—
Mў Fănnў Ĭ seē ĭn mў cāne-bŏttŏmed chāir.

William Makepeace Thackeray—"The Cane-Bottomed Chair."

EXAMPLE (3).

Mў heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds, mў heārt ĭs nŏt hēre ;
Mў heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds ă-chāsĭng thĕ deēr ;
Chāsĭng thĕ wīld deēr, ănd fōllŏwĭng thĕ rōe,
Mў heārt's ĭn thĕ Hīghlănds whĕrēvĕr Ĭ gō.
Fărewēll tŏ thĕ Hīghlănds, fărewēll tŏ thĕ Nōrth,
Thĕ bīrth-plăce ŏf vālŏr, thĕ coūntrў ŏf wōrth ;
Whĕrēvĕr Ĭ wāndĕr, whĕrēvĕr Ĭ rōve,
Thĕ hīlls ŏf thĕ Hīghlănds fŏrēvĕr Ĭ lōve.

Robert Burns—"My Heart's in the Highlands."

EXAMPLE (4).

Ŏ yoūng Lŏchĭnvār ĭs cŏme ōut ŏf thĕ wēst;
Throŭgh āll thĕ wĭde bŏrdĕr, hĭs steēd wās thĕ bēst ;
Ănd sāve hĭs goŏd brōadswŏrd hĕ wēapŏns hăd nōne,
Hĕ rōde ăll ŭnārmed, ănd hĕ rōde ăll ălōne.
Sŏ fāithfŭl ĭn lōve ănd sŏ dāuntlĕss ĭn wār,
Thĕre nēvĕr wās knīght lĭke thĕ yoūng Lŏchĭnvār.

Sir Walter Scott—"Lochinvar."

EXAMPLE (5).

Thĕ goŏd shĭp Ărbēllă ĭs lēadĭng thĕ fleēt,
Ăwāy tŏ thĕ wēstwărd throŭgh rāin-stŏrm ănd sleēt ;
Thĕ whīte clĭffs ŏf Ēnglănd hăve drōpped oŭt ŏf sīght :
Ăs bīrds frŏm thĕ wărmth ŏf thĕir nēsts tākĭng flīght
Ĭntŏ wīdĕr hŏrīzŏns ĕach flūttĕrĭng sāil
Fōllŏws fāst whĕre thĕ Māyflŏwer flēd ŏn thĕ gāle
Wĭth hĕr rēsŏlŭte Pĭlgrĭms, ŏn wĭntĕrs bĕfōre ;
Ănd thĕ fīre ŏf theĭr fāith lĭghts thĕ sēa ănd thĕ shōre.

Lucy Larcom—"The Lady Arbella."

Measure, Hexameter.
Rhythm, Anapestic.
Formula, bb A × 6.
Sign, ⏑ ⏑ — × 6.

EXAMPLE (1).

Mў sīstĕr 'll bĕ dōwn ĭn ă mĭnŭte, ănd sāys yoŭ're tŏ wāit, ĭf yoŭ plēase,
Ănd sāys Ĭ mĭght stāy tĭll shĕ cāme, ĭf Ĭ'd prōmĭse hĕr nēvĕr tŏ tēase
Nŏr spēak tĭll yoŭ spōke tŏ mĕ fĭrst, bŭt thăt's nōnsĕnse, fŏr hōw woŭld yoŭ knōw
Whăt shĕ tōld mĕ tŏ sāy ĭf Ĭ dĭdn't? Dŏn't yoŭ rēallў ănd trūlў thĭnk sō?

Bret Harte—"Entertaining her Big Sister's Beau."

CHAPTER XI.

IMITATION OF CLASSICAL MEASURES.

MANY of our modern poets have experimented in the classical meters. Cowper, Southey, Kingsley, Swinburne, Longfellow and Tennyson, have all imitated classic measures. The results in most instances are not practical, and have furnished us only with curiosities in literature. There are said to be some twenty-nine Greek and Latin meters. As all Latin and Greek verse depended upon quantity, and English verse depends upon accent, we do not believe classical measures can be successfully adopted in English.

In addition to Latin Pentameters and Hexameters, some English poets have imitated Greek Sapphics and Alcaics. Alkaios was a lyric poet born in Mitylene, the capital of Lesbos, who flourished B. C. 606 years. He was supposed to have been the inventor of the Alcaic Ode, an ode written in the Alcaic meter composed of several strophes, each consisting of four lines. An Alcaic strophe consisted of two Alcaic hendekasyllables, one Alcaic enneasyllable, and one Alcaic decasyllable. The following imitation by the poet laureate of England is given :

Ŏ mĭghtў mŏuthed ĭnvēntŏr ŏf hārmŏnĭes,
Ŏ skĭlled tŏ sĭng ŏf Tĭme ŏr Ĕtērnĭtў,
Gŏd-gĭftĕd ōrgăn-vōice ŏf Ēnglănd,
Mĭltŏn, ă nāme tŏ rĕsoūnd fŏr āgĕs.

Tennyson—"Milton."

The Sapphic meter is a kind of verse said to have been invented by Sappho, a Greek poetess, nearly contemporaneous with Alkaios, born at Mitylene, in the Island of Lesbos, B. C. 600. The Sapphic verse consisted of eleven syllables in five feet, of which the first, fourth and fifth are trochees, the second a spondee, and the third a dactyl. This verse, or line, is thrice repeated and followed by an Adonic. The following lines imitate the Sapphic :

Cōld wās thĕ nīght-wind, drīftĭng fāst thĕ snōw fĕll,
Wīde wĕre thĕ dōwns, ănd shēltĕrlēss ănd nākĕd,
Whēn ă poŏr Wāndĕrĕr strūgglĕd ōn hĕr joūrneў,
Wēarў ănd wāy-sōre.

Southey—"The Widow."

Here is still another imitation of this measure :

Āll thĕ nĭght slēep căme nōt ŭpōn mў eўelĭds,
Shĕd nŏt dĕw, nōr shoŏk nōr ŭnclōsed ă fēathĕr,
Yĕt wĭth lĭps shūt clōse ānd wĭth eўes ŏf ĭrŏn
Stōod ănd bĕhēld mĕ.

Swinburne—"Sapphics."

Dr. Watts gives a vivid picture of the last day, in Sapphics :

Tēars thĕ strŏng pĭllărs ōf thĕ vāult ŏf hēavĕn,
Breāks ŭp ŏld mārblĕ, thĕ rĕpōse ŏf prĭncĕs ;
Sēe thĕ grăves ōpĕn, ănd thĕ bōnes ărĭsĭng.
Flāmes ăll ărōund thĕm !

Watts—"The Day of Judgment."

Hexameter verse was the heroic verse of the classics. It consists of six feet properly dactyls, the last of which is shortened by one syllable and so became a trochee, or, as

the final syllable is long by position, a spondee. This form was not always observed strictly, and the first four feet were indifferently dactyls or spondees, the former being used to produce the idea of rapid, the latter of slow, laborious movement. The fifth foot should always be a dactyl, sometimes, though rarely, it is replaced by a spondee, in which case the fourth foot must be a dactyl.

Ōvĕr thĕ sēa, păst Crēte, ŏn thĕ Sȳrĭăn shōre tŏ thĕ sŏuthwărd,
Dwēlls ĭn thĕ wēll-tĭlled lōwlănd ă dārk-hăired Æthĭŏp pēoplĕ,
Skĭllfŭl wĭth nēedlĕ ănd lōom, ănd thĕ ārts ŏf thĕ dȳĕr ănd cārvĕr,
Skĭllfŭl, bŭt fēeblĕ ŏf heărt; fŏr thĕy knōw nŏt thĕ lōrds ŏf Ŏlȳmpŭs.
Lōvĕrs ŏf mēn; nĕithĕr brōad-brŏwed Zĕūs, nŏr Pāllăs Ăthēnĕ,
Tēachĕr ŏf wĭsdŏm tŏ hērŏes, bĕstōwĕr ŏf mĭght ĭn thĕ bāttlĕ;
Shāre nŏt thĕ cūnnĭng ŏf Hērmĕs, nŏr lĭst tŏ thĕ sōngs ŏf Ăpōllŏ.

Kingsley—"Andromeda."

Thĕse lāme hĕxāmētērs thĕ strōng-wĭnged mūsĭc ŏf Hōmĕr!
Nō—bŭt ă mōst bŭrlēsque bārbaroŭs ĕxpērĭmēnt.
Whēn wăs ă hārshĕr sōund ĕvĕr hēard, yĕ Mūsĕs ŏf Ēnglănd?
Whēn dĭd ă frŏg cōarsĕr crōak ŭpōn oŭr Hēlĭcōn?
Hĕxāmētērs nŏ wōrse thăn dārĭng Gērmănў gāve ŭs,
Bārbaroŭs ĕxpērĭmēnt, bārbaroŭs hĕxāmētērs.

Tennyson—"Hexameters and Pentameters."

Ārt thoŭ sŏ nēar ūntŏ mĕ, ānd yĕt Ĭ cānnŏt bĕhōld theĕ?
Ārt thoŭ sŏ nēar ūntŏ mĕ, ānd yĕt thў vōice dŏes nŏt rēach mĕ?
Āh! hŏw ōftĕn thў fēet hăve trōd thĭs pāth tŏ thĕ prāirĭe!
Āh! hŏw ōftĕn thĭne eўes hăve loŏked ŏn thĕ woŏdlănds ărōund mĕ!
Āh! hŏw ōftĕn bĕnēath thĭs ōak, rĕtūrnĭng frŏm lābŏr,
Thoū hăst lāin dŏwn tŏ rēst ănd to drēam ŏf mĕ ĭn thў slūmbĕrs!
Whēn shăll thēse eўes bĕhōld, thĕse ārms bĕ fōldĕd ăbōut thĕe?
Loūd ănd sūddĕn ănd nēar thĕ nōte ŏf ă whĭp-pŏor-wĭll sōundĕd

Like ă flūte ĭn thĕ wōods; ănd ănōn, throŭgh thĕ neighbŏrĭng thĭckĕts,
Fārthĕr ănd fārthĕr ăwāy ĭt flōatĕd ănd drōpped ĭntŏ sīlĕnce.
"Pātiĕnce!" whīspĕred thĕ ōaks frŏm ŏrācŭlăr cāvĕrns ŏf dārknĕss;
Ānd, frŏm thĕ mōonlĭt mēadŏw, ă sīgh rĕspōndĕd, "Tŏmōrrŏw!"
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—"Evangeline."

A Hendecasyllable is a verse of eleven syllables. It does not occur in Horace. In Catullus it sometimes has a trochee or an iambus in the first place.

EXAMPLE (1)

Ō yoŭ chōrŭs ŏf ĭndŏlēnt rĕviĕwĕrs,
Ĭrrĕspōnsĭblĕ, ĭndŏlēnt rĕviĕwĕrs,
Loŏk, Ĭ cōme tŏ thĕ tĕst, ă tĭnў pōĕm
Āll cŏmpōsed ĭn ă mĕtĕr ōf Cătūllŭs,
Āll ĭn quāntĭtў, cārefŭl ōf mў mōtiŏn,
Lĭke thĕ skātĕr ŏn ĭce thăt hārdlў beārs hĭm,
Lēst Ĭ fāll ŭnăwāres bĕfōre thĕ pēoplĕ,
Wākĭng lāughtĕr ĭn ĭndŏlēnt rĕviĕwĕrs.
Shoŭld Ĭ flōunder ăwhīle wĭthōut ă tūmblĕ
Thrō' thĭs mētrĭfĭcātiŏn ōf Cătūllŭs,
Thēy shoŭld spēak tŏ mĕ nōt wĭthōut ă wēlcŏme,
Āll thăt chōrŭs ŏf ĭndŏlēnt rĕviĕwĕrs.
Hārd, hărd, hārd ĭs ĭt, ōnlў nōt tŏ tūmblĕ,
Sō făntāstĭcăl ĭs thĕ dăintў mētĕr.
Whĕrefŏre slīght mĕ nŏt whōllў, nōr bĕliēve mĕ
Toō prĕsūmptŭoŭs, ĭndŏlēnt rĕviĕwĕrs.
Ŏ blātănt Māgăzīnes, rĕgārd mĕ rāthĕr—
Sĭnce Ĭ blūsh tŏ bĕlāud mўsĕlf ă mōmĕnt—
Ăs sōme răre lĭttlĕ rōse, ă piĕce ŏf ĭnmŏst
Hŏrtĭcŭltŭrăl ārt, ŏr hālf cŏquĕtte-lĭke
Māidĕn, nōt tŏ bĕ greētĕd ūnbĕnīgnlў.
—*Tennyson*—"Hendecasyllabics."

EXAMPLE (2.

Ĭn thĕ mōnth ŏf thĕ lōng dĕclĭne ŏf rōsĕs,
Ĭ, bĕhōldĭng thĕ sūmmĕr dēad bĕfōre mĕ,
Sĕt mў fāce tŏ thĕ sēa, ănd jōurnĕyed sīlĕnt,
Gāzĭng ēagĕrlў whēre, ăbōve thĕ sēa-mărk,
Flāme ăs fiĕrce ăs thĕ fērvĭd eўes ŏf lĭŏns
Hālf-dĭvĭdĕd thĕ eўelĭds ōf thĕ sūnsĕt ;
Tĭll Ĭ hēard, ăs ĭt wēre, ă nōise ŏf wātĕrs
Mōvĭng trĕmŭlŏŭs ūndĕr feēt ŏf ăngĕls
Mūltĭtūdĭnoŭs, ōut ŏf āll thĕ hēavĕns ;
Knēw thĕ flūttĕrĭng wĭnd, thĕ flūttĕred fōlĭăge,
Shākĕn fĭtfŭllў, fŭll ŏf sōund ănd shādŏw ;
Ānd săw, trōddĕn ŭpōn bў nōiselĕss ăngĕls,
Lōng mўstĕrĭoŭs rēachĕs fēd wĭth moōnlĭght,
Sweēt săd strāits ĭn ă sōft sŭbsīdĭng chānnĕl,
Blōwn ăbōut bў thĕ lĭps ŏf wĭnds Ĭ knēw nŏt,
Wĭnds nŏt bōrn ĭn thĕ nōrth nŏr ānў quārtĕr,
Wĭnds nŏt wārm wĭth thĕ sōuth nŏr ānў sūnshĭne ;
Hēard bĕtweēn thĕm ă vōice ŏf ĕxŭltātiŏn,
"Lō, thĕ sūmmĕr ĭs dēad, thĕ sūn ĭs fādĕd,
Ēvĕn lĭke ăs ă lēaf thĕ yēar ĭs wĭthĕred,
Āll thĕ frūits ŏf thĕ dāy frŏm āll hĕr brānchĕs
Gāthĕred, nēithĕr ĭs ānў lēft tŏ gāthĕr.

Swinburne—"Hendecasyllabics."

What the ingenuity of man may yet invent is hard to tell. We may say therefore, look to the Greek and Latin measures still for models, some ingenious mortal may be richly rewarded.

It is claimed Edgar Allan Poe caught the inspiration of the rhythm of his "The Raven," from Latin lines :

Ōnce ŭpōn ă mīdnĭght drēarў
Lēc-tŏr cāst-ĕ cāth-ŏ-lĭc-ĕ
Whīle Ĭ pōndĕred wēak ănd wēarў.
Āt-quĕ ōb-sĕs āth-lĕt-ĭc-ĕ.

This same great master of English rhythm in his "Rationale of Verse," also stated, "That if he were permitted to use the Spondee, the Trochee, the Iambus, the Anapest and the Dactyl, together with the Caesura, he would engage to scan correctly any true rhythm human ingenuity could invent." His statement after years of time, who can gainsay?

CHAPTER XII.

POETICAL LICENSES.

Many are the peculiarities and licenses granted to the writers of poetry, not accorded to the writers of prose. These peculiarities add a charm and a freshness to our poetry and are employed freely by the best writers, and this freedom is often necessary to meet the requirements of accent and rhythm, and to it we owe much of the beauty of poetry. There is nothing which adds more grace to our language than these peculiarities of speech, and every student of poetry should become thoroughly familiar with them. While they are recognized violations of the regular rules of speech, they are not so extensive but that they will admit of classification. These peculiarities are usually the conceptions of our master minds, who vary from the regular construction and become, so to speak, inventors of new usages, which afterwards become by common acceptance recognized licenses in our language.

(1) Poetry differs from prose in the fact that every verse or line always commences with a capital letter, as :

> Shăll hē ălōne, whŏm rātiŏnāl wĕ cāll,
> Bĕ blēssed wĭth nōthĭng, ĭf nŏt blēssed wĭth āll?
> *Pope* — "Essay on Man."

(2) For the sake of brevity or meter the article is not infrequently omitted, as :

> Whăt drēadfŭl plēasŭre ! Thēre tŏ stānd sŭblīme,
> Līke shīp-wrĕcked mārīnēr ŏn dēsĕrt cōast !
> *Beattie*—"The Minstrel."

(3) Interjections are oftener employed in poetry than in prose, as :

> Ŏ grāy ŏblīvĭoŭs Rīvĕr !
> Ŏ sūnsĕt-kīndlĕd Rīvĕr !
> Dŏ yoŭ rĕmēmbĕr ēvĕr
> Thĕ eўes ănd skīes sŏ blūe
> Ŏn ă sūmmĕr dāy thăt shōne hĕre,
> Whĕn wē wĕre āll ălōne hĕre,
> Ănd thĕ blūe eўes wēre toŏ wīse
> Tŏ spēak thĕ lōve thĕy knĕw ?
> *John Hay*—"The River."

(4) The noun "self" is introduced after another noun of the possessive case, as :

> Thōughtlĕss ŏf beaūtў, shē wăs beaūtў's sēlf.
> *Thomson*—"The Seasons."

(5) The use of a kind of compound adjective ending in "like," as :

> Thĕ prōud dĭctātŏr ōf thĕ *stāte-lĭke* woōd—
> Ĭ mēan thĕ sōvereĭgn ōf ăll plānts, thĕ ōak—
> Droŏps, dĭes, ănd fālls wĭthōut thĕ clēavĕr's strōke.
> *Herrick*—"All Things Decay and Die."

> Whŏ swĭms wĭth vīrtŭe, hē shăll still bĕ sūre,
> Ŭlўssēs-lĭke, ăll tēmpĕsts tō ĕndūre,
> Ănd 'mīdst ă thōusănd gūlfs tŏ bē sĕcūre.
> *Herrick*—"No Shipwreck of Virtue."

Crŏwned wĭth trāilĭng plūmes ŏf sāblĕ, rĭght ă-frŏnt mў stāndĭng-
plāce
Mŏved ă swārthў ŏceăn-stēaměr ĭn hĕr stŏrm-rĕsĭstĭng grāce.
Prŏphĕt-lĭke, shĕ clŏve thĕ wātĕrs tŏwărd thĕ ănciĕnt mŏthĕr-lānd,
Ānd Ĭ hēard hĕr clāmŏroŭs ēngĭne ānd thĕ ĕchŏ ŏf cŏmmānd,
Whīle thĕ lŏng Ătlāntĭc bĭllŏws tō mў feēt cāme rŏllĭng ōn,
Wĭth thĕ mūltĭtūdĭnoŭs mūsĭc ŏf ă thŏusănd āgĕs gŏne.

Stedman—"Flood-Tide."

(6) The comparative degree is used joined to the positive before a verb, as :

"Nēar ănd mŏre nēar thĕ ĭntrēpĭd beaūtў prēssed"

Merrick.

(7) The conjunctions "or—or," and "nor—nor" are used as correspondents, as :

Nŏt āll thĕ āutŭmn's rūstlĭng gōld,
Nŏr sūn, nŏr moōn, nŏr stār shăll brĭng
Thĕ jōcŭnd spīrĭt whĭch ŏf ōld
Măde ĭt ăn ēasў jōy tŏ sĭng!

Aldrich—"Song-Time."

Thĕ hănd ŏf Gŏd căme tō hĭm, ānd hĕ rōse :
"Gŏ trēnch thĕ vālléy ; thōugh yoŭ māy nŏt feēl
Ŏr wĭnd ŏr rāin, thĕ wātĕrs shāll bĕ pōured
Throŭghōut thĕ cāmps ĭn strēams. Nŏr heēd thĕ fōes,
Fŏr Mōăb shāll bĕ gĭvĕn tō yoŭr steēl,
Thĕ chŏicĕst cĭtĭes spōiled, thĕ frŭit treĕs scŏred,
Thĕ wēlls chŏked ūp, thĕ gărdĕns mărred wĭth stōnes!"
Ĭn āwe thĕy hēard thĕ pōtĕnt wŏrds. Ălās,
Fŏr hōmes fŏredoōmed tŏ fāll wĭth ēvĭl thrōnes,
Fŏr, ās hĕ hād fŏretōld, ĭt căme tŏ pāss!

Joseph O' Conner—"Bring Me a Minister."

(8) The use of "and—and" for "both—and," as :

"Ănd thĕ stārlĭght ănd moōnlĭght."

(9) The preposition is placed after the object, as :

Ĭ lōunge ĭn thĕ ĭlĕx shādŏws,
Ĭ seē thĕ lādў lēan,
Ŭnclāspĭng hĕr sīlkĕn gīrdlĕ,
Thĕ cūrtăin's fōlds bĕtweēn.
Aldrich—"Nocturne."

(10) Prepositions and their adjuncts are not unfrequently placed before the words on which they depend, as :

Ăgāinst yoŭr fāme wĭth fōndnĕss hāte cŏmbīnes;
Thĕ rīvăl bāttĕrs ānd thĕ lōvĕr mīnes.
Samuel Johnson.

(11) Compound epithets are frequently used, as :

Hēbe's hĕre, Māy ĭs hēre !
Thĕ āir ĭs frēsh ănd sūnnў ;
Ănd thĕ *mīsĕr-beēs* ăre būsў
Hōardĭng gōldĕn hōnĕy.
Aldrich—"May."

"*Blūe-ĕyed, strānge-vŏiced, shārp-bĕaked, ĭll-ŏmened* fōwl
Whāt ărt thōu ? 'Whăt Ĭ ŏught tŏ bē, ăn ōwl.'"

(12) Inversions are very common in poetry, as:

Fēw ănd *shōrt* wĕre thĕ prāyers wĕ sāid,
Ănd wĕ spōke nŏt ă wōrd ŏf sōrrŏw;
Bŭt wĕ stēadfăstlў gāzed ŏn thĕ fāce ŏf thĕ dēad,
Ănd wĕ bĭttĕrlў thōught ŏf thĕ mōrrŏw.
Charles Wolfe—"Burial of Sir John Moore."

(13) Superfluous pronouns are freely used, as:

Thĕre cāme ă bŭrst ŏf thŭndĕr sōund ;
Thĕ bōy,—ōh ! whēre wăs hē?
Āsk ŏf thĕ wĭnds, thăt fār ărōund
Wĭth frāgmĕnts strēwed thĕ sēa.
Felicia Hemans—"Casabianca."

(14) Foreign idioms are not unfrequently used, as :

"Fŏr nōt tŏ hāve beĕn dīpped ĭn Lēthĕ lāke
Coŭld sāve thĕ sōn ŏf Thētĭs *frōm tŏ dīe.*"

(15) The adjective is placed after the noun, as :

"Ăcrōss thĕ mēadŏws bāre ănd brōwn."

(16) The adjective is placed before the verb "to be," as:

"Sweēt ĭs thĕ brēath ŏf vērnăl shōwers."

(17) The antecedent is not infrequently omitted, as :

Whŏ nēvĕr fāsts, nŏ bānquĕt ē'er ĕnjōys,
Whŏ nēvĕr tōils ŏr wātchĕs, nēvĕr sleēps.
Armstrong.

(18) The relative is omitted, as :

"'Tĭs Fāncў ĭn hĕr fĭerў cār,
Trănspōrts mĕ tō thĕ thĭckĕst wār."

(19) The verb precedes the nominative, as :

Thĕn *shoōk* thĕ hills wĭth thūndĕr rīvĕn,
Thĕn *rūshed* thĕ steēds tŏ bāttlĕ drīvĕn,
Ănd lōudĕr thān thĕ bōlts ŏf hēavĕn,
Fār *flāshed* thĕ rēd ărtĭllĕrў.
Thomas Campbell—"Hohenlinden."

(20) The verb follows the accusative, as :

Hĭs *prāyer* hĕ *sāith*, thĭs hōlў mān.
Keats.

(21) The infinitive is placed before the word on which it depends, as :

Whĕn fīrst thў sīre, *tŏ sēnd* ŏn ēarth
Vīrtŭe, hĭs dārlĭng chīld, dĕsīgned.
Thomas Gray.

(22) The use of the first and third persons in the imperative mood, as :

Bĕ mān's pĕcūlĭăr *wōrk* hĭs sōle dĕlīght.
Beattie.

Tŭrn wē ă mōmĕnt fāncў's rāpĭd flīght.
Thomson.

(23) The pronoun is expressed with the imperative, as :

"Hŏpe *thōu* ĭn Gōd."

(24) The object precedes the verb, as :

Lănds hē coŭld mēasŭre, tīmes ănd tīdes prĕsāge.
Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

(25) Adverbs are placed before the words which they modify, as :

Thĕ plōwmăn hōmewărd plōds hĭs wēarў wāy.
Gray's Elegy.

(26) The introductory adverb is not unfrequently omitted, as :

Wăs nāught ărōund bŭt ĭmăgēs ŏf rēst.
Thomson.

(27) The use of personal pronouns and afterwards introducing their nouns, as :

Ĭt cūrled nŏt Tweēd ălōne, thăt *brēēze.*
Scott.

(28) The use of the second person singular oftener than prose writers, as :

Bŭt *thōu,* ŏf tēmplĕs ōld, ŏr āltărs nēw,
Stāndĕst ălōne—wĭth nōthĭng lĭke tŏ theē.
Lord Byron.

Ŏ Lūcĭfēr, thŏu sōn ŏf mōrn,
Ălīke ŏf Hēaven ănd mān thĕ fōe;
Hēaven, mĕn, ănd āll,
Nŏw prēss thў fāll,
Ănd sīnk thĕ lōwĕst ōf thĕ lōw.
Oliver Goldsmith—"The Captivity."

(29) The use of antiquated words and modes of expression, as :

Jŏhn Gĭlpĭn wās ă cĭtĭzēn
Ŏf crēdĭt ānd rĕnōwn,
Ă trāin-bănd cāptăin *ēke* wās hē
Ŏf fāmoŭs Lōndŏn tōwn.
Cowper—"The Diverting History of John Gilpin."

(30) The use of many words not used by prose writers or that are used but rarely :

(i) Nouns, as—benison, boon, emprise, fane, guerdon, guise, ire, ken, lore, meed, sire, steed, welkin, yore.

(ii) Adjectives, as—azure, blithe, boon, dank, darkling, darksome, doughty, dun, fell, rife, rapt, rueful, sear, sylvan, twain, wan.

(iii) Verbs, as—appall, astound, brook, cower, doff, ken, wend, ween, trow.

(iv) Adverbs, as—oft, haply, inly, blithely, cheerily, deftly, felly, rifely, starkly.

(v) Prepositions, as—adown, aloft, aloof, anear, aneath, askant, aslant, aslope, atween, atwixt, besouth, traverse, thorough, sans.

(34) The formation of many adjectives in y, not common, as :

Dimply, dusky, gleamy, heapy, moony, paly, sheety, stilly, spiry, steepy, towery, vasty, writhy.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

FIGURES OF SPEECH COMMON TO POETRY.

FIGURES OF ETYMOLOGY.

Apheresis.

The cutting off of one or more letters from the beginning of a word, as :

'Neath for beneath, 'gan for began, 'gainst for against 'thout for without, 'ghast for aghast, 'mazed for amazed, 'fore for before, 'feeble for enfeeble, 'dure for endure, 'venge for avenge, 'Nelope for Penelope, 'sdained for disdained, 'Frisco for San Francisco, woe's for woe is, he's for he is, what's for what is, 'twas for it was, I'll for I will, she's gone for she is gone, devil's for devil is, she'll for she will, world's for world is, I'm for I am, you're for you are, there's for there is, I'd for I would, soul's for soul is.

Thĕ glōw-wŏrm shōws thĕ mātĭn tō bĕ nēar,
Ănd 'gīns tŏ pāle hĭs ĭnĕffēctŭăl fīre.
Shakespeare—"Hamlet," Act 5."

Thĕ moōn's thĕ ēarth's ĕnāmoŭred brīde ;
Trūe tŏ hīm ĭn hĕr vēry chāngĕs,
Tŏ ōthĕr stārs shĕ nēvĕr rāngĕs :
Thŏugh, crōssed bў hīm, sŏmetīmes shĕ dīps
Hĕr līght ĭn shōrt, ŏffēndĕd prīde,
Ănd fāints tŏ ān ĕclipse.
Campbell—"Moonlight."

Apocopē

Is the elision of a letter or letters at the end of a word, as:

Tho' for though, th' for the, t'other for the other, thro' for through, Pont' for Pontus, Lucrece for Lucretia, obstruct for obstruction, Per for Persia, Ind for India, Adon for Adonis, conduct for conductor, amaze for amazement, Moroc for Morocco, addict for addicted, Pat for Patrick, wretch for wretched, sads for saddens, sult for sultry, swelt for swelter, potates for potatoes, after for afterwards.

Wŏe! wōe! ĕach heărt shăll bleēd—shăll breāk!
Shĕ woūld hăve hūng ūpŏn hĭs nēck,
Hād hĕ cōme bŭt yēstĕr-ēvĕn;
Ănd hē hăd clāsped thōse peērlĕss chārms
Thăt shăll nēvĕr, nēvĕr fĭll hĭs ārms,
Ŏr meēt hĭm būt ĭn hēavĕn.
Campbell—"The Brave Roland."

Bŭt tĭme will tēach the Rūss, ĕv'n cōnquĕring Wār
Hăs hāndmăid ārts.
Campbell—"The Power of Russia."

Epenthesis.

Is the inserting of a letter or letters in the middle of a word, as:

Thĕ wēariĕd sēntĭnĕl
Ăt ēve măy ōvĕrlōōk thĕ crōuchĭng fōe,
Tĭll, ēre hĭs hānd căn sōund thĕ ălārŭm bĕll,
Hĕ sĭnks bĕnēath thĕ ūnĕxpēctĕd blōw;
Bĕfōre thĕ whĭskĕr ōf grĭmălkĭn fēll,
Whĕn slūmbĕring ōn hĕr pōst, thĕ mōuse măy gō;
Bŭt wōmăn, wākefŭl wōmăn's nēvĕr wēarў;
Ăbōve ăll, whēn shĕ wāits—tŏ thūmp hĕr dēarў.
R. H. Barham.

"U" is inserted in "alarum." The "y" at the end of the word "dear-y" furnishes also a fine example of Annexation or Paragoge.

Paragoge.

Is the annexing of an expletive syllable to a word. A satire on Sir John Suckling furnishes us a fine example of this figure. Sir John Suckling was a courtier and poet at the court at the time of King Charles I, in the seventeenth century. He was well educated and refined in his taste for that day, writing the purest and brightest poetry of his time. Sir John, in response to a call from his majesty, the King, raised a troop of one hundred men and equipped them at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. Gaily caparisoned as were his troops, they ran off the field at the first approach of the Scotch covenanters in their first and only skirmish. Some one given to satire thus describes Sir John. It will be noticed annexation assists the ridicule intended with pleasing effect :

"Sĭr Jōhn, hĕ gōt hĭm ăn āmblĭng nāg,
Tŏ Scōtlănd fōr tŏ rīde-ă,
Wĭth ă hūndrĕd hŏrse mōre, ăll hĭs ōwn hĕ swōre,
Tŏ guărd hīm ŏn ēv͡erў sīde-ă."

Another stanza runs thus :

"Thĕ lādĭes răn āll tŏ thĕ wīndŏws tŏ seē
Sŏ gāllănt ănd wārlĭke hĭs sīght-ă,
Ănd ăs hē prĕssed bў thĕy crīed wĭth ă sīgh,
'Sĭr Jōhn whў wĭll yoū gŏ fīght-ă?'"

PROSTHESIS.

The prefixing of one or more letters to the beginning of a word, as :

Amid for mid, yclept, yclad, ypowdered.

Lĕt fāll ădōwn hĭs sĭlvĕr bēard sŏme tēars.
Thomson.

Thĕ grōund wăs greēn, ўpōwĕred wĭth thĕ dāisў.
Chaucer.

SYNCOPE.

Is the elision of a letter or letters from the middle of a word, as :

Ca't for called, r'ally for really, med'cine for medicine, e'en for even or evening, o'er for over, conq'ring for conquering, s'en night for seven night, ha' penny for half penny, de'il for devil.

Fĭrst, thēn, ă wōmăn wĭll, ŏr wōn't, dĕpēnd ŏn't ;
Ĭf shē wĭll dō't, shĕ will ; ănd thēre's ăn ēnd ŏn't.
Bŭt ĭf shĕ wōn't, sĭnce sāfe ănd sōund yoŭr trŭst ĭs,
Fĕar ĭs ăffrōnt, ănd jĕaloŭsў ŭnjŭst ĭs.
Hill—"Woman."

SYNAERESIS.

Is the joining together of two syllables with one, as :

I'll for I will, 'tis for it is, spok'st for spokest.

Ōnlў ă lĭttlĕ mōre
Ĭ hāve tŏ wrīte,
Thĕn Ī'll gĭve ō'er,
Ănd bīd thĕ wōrld goŏd-nĭght.

'Tĭs būt ă flўĭng mīnūte
Thăt Ī mŭst stāy,
Ŏr lĭngĕr ĭn ĭt ;
Ănd thēn Ĭ mūst ăwāy.
Herrick.

TMESIS.

The inserting of a word between the parts of a compound or between two words which should be united if they stood together, as:

Yoŭ sāy tŏ mē-wărds yoūr ăffēctiŏn's strōng ;
Prăy lōve mĕ ă lĭttlĕ, sō yoŭ lōve mĕ lōng.
Slōwlў gŏes fārre ; thĕ mēane ĭs bēst ; dĕsīre
Grŏwn vĭŏlēnt, dŏ's ēithĕr dīe, ŏr tīre.
Herrick.

FIGURES OF SYNTAX.

ELLIPSIS.

An omission ; a figure by which one or more words are omitted, which the hearer or reader can supply, and which are necessary to a full construction of a sentence. Words thus omitted are said to be understood. It is a figure very common in the language, and serves to avoid repetitions. When, however, the ellipsis would have a tendency to obscure the meaning or weaken the force of the sentence it should be avoided. The ellipsis may be of the substantive, adjective, article, pronoun, verb, adverb, preposition or conjunction. The following is an excellent illustration of this figure :

Ōne mŏre ŭnfōrtŭnăte,
Wēarў ŏf brēath ;
Rāshlў ĭmpōrtŭnăte,
Gōne tŏ hĕr dēath.
Hood—"Bridge of Sighs."

In the following couplet the antecedent pronoun is omitted, as :

Whŏ hās nŏ ĭnwărd beaūtў, nōne pĕrcēives,
Thŏugh āll ărōund bĕ beaūtĭfŭl.

Richard Henry Dana.

One of our greatest American poets in his conception of the wild mystic, furnishes in the stanza following an instance of the omission of the verb :

Ōnce ŭpōn ă mĭdnĭght drĕarў, whīle Ĭ pōndĕred wēak ănd wēarў
Ōvĕr mănў ă quāint ănd cŭrĭoŭs vōlŭme ōf fŏrgōttĕn lōre,
Whīle Ĭ nōddĕd nēarlў nāppĭng, sūddĕnlў thĕre cāme ă tāppĭng,
Ās ŏf sōme ŏne gēntlў rāppĭng, rāppĭng āt mў chāmbĕr doōr ;
Ōnlў thīs ănd nōthĭng mōre.

Edgar Allan Poe—"The Raven."

The subject of the verb is often omitted, as in the following stanza :

Dĭd thē greĕn ĭsles
Dētāin theĕ lōng? Ŏr 'mĭd thĕ pālmў grōves
Ŏf thē brĭght Sōuth, whĕre Nātŭre ēvĕr smīles,
Dĭdst sĭng thў lōves

Pickering.

The following will serve as an example of the omission of the participle :

Hĭs knōwlĕdge mēasŭred tō hĭs stāte ănd plāce,
Hĭs tīme ă mōmĕnt, ānd ă pōint hĭs spāce.

Alexander Pope.

An Ellipsis of the adverb :

Shĕ shōws ă bōdў rāthĕr thān ă life ;
Ă stātŭe thān ă brōthĕr.

Shakespeare—"Anthony and Cleopatra."

ENALLAGE.

Is the use of one part of speech, or of one modification for another.

(1) Substituting a noun for an adjective :

Frōm thў Glōrў-thrōne.
Palgrave.

Glory-throne used instead of glorious throne, Seraph-sound for Seraphic sound, Carthage-queen for Carthagenian queen.

(2) A phrase for a noun :

Cŏme, cūddlĕ yoŭr hēad ŏn mў shōuldĕr, dēar,
Yoŭr hēad lĭke thĕ gōldĕn-rōd,
Ănd wĕ will gŏ sāilĭng ăwāy frŏm hēre
Tŏ thĕ beaūtĭfŭl Lānd ŏf Nōd.
Ăwāy frŏm lĭfe's hūrrў, ănd flūrrў, ănd wŏrrў,
Ăwāy frŏm ĕarth's shādŏws ănd gloōm,
Tŏ ă wŏrld ŏf făir wēathĕr wĕ'll flōat ŏff tŏgēthĕr,
Whĕre rōsĕs ăre ālwăys ĭn bloōm.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"The Beautiful Land of Nod."

"Land of Nod" is here substituted for the noun "sleep."

Hăd shĕ tōld mĕ fĭftў shīllĭngs,
Ĭ mīght (ănd woūldn't yoū?)
Hăve rĕfērred tŏ thăt drĕss ĭn ă wāy fŏlks ĕxprĕss
Bў ăn ēlŏquĕnt dāsh ŏr twō;
Bŭt thĕ guīlefŭl lĭttlĕ crēatŭre
Knĕw wēll hĕr tāctĭcs whēn
Shĕ cāsuăllў sāid thăt thăt drēam ĭn rēd
Hăd cōst bŭt twō pŏunds tēn.
Eugene Field—"The Tea-Gown."

(3) The use of an adverb for a noun :

Tō thĕ lānd ŏf thē hĕreāftĕr.
Longfellow—"Hiawatha."

The adverb "hereafter" used as a noun, viz : to heaven.

Ā bĕttĕr Whĕre tŏ fīnd.
Shakespeare.

Where instead of place or home.

(4) Noun for a verb :

"Ĭ'll *queēn ĭt* nō ĭnch fārthĕr."

Viz : I'll walk or go no inch farther.

Bĕdāwn ŏur skȳ.
Shakespeare.

Dawn, a noun, changed to a verb by prefix be-dawn.

Noun for a verb :

Crīmsŏned wĭth flōwĕrs ănd dārk wĭth lēafў shāde.
Vaughan.

(5) An adjective for a noun :

Thў pāth ĭs hīgh ŭp ĭn hēavĕn ; wĕ cānnŏt gāze
Ŏn thē *ĭntĕnse ŏf lĭght* thăt gīrds thў cār.
Percival—"Apostrophe to the Sun."

Viz : the sun.

(6) An adjective for a verb :

Ĭt *lānks* thĕ cheēk ănd pāles thĕ frēshĕst sīght.
Giles Fletcher.

Thĭs dāy wĭll *gēntlĕ* hĭs cŏndĭtiŏn.
Shakespeare.

(7) An eighth variety is to compare with -er and -est adjectives that are compared by more and most, or vice versa.

Tŏ hēar yoŭr mōst sweĕt mūsĭc mīrăclē.
Mrs. E. B. Browning—"Seraphim."

(8) An adjective for an adverb :

Bŭt sōft ! mĕthĭnks Ĭ scēnt thĕ mōrnĭng's āir.
Shakespeare—"Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 5."

Whĕn sōft wăs thĕ sūn.
"Piers Plowman."

Soft for softly.

(9) A noun and a preposition for an adjective.

Ă thĭng ŏf beaūtў ĭs ă jōy fŏrēvĕr.
Keats.

Of beauty for a beauteous thing.

(10) A preposition for an adjective :

Wĭth thĕ spleēn
Ŏf āll thĕ *ūndĕr* fiēnds.
Shakespeare.

(11) An adverb for a pronoun :

Whēre ăgāinst
Mў grăined āsh ă hūndrĕd tīmes hăth brōke.
Shakespeare.

(12) A preposition is used for a noun :

Ŏ nōt lĭke mē
Fŏr mīne's bĕyōnd Beyōnd.
Shakespeare.

(13) Adverb and a preposition in place of a preposition :

Fŏr thāt Ĭ ām sŏme twēlve ŏr fōurteĕn moōnshĭnes *Lāg ŏf* ă brōthĕr.
Shakespeare.

(14) A verb is used as a noun :

Wĭth ēv͡erў gāle ănd vārў ōf thĕir māstĕrs.
Shakespeare.

(15) An adjective used as a participle :

Lĕt thē *blŏat* kĭng tĕmpt yoū.
Shakespeare.

(16) Usages similar to "Meseems :"

Mĕthĭnks hĕr pātiĕnt sōns bĕfōre mĕ stānd.
Goldsmith—"Traveler."

(17) Change of prepositions. Using "of" instead of "by:"

Ĭ ām sŏ wrāpt, ănd thōrŏughlў lāpt
Ŏf jōllў goŏd āle ănd ōld.
John Still.

(18) Participles are turned into adjectives and actions ascribed to them which do not belong to them, as :

Whĕre smĭlĭng sprĭng ĭts ēa͡rlĭĕst vīsĭt pāid,
Ănd pārtĭng sūmmĕr's lĭn͡gĕrĭng bloōms dĕlāyed.
Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

Ănd pāssĭng rĭch wĭth fōrtў pōunds ă yēar.
Goldsmith—"Deserted Village."

(19) The use of transitive verbs as intransitive, as :

Thĭs mīnstrĕl-gōd, wĕll-plēased, ămīd thĕ chōir
Stoŏd prōud tŏ *hymn*, ănd tūne hĭs yoūthfŭl lȳre.
Pope.

(20) The use of intransitive verbs as transitive, as :

Lăng āftĕr kēnned ŏn Cārrĭck shōre;
Fŏr mōnў ă bēast tŏ *dēad* shĕ shōt,
Ănd *pērĭshed* mōnў ă bōnnĭe bōat.
Burns—"Tam O'Shanter."

Stĭll ĭn hărmōnĭoŭs ĭntĕrcōurse, thĕy *līved*
Thē rūrăl dāy, ănd *tālked* thĕ flōwĭng heārt.
Thomson.

(21) The use of the auxiliary after its principal, as :

Thĕ mān whŏ sūffĕrs, lōudlў māy cŏmplāin;
Ănd *rāge* hĕ *māy*, bŭt hē shăll rāge ĭn vāin.
Pope.

(22) The use of can, could and would as principal verbs transitive, as :

Whăt wōuld thĭs mān? Nŏw ūpwărd wĭll hĕ sōar,
Ănd, lĭttlĕ lēss thăn ăngĕl, wōuld bĕ mōre.
Pope.

Hyperbaton or Inversion.

A figurative construction inverting the natural and proper order from words and sentences. The following stanza furnishes us with a fine example :

Ĭn Ēnglănd rĭvĕrs āll ăre māles,
Fŏr ĭnstance, Fāthĕr Thāmes;
Whŏēvĕr ĭn Cŏlūmbĭă sāils
Fĭnds thĕm mămsĕlles ănd dāmes.
Yĕs, thēre thĕ sōftĕr sĕx prĕsīdes—
Ăquātĭc, Ī ăssūre yoŭ;
Ănd Mrs. Sīppў rōlls hĕr tīdes
Rĕspōnsĭve tō Mĭss Soūrĭ.

James Smith.

Milton furnishes us a fine example of an inversion at the very commencement of his great epic:

Ŏf mān's fĭrst dīsŏbēdiĕnce ānd thĕ frūit
Ŏf thāt fŏrbĭddĕn treē, whŏse mōrtăl tāste
Brŏught dēath intō thĕ wōrld ănd āll ŏur wōe,
Sĭng, hēavenlў Mūse.

"Paradise Lost."

PLEONASM.

The use in speaking or writing of more words than are necessary to express the thought. From Thomas Hood we have the following, in the second line Pleonasm can be detected:

Ănd whēn Ĭ spēak, mў vōice ĭs weāk;
Bŭt hērs, shĕ mākes ă gōng ⁀of ĭt;
Fŏr Ī ăm smāll ănd shē ĭs tāll,
Ănd thāt's thĕ shōrt ănd lōng ⁀of ĭt.

SYLLEPSIS.

A figure of speech by which we conceive the sense of words otherwise than the words import, and construe them

according to the intention of the author—the taking of words in two senses at once, the literal and the metaphorical. The following is an example of this figure :

Whĭle Prōvĭdĕnce sŭppōrts,
  Lĕt sāints sĕcūrelў dwēll ;
Thăt hānd whĭch beārs ăll Nātŭre ūp,
  Shăll guīde hĭs chīldrĕn wēll.
Philip Doddridge.

FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

Allegory.

Is the narration of fictitious events, designed to represent and illustrate important realities. It is continued metaphor, representing objects and events that are intened to be symbolical of other objects and events having usually moral and spiritual character.

The following beautiful allegory by Longfellow, starting with the metaphorical representation of the state as a ship, expands the metaphor into a complete description :

Thŏu toō, săil ōn, Ŏ Shĭp ŏf Stāte !
Săil ōn, Ŏ Ūnĭŏn, strōng ănd greāt !
Hŭmānitў, wĭth āll ĭts fēars,
Wĭth āll ĭts hōpes ŏf fūtŭre yēars,
Ĭs hāngĭng brēathlĕss ōn thў fāte !
Wĕ knōw whăt Māstĕr lāid thў keēl,
Whăt Wōrkmĕn wrōught thў rĭbs ŏf steēl,
Whŏ māde ĕach māst, ănd sāil, ănd rōpe,
Whăt ānvĭls rāng, whăt hāmmĕrs bēat,
Ĭn whāt ă fōrge ănd whāt ă hēat
Wĕre shāped thĕ ānchŏrs ōf thў hōpe !
Fĕar nōt ĕach sūddĕn sōund ănd shōck—
'Tĭs ōf thĕ wāve ănd nōt thĕ rōck ;

'Tĭs būt thĕ flāppĭng ōf thĕ sāil,
Ănd nōt ă rēnt mădе bў thĕ gāle!
Ĭn spīte ŏf rōck ănd tēmpĕst's rōar,
Ĭn spīte ŏf fālse lĭghts ōn thĕ shōre,
Săil ōn, nŏr fēar tŏ brēast thĕ sēa!
Ŏur heārts, ŏur hōpes, ărе āll wĭth theē,
Ŏur heārts, ŏur hōpes, ŏur prāyers, ŏur tēars,
Ŏur fāith trĭŭmphănt ō'er ŏur fēars,
Ărе āll wĭth theē! ărе āll wĭth theē!

Apostrophe.

Literally a turning away from the natural course of one's thoughts or ideas to address the absent or dead as if present, former ages, future ages, some person or thing. It is closely allied to Personification with which it is often combined. Objects personified, however, are not addressed; objects apostrophized are addressed.

Rŏll ōn, thŏu deēp ănd dārk blŭe ōceăn,—rōll!
Tĕn thōusănd fleēts sweĕp ōvĕr theē ĭn vāin;
Măn mārks thĕ ēarth wĭth rŭĭn,—hĭs cŏntrōl
Stŏps wĭth thĕ shōre;—ŭpōn thĕ wāterў plāin
Thĕ wrēcks ărе āll thў deēd, nŏr dōth rĕmāin
Ă shādŏw ōf măn's rāvăge, sāve hĭs ōwn,
Whĕn, fōr ă mōmĕnt, lĭke ă drōp ŏf rāin,
Hĕ sĭnks ĭntō thў dēpths wĭth bŭbblĭng grōan,
Wĭthōut ă grāve, ŭnknēlled, ŭncōffĭned, ănd ŭnknōwn.

Byron—"Childe Harold.

Rŏll ōn, yĕ stārs! Ĕxūlt ĭn yoŭthfŭl prīme;
Mārk wĭth brĭght cūrves thĕ prĭntlĕss stēps ŏf Tīme.
Nēar ānd mŏre nēar yoŭr bēamў cārs ăpprōach,
Ănd lēssenĭng ōrbs ŏn lēssenĭng ōrbs ĕncrōach.
Flōwers ŏf thĕ skў! yĕ toō tŏ āge mŭst yiēld,
Frāil ăs yoŭr sĭlkĕn sĭstĕrs ōf thĕ fĭeld!

Stăr ăftĕr stār frŏm hēaven's hĭgh ārch shăll rūsh,
Sŭns sĭnk ŏn sūns, ănd sȳstĕms sȳstĕms crūsh,
Tĭll ō'er thĕ wrēck, ĕmērgĭng frōm thĕ stōrm,
Ĭmmōrtăl nātŭre lĭfts hĕr chāngefŭl fōrm ;
Mŏunts frōm hĕr fūnerăl pȳre ŏn wĭngs ŏf flāme,
Ănd sōars ănd shĭnes, ănōthĕr ănd thĕ sāme.

Erasmus Darwin.

Ăy, teār hĕr tāttĕred ēnsĭgn dōwn !
Lŏng hās ĭt wāved ŏn hĭgh,
Ănd mănȳ ăn eȳe hăs dănced tŏ seē
Thăt bānnĕr in thĕ skȳ ;
Bĕnēath ĭt rūng thĕ bāttlĕ-shōut,
Ănd būrst thĕ cănnŏn's rōar ;
Thĕ mēteŏr ōf thĕ ōcēan āir
Shăll sweēp thĕ clōuds nŏ mōre !

Holmes—"Old Ironsides."

Hăil, hōlў Light, ōffsprĭng ŏf Hēaven fĭrst-bōrn !
Ŏr ōf thĕ Ētĕrnăl cō-ētĕrnăl bēam
Măy Ī ĕxprēss theĕ ŭnblāmed ? sĭnce Gōd ĭs lĭght,
Ănd nēvĕr būt ĭn ūnăpprōachĕd lĭght
Dwĕlt frōm ĕtĕrnĭtў, dwĕlt thēn ĭn theē,
Brĭght ēfflŭēnce ŏf brĭght ēssĕnce ĭncrēāte !
Ŏr hēar'st thŏu rāthĕr pūre ĕthēreăl strēam,
Whŏse fōuntăin whō shăll tēll ?

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

ANAPHORA.

Is the repetition of a word at the beginning of several clauses of a sentence. It is thus repeated that the mind may be more distinctly impressed with the idea or thought, as :

(1).

Ăll nātŭre īs bŭt ārt, ŭnknōwn tŏ thee ;
Ăll chānce, dīrēctiŏn, whīch thŏu cānst nŏt seē ;
Ăll dīscŏrd, hārmŏnў nŏt ŭndĕrstoōd ;
Ăll pārtiăl ēvĭl, ūnĭvērsăl goōd ;
Ănd spīte ŏf prīde, ĭn ērrĭng rēasŏn's spīte,
Ŏne trūth īs clēar, Whătēvĕr īs, ĭs rīght.
Pope—"Essay on Man."

(2).

Sŏmetīmes thĕ līnnĕt pīped hĭs sōng ;
Sŏmetīmes thĕ thrōstlĕ whīstlĕd strŏng ;
Sŏmetīmes thĕ spārhăwk, wheēled ălōng,
Hŭshed āll thĕ grōves frŏm fēar ŏf wrōng.
Tennyson—"Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere."

(3).

Thĕre īs ă rēst fŏr āll thĭngs. Ōn stĭll nīghts
Thĕre īs ă fōldĭng ōf ă mīllĭŏn wĭngs—
Thĕ swārmĭng hōnĕy-beēs ĭn ŭnknōwn woōds,
Thĕ spēcklĕd būttĕrflīes, ănd dōwnў broōds
Ĭn dĭzzў pōplăr heĭghts ;
Rĕst fŏr ĭnnūmĕrāblĕ nāmelĕss thĭngs,
Rĕst fŏr thĕ crēatŭres ūndĕrnēath thĕ Sēa,
Ănd ĭn thĕ Ēarth, ănd ĭn thĕ stārrў Āir—
Whў wĭll ĭt nōt ŭnbūrdĕn mē ŏf cāre ?
Ĭt cōmes tŏ mēanĕr thĭngs thăn mў dĕspāir.
Ŏ wēarў, wēarў nīght, thăt brĭngs nŏ rēst tŏ mē !
Aldrich—"Invocation to Sleep."

ANTITHESIS.

A contrast by which each of the contrasted things is rendered more striking :

Ŏn pārĕnt kneēs, ă nākĕd nēw-bŏrn chīld,
Weēpĭng thŏu sāt'st, whīle āll ărōund theĕ smīled ;
Sŏ līve, thăt sīnkĭng īn thў lāst, lŏng sleēp,
Thŏu thēn măy'st smīle, whīle āll ărōund theĕ weēp.
Sir William Jones.

EPANALEPSIS.

Is a figure by which a sentence ends with the same word with which it begins :

(1).

Fāre theĕ wēll, ănd īf fŏrēvĕr,
Stīll fŏrēvĕr fāre theĕ wēll ;
Ēvĕn thōugh ŭnfŏrgīvĭng nēvĕr
'Gāinst theĕ shāll mў heārt rĕbēl.
Byron—"To His Wife."

(2).

Thĕy quēstiŏned ēach thĕ ōthĕr
Whăt Brāhmă's ānswĕr mēant.
Săid Vīvŏchūmŭ, "Brōthĕr,
Throŭgh Brāhmă thē greăt Mōthĕr
Hăth spōkĕn hēr ĭntēnt :
"*Măn* ēnds ăs hē bĕgān,—
Thĕ shādŏw ōn thĕ wātĕr ĭs āll thĕre īs ŏf *mān!*"
Richard Henry Stoddard.—"Brahma's Answer."

EPIGRAM.

It is a statement in which there is an apparent contradiction between the form of the expression and the meaning really intended. The force of the epigram lies in the pleasant surprise attendant upon the perception of the real meaning :

(1).

Mў wōndĕr ĭs rēăllў bōundlĕss,
Thăt ămōng thĕ queĕr cāsĕs wĕ trў,
Ă lānd căse shŏuld ōftĕn bĕ grōundlĕss,
Ănd ă wātĕr-căse ālwăys bĕ drў!

Saxe—"On a Famous Water-Suit."

(2).

Swăns sĭng bĕfōre thĕy dĭe, 'twĕre nō bădthĭng
Dĭd cērtăin pērsŏns dĭe bĕfōre thĕy sĭng.

S. T. Coleridge.

EPIZEUXIS.

The repetition of a word or words for the sake of emphasis:

(1).

Thĕ Ĭsles ŏf Greēce, thĕ ĪSLES ŎF GREĒCE,
Whĕre bŭrnĭng Sāpphŏ lōved ănd sūng,
Whĕre grēw thĕ ārts ŏf wār ănd pēace,
Whĕre Dēlŏs rōse ănd Phoēbŭs sprūng—
Ĕtērnăl sŭmmĕr gīlds thĕm yĕt,
Bŭt āll ĕxcēpt thĕir sūn ĭs sĕt.

Byron.

(2).

An example of double affirmation:

"Fālselў, fālselў hāve yĕ dōne,
Ŏ mōthĕr," shĕ sāid, "ĭf thīs bĕ trūe
Tŏ keēp thĕ bĕst măn ūndĕr thĕ sūn
Sŏ mānў yēars frŏm hĭs dūe."

Tennyson—"Lady Clare."

(3).

Lāugh, ănd thĕ wōrld lăughs wĭth yoŭ,
Weēp, ănd yoŭ weēp ălōne;
Fŏr thĕ sād ŏld ēarth mŭst bōrrŏw ĭts mīrth,
Bŭt hăs trōublĕ ĕnoūgh ŏf ĭts ōwn.
Sīng, ănd thĕ hīlls wĭll ānswĕr,
Sīgh, ĭt ĭs lōst ŏn thĕ āir;
Thĕ ēchŏes bōund tŏ ă jōyfŭl sōund,
Bŭt shrīnk frŏm vōicĭng cāre.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"Solitude."

(4).

"Thĕ fāult wās mīne, thĕ fāult wās mīne"—
Whў ām Ĭ sĭttĭng hēre sŏ stūnned ănd stĭll,
Plūckĭng thĕ hārmlĕss wĭld-flŏwer ōn thĕ hĭll?
Ĭt ĭs thĭs guĭltў hānd!

Tennyson—"Maud."

(5).

Mŭst yĕ wāit? Mŭst yĕ wāĭt?
Tĭll thĕy rāvăge hĕr gārdĕns ŏf ōrănge ănd pālm,
Tĭll hĕr heārt ĭs dūst, tĭll hĕr strĕngth ĭs wātĕr?
Mŭst yĕ seē thĕm trāmplĕ hēr, ănd bĕ cālm
Ăs priēsts whĕn ă vĭrgĭn ĭs lēd tŏ slāughtĕr?
Shăll thĕy smīte thĕ mārvĕl ōf ăll lānds,—
Thĕ Nātiŏn's lōngĭng, thĕ ēarth's cŏmplēteněss,—
Ŏn hĕr rēd mŏuth drōppĭng mўrrh, hĕr hānds
Fĭlled wĭth frūităge ănd spīce ănd sweētnĕss?
Mŭst yĕ wāit?

Stedman—"Cuba."

EROTESIS OR INTERROGATION.

Is an animated or passionate interrogation. Interrogation in its primary sense is the asking of a question, and an

answer would be expected. When declarative sentences are expressed in the interrogative form, no answer is expected; for the statement is made thereby more emphatic and convincing.

The negative interrogation affirms—an affirmative denies. An interrogative sentence should always be followed by a question mark.

Căn stŏriĕd ūrn, ŏr ānĭmātĕd būst,
  Băck tō ĭts mānsiŏn cāll thĕ fleētĭng brēath?
Căn hōnŏr's vōice prŏvōke thĕ sīlĕnt dūst,
  Ŏr flāttery soōthe thĕ dūll cŏld ēar ŏf dēath?
Gray—"Elegy."

ECPHONESIS.

Is an animated or passionate exclamation, generally indicated by such interjections as O! oh! ah! alas!

(1).

Ŏ mў sŏul's jōy,
Ĭf āftĕr ēvery tēmpĕst cōmes sŭch cālms,
Māy thĕ wĭnds blōw tĭll thēy hăve wākĕned dēath!
Shakespeare—"Othello."

Pope illustrates well one of the ruling passions that continue not only throughout life but even unto death:

(2).

"Ōdious! Ĭn woōlĕn! 'Twōuld ă sāint prŏvōke!"
Wĕre thē lăst wōrds thăt poōr Nărcīssă spōke.
"Nŏ, lēt ă chārmĭng chintz ănd Brūssĕls lāce
Wrăp mў cŏld lĭmbs, ănd shāde mў lĭfelĕss fāce.
Ŏne wōuld nŏt, sūre, bĕ frĭghtfŭl whēn ŏne's dēad;
Ănd, Bēttў, gĭve thĭs cheēk ă lĭttlĕ rēd."

"Ĭ gīve ănd Ī dĕvīse," ŏld Eūclĭd sāid
Ănd sīghed, "mў lānds ănd tēnĕmēnts tŏ Nēd."
"Yoŭr mōnĕy, sīr?" "Mў mōnĕy, sīr? Whăt! āll?
Whў, īf Ĭ mūst (thĕn wēpt), Ĭ gīve tŏ Pāul—"
"Thĕ mānŏr, sīr?" "Thĕ mānŏr? Hōld!" hĕ crĭed;
"Nŏt thāt—Ĭ cānnŏt pārt wĭth thāt!" ănd dĭed.

(3).

Ă hōrse! ă hōrse! Mў kĭngdŏm fōr ă hōrse!
Shakespeare—"King Richard III."

EUPHEMISM.

Is the suppression of a harsh or obnoxious word or phrase, by substituting a word or phrase in its place that is delicate, yet expressing the same meaning:

(1).

Wōrn ŏut wĭth ānguĭsh, tōil, ănd cōld, ănd hūngĕr,
Dōwn sŭnk thĕ wāndĕrĕr; sleēp hăd sēized hĕr sēnsĕs.
Thēre dĭd thĕ trāvĕlĕr fīnd hĕr ĭn thĕ mōrnĭng:
Gōd hăd rĕlēased hĕr.
Southey—"The Widow."

From Burns we have the following:

(2).

Ăn hōnĕst wābstĕr tō hĭs trāde,
Whăse wīfe's twă nēives wĕre scārce weĕl-brēd.

(3).

Ŏ, fēar nŏt ĭn ă wōrld lĭke thīs,
Ănd thōu shălt knōw ĕre lōng,—
Knŏw hōw sŭblīme ă thĭng ĭt ĭs
Tŏ sŭffĕr ānd bĕ strōng.
Longfellow—"The Light of the Stars."

HEARING.

Is a figure akin to vision. The speaking doubtfully of some sound that has been heard at the present or just before apparently indistinct, but which proves to be the distant roar of cannon, of thunder, or something real. Byron's Waterloo, taken from Childe Harold, is one of the finest examples of the figure :

> Did yĕ nŏt hĕar ĭt? Nō! 'twăs būt thĕ wĭnd,
> Ŏr thĕ căr rāttlĭng ō'er thĕ stōnў streēt;
> Ŏn wĭth thĕ dānce! Lĕt jōy bĕ ūncŏnfĭned;
> Nŏ sleēp tĭll mōrn, whĕn Yoūth ănd Plēasŭre meēt
> Tŏ chāse thĕ glōwĭng hōurs wĭth flўĭng feēt.
> Bŭt hārk! Thăt hēavў sōund brĕaks ĭn ŏnce mōre,
> Ăs if thĕ clōuds ĭts ēchŏ wōuld rĕpēat;
> Ănd nēarĕr, clēarĕr, dēadlĭĕr thān bĕfōre!
> Ărm! ārm! ĭt ĭs, ĭt ĭs thĕ cānnŏn's ōpenĭng rōar!
>
> Canto III, Stanza XXII.

HYPERBOLE.

Is inflated or exaggerated speech ; so great is the exaggeration that it cannot be expected to be believed by the reader or hearer. It is an expression of strong passion, and is often made use of by the poet and the orator. Impulsive natures make great use of this figure of speech. Everything with them is magnificent ! splendid ! sublime ! awful ! Abraham Cowley has translated from the Greek poet Anacreon, this beautiful hyperbole entitled, "The Grasshopper" :

> Hāppў ĭnsĕct! whāt căn bē
> Ĭn hāppĭnĕss cŏmpāred tŏ theē?
> Fēd wĭth noūrĭshmēnt dĭvīne,
> Thĕ dēwў mōrnĭng's gēntlĕ wīne!
> Nātŭre wāits ŭpōn theĕ stĭll,
> Ānd thў vērdănt cūp dŏes fĭll;

'Tĭs fĭlled whĕrēvĕr thōu dŏst trēad,
Nātŭre's sēlf's thў Gānўmēde.
Thōu dŏst drĭnk, ănd dānce ănd sĭng,
Hāppĭĕr thān thĕ hāppĭĕst kĭng!
Āll thĕ fiēlds whĭch thōu dŏst seē,
Āll thĕ plānts bĕlōng tŏ theē;
Āll thĕ sūmmĕr hōurs prŏdūce,
Fērtĭle mādе wĭth ēarlў jūice.
Mān fŏr theē dŏes sōw ănd plōugh,
Fārmĕr hē, ănd lāndlŏrd thōu!
Thōu dŏst ĭnnŏcēntlў jōy,
Nŏr dōes thў lŭxurў dĕstrōy.
Thĕ shēphĕrd glādlў hēarĕth theē,
Mōre hărmōnĭoŭs thăn hē.
Thĕ cōuntrў hĭnds wĭth glādnĕss hēar,
Prōphĕt ŏf thĕ rĭpĕned yēar!
Theĕ Phoēbŭs lōves ănd dōes ĭnspīre;
Phoēbŭs ĭs hĭmsēlf thў sīre,
Tŏ theē, ŏf āll thĭngs ŭpōn thĕ ēarth,
Lĭfe ĭs nŏ lōngĕr thān thў mīrth.
Hāppў ĭnsĕct! hāppў thōu
Dŏst nēithĕr āge nŏr wĭntĕr knōw;
Bŭt whēn thŏu'st drūnk and dānced ănd sūng
Thў fĭll, thĕ flŏwerў lēaves ămōng,
(Volūptŭoŭs ănd wīse wĭthāl,
Ēpĭcūrĕăn ănĭmāl!)
Sātĕd wĭth thў sūmmĕr fēast,
Thōu rĕtīr'st tŏ ēndlĕss rēst.

"Yĕ stārs! whĭch āre thĕ pŏĕtrў ŏf hēavĕn!
Ĭf ĭn yoŭr brĭght lĕaves wē woŭld rēad thĕ fāte
Ŏf mĕn ănd ēmpĭres,—'tĭs tŏ bē fŏrgĭvĕn,
Thăt ĭn ŏur āspĭrātiŏns tō bĕ greāt,
Ŏur dēstĭnĭes ŏ'erlēap thĕir mōrtăl stāte,
Ănd clāim ă kĭndrĕd wĭth yoŭ; fōr yĕ āre
Ă beaūtў ānd ă mўstĕrў, ănd crĕāte
Ĭn ūs sŭch lōve ănd rēvĕrēnce frŏm ăfār,
Thăt fōrtŭne, fāme, pŏwer, lĭfe, hăve nāmed thĕmsēlves ă stār."

Byron—"Childe Harold."

IRONY.

A figure of telling effect when properly used. It is used to express directly the opposite of what it is intended shall be understood. It is used effectively in Whittier's "The Prisoner for Debt," a poem of great merit:

Whăt hās thĕ grāy-hăired prīsŏnĕr dōne?
Hăs mūrdĕr stāined hĭs hānds wĭth gōre?
Nŏt sō; hĭs crīme's ă fōulĕr ōne;
GŎD MĀDE THĔ ŌLD MĂN POŌR!
Fŏr thīs hĕ shāres ă fēlŏn's cēll,—
Thĕ fĭttĕst ēarthlў tўpe ŏf hēll!
Fŏr thīs, thĕ boōn fŏr whĭch hĕ pōured
Hĭs yoūng bloŏd ōn thĕ ĭnvādĕr's swōrd,
Ănd cōuntĕd lĭght thĕ fēarfūl cōst,—
Hĭs bloōd-găined lĭbĕrtў ĭs lōst!

Ănd sō, fŏr sūch ă plāce ŏf rēst,
Ŏld prīsŏnĕr, drōpped thў bloōd ăs rāin
Ŏn Cōncŏrd's fiēld, ănd Būnkĕr's crēst,
Ănd Sārătōgă's plāin?
Loŏk fōrth, thŏu mān ŏf mānў scārs,
Throŭgh thў dĭm dūngeŏn's ĭrŏn bārs;
Ĭt mūst bĕ jōy, ĭn soōth tŏ seē
Yŏn mōnŭmēnt ŭprēared tŏ theē,—
Piled grānīte ānd ă prīsŏn cēll,
Thĕ lānd rĕpāys thў sērvĭce wēll!

Gŏ, rĭng thĕ bēlls ănd fīre thĕ gūns,
Ănd flĭng thĕ stārrў bānnĕrs ōut;
Shŏut "Freēdŏm!" tĭll yoŭr lĭspĭng ōnes
Gĭve bāck thĕir crādlĕ-shōut;
Lĕt bōastfŭl ēlŏquēnce dĕclāim
Ŏf hōnŏr, lĭbĕrtў, ănd fāme;
Stĭll lēt thĕ pōĕt's strāin bĕ hēard,
Wĭth glōrў fŏr ĕach sēcŏnd wōrd,
Ănd ēverўthĭng wĭth brēath ăgreē
Tŏ prāise "ŏur glŏrĭoŭs lĭbĕrtў!"

Bŭt whĕn thĕ pātrŏn cānnŏn jārs
  Thăt prĭsŏn's cōld ănd gloōmў wāll,
Ănd throūgh ĭts gātes thĕ strīpes ănd stārs
  Rĭse ōn thĕ wĭnd, ănd fāll,—
Thĭnk yē thăt prĭsŏnĕr's āgĕd ēar
Rĕjōicĕs ĭn thĕ gĕnĕrăl cheēr?
Thĭnk yē hĭs dĭm ănd fāilĭng eўe
Ĭs kĭndlĕd āt yoŭr pāgĕntrў?
Sōrrŏwĭng ŏf sōul, ănd chāined ŏf līmb,
Whăt ĭs yoŭr cārnĭvāl tŏ hĭm?

Dŏwn with thĕ LĀW thăt bĭnds hĭm thūs!
  Ŭnwōrthў freēmĕn, lĕt ĭt fīnd
Nŏ rēfŭge frōm thĕ wĭthĕrĭng cūrse
  Ŏf Gōd ănd hūmăn kĭnd!
Ōpĕn thĕ prĭsŏn's lĭvĭng tōmb,
Ănd ūshĕr frōm ĭts broōdĭng gloōm
Thĕ vĭctĭms ōf yoŭr sāvăge cōde
Tŏ thē freĕ sūn ănd āir ŏf Gōd;
Nŏ lōngĕr dāre ăs crīme tŏ brānd
Thĕ chāstenĭng ōf thĕ Ălmīghtў's hānd.

LITOTES.

A diminution or softening of statement, for the purpose of avoiding censure, or of expressing more strongly what is intended; a figure in which the affirmative is expressed by the negative of the contrary; thus, "a citizen of no mean city" means "of an illustrious or important city."

It is the opposite of hyperbole.

The following from one who was unsurpassed as a prose writer, and who was a very clever poet, illustrates this figure.

Thĕ Mōuntăin ānd thĕ Squīrrĕl
Hād ă quārrĕl ;
Ănd thĕ Mōuntăin cālled thĕ Squīrrĕl "Līttlĕ Prīg."
Būn rĕplīed,
"Yoŭ ăre doūbtlĕss vĕrў bīg ;
Būt ăll sōrts ŏf thīngs ănd wēathĕr
Mūst bĕ tākĕn īn tŏgēthĕr
Tŏ māke ŭp ă yēar
Ānd ă sphēre ;
Ānd Ĭ thīnk ĭt nō dĭsgrāce
Tŏ ōccŭpў mў plāce.
Ĭf Ī'm nŏt sŏ lārge ăs yoū,
Yoŭ ăre nōt sŏ smāll ăs Ī,
Ănd nŏt hālf sŏ sprў.
Ī'll nŏt dĕnў yoŭ māke
Ă vĕrў prēttў squīrrĕl trāck :
Tālĕnts dĭffĕr ; āll ĭs wīselў pūt,—
Ĭf Ĭ cānnŏt cārrў fōrĕsts ōn mў bāck,
Nēithĕr cān yoŭ crāck ă nūt."

Emerson—"A Fable."

METONYMY.

A change of noun or substantive, is a figure in which the name of one object is put for some other object. The relation is always that of causes, effects, or adjuncts.

(1) Substituting a noun that expresses the cause, for the noun that expresses the effect :

Ă tīme thĕre wās, ĕre Ēnglănd's griēfs bĕgān
Whĕn ēvĕrў roōd ŏf grōund măintāined ĭts mān.

Goldsmith—"The Deserted Village."

"Ground" is here used for what the ground produces, viz : food.

Ŏ fōr ă bēakĕr fūll ŏf thē wărm Sōuth !

Keats—"Lines to the Nightingale."

"South" is here used for the rich wines produced in sunny lands.

Rŏbed īn thĕ lŏng nīght ŏf hēr deĕp hāir.
Tennyson.

"Night," the cause of darkness, is put for "darkness," the effect.

(2) Substituting the noun expressing the effect for the noun used to express the cause, being the converse of the first proposition :

Swĭft ās ăn ārrŏw flīes thĕ lēadĕn dēath.
James Harvey—"Thereon and Aspasia."

"Death," the effect of the bullet, is put for the bullet itself.

(3) A substantive denoting the place is substituted for a substantive denoting the inhabitants :

Ăt lēngth thĕ wōrld, rĕnēwed bў cālm rĕpōse,
Wăs strōng fŏr tōil ; thĕ dāpplĕd mōrn ărōse.
Parnell—"The Hermit."

"World" is used for "inhabitant."

"Whăt lānd ĭs sŏ bārbărōūs ĭnjūstĭce tō ăllōw ?"

"Land" is used to express "race" or "people."

(4) The sign is used for that of which it is the symbol or signifies :

Hĭs bānnĕr lēads thĕ spēars nŏ mōre ămīd thĕ hĭlls ŏf Spāin.
Felicia Hemans.

"Spears" is used for "soldiers."

As, too, "the olive branch," instead of "peace;" the "throne," the "purple," the "scepter" instead of "kingly power."

Thĕ pāth bў whĭch wĕ twāin dĭd gō,
Whĭch lēd bў trācks thăt plēased ŭs wēll,
Throŭgh fōur sweĕt yēars ărōse ănd fēll,
Frŏm flō͡wer tŏ flō͡wer, frŏm snōw tŏ snōw.

Bŭt whēre thĕ pāth wĕ wālked bĕgān
Tŏ slānt thĕ fĭfth ăutūmnăl slōpe,
Ăs wē dĕscēndĕd, fō͡llō͡wĭng Hōpe,
Thĕre sāt thĕ Shādŏw fēared ŏf mān.

Tennyson.

"Flower," "snow" and "shadow" as used here are emblematic of "Summer," "Winter" and "Death."

(5) Substituting the abstract for the concrete term, and vice versa:

Thĕre *Hōnŏr* cōmes, ă pĭlgrĭm grāy,
Tŏ dēck thĕ tŭrf thăt wrāps thĕir clāy;
Ănd *Freēdŏm* shāll ă whĭle rĕpāir
Tŏ dwēll ă weēpĭng hĕrmĭt thēre.

Collins.

"Honor" is used to denote an individual of merit. A man of honor full of ripe years.

Ĭ hăve fōund ŏut ă gĭft fŏr mў fāir;
Ĭ hăve fōund whēre thĕ woōd-pĭgeŏns breēd;
Bŭt lĕt mē thĕ plūndĕr fŏrbeār—
Shĕ woŭld sāy 'twăs ă bārbăroŭs deēd,
Fŏr hĕ nē'er coŭld bĕ trūe, shĕ ăvĕrred,
Whŏ coŭld rōb ă poŏr bĭrd ŏf ĭts yoūng:
Ănd Ĭ lōved hĕr thĕ mōre whĕn Ĭ hēard
Sŭch *tĕndĕrnĕss* fāll frŏm hĕr tōngue.

Shenstone—"A Pastoral."

Here the word "tenderness" is used to express "kind feelings."

(6) Substituting the container for what is contained.

"Ŏur shīps nĕxt ōpĕned fīre."

Here the word "ships" is used to designate "sailors."

"Hĕ ĭs fōnd ŏf thĕ *bōttlĕ*."

Viz: he is fond of "drink."

"Yoŭr pūrse ŏr yoŭr līfe."

Viz: your money.

"Whĕre wĭll yoŭ fĭnd ănōthĕr brēast lĭke hĭs?"

"Breast" is here used for the spirit that animated it.

(7) Substituting the substantive that denotes the thing supporting for the substantive that denotes the thing supported, as:

Field for battle, table for eatables on it, altar for sacrifice.

(8) Substituting the name of the thing possessed for the possessor, as:

"Thĕ wār-whoŏp shăll wāke thĕ sleēp ŏf thĕ crādlĕ."

Viz: the voice of men en route to battle.

Drōve thĕ brĭstlĕd lĭps bĕfōre hĭm."
Shakespeare—"Coriolanus."

Viz: Drove indetermined men.

(9) Substituting the possessor for the possessed :

"Lĕt ŭs brōwse ŏn thĕ fiēlds coŏl wĭth dēw."
Virgil—"Georgics."

"Us" is used here for "our flocks."

(10) Substituting the instrument for the user :

"Lĭght hăs sprēad, ănd ēvĕn bāy͡ōnĕts thĭnk"

"Bayonets," the instrument or thing used is here substituted for "soldiers" or men who use bayonets.

"Fŭll fĭftў thōusănd mūskĕts brĭght,
Lĕd bў ŏld wārriŏrs trāined ĭn fĭght."

"Muskets oright" used for "soldiers."

(11) Substituting the noun denoting the material for the thing made of that material :

Lĭke ă tēmpĕst dōwn thĕ rĭdgĕs
Swēpt thĕ hŭrrĭcāne ŏf steēl ;
Rōse thĕ slōgăn ōf MăcDōnăld,
Flāshed thĕ brōad swŏrd ōf Lŏchiēl.
Aytoun—"Battle of Killiecrankie."

"Steel" here means "swords."

Thĕ wĭnd ĭs pīpĭng lōud, mў bōys,
Thĕ lĭghten͡ĭng flāshĕs freē ;
Whĭle thĕ hōllŏw ōak ŏur pālăce ĭs,
Ŏur hērĭtāge thĕ sēa.
Allan Cunningham.

"The hollow oak" is here used to represent "a ship."

Hood has also given us a fine example similar to the one above, in the following :

Thĕ ōakĕn cēll
Shăll lōdge hĭm wēll
Whŏse scēptrĕ rūled ă rēalm.
" A Dream in the Woods."

It is very easy for one to guess the meaning of the word " oaken cell " in the above quotation.

(12) Substituting the noun for the period of time during which certain events occured for the events :

Sŏ hāve Ĭ wōrn ŏut mānў sleēplĕss nīghts,
Ănd wādĕd deēp throŭgh mānў ă bloōdў dāy.
Homer.

" Nights " here is used to designate a period of time, viz : " many sleepless nights " in place of " a given number of days." The same is true of day in the next verse or line ; it is a noun used to express a fact, viz : waded through a bloody battle or through war.

(13) Substituting the place for the occurrence that happened there :

Bŭt Līndĕn sāw ănōthĕr sīght,
Whĕn thē drŭm bēat, ăt dēad ŏf nīght,
Cŏmmāndĭng fīres ŏf dēath tŏ līght
Thĕ dārknĕss ōf hĕr scēnĕrў.
Thomas Campbell—" Hohenlinden."

Here Linden, the place, is used for the occurrence that happened there, viz : The Battle of Hohenlinden.

Ăgĭncōurt, Ăgĭncōurt!
Knōw yĕ nŏt Ăgĭncōurt,
Whēre wĕ wŏn fiēld ănd fōrt?
Frēnch flĕd lĭke wōmĕn
Bȳ hănd ănd ēke bȳ wātĕr;
Nēvĕr wăs seēn sŭch slāughtĕr
Mādе bȳ ŏur bōwmĕn.

Drayton—"Agincourt."

Here "Agincourt," the place, is used for the occurrence that happened there, viz: The Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

ECHO.

A returning of what has already been uttered; is another form of repetition:

(1).

Būt thĕ Pāst ănd āll ĭts beaūtȳ,
Whīthĕr hās ĭt flēd ăwāy?
Hārk! thĕ mōurnfŭl ēchŏes sāy—
"Flēd ăwāy!"

Adelaide Anne Procter.

(2).

Būt thĕ drūm
Ēchŏed "Cōme!"

Brete Harte.

ONOMATOPŒIA.

Is the use of a word or a phrase formed to imitate the sound of the thing signified, as:

Thĕ mōan ŏf dōves ĭn ĭmmĕmōrĭăl ēlms
Ănd mūrmurĭng ōf ĭnnūmĕrāblĕ beēs.

Tennyson.

Thĕ breēzў cāll ŏf ĭncĕnse-brēathĭng mōrn,
Thĕ swāllŏw twĭttĕrĭng frōm thĕ strāw-buĭlt shĕd,
Thĕ cōck's shrĭll clārĭŏn, ōr thĕ ēchŏĭng hōrn,
Nŏ mōre shăll rōuse thĕm frōm thĕir lōwlў bĕd.

Gray—"Elegy"

Bŭt soōn ŏbscūred wĭth smōke, ăll hēaven ăppēared,
Frŏm thōse deēp-thrōatĕd ēngĭnes bĕlched, whŏse rōar
Ĕmbōwĕlled wĭth ŏutrāgeoŭs nōise thĕ āir,
Ănd āll hĕr ēntrăils tōre, dĭsgōrgĭng fōul
Thĕir dēvĭlĭsh glūt, chăined thūndĕrbōlts ănd hāil
Ŏf ĭrŏn glōbes.

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

Hēre ĭt cŏmes spārklĭng,
Ănd thēre ĭt lĭes dārklĭng;
Hĕre smōkĭng ănd frōthĭng,
Ĭts tūmŭlt ănd wrāth ĭn,
Ĭt hāstĕns ălōng, cŏnflĭctĭng strōng;
Nŏw strĭkĭng ănd rāgĭng,
Ăs ĭf ă wăr wāgĭng,
Ĭts cāvĕrns ănd rōcks ămōng,
Rīsĭng ănd lēapĭng,
Sinkĭng ănd creēpĭng,
Swēllĭng ănd flĭngĭng,
Shōwerĭng ănd sprĭngĭng,
Ēddyĭng ănd whĭskĭng,
Spōutĭng ănd frĭskĭng,
Tūrnĭng ănd twĭstĭng
Ărōund ănd ărōund;
Cŏllēctĭng, dĭsjēctĭng,
Wĭth ēndlĕss rĕbōund;
Smĭtĭng ănd fĭghtĭng,
Ă sĭght tŏ dĕlĭght ĭn,
Cŏnfōundĭng, ăstōundĭng,
Dĭzzyĭng ănd dēafenĭng thĕ ēar wĭth ĭts sōund.

Robert Southey—"The Cataract of Lodore."

PARALEIPSIS.

A pretended or apparent omission ; a figure by which a speaker pretends to pass by what at the same time he really mentions, as :

Hĕr kīndnĕss ānd hĕr wōrth tŏ spȳ,
Yoŭ neēd bŭt gāze ŏn Ēllĕn's eȳe ;
Nŏt Kātrĭne, ĭn hĕr mīrrŏr blūe,
Gives bāck thĕ shāggȳ bānks mŏre trūe,
Thăn ēv̆erȳ freē-bŏrn glānce cŏnfēssed
Thĕ guīleless mōveměnts ōf hĕr brēast ;
Whēthĕr jŏy dānced ĭn hĕr dărk eȳe,
Ŏr wōe ŏr pītȳ clāimed ă sīgh,
Ŏr fīlĭăl lōve wăs glōwĭng thēre,
Ŏr meēk dĕvōtiŏn pōured ă prāyer,
Ŏr tāle ŏf ĭnjūrȳ călled fōrth,
Thĕ ĭndīgnănt spīrĭt ōf thĕ Nōrth,
Ŏne ōnlȳ pāssiŏn ūnrĕvēaled,
Wĭth māidĕn prīde thĕ māid cŏncēaled,
Yĕt nōt lĕss pūrelȳ fēlt thĕ flāme—
Ŏ neēd Ĭ tēll thăt pāssiŏn's nāme?

Scott—"The Lady of the Lake."

PERSONIFICATION.

Is a figure by which the absent are introduced as present and by which inanimate objects and abstract ideas are represented as living. Personification is a species of Metaphor:

Thĕre ĭs ă Rēapĕr whŏse nāme ĭs Dēath,
Ănd, with hĭs sīcklĕ keēn,
Hĕ rēaps thĕ bēarděd grāin ăt ă brēath,
Ănd thĕ flōwĕrs thăt grōw bĕtweēn.

Longfellow—"The Reaper and the Flowers."

Tŏ yoū, făir phāntŏms īn thĕ sūn,
Whŏm mērrў Spring dĭscōvĕrs,
With blūe-bĭrds fōr yoŭr lāurĕātes,
Ănd hōnĕy-beēs fŏr lōvĕrs.
Aldrich—"The Blue-Bells of New England."

Hĭs wās thĕ spēll ŏ'er heārts
Whĭch ōnlў āctĭng lēnds,—
Thĕ youngĕst ōf thĕ sĭstĕr Ārts,
Whĕre āll thĕir beaūtў blēnds;

Fŏr ĭll căn Pōĕtrў ĕxprēss
Fŭll mā͡ny ă tōne ŏf thōught sŭblīme,
Ănd Păintĭng, mūte ănd mōtiŏnlĕss,
Stĕals būt ă glānce ŏf tīme.
Bŭt bў thĕ mīghtў āctŏr brōught,
Ĭllūsiŏn's pērfĕct trĭŭmphs cōme,—
Vĕrse cēasĕs tō bĕ āirў thōught,
Ănd Scūlptŭre tō bĕ dūmb.
Campbell—"To J. P. Kemble."

REFRAIN, OR CHANT.

A kind of musical repetition.

Hăst thōu ă gōldĕn dāy, ă stārlĭt nīght,
Mīrth, ănd mūsĭc, ănd lōve wĭthōut ăllōy?
Lēave nŏ drōp ŭndrūnkĕn ŏf thў dĕlīght:
Sōrrŏw ănd shādŏw fōllŏw ōn thў jōy,
'Tĭs āll ĭn ă lĭfetĭme.
Edmund Clarence Stedman—"All In a Lifetime."

John Gibson Lockhart also furnishes in his translations of Spanish ballads, another fine illustration:

Thĕ Moōrĭsh kĭng rĭdes ūp ănd dōwn
Throūgh Grĕnādă's rōyăl tōwn;
Frōm Ĕlvīră's gātes tŏ thōse
Ōf Bĭvārămblă ōn hĕ gōes:
Wōe ĭs mē, Ălhāmă!"

SIMILE.

Is an express comparison ; usually introduced by like, as, and so :

(1).

Līfe ĭs lĭke ă tāle
Ēndĕd ēre 'tĭs tōld.
Aldrich—"Dirge."

(2).

Măn, lĭke thĕ gēneroŭs vīne, sŭppōrtĕd lives ;
Thĕ strēngth hĕ gāins ĭs frōm thĕ ĕmbrāce hĕ gīves.
Pope.

(3).

Bŭt plēasŭres āre lĭke pōppĭes sprēad,—
Yoŭ sēize thĕ flōwer, ĭts bloōm ĭs shĕd ;
Ŏr lĭke thĕ snōwfāll ĭn thĕ rīvĕr,
Ă mōmĕnt whīte—thĕn mēlts fŏrēvĕr ;
Ŏr lĭke thĕ bōrĕālĭs rāce,
Thăt flĭt ĕre yoū căn pōint thĕĭr plāce ;
Ŏr lĭke thĕ rāinbŏw's lōvelў fōrm,
Ēvānĭshĭng ămĭd thĕ stōrm.
Burns—"Tam O'Shanter."

(4).

Thĕ dāy ĭs dōne, ănd thĕ dārknĕss
Fălls frōm thĕ wĭngs ŏf Nĭght,
Ăs ă fēathĕr ĭs wāftĕd dōwnwărd
Frŏm ăn ēaglĕ ĭn hĭs flĭght.
Longfellow—"The Day is Done."

SYNECDOCHE.

Is the figure by which the whole of a thing is taken for the part, or a part for the whole, as, the genus for the species, or the species for the genus. It comprehends more or less in the expression than the word which is employed literally signifies.

The noun "sail" is used instead of the noun "ship"—a part of the ship for the whole :

> *A sāil! ă sāil!* ă prōmĭsed prīze tŏ hōpe,
> Hĕr nātiŏn's flāg—hŏw spēaks thĕ tēlĕscōpe?
> Nŏ prīze, ălās ! bŭt yēt ă wēlcŏme sāil.
>
> *Byron.*

The force of this figure consists of the greater vividness with which the part or species is realized.

In Pickering's ballad we have the following lines where this figure of speech is found, where one wreath is put for the many, that make the whirl, or storm :

> "Cŏme īn, ăuld Cārl, Ĭ'll steēr mў fīre,
> Ĭ'll māke ĭt bleēze ă bōnnĭe flāme ;
> Yoŭr blūid ĭs thīn, yĕ've tĭnt thĕ gāte,
> Yĕ shoūldnă strāy săe fār frăe hāme."
>
> "Năe hāme hăve Ī," thĕ mīnstrĕl sāid ;
> "Săd pārtў strīfe ŏ'ertūrned mў hā' ;
> Ănd weēpĭng āt thĕ clōse ŏf līfe,
> Ĭ wāndĕr throūgh ă *wrēath ŏf snāw.*"

TROPE.

An important figure defined as a figurative use of a word; a word or expression used in a different sense from that which it properly possesses, or a word changed from its

original signification to another for the sake of life or emphasis to an idea, as when we call a shrewd man a fox. Tropes are chiefly of four kinds: Metaphor, Metonymy, Synecdoche, and Irony, but to these may be added Allegory, Prosopopœia, Antonomasia, and perhaps some others.

The word Trope comes from the Greek word *tropos*, which means a turning.

A change of noun is termed a Metonymy, a change of adjective is termed a Trope.

The following are illustrations:

(1).

Nŏw fādes thĕ glĭmmerĭng lāndscăpe ōn thĕ sīght,
Ănd āll thĕ āir ă sōlemn stĭllnĕss hōlds,
Săve whēre thĕ beētlĕ wheēls hĭs drōnĭng flīght,
Ănd *drōwsy tinklĭngs* lūll thĕ dīstănt fōlds.
Gray's Elegy.

(2).

Ăwāy! ăwāy! tŏ Āthŭnreē!
Whĕre, dōwnwărd whēn thĕ sūn shăll fāll
Thĕ rāvĕn's wīng shăll bē yoŭr pāll!
Ănd nōt ă vāssăl shāll ŭnlāce
Thĕ vīsŏr frōm yoŭr *dyĭng* fāce!
Campbell—"Curse of O'Connor's Child."

(3).

Shĕ wēpt tŏ lēave thĕ *fōnd* roŏf whēre
Shĕ hād beĕn lōved sŏ lōng;
Thoŭgh glād thĕ pēal ŭpōn thĕ āir,
Ănd gāy thĕ brīdăl thrōng.
Miss Landon—"Adieu to a Bride."

(4).

Ăt lāst thĕ clōsĭng sēasŏn brōwns thĕ plāin,
Ănd *rīpe Octōbĕr* gāthĕrs īn thĕ grāin.
Joel Barlow—"The Hasty Pudding."

(5).

Fōuntăin-hēads ănd pāthlĕss grōves—
Plācēs whīch *păle pāssiŏn* lōves.
Francis Beaumont.

(6).

Whēn thĕ hūmīd shādŏws hōvĕr
Ōvĕr āll thĕ stārrў sphēres,
Ānd thĕ *mēlănchōly dārknĕss*
Gēntlў weēps ĭn rāinў tēars,
Whāt ă blīss tŏ prēss thĕ pīllŏw
Ōf ă cōttăge chāmbĕr-bēd,
Ānd tŏ līstĕn tō thĕ păttĕr
Ōf thĕ sōft răin ōvĕrhēad.
Coates Kinney—"Rain on the Roof."

(7).

'Tĭs plēasănt, bў thĕ cheērfŭl heārth, tŏ hēar
Ŏf tēmpĕsts ānd thĕ dāngĕrs ōf thĕ deēp;
Ănd pāuse ăt tīmes ănd feēl thăt wē ăre sāfe,
Thĕn līstĕn tō thĕ *pĕrĭlŏŭs* tāle ăgāin.
Southey—"Modoc."

(8).

Mōthĕr, thў chīld ĭs blēssed;
Ănd thōugh hĭs prēsĕnce māy bĕ lōst tŏ theē,
Ănd vācănt lēave thў brēast,
Ănd mīssed *ă sweēt lŏad* frōm thў pārĕnt kneē;
Thŏugh tōnes fămīliăr frōm thĭne ēar hăve pāssed,
Thŏu'lt meēt thў fĭrst-bŏrn wĭth thĕ Lōrd ăt lāst.
Willis G. Clark.

(9).

Shĕ hēars thĕ cānnŏn's *dēadly* rāttlĕ.
Washington Allston—"Spanish Maid."

(10).

Pūrplĕ drēssĕs, thĕ weārĭng ŏf whĭch ĭs brĭghtĕr thăn ănў stār.
Horace—"Odes."

(11).

Thĕ dōgs făr kĭndĕr thān thĕir *pūrplĕ* māstĕr.
"Lazarus and Dives."

(12)

Ōthĕrs frōm thĕ *dāwnĭng* hĭlls
Loōked ăroūnd.
Milton—"Paradise Lost."

The "hills" are but the receivers of the light—they are not "dawning hills" save when the "dawning light" shines upon them.

VISION.

Is the expression of powerful emotion, akin to Apostrophe. It is a figure in which the past or future is conceived for the present. It is appropriate to animated description, as it produces the effect of an ideal presence. Thomas Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning" illustrates this figure :

Lōchiĕl, Lōchiĕl ! bĕwāre ŏf thĕ dāy
Whĕn thĕ Lōwlănds shăll meēt theĕ ĭn bāttlĕ ărrāy !
Fŏr ă fiēld ŏf thĕ dēad rŭshĕs rēd ŏn mў sīght,
Ănd thĕ clāns ŏf Cŭllōdĕn ăre scāttĕred ĭn fīght.
Thĕy rāllў, thĕy bleēd, fŏr thĕir kĭngdŏm ănd crōwn;—
Wŏe, wōe tŏ thĕ rīdĕrs thăt trāmplĕ thĕm dōwn !
Prŏud Cūmbĕrlănd prāncĕs, ĭnsūltĭng thĕ slāin,
Ănd thĕir hoōf-bĕatĕn bōsŏms ăre trōd tŏ thĕ plāin.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE VARIOUS KINDS OF POETRY.

WE cannot better introduce our chapter "On the Various Kinds of Poetry" than by giving Fontenelle's celebrated allegory on "The Empire of Poetry." It is professedly one of the finest metaphorical descriptions that has ever been written.

THE EMPIRE OF POETRY.

This Empire is a very large and populous country. It is divided, like some of the countries of the Continent, into the Higher and Lower Regions. The Upper Region is inhabited by grave, melancholy and sullen people, who, like other mountaineers, speak a language very different from that of the inhabitants of the valleys. The trees in this part of the country are very tall, having their tops in the clouds. Their horses are superior to those of Barbary, being fleeter than the winds. Their women are so beautiful as to eclipse the star of day. The great city which you see in the maps, beyond the lofty mountains, is the capital of this province, and is called Epic. It is built on a sandy and ungrateful soil, which few take the pains to cultivate. The length of the city is many days' journey, and it is otherwise of a tiresome extent. On leaving its gate, we always meet with men who are killing one another; whereas, when we pass through Romance, which forms the suburbs of Epic, and

which is larger than the city itself, we meet with groups of happy people, who are hastening to the shrine of Hymen.

The mountains of Tragedy are also in the province of Upper Poetry. They are very steep, with dangerous precipices; and, in consequence, many of its people build their habitations at the bottom of the hills, and imagine themselves high enough. There have been found on these mountains some very beautiful ruins of ancient cities, and from time to time, the materials are carried lower to build new cities; for they are now never built nearly so high as they seem to have been in former times.

The Lower Poetry is very similar to the swamps of Holland. Burlesque is the capital, which is situated amid stagnant pools. Princes speak there as if they had sprung from the dung-hill, and all the inhabitants are buffoons from their birth. Comedy is a city which is built on a pleasant spot; but it is too near to Burlesque, and its trade with this place has injured the manners of the inhabitants.

I beg you will notice, in the map, those vast solitudes which lie between High and Low Poetry. They are called the Deserts of Common Sense. There is not a single city in the whole of this extensive country, and only a few cottages scattered at a distance from one another. The interior of the country is beautiful and fertile, but you need not wonder that there are so few that choose to reside in it; for the entrance is very rugged on all sides, the roads are narrow and difficult, and there are seldom any guides to be found capable of conducting strangers.

Besides, this country borders on a province where every person prefers to remain, because it appears to be very agreeable, and saves the trouble of penetrating into the Deserts of Common Sense. It is the province of False

Thoughts. Here we always tread on flowers; everything seems enchanting. But its general inconvenience is, that the ground is not solid; the foot is always sinking in the mire, however careful one may be. Elegy is the capital. Here the people do nothing but complain; but it is said that they find a pleasure in their complaints. The city is surrounded with woods and rocks, where the inhabitant walks alone, making them the confidants of his secrets, of the discovery of which he is so much afraid that he often conjures those woods and rocks never to betray them.

The Empire of Poetry is watered by two rivers: One is the River of Rhyme, which has its source at the foot of the Mountains of Reverie. The tops of some of these mountains are so elevated that they pierce the clouds. Those are called the Points of Sublime Thoughts.

Many climb there by extraordinary efforts; but almost the whole tumble down again, and excite, by their fall, the ridicule of those who admired them at first without knowing why. There are large platforms almost at the bottom of these mountains, which are called the Terraces of Low Thoughts. There are always a great number of people walking on them. At the end of these terraces are the Caverns of Deep Reverie. Those who descend into them do so insensibly, being so much enwrapt in their meditations that they enter the cavern before they are aware. These Caverns are perfect labyrinths, and the difficulty of getting out again could scarcely be believed by those who have not been there. Above the terraces we sometimes meet with men walking in easy paths, which are called the Paths of Natural Thoughts; and these gentlemen ridicule equally those who try to scale the Points of Sublime Thoughts as well as those who grovel on the terraces below. They would be in the right if they

could keep undeviatingly in the Paths of Natural Thoughts, but they fall almost instantly into a snare by entering into a splendid palace which is at a very little distance. It is the Palace of Badinage. Scarely have they entered it, when, in place of the natural thoughts which they formerly had, they dwell upon such only as are mean and vulgar. Those, however, who never abandon the Paths of Natural Thoughts are the most rational of all. They aspire no higher than they ought, and their thoughts are never at variance with sound judgment.

Besides the River Rhyme, which I have described as issuing from the foot of the mountains, there is another called the River of Reason. These two rivers are at a great distance from one another, and, as they have different courses, they could not be made to communicate except by canals, which cost a great deal of labor; for these canals of communication could not be formed at all places, because there is only one part of the River Rhyme which is in the neighborhood of the River Reason; and hence many cities situated on the Rhyme, such as Roundelay and Ballad, could have no commerce with the Reason, whatever pains might be taken for the purpose.

Further, it would be necessary that these canals should cross the Deserts of Common Sense, as you will see by the map, and that is almost an unknown country. The Rhyme is a large river, whose course is crooked and unequal, and, on account of its numerous falls, it is extremely difficult to navigate. On the contrary, the Reason is very straight and regular, but does not carry vessels of every burden.

There is in the Land of Poetry a very obscure forest, where the rays of the sun never enter. It is the Forest of Bombast. The trees are close, spreading, and twined into each

other. The forest is so ancient that it has become a sort of sacrilege to prune its trees, and there is no probability that the ground will ever be cleared. A few steps into this forest and we lose our road, without dreaming that we have gone astray. It is full of imperceptible labyrinths, from which no one ever returns. The Reason is lost in the forest.

The extensive province of Imitation is very sterile. It produces nothing. The inhabitants are extremely poor, and are obliged to glean in the richer fields of the neighboring provinces; and some even make fortunes by this beggarly occupation.

The Empire of Poetry is very cold toward the north, and consequently this quarter is the most populous. There are the cities of Anagram and Acrostic, with several others of a similar description.

Finally, in that sea which bounds the States of Poetry, there is the Island of Satire, surrounded by bitter waves. The salt from the water is very strong and dark-colored. The greater part of the brooks of this island resemble the Nile in this, that their sources are unknown; but it is particularly remarkable that there is not one of them whose waters are fresh. A part of the same sea is called the Archipelago of Trifles. The French term is l' Archipel des Bagatelles, and their voyagers are well acquainted with those islands. Nature seems to have thrown them up in sport, as she did those of the Egean Sea. The principal islands are the Madrigal, the Song, and the Impromptu. No lands can be lighter than those islands, for they float upon the waters.

FONTENELLE.

The painter gives color to his study, and his tints and tone colors are varied according as the master possesses

science in his art, and as genius has given him ability and industry necessary to great effort. The poet paints with another brush. Figures of Rhetoric are his colors, and nature furnishes him with similes, metaphors, and personifications. He should abound in imagery, and his words should be descriptive of external objects which are on every side. His efforts should be to please, and he is allowed greater freedom than any other writer. Man is always interested in his fellow man; hence, character, fortitude, devotion, affection, aspiration, and passion, are all elements that may enter into the poem. From the earliest ages down to the present, poetry has held a place in the human heart. Rude songs descriptive of war and peace, love and affection, hymns to the gods, and poems celebrating the achievements of heroes are among the first productions of all nations. Traditional odes are found among the rudest tribes. Poetry has always been a pleasing form of literature, and has been assiduously cultivated at all times. The higher the grade of civilization the greater has been the appreciation of the poet's efforts. His efforts should always be to attain the ideal. He has the whole world of reality to select from. He should seek to surpass nature in his creative imagination. The true poet is a creator, sensitive to all the scenes and impressions around him; his eye should catch that which the ordinary observer passes by; and his ear should be attuned to every sound about him. The picturesque, the ideal, and the real are all his. To fancy he gives form and color, and his expressions should contain a delicacy, richness and warmth of feeling and beauty, that should ever be a pleasure to mankind. His ideas, figures, characters, scenes, and language should all harmonize. His lines should carry the reader throughout the poem without a jar or inter-

ruption. Words should be selected for their beauty of sound and association ; and the effort should alone be to attain the highest form of expression known to elevated thought and diction.

CLASSIFICATION OF POETRY.

It is very difficult to classify all poems. Poems may be found that are susceptible of various classification ; others will be found that will hardly take their places in any list. Poetry may be divided, however, into six general heads :

1. Lyrical.
2. Pastoral.
3. Didactic.
4. Epic.
5. Dramatic.
6. Satirical.

These six species may be again subdivided as follows :

The Lyric.

1. Songs, { Sacred. / Secular.
2. Odes.
3. Ballads.
4. Elegy, (Epitaph).
5. Sonnet.
6. Epigram.

The Pastoral.

1. Eclogue.
2. Idyl.

The Didactic.

1. Philosophical.
2. Meditative.

The Epic.

1. Grand Epic.
2. Mock Epic.
3. Metrical Romance.
4. Metrical Tale.

THE DRAMA.

1. Tragedy, (Prologue).
2. Comedy, (Epilogue, Envoy).
3. Farce.
4. Mask, Travesty or Mock Heroic.
5. Melodrama.
6. Burletta.

THE SATIRE.

1. Moral.
2. Personal.
3. Political.

To the above classification we may be allowed to add some other heads which properly speaking belong to some of the classes above enumerated. They are, however, figures and forms different from the ordinary :

1. Dialectic.
2. Nonsensical.
3. Versicles.

OBJECTIVE AND SUBJECTIVE POETRY.

We should ask ourselves when we begin to write poetry whether what we write should be objective or subjective. The mental forces at work in writing Cowper's "Task" or Wordsworth's "Excursion," both eminently subjective,—are different from the mental forces at work in writing Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" or "The Day is Done," or Brennan's "Come to Me, Dearest," which are objective poems. In objective poetry the structure is light and airy, lit up as by the gay light of electricity, and the teachings merely suggestive ; the other structure—subjective poetry—is strong and ponderous, grave and staid, and its writers

may be termed teachers of their own experiences, thoughts and feelings. Subjective poetry is mostly written in the iambic rhythm and comprises not only poems of beauty, but poems of strength and grandeur. Objective poetry is more frequently written in the trochaic, anapestic and dactylic rhythms,—light, tripping, airy, suggestive, and yet possessed of more outward beauty than any other class of poetry. Objective poetry expresses not facts, but fancies; yet these fancies must have facts for a basis. Conciseness in poetry is a virtue—often a necessity, and the writer of anapestic and dactylic verse cannot cram his lines like the writer of iambic verse, or they would be harsh and rugged. Then again, consonants dominate the vowels in our language, and the writer of anapestic and dactylic verse should make it unobtrusively alliterative, and thus artfully bevel the corners by the smoothing process of alliteration. Bring the liquids into use.

THE LYRIC.

The lyric poets form the largest class of singers. They are a kingdom unto themselves, and often they are too much engaged with their own feelings and emotions to have sympathy with the world about them. The lyric poet loves his muse, however, and feels that the muse loves him, and, like the bird, he warbles his joys and sorrows, his fears and aspirations, and the world is made better and brighter by his song. Lyric poetry is gaining rapidly in popular favor; it today has more worshippers at its shrine than either the dramatic or epic, and goes hand in hand with the metrical romance.

SECULAR SONGS.

Secular songs that have endured for all time claim some notice. The poets of every age and clime have sung and will continue to sing of the beauties about them. Especially do they sing of love, that mightiest of all the passions. Facts and fancies, love and romances, sentiment and reflection, have all been food for the poet's imagination. What a world of melody and rhythm today delights human kind, written for us by the singers of all ages. Today we are delighted constantly by some new words set to popular music. Today our song writers are as sentimental, as true to nature and as skilled as the writers of any other age. It is, however, the old songs,—the songs of days gone by—of the long ago, that we naturally go back to and inquire after.

Burns, Bayly, Byron, Lover, Moore, Caroline Norton, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and Tennyson have all written words that will be ever enduring.

Bishop, Balfe, Claribel, Foster, Sullivan, and Winner have written music that have immortalized not only the words but the authors of both words and music. Ever have music and poetry been twin sisters. The world would be not beautiful without them. They are both a passion burning in the human soul that makes the cold, bleak world warm with their inspirations. All peoples love songs. The rudest savages have songs of love and of war, of home and of country, of peace and of religion. The wild Cossack delights in his songs and sings of and to his love, with the same tenderness as the cultivated European.

Ireland has ever been famous for her song writers. The Welsh and Scots have given to the world the sweetest of music. Germany has contributed her part. The singers

of all kindreds and of every clime have produced words and music which solace mankind. Let it not be supposed, however, that the popular song that has frequently handed the name of the author down to posterity is but the work of an idle moment.

Thomas Moore's "Last Rose of Summer" is one of the most widely popular songs. Its sale in this country alone is estimated at over two million copies. It cost Moore deep meditation. He wrote the song for an old air, "The Groves of Blarney." He tells us he was weeks composing just one of its lines before he succeeded in obtaining words that were suitable. Moore's Irish Melodies are full of the sweetest of songs—songs that will be more and more appreciated in the future by a refined and cultivated public. None can, however, touch the popular heart more than the one we have just alluded to, a song of but three stanzas of eight lines each, written in anapestic rhythm. "The Last Rose of Summer" will be as popular with future generations as it has been with past ones, and had Moore never written anything else his name would be immortalized. We select the last stanza:

Sŏ soōn măy Ĭ fōllŏw,
Whĕn friēndshĭps dĕcāy,
Ăs frŏm lōve's shīnĭng cīrclĕ
Thĕ gēms drŏp ăwāy!
Whĕn trŭe heārts ăre wĭthĕred,
Ănd fōnd ŏnes ăre flōwn,
Ŏh! whŏ woūld ĭnhābĭt
Thĭs blēak wŏrld ălōne?

Many accounts are given of how "Home, Sweet Home" came to be written. John Howard Payne, its author, was

an American poet and playwright who had received a fair education and who made his living by his pen and on the stage. Like many actors, as well as writers, he was a spendthrift and became stranded in Paris, France, the world's gay capitol. While all the world below was gayety and pleasure, he was the occupant of a poorly furnished room in the topmost story of a house in the Palais-Royale. Without friends, and temporarily without money, naturally enough these words suggested themselves to him :

'Mĭd plĕasŭres ănd pālăcĕs thōugh wĕ măy rōam,
Bĕ ĭt ēvĕr sŏ hūmblĕ thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme ;
Ă chārnı frŏm thĕ skĭes seĕms tŏ hăllŏw ŭs thēre,
Whĭch, seĕk throŭgh thĕ wōrld, ĭs nĕ'er mēt wĭth ĕlsewhēre.
Hŏme ! Hōme ! sweĕt, sweĕt hōme !
Thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme !
Ŏh, thĕre's nō plăce lĭke hōme !

The words found a response in every heart. Over one hundred thousand copies of the song were sold the first year of its publication. Although Payne was never benefitted a penny thereby, it immortalized him. Its music is an old Calabrian air familiar to the peasant folk of Sicily. Sir Henry Bishop, who arranged the music, tells us that he obtained the air from an old army officer who served in Sicily. The rhythm of the poem is anapestic tetrameter.

Stephen Collins Foster,* author of "The Old Kentucky

* Stephen Collins Foster was born July 4, 1826, in Pennsylvania. He was a delicate child, and throughout life was of a quiet and retiring disposition. At the early age of thirteen he composed, "Sadly to My Heart Appealing," and at sixteen years of age, "Open Thy Lattice, Love." In after years he gave to the world, "Old Uncle Ned," "O Susanna," "Massa's in the Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Gentle Annie," and 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Foster not only composed the words, but the music to most of his songs. His was a peculiar musical talent, which has been recognized by musical celebrities, and his airs have been incorporated by many into concert fantasias. He died as he had lived, in neglect and poverty, at the early age of thirty-seven, in 1864, in New York City. It is a sad commentary upon life to know the songs of this gifted writer are daily sung in almost every household, and still continue to delight the public on both sides of the Atlantic, and yet, no monument marks the last resting place of the author of "The Old Folks at Home."

Home," was a writer of still another class of songs indigenous to the United States. They are negro melodies, sad and quaint, and many of them will last forever. "The Old Folks at Home" in both words and air cannot be surpassed. Its rhythm is iambic :

Wăy dōwn ŭpōn dĕ Swānee Rĭbbĕr,
Făr, fār ăwāy—
Dăre's whā mў heārt ĭs tūrnĭng ĕbbĕr–
Dăre's whā dĕ ōld fōlks stāy.
Āll ūp ănd dōwn dĕ whōle crĕātĭon,
Sādlў Ĭ rōam ;
Stĭll lōngĭng fōr dĕ ōld plăntātĭon,
Ănd fōr dĕ ŏld fōlks ăt hōme.

Āll dĕ wōrld ăm sād ănd drēarў,
Ēb'rўwhēre Ĭ rōam ;
Ŏh, dārkĕys, hōw mў heārt grŏws wēarў,
Făr frōm dĕ ŏld fōlks ăt hōme.

Āll rōund dĕ lĭttlĕ fārm Ĭ wānděred,
Whĕn Ĭ wăs yoūng ;
Dĕn mānў hāppў dāys Ĭ squāndĕred,
Mānў dĕ sōngs Ĭ sūng.
Whĕn Ĭ wăs plāyĭng wĭd mў brūddĕr,
Hāppў wăs Ĭ ;
Ŏh ! tāke mĕ tō mў kīnd ŏld mūddĕr !
Dăre lēt mĕ lĭve ănd dĭe !

Ŏne lĭttlĕ hūt ămōng dĕ būshĕs—
Ŏne dāt Ĭ lōve—
Stĭll sādlў tō mў mēmorў rūshĕs,
Nŏ măttĕr whēre Ĭ rōve.
Whĕn wĭll Ĭ seē dĕ beēs ă-hūmmĭng,
Āll rōund dĕ cōmb ?
Whĕn wĭll Ĭ hēar dĕ bānjŏ tūmmĭng
Dŏwn īn mў goŏd ŏld hōme ?

Henry Russell is the author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." It is one of the most popular of the many beautiful songs of the sea. The British Admiralty adopted it as the march of the Royal Marines. It is iambic trimeter. We select the first stanza :

Ă lĭfe ŏn thĕ ōcĕan wāve,
Á hōme ŏn thĕ rōllĭng deēp,
Whĕre thĕ scāttĕred wātĕrs rāve,
Ănd thĕ winds thĕir rēvĕls keēp !
Lĭke ăn ēaglĕ cāged, Ĭ pĭne,
Ŏn thĭs dūll, ūnchāngĭng shōre ;
Ŏh ! gīve mĕ thĕ flāshĭng brīne,
Thĕ sprāy ănd thĕ tēmpĕst rōar !

"The Bay of Biscay," by John Davy, and "Black-Eyed Susan," by John Gay, both favorites in their day, are still popular sea songs.

A little romance is attached to one the prettiest of the old Scotch songs. Annie Laurie was no myth. She was born on the 16th day of December, 1682. Her father was Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwelton, who lived on the opposite side of the river Nith, from Dumfries, Scotland. William Douglass wooed, but never won her. His song describing her beauty and his passion for her will render her name immortal. The fickle Annie preferred, however, to become the wife of Sir Robert Ferguson, who possessed riches as well as a name. The music of the song was composed by Lady Jane Scott, and both words and music will live for generations to come. We give the original words as they were first written, as numerous changes have been made to them since that time. The rhythm is iambic.

Măxwēltŏn bānks ăre bōnnïe,
Whĕre ēarlў fā's thĕ dĕw;
Whĕre mē ănd Ānnïe Lāurïe
Măde ūp thĕ prōmïse trūe;
Măde ūp thĕ prōmïse trūe,
Ănd nēvĕr fŏrgēt wĭll Ī;
Ănd fŏr bōnnïe Ānnïe Lāurïe
Ï'll lāy mĕ dōwn ănd dïe.

Shĕ's bāckĭt lïke thĕ pēacŏck,
Shĕ's brēistĭt lïke thĕ swān,
Shĕ's jïmp ăbōut thĕ mïddlĕ,
Hĕr wāist yĕ weēl mĭcht spān;
Hĕr wāist yĕ weēl mĭcht spān,
Ănd shĕ hās ă rōllĭng ēye;
Ănd fŏr bōnnïe Ānnïe Lāurïe
Ï'll lāy mĕ dōwn ănd dïe.

The poets of the Emerald Isle will ever be held in high esteem in the memories and hearts of all nations. The songs of her writers have a fervency and pathos that are unsurpassable. The old song from which we select the second stanza is ever dear to the heart of her countryman. This song is selected not only on account of the admirable words but also for the reason they are written in dactylic rhythm—dactylic tetrameter:

Ōvĕr thĕ greēn sĕa, Māvoŭrneēn, Māvoŭrneēn,
Lōng shŏne thĕ whīte săil thăt bōre theĕ ăwāy,
Rĭdĭng thĕ whīte wăves thăt făir sūmmĕr mōr-ĭn',
Jūst lïke ă Māyflŏwer ăflōat ŏn thĕ bāy.
Ōh, bŭt mў heărt sănk whĕn clōuds căme bĕtweēn ŭs,
Lïke ă grĕy cūrtăin ŏf răin făllĭng dōwn,
Hīd frŏm mў sād ĕyes thĕ păth ŏ'er thĕ ōceăn,
Făr, făr ăwāy whĕre mў cōlleēn hăd flōwn,

Thĕn cŏme băck tŏ Ērĭn, Māvoŭrneĕn, Māvoŭrneĕn,
Cōme băck ăgāin tŏ thĕ lānd ŏf thў bīrth ;
Cōme băck tŏ Ērĭn, Māvoŭrneĕn, Māvoŭrneĕn,
Ānd ĭt's Kĭllārnĕy shăll rĭng wĭth ŏur mīrth.

Claribel—"Come Back to Erin."

It requires only true manhood which is born of cultivation and civilization to appreciate anything which is beautiful, either of art or nature. And even the careless, the indifferent, and the impatient lover of business will frequently turn aside and listen to such delicious songs of love as "Ever of Thee I'm Fondly Dreaming," by Linley, "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," by Carpenter, or "Love Not," by Caroline Norton.

The field of song is one of the finest, and every poet has entered it, and many have told in song their tales of joy or woe that will never die. Burns sang of his "Highland Mary," and nothing in all of his wonderful productions is superior to it. "Mary of Argyle" by Nelson, is a beautiful song. It is mixed iambic and anapestic meter, but the prevailing foot is iambic. We select the first stanza :

Ĭ hăve hēard thĕ māvĭs sĭngĭng
Hĭs lōve-sŏng tō thĕ mōrn ;
Ĭ hăve sēen thĕ dēw-drŏps clĭngĭng
Tŏ thĕ rōse jŭst nēwlў bōrn ;
Bŭt ă swēetĕr sōng hăs chēered mĕ
Ăt thĕ ēvenĭng's gēntlĕ clōse,
Ănd Ĭ've sēen ăn eўe stĭll brĭghtĕr
Thăn thĕ dēw-drŏp ōn thĕ rōse ;
'Twăs thў vōice, mў gēntlĕ Mārў,
Ănd thĭne ārtlĕss, wĭnnĭng smīle,
Thăt mādе thĭs wōrld ăn Ēdĕn,
Bōnnў Mārў ŏf Ărgўle.

"Only Friends and Nothing More," by Septimus Winner, one of the famous song writers of the New World, is a very pretty song. Alice Hawthorne who is accredited with the words was Winner's mother—Hawthorne being her maiden name. Out of respect for his mother, her talented and gifted son has named her as the authoress of some of the most charming and delightful of songs. One, "The Mocking-Bird," is world renowned, on account of the delicious melody of the music, and also the words of the song.

The stanza selected from "Only Friends and Nothing More," is iambic rhythm.

Wĕ mēt ăs manў hāve bĕfōre
Nŏr wĭshed nŏr hōped tŏ mēet ăgāin;
Nĕ'er drēamĭng ōf ŏur fāte ĭn stōre
Wĭth dāys ŏf plēasŭre ōr ŏf pāin.
Wĕ mēt ăgāin wĭth rĭght gŏod wĭll
Yĕt paūsed whĕn pārtĭng āt thĕ dōor;
Wĕ lĭngĕred wĭth ă sĭgh, bŭt stĭll
Ăs ōnlў friēnds ănd nōthĭng mōre.
Wĕ lĭngĕred wĭth ă sĭgh, bŭt stĭll
Ăs ōnlў friēnds ănd nōthĭng mōre.

Old songs that still live and are in touch with the popular heart are many, but the quaint ones, the expressive ones, those that possess a distinctiveness of their own, are not so numerous as one would suppose. An old English song, a war song, entitled "I Will Hang My Harp on a Willow Tree," is such an one. The measure is mixed, but the iambus is the prevailing foot. The anapest, however, is also found in almost every line. We select the first stanza:

Ĭ'll hāng mў hārp ŏn ă wĭllŏw trēe,
Ĭ'll ōff tŏ thĕ wārs ăgāin ;
Mў pēacefŭl hōme hăs nŏ chārm fŏr mē,
Thĕ bāttlĕfiēld nŏ pāin ;
Thĕ Lādў Ĭ lōve will sōon bĕ ă brīde,
Wĭth ă dĭădēm ŏn hĕr brōw.
Ŏh ! whў dĭd shĕ flāttĕr mў bōўĭsh prīde,
Shĕ's gōĭng tŏ lēave mĕ nōw,
Ŏh ! whў dĭd shĕ flāttĕr mў bōўĭsh prīde,
Shĕ's gōĭng tŏ lēave mĕ nōw.

The four stanzas composing this grand old song are all first-class, although a little different from the war music of the present time. There is, however, something about the air that is fine, and music and words will still continue to find old as well as young admirers.

The Civil War of the United States produced many great songs—songs that stir the souls of men. Charles S. Hall's "John Brown's Body" will still go marching on. It caught the public feeling of the North—the public sentiment. "Dixie," the great song of the South was composed by Gen. Albert N. Pike, the music by Dan D. Emmett. The music found a general response, not only in the South, but also in the North, and every school boy sang the song. The words are iambic rhythm, and there is genuine music in every word, as well as every note.

"Bonnie Blue Flag" was also one of the great songs of the South, and was written by H. McCarthy. It is mixed iambic and anapestic measure, the iambic foot prevailing. No song of the South was, however, greater in words and music than "My Maryland," written in 1861 by James R. Randall. We select the third stanza :

Thŏu wĭlt nŏt cōwĕr ĭn thĕ dūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd!
Thў glēamĭng swōrd shăll nēvĕr rūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd!
Rĕmēmbĕr Cārrŏll's sācrĕd trūst,
Rĕmēmbĕr Hōwărd's wārlĭke thrūst,
Ănd āll thў slūmbĕrĕrs wĭth thĕ jūst,
Mārўlānd, mў Mārўlānd!

We remember while a boy in college hearing Chaplain Charles C. McCabe, who had just been released from a Southern prison and was visiting at the home of that great and good uncle of his, Prof. L. D. McCabe, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The song is by one of the grandest of womankind, Julia Ward Howe. Nothing we have ever heard found a greater response. As Chaplain McCabe's voice went up it thrilled the very soul. The chorus was caught by all present, and men and women sang in the old William Street Church upon that occasion who never sang before. The song is in the iambic rhythm. We select the first stanza.

Mĭne eўes hăve sēen thĕ glōrў ōf thĕ cōmĭng ōf thĕ Lōrd;
Hĕ ĭs trāmplĭng ōut thĕ vĭntăge whēre thĕ grāpes ŏf wrāth ăre stōred:
Hĕ hăth lōosed thĕ fātefŭl lĭghtnĭng ōf Hĭs tĕrrĭblē swĭft swōrd.
Hĭs trūth ĭs mārchĭng ōn.

Song writing, while it may not be the greatest conception of the poet's mind, is one that may serve to keep his memory green. It requires feeling, tenderness and sympathy to write the sweet songs that must endure forever.

SACRED SONGS.

How often have we listened in former days to good old hymns, designated by the minister as Long Meter, Short Meter, or Particular Meter. We did not then understand, or could we tell just what was meant by it. When, however, some good brother would start the tune, we could distinguish and recognize the old familiar sound ; for in those days tunes were scarce. When we heard the following iambic stanza:

Ŏ whēre shăll rēst bĕ foūnd,
Rĕst fōr thĕ wēarў sōul ?
'Twĕre vāin thĕ ōceăn's dēpths tŏ sōund,
Ŏr piērce tŏ ēithĕr pōle.

Montgomery.

it was not difficult for us to distinguish the tune from the following, which the same brother, who always led the singing, would start, written in trochaic rhythm:

8s 7s.

Cōme, thŏu Fōunt ŏf ēv‿erў blēssĭng,
Tūne mў heārt tŏ sĭng thў grāce.
Strēams ŏf mērcў nēvĕr cēasĭng,
Cāll fŏr sōngs ŏf lōudĕst prāise.
Tēach mĕ sōme mĕlō‿dĭoŭs sōnnĕt,
Sūng bў flāmĭng tōngues ăbōve :
Prāise thĕ mōunt—Ĭ'm fixed ŭpōn ĭt ;
Mōunt ŏf thў rĕdeēmĭng lōve !

Robinson.

Our ear soon taught us that this was Particular or Odd Meter. We could distinguish it from the first, known as

short measure, or from this stanza in iambics, when the same good brother would start the tune again, and drawl its slow length on to the end :

Deĕm nōt thăt thēy ăre blēst ălōne
Whŏse dāys ă pēacefŭl tēnŏr keēp ;
Thĕ ănoīntĕd Sōn ŏf Gōd măkes knōwn
Ă blēssĭng fōr thĕ ēyes thăt weēp.

Bryant.

This hymn was designated as Long Meter. These measures were also to be distinguished from the following stanza in iambics, as

Ĭ lōve tŏ steāl ăwhīle ăwāy
Frŏm ēverў cūmbering cāre,
Ănd spēnd thĕ hōurs ŏf sēttĭng dāy
Ĭn hūmblĕ, grātefŭl prāyer.

Mrs. Brown.

This was known as common measure. The Wesleys, John and Charles, and Dr. Watts, have made these measures familiar, and all remember the old hymns we learned at church, and are thankful for what they taught us. A stanza of four iambic lines, the first, second and fourth being trimeters ; the third line, tetrameter, is designated as Short Meter.

A stanza of four iambic lines, the first and third being tetrameter, the second and fourth trimeter, is known as Common Meter.

A stanza of four lines, rhyming in couplets, or alternately, in iambic tetrameter, is Long Meter. Particular or Odd Meter was formerly used to denote all other kinds of meter, as distinguishable from L. M., S. M., C. M., etc. We have

also what is known as the Hallelujah Meter, a stanza of six iambic lines, the first four being trimeter; the last two tetrameter, or the last two lines may be separated into four lines, containing two iambics each, as

Ăll hāil! thĕ glōrĭoŭs mōrn,
Thăt sāw ŏur Sāvioŭr rīse,
Wĭth vĭctŏrў brĭght ădōrned,
Ănd trĭŭmph ĭn hĭs ēyes;
Yĕ sāints, ĕxtōl yoŭr rīsĕn Lōrd,
Ănd sĭng hĭs prāise wĭth sweēt ăccōrd.
"Psalms and Hymns."

Long Particular Meter is still another form of the stanza in which some of our hymns are written. The stanza is iambic. The six lines are tetrameter, the third and sixth rhyming together, the others rhyming in couplets, as

Lĕt mōrtăls trēmblĕ ānd ădōre
Ă Gōd ŏf sūch rĕsĭstlĕss pōwer,
Nŏr dāre ĭndŭlge thĕir feēble rāge;
Văin āre yoŭr thōughts, ănd wēak yoŭr hānds,
Bŭt hĭs ĕtērnăl cōunsĕl stānds,
Ănd rūles thĕ wŏrld frŏm āge tŏ āge.
"Psalms and Hymns."

All the above stanzas but one are written in iambics. The second stanza is in trochaic measure. The iambic is a favorite measure for hymns.

OTHER METERS.

But we have many beautiful hymns in other measures. Many hymns are designated as 8s and 7s, 7s, 6s and 8s, 8s

and 7s and 4s, 11s, 12s, etc. This simply has reference to the number of syllables contained in the line or verse of the stanza.

A common form of our hymns is the trochaic tetrameter, lines of eight and seven syllables rhyming alternately. The line of seven syllables being catalectic. This form in our hymn books is denominated the 8s and 7s.

It would be much better were we to name it properly—trochaic tetrameter.

Hymns written in trochaic, dactylic, or anapestic meter are however, designated only by figures, giving us no clue to the rhythm. Were the name of the meter added, as, 11s, anapestic tetrameter, our hymns would be properly designated.

The following stanza of an old hymn is in anapestic rhythm, 6s and 9s:

"Ŏ hŏw hāppў ăre thēy
Whŏ thĕ Sāvioŭr ŏbēy,
Ănd hăve lāid ŭp thĕir trēasŭre ăbōve!
Ŏ whăt tōngue căn ĕxprēss
Thĕ sweĕt cōmfŏrt ănd peāce
Ŏf ă sōul ĭn ĭts ēarlĭĕst lōve?"

C. Wesley.

The first, second, fourth and fifth lines are anapestic dimeter, the third and sixth anapestic tetrameter.

Our hymns have been greatly improved in recent years; not only have many new and beautiful ones been added, but the music has been vastly improved. We remember hearing an eminent divine once say, "The church has all the good hymns, but the de'il has all the best tunes." This can no longer be said. Hymnology has kept pace with the

times. Such benefactors as Philip Phillips, Ira D. Sankey, P. P. Bliss and many others have revolutionized church hymns and church music. Some of our hymns are the most beautiful of songs. The slow and sorrowful iambics of the long, short and common meters are being replaced by sweet strains in trochaic, anapestic and dactylic rhythms. What can be more beautiful than the tender and pathetic hymn, written by Frances Laughton Mace. It is trochaic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

Ōnlў wāitĭng tĭll thĕ shādŏws
Āre ă lĭttlĕ lōngĕr grōwn ;
Ōnlў wāitĭng, tĭll thĕ glimmĕr
Ōf thĕ dāy's lăst bēam hăs flōwn ;
Tĭll thĕ nīght ŏf eārth ĭs fādĕd
Frōm thĕ heārt ŏnce fūll ŏf dāy ;
Tĭll thĕ stārs ŏf hēaven ăre breākĭng
Throūgh thĕ twĭlĭght sōft ănd grāy.

"Only Waiting."

Another woman, Sarah Flower Adams, has written for us another beautiful hymn. It is mixed measure, the iambic being the prevailing foot. The first, third, fifth and sixth lines are iambic trimeter ; the second, fourth and seventh lines, iambic dimeter. We give the first stanza :

Nēarĕr mў Gōd, tŏ theē,
Nēarĕr tŏ theē !
Ĕ'en thōugh ĭt bē ă crōss
Thăt rāisĕth mē ;
Stĭll āll mў sōng shăll bē
Neārĕr mў Gōd, tŏ theē
Nēarĕr tŏ theē !

"Nearer My God to Thee."

Bishop Heber is the author of a beautiful hymn in dactylic rhythm. It is the 11s and 10s, dactylic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

Brĭghtĕst ănd bēst ŏf thĕ sōns ŏf thĕ mōrnĭng,
Dāwn ĭn ŏur dārknĕss ănd lēnd ŭs thīne āid ;
Stār ŏf thĕ Ēast, thĕ hŏrīzŏn ădōrnĭng,
Guīde whĕre ŏur ĭnfănt Rĕdeēmĕr ĭs lāid.

"The Beautiful River" is still another of our hymns that will be sung until the children of earth are gathered on the other shore. It is trochaic tetrameter. We give the first stanza :

Shāll wĕ gāthĕr āt thĕ rīvĕr
Whēre brĭght āngĕl feēt hăve trōd ;
Wĭth ĭts crўstăl tīde fŏrēvĕr
Flōwĭng bў thĕ thrōne ŏf Gōd ?

CHORUS—
Yēs, wĕ'll gāthĕr āt thĕ rīvĕr,
Thĕ beaūtĭfŭl, thĕ beaūtĭfŭl rivĕr—
Gāthĕr wĭth thĕ sāints ăt thĕ rīvĕr,
Thāt flŏws bў thĕ thrōne ŏf Gōd.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

The "Sweet By and By," a hymn in anapestic rhythm, is another of our popular hymns. We give the second stanza :

Wĕ shăll sĭng ŏn thăt beaūtĭfŭl shōre
Thĕ mĕlōdĭoŭs sōngs ŏf thĕ blĕst,
Ănd ŏur spĭrĭts shăll sōrrŏw nŏ mōre
Nŏt ă sĭgh fŏr thĕ blēssĭng ŏf rēst.

CHORUS—

Ĭn thĕ sweēt bȳ-ănd-bȳ,
Wĕ shăll meēt ŏn thăt beaūtĭfŭl shōre,
Ĭn thĕ sweēt bȳ-ănd-bȳ,
Wĕ shăll meēt ŏn thăt beaūtĭfŭl shōre.

S. Filmore Bennett.

While many beautiful hymns have been written, and old ones arranged to new music, there is a charm that lingers around many old ones, and they will never die. We mention "Old Hundred," written by Dr. Isaac Watts, it being a paraphrase of the one hundredth Psalm, the music by G. Franc, 1554; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," Rev. Charles Wesley, 1740, the music by Simeon B. Marsh in 1798; "Rock of Ages," written by Rev. A. M. Toplady, 1776, and set to music 1830 by Dr. Thomas Hastings; "Sweet Hour of Prayer," written in 1846 by Rev. W. H. Walford, arranged to music in 1859 by W. H. Bradbury.

Many are the hymns that have survived for over one hundred years, and are fresh in the minds of the people today.

THE ODE.

Odes are of four kinds Sacred, Heroic, Moral and Amatory. The ode is one of the most elevated forms of lyric compositions. Ode, derived from the Greek, meaning song, originally meant any poem adapted to be sung. The ode is, however, to be distinguished from the song. It is the loftiest form of lyrical poetry, embodying as it does the most elevating thoughts and most intense emotions of the writer. It is usually written in an abrupt, concise and ener-

getic style. The meters are often irregular and are not arranged by any fixed stanzaic law, but by a deeper law — that feeling which guides the soul of inspiration on and on, in rapt emotion, regardless of the demands of the stanza. Poetry may, however, lose immensely by not being governed by a fixed stanzaic law for much of its beauty depends upon the fixed regularity of its rhyme. Odes are, however, irregular, and call forth the highest art of the poet in adapting the meters and cadences to the ever varying changes of sentiment and imaginative thought.

THE SACRED ODE.

Byron's Hebrew Melodies and Moore's Sacred Melodies contain fine specimens of lyrical beauty. Milton's ode on the "Nativity" is still another fine example:

Ănd ōn thăt cheēk ănd ō'er thăt brōw
Sŏ sōft, sŏ cālm, sŏ ēlŏquēnt,
Thĕ smīles thăt wīn, thĕ tīnts thăt glōw,
Bŭt tēll ŏf dāys ĭn goōdnĕss spēnt,—
Ă mīnd ăt pēace wĭth āll bĕlōw,
Ă heārt whŏse lōve ĭs ĭnnŏcēnt.

Byron—"She Walks in Beauty."

THE MORAL ODE.

Odes of this nature express sentiment suggested by friendship, humanity of heart, and patriotism. Lanier's "Ode to the Johns Hopkins University" is an example in iambic :

And here, O finer Pallas, long remain,—
Sit on these Maryland hills, and fix thy reign,
And frame a fairer Athens than of yore
In these blest bounds of Baltimore,—
Here, where the climates meet
That each may make the other's lack complete,—
Where Florida's soft Favonian airs beguile
The nipping North,—where Nature's powers smile,—
Where Chesapeake holds frankly forth her hands
Spread wide with invitation to all lands.—
Where now the eager people yearn to find
The organizing hand that fast may bind
Loose straws of aimless aspiration fain
In sheaves of serviceable grain,—
Here, old and new in one,
Through nobler cycles round a richer sun
O'er-rule our modern ways,
O blest Minerva of these larger days!

THE AMATORY ODE.

It is better known as a love song. Most English and American poets have contributed to this great class of literature. Goethe, Schiller and Heine are the most celebrated of the German writers who have contributed to this species of poetry. The Madrigal is a little amorous poem that may be properly classed under this head. Byron's "Maid of Athens," Tennyson's "Maud," and Burns' "Highland Mary" are among the finest specimens of our love songs, expressing refined sentiment and tender affection:

O, sad are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich—"Sad Are They Who Know Not Love."

THE HEROIC ODE.

Odes of this species celebrate and sing the praises of heroes and are mostly occupied with martial exploits. Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" and Coleridge's "Ode to France" are specimens of this species :

Ŏur fāthĕrs fōught fŏr Lībĕrtў,
Thĕy strūgglĕd lōng ănd wĕll,
Hīstorў ōf thĕir deēds căn tēll—
Bŭt dīd thĕy lēave ŭs freē ?

Lowell—"Fourth of July Ode."

'Twăs āt thĕ rōyăl fēast, fŏr Pērsiă wōn
Bў Phīlĭp's wārlĭke sōn ;
Ălōft ĭn ăwfŭl stāte
Thĕ Gōdlĭke hērō sāte
Ŏn hīs ĭmpēriăl thrōne ;
Hĭs vāliănt peērs wĕre plāced ăroūnd,
Thĕir brōws wĭth rōsĕs ānd wĭth mўrtlĕs boūnd
(Sŏ shoūld dĕsērt ĭn ārms bĕ crōwned.)
Thĕ lōvelў Thăis, bў hĭs sīde,
Săte lĭke ă bloōmĭng Eastĕrn brīde
Ĭn flōwĕr ŏf youth ănd beaŭty's prīde.
Hāppў, hāppў, hāppў pāir !
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve dĕsērves thĕ fāir.

Chorus—
Hāppў, hāppў, hāppў pāir !
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve,
Nōne bŭt thĕ brāve dĕsērves thĕ fāir.

John Dryden—"Alexander's Feast ; or, the Power of Music."

Thŭs brĭght fŏrēvĕr māy shĕ kēēp
Hĕr fires ŏf tōlerănt Freēdŏm bŭrnĭng,
Tĭll wār's rĕd ēyes ăre chārmed tŏ sleēp
Ănd bēlls rĭng hōme thĕ bōys rĕtŭrnĭng.

John Hay—"Centennial,"

THE BALLAD.

It is only in very enlightened communities that books are readily accessible. Metrical composition, therefore, which, in a highly civilized nation, is a mere luxury, is, in nations imperfectly civilized, almost a necessary of life, and is valued less on account of the pleasure which it gives to the ear, than on account of the help which it gives to the memory. A man who can invent or embellish an interesting story, and put it into a form which others may easily retain in their recollection, will be always highly esteemed by a people eager for amusement and information, but destitute of libraries. Such is the origin of ballad-poetry, a species of composition which scarcely ever fails to spring up and flourish in every society, at a certain point in the progress towards refinement. Tacitus informs us that songs were the only memorials of the past which the ancient Germans possessed. We learn from Lucan and from Ammianus Marcellinus that the brave actions of the ancient Gauls were commemorated in the verses of Bards. During many ages, and through many revolutions, minstrelsy retained its influence over both Teutonic and the Celtic race. The vengeance exacted by the spouse of Attila for the murder of Siegfried was celebrated in rhymes, of which Germany is still justly proud.

The exploits of Athelstane were commemorated by the Anglo-Saxons, and those of Canute by the Danes, in rude poems, of which a few fragments have come down to us. The chants of the Welsh harpers, preserved, through ages of darkness, a faint and doubtful memory of Arthur. In the Highlands of Scotland may still be gleaned some relics of the old songs about Cuthullin and Fingal. The long

struggle of the Servians against the Ottoman power was recorded in lays full of martial spirit.

We learn from Herrera that when a Peruvian Inca died, men of skill were appointed to celebrate him in verses, which all the people learned by heart and sang in public on days of festival. The feats of Kurroglou, the great freebooter of Turkistan, recounted in ballads composed by himself, are known in every village of Northern Persia.

Captain Beechey heard the Bards of the Sandwich Islands recite the heroic achievements of Tamehameha, the most illustrious of their kings. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their rude tribes, and heard them tell the story of the victory which Damel, the negro prince of the Jaloffs, won over Abdulkader, the Musselman tyrant of Foota Torra. This species of poetry attained a high degree of excellence among the Castilians, before they began to copy Tuscan patterns. It attained a still higher degree of excellence among the English and the Lowland Scotch, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. But it reached its full perfection in ancient Greece; for there can be no doubt that the great Homeric poems are generically ballads, though widely distinguished from all other ballads, and indeed from almost all other human compositions, by transcendent sublimity and beauty.

LORD MACAULAY.

Among the modern poets, Schiller, Goethe, Hood, Cowper, Carleton, Tennyson, Lang and Dobson have written some of the finest ballads. William Cowper's "John Gilpin's Ride," is a ballad known to almost every one.

Thomas Campbell ranks as one of the best of English writers, and few ballads have been more popular with the general reader than "Lord Ullin's Daughter." Thomas Hood was an inimitable writer, one who could spin puns and take even the bright side of life when adversity was his almost constant companion. His "Faithless Nelly Gray" is a ballad that will ever be remembered, and his work abounds with good things in this species of poetry. Oliver Wendell Holmes has also given to the world some excellent ballads.

Our common English ballads record in easy verse incidents and adventures. Here is a stanza of one of the earlier ballads:

CHEVY CHASE.

"Thĕ drīvĕrs throūgh thĕ woŏds wēnt
  Fōr tŏ rōuse thĕ deēr,
Bōwmăn hōvĕred ŭpōn thĕ bēnt[1]
  Wĭth thēir brŏad ārrŏws clēar,
Thĕn thĕ wĭld deĕr throūgh thĕ woŏds wēnt
  Ŏn ēvĕrў sīde fŭll shēar,[2]
Grēyhŏunds throūgh thĕ grŏve glēnt[3]
  Fōr tŏ kĭll thĕse deēr."

[1] Upland. [2] Many. [3] Chased.

The ballad of today is in higher favor than poems of a didactic character. The ballads of the present day are not merely simple narratives without any symbolical meaning; they are artistic tales, in conception grand, and in execution perfect, and are frequently of an exceedingly high order. Schiller's ballads are among his best poems, and he, without doubt, was second to none of Germany's great poetic geniuses. "The Diver" is one of his most fascinating

ballads. With admirable art the poet has heightened the effect of one of the best German stories by ornamenting the poem with those graces of description which were ever at his command. He selects anapestic rhythm, which he uses with such metrical beauty that from the commencement until the conclusion the reader is carried along entranced by the simple style of recital of which Schiller was a master. We select three stanzas :

Thĕn ōutspăke thĕ dāughtĕr ĭn tēndĕr ĕmōtiŏn—
"Ăh ! fāthĕr, mў fāthĕr, whăt mōre căn thĕre rēst?
Ĕnoūgh ŏf thĭs spōrt wĭth thĕ pītĭlĕss ōcĕan—
Hĕ hăs sērved theĕ ăs nōne woŭld, thўsēlf hăst cŏnfēst.
Ĭf nōthĭng căn slāke thў wĭld thĭrst ŏf dĕsīre,
Lĕt thў knĭghts pŭt tŏ shāme thĕ ĕxplōit ŏf thĕ squīre ! "

Thĕ Kĭng sĕized thĕ gōblĕt, hĕ swŭng ĭt ŏn hĭgh,
Ănd whĭrlĭng, ĭt fĕll ĭn thĕ rōar ŏf thĕ tide ;
" Bŭt brĭng bāck thăt gōblĕt ăgāin tŏ mў eўe,
Ănd Ĭ'll hōld theĕ thĕ dēarĕst thăt rĭdes bў mў sīde ;
Ănd thĭne ārms shăll ĕmbrāce ăs thў brīde, Ĭ dĕcreē,
Thĕ māidĕn whŏse pītў nŏw plēadĕth fŏr theĕ."

Ănd hēaven, ăs hĕ lĭstĕned, spōke ōut frŏm thĕ spāce,
Ănd thĕ hōpe thăt măkes hērŏes shŏt flāme frŏm hĭs eўes ;
Hĕ gāzed ŏn thĕ blŭsh ĭn thăt beaūtĭfŭl fāce—
Ĭt pāles—ăt thĕ feēt ŏf hĕr fāthĕr shĕ lĭes !
Hŏw prĭcelĕss thĕ guērdŏn !—ă mōmĕnt, ă brēath,
Ănd hēadlŏng hĕ plūngĕs tŏ lĭfe ănd tŏ dēath.

John Hay is the author of "Jim Bludsoe," "Banty Tim," and "Little Breeches," three excellent ballads in dialect. Mr. Hay is a fascinating author of both prose and poetry, whose verse has an air of polished personality. We have selected the following stanza from "Banty Tim," originally published in *Harper's Magazine*.

Lŏrd ! hōw thĕ hōt sŭn wēnt fŏr ūs,
Ănd br'īled ănd blīstĕred ănd būrned !
Hŏw thĕ Rēbĕl būllĕts whīzzed rŏund ūs
Whĕn ă cūss ĭn hĭs dēath-grĭp tūrned !
Tĭll ălōng tōwărd dŭsk Ĭ seēn ă thĭng
Ĭ coūld n't bĕlīēve fŏr ă spēll :
Thăt nīggĕr—thăt Tīm—wăs ă crāwlĭn' tŏ mē
Throŭgh thăt fīre-proŏf, gīlt-ĕdged hēll !

Oliver Wendell Holmes has written a ballad of early New England life entitled, "Agnes," from which we have selected the following stanza :

Thĕ ōld, ŏld stōrў,—fāir ănd yoūng,
Ănd fōnd,—ănd nōt toŏ wīse,—
Thăt mātrŏns tēll wĭth shārpĕned tōngue
Tŏ māids wĭth dōwncăst eўes.

Of Tennyson's ballads, "Locksley's Hall," "Lady Clare" "The Lord of Burleigh," and "Edward Gray" are the finest. No prettier ballad adorns the English language than "Lady Clare :"

Ĭt wās thĕ tīme whĕn lĭlĭes blōw,
Ănd clōuds ăre hīghĕst ūp ĭn āir,
Lŏrd Rōnăld brōught ă lĭlў-whĭte dōe
Tŏ gīve hĭs coūsĭn, Lādў Clāre.

THE ELEGY.

To be able to move the affections should be the greatest aim and effort of the poet. To be able to touch the heart-strings of mankind is a rare gift and power, and he who succeeds in doing so is a benefactor of mankind. One of our most delightful writers, who has given to the world dialect poetry that has pleased all mankind, refused the offer

of a large sum in the lecture field, that he might continue to write poems and give to the world his book offerings. He said there was a little monitor within his breast that told him this was a duty he owed to mankind. It is not, however, altogether his poems in dialect that makes Riley one of the most lovable of poets. He owes a greater part of his popularity to his power to reach the human heart in depicting the scenes of daily life, which he seizes upon and makes the themes of his poetry. Brush away the dialect from Riley's poems and you still have thoughts and expressions that glitter like polished diamonds, and which carry you entranced throughout the reading, on account of the deep feeling that pervades his every thought. His lines are full of tender sympathy, simple pathos, and emotion, that finds a ready response in the hearts of men who cannot write, but who feel and see and know well that which is written, and are ready critics, capable of pronouncing just verdicts. To this class of readers Riley owes his wide popularity. His poetry is not unlike Gray, Burns, Moore, and Cowper, of the past generation; and it ranks with Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, and Lowell, of the present generation in its elegiac character. The elegy combines simplicity and pathos; and a tenderness that frequently springs from an overpowering melancholy. Elegiac poetry must necessarily be begotten of the finest impulse of the human soul. It is always of the mournful and somewhat contemplative class of poetry. It appeals directly to the sympathies of mankind. It may or it may not express grief, yet a tone of melancholy always pervades the sentiment, frequently born of the burning heart-throbs of despair that seizes upon the gifted sons of song, from whose wretchedness, and sorrow, and intense feelings thousands of readers receive joy and delight.

Elegiac poetry is various in character. The grief that one heart expresses another pours out in a manner entirely different, although both show and express the tenderness and pathos of a sensitive and fine nature. Let us make a few selections from James Whitcomb Riley:

Whĕn Bēssĭe dīed—
Wĕ wrīthed ĭn prāyer ŭnsātĭsfĭed;
Wĕ bēgged ŏf Gŏd, ănd Hē dĭd smīle
Ĭn sīlĕnce ōn ŭs āll thĕ whīle;
Ănd wē dĭd seē Hĭm, throūgh ŏur tēars,
Ĕnfōldĭng thāt fāir fōrm ŏf hērs,
Shĕ lāughĭng bāck ăgāinst Hĭs lōve
Thĕ kĭssĕs wē hăd nōthĭng ōf—
Ănd dēath tŏ ūs Hĕ stĭll dĕnĭed,
Whĕn Bēssĭe dīed.

"When Bessie Died."

What can be more expressive than the stanza selected from the poem entitled, "Little Mahala Ashcraft?" We select the fourth stanza. Its lines are iambic heptameter:

Thĕy's sōrrŏw ĭn thĕ wāvĭn' lēaves ŏf āll thĕ āpplĕ-treēs;
Ănd sōrrŏw ĭn thĕ hārvĕst-shēaves, ănd sōrrŏw ĭn thĕ breēze;
Ănd sōrrŏw ĭn thĕ twĭttĕr ōf thĕ swāllĕrs 'rōund thĕ shēd;
Ănd āll thĕ sōng hĕr rēd-bĭrd sĭngs ĭs "Lĭttlĕ Hālў's dēad!"

"A Leave Taking" is a poem full of that rare beauty peculiar to the writings of Riley—human nature vividly portrayed:

Ĭ kĭss thĕ eўes
Ŏn ēithĕr lĭd,
Whĕre hĕr lŏve lĭes
Fŏrēvĕr hĭd.

Ĭ cēase mў weēpĭng
Ănd smīle ănd sāy:
Ĭ will bĕ sleēpĭng
Thūs, sŏme dāy!

How beautiful these lines. Every word comes from the depths of deep thought, sad and reflective :

Thĕn thĕ făce ŏf ă Mōthĕr loŏks bāck, throŭgh thĕ mīst
Ŏf thĕ tēars thăt ăre wēllĭng ; ănd, lūcĕnt wĭth lĭght,
Ĭ seē thĕ dĕar smīle ŏf thĕ lĭps Ĭ hăve kĭssed
Ăs shĕ knēlt bў mў crādlĕ, ăt mōrnĭng ănd nĭght ;
Bŭt mў ārms ăre ŏuthēld, wĭth ă yēarnĭng toŏ wĭld
Fŏr ănў bŭt Gōd ĭn Hĭs lōve tŏ ĭnspīre,
Ăs shĕ plēads ăt thĕ foōt ŏf Hĭs thrōne fŏr hĕr chīld,—
Ăs Ĭ sĭt ĭn sīlĕnce ănd gāze ĭn thĕ fīre.

Riley—"Envoy."

"In the Dark" is another pathetic poem from which we have selected two stanzas :

Ănd Ĭ thĭnk ŏf thĕ smīlĭng fācĕs
Thăt ūsed tŏ wātch ănd wāit,
Tĭll thĕ clĭck ŏf thĕ clŏck wās ănswēred
Bў thĕ clĭck ŏf thĕ ōpĕnĭng gāte—

Thĕy ăre nōt thĕre nōw ĭn thĕ ēvenĭng—
Mōrnĭng ŏr noōn—nŏt thĕre ;
Yĕt Ĭ knōw thăt thĕy keēp thĕir vĭgĭl,
Ănd wāit fŏr mē Sŏmewhēre.

The poet Coleridge has defined an elegy to be that form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but must treat of no subject for itself, but, always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself.

Riley's peculiar genius is such that while he may have many imitators there can never be but one Riley. If we read his poems as the swallow skims the air, we might be led to say there is nothing but frivolity and fun in all his writings. This is not true, however. While many of his

poems abound in the pleasantries of life and are mirth-provoking, few writers deal more directly with the sad perversities of life:

Nŏw—sād pĕrvĕrsĭtў! Mў thēme
Ŏf rārĕst, pūrĕst jōy
Ĭs whēn, ĭn fāncў blēst, Ĭ drēam
Ĭ ām ă lĭttlĕ bōy.

Riley—"Envoy."

From deep sorrow ofttimes comes great joy,—for out of sorrow or sadness may come joy to the sons of song, after the teardrops have been wiped away from the soulful eye. The misfortunes that seemingly are the inheritance of some of our great men of letters, have given the staid old world an inheritance in the writings of these gifted sons that delights and benefits mankind, even though these treasures are frequently wrung from their very heart's blood. The blindness of Milton gave the world some of the rarest of poetic gems. The melancholy of Gray gave the world an elegy that has never been equaled. The great elegiac effort of Tennyson, "In Memoriam," at the death of his friend, Arthur Hallam, is the echoings of a sad and sorrowful heart. Tennyson who was afflicted from his infancy with a lack of good eyesight, never mingled with the gay festivous world or dealt with its frivolities. To him the death of a friend like Sir Arthur meant something, and he sorrowed over his loss, and sorrowing gave to the world "In Memoriam:"

Ĭ sōmetĭmes hōld ĭt hālf ă sĭn
Tŏ pūt ĭn wōrds thĕ grĭēf Ĭ feēl:
Fŏr wōrds, lĭke Nātŭre, hālf rĕvēal
Ănd hālf cŏncēal thĕ Sōul wĭthĭn.

Bŭt, fŏr thĕ ŭnquĭĕt heärt ănd brāin,
Ă ūse ĭn mēasŭred lānguăge lĭes ;
Thĕ sād mĕchānĭc ĕxĕrcīse,
Lĭke dūll nărcōtĭcs, nūmbĭng pāin.

Ĭn wōrds, lĭke weēds, Ĭ'll wrāp mĕ ō'er,
Lĭke cōarsĕst clōthĕs ăgāinst thĕ cōld ;
Bŭt thāt lărge griēf whĭch thēse ĕnfōld
Ĭs gĭven ĭn ōutlĭne ānd nŏ mōre.

Tennyson—"In Memoriam."

William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" at the age of eighteen years. His own version of how it came to be written is here given : "Wandering in the primeval forest over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, mouldering for long years, and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets swept along through the carpets of dead leaves, the spoil of thousands of summers, the poem 'Thanatopsis' was composed." Richard Henry Dana, who was then one of the brilliant young editors of the *North American Review*, and who was himself a gifted poet, saw beauty in the lines and gave the poem to the world,—its author's fame was made. Many beautiful lines of the elegiac character have since come from his pen. In "October, 1866," Bryant tenderly embalms the memory of one to whom he once addressed "Oh Fairest of the Rural Maids." Frances Fairchild was the person to whom he addressed his song, and whom he wedded and afterwards lived with for nearly half a century. We select the eighth stanza of "October, 1866 :"

Ĭ gāze ĭn sādnĕss, ĭt dĕlĭghts mĕ nōt
Tŏ loŏk ŏn beaūtў whĭch thŏu cānst nŏt seē ;
Ănd, wērt thŏu bў mў sĭde, thĕ drēarĭĕst spōt
Wĕre, Ō, hŏw fār mŏre beaūtĭfūl tŏ mē.

These lines of "Thanatopsis," from which we quote, are a vivid picture of man's destiny.

Cŏmes ā stĭll vōice :—Yĕt ā fĕw dāys, ănd theē
Thĕ āll-bĕhōldĭng sūn shăll seē nŏ mōre
Ĭn āll hĭs cōurse ; nŏr yĕt ĭn thē cŏld grōund,
Whĕre thў păle fōrm wăs lāid, wĭth mānў tēars,
Nŏr ĭn thĕ ĕmbrāce ŏf ōcĕan, shāll ĕxĭst
Thў ĭmăge. Ēarth, thăt noūrĭshed theē, shăll clāim
Thў grōwth, tŏ bē rĕsōlved tŏ ēarth ăgāin ;
Ănd, lōsţ ĕach hūmăn trāce, sŭrrēndĕrĭng ūp
Thĭne ĭndĭvĭdŭal bēĭng, shālt thŏu gō
Tŏ mĭx fŏrēvĕr wĭth thĕ ēlĕmēnts ;
Tŏ bē ă brōthĕr tō thĕ ĭnsēnsĭblĕ rōck,
Ănd tō thĕ slūggĭsh clōd, whĭch thē rŭde swāin
Tŭrns wĭth hĭs shāre, ănd trēads ŭpōn. Thĕ ōak
Shăll sēnd hĭs roōts ăbrōad, ănd piērce thў mōld.

Robert Burns was one of Nature's darlings. No poet, past or present, has so truly depicted the joys and sorrows, the needs and wrongs, the follies, as well as the passions and virtues of mankind. In Burns the people of Scotland found a true representative, especially that strong race of middle life, from whence have sprung many of the sturdiest and best men. Burns, however, owes much of his lasting popularity to elegiac verse. It is said of Burns that he was grave, serious, contemplative, possessing a thoughtful mind. While he was the poet of the lowly and espoused their cause on all occasions, it is a mistake to esteem Burns

"Thĕ sĭmplĕ Bārd, rŏugh āt thĕ rūstĭc plōugh."

He was reserved and dignified in his demeanor and commanded the greatest respect among the very best literary men of his time. He was fairly educated, having received good instruction in all the common branches, suffic-

ient to enable him to write, and write correctly. Is it a wonder then, that one possessed of his high qualities, could write such lines of ideal beauty, born of study, genius and inspiration?

Yĕ bānks ănd brāes ŏ' bōnnĭe Doōn,
  Hŏw cān yĕ bloōm sāe frēsh ănd fāir;
Hŏw cān yĕ chānt, yĕ lĭttlĕ bīrds,
  Ănd Ī sāe wēarў fū' ŏ' cāre!
Thŏu'lt breāk mў heārt, thŏu wārblĭng bīrd,
  Thăt wāntŏns throūgh thĕ flōwerĭng thōrn;
Thŏu mīnds mĕ ō' dĕpārtĕd jōys,
  Dĕpārtĕd—nēvĕr tō rĕtūrn!

Ăft hāe Ĭ rōved bў bōnnў Doōn,
  Tŏ seē thĕ rōse ănd woōdbĭne twĭne;
Ănd ĭlkă bīrd săng ō' ĭts lūve,
  Ănd fōndlў sāe dĭd Ī ŏ' mīne.
Wĭ' lĭghtsŏme heārt Ĭ pōu'd ă rōse,
  Fŭ' sweēt ŭpōn ĭts thōrnў treē;
Ănd mў fāuse lūvĕr stōle mў rōse,
  Bŭt āh! hĕ lēft thĕ thōrn wĭ' mē.

Burns—"The Banks of Doon."

Burns tells us in no mistaken strain, how dearly his friend, Captain Matthew Henderson, was esteemed for his good fellowship. His elegy, to use his own language, "is a tribute to the memory of a man I loved much." We select the fifth stanza:

Mŏurn, lĭttlĕ hārebĕlls ō'er thĕ lēa!
Yĕ stātelў fōxglŏves fāir tŏ seē!
Yĕ woōdbĭnes, hāngĭng bōnnĭlie,
  Ĭn scēntĕd bōwers!
Yĕ rōsĕs ōn yoŭr thōrnў treē,
  Thĕ fĭrst ŏ' flōwers!

"Lines on M. Henderson."

Noble and pathetic are the lines in memory of Mary Campbell, one whom Burns had loved. The words are sweet music, penned by a sad heart three years after the death of his Mary, in October, 1789, on the anniversary of her death.

Thŏu lĭngĕrĭng stār, wĭth lēssenĭng rāy,
  Thăt lōvest tŏ greēt thĕ ēarlў mōrn,
Ăgāin thŏu ūsherĕst ĭn thĕ dāy
  Mў Mārў frōm mў sōul wās tōrn.
Ŏ Mārў ! dēar dĕpārtĕd shāde !
  Whĕre ĭs thў plāce ŏf blĭssfŭl rēst ?
Seĕst thōu thў lōvĕr lōwlў lāid ?
  Hĕarest thōu thĕ grōans thăt rēnd hĭs brēast ?

Thăt sācrĕd hōur căn Ī fŏrgēt,
  Căn Ī fŏrgēt thĕ hāllŏwed grōve,
Whĕre bў thĕ wĭndĭng Aўr wĕ mēt,
  Tŏ lĭve ŏne dāy ŏf pārtĭng lōve !
Ĕtērnĭtў wĭll nōt ĕffāce
  Thŏse rēcŏrds dēar ŏf trānspŏrts pāst,
Thў ĭmăge āt ŏur lāst ĕmbrāce,—
  Āh ! lĭttlĕ thōught wĕ 'twās ŏur lāst !

Aўr, gūrglĭng, kĭssed hĭs pēbblĕd shōre,
  Ŏ'erhūng wĭth wĭld woŏds, thĭckenĭng greēn ;
Thĕ frāgrănt bĭrch, ănd hāwthŏrn hōar,
  Twĭned āmoroŭs rōund thĕ rāptŭred scēne ;
Thĕ flōwers sprăng wāntŏn tō bĕ prēst,
  Thĕ bĭrds săng lōve ŏn ēverў sprāy—
Tĭll toō, toŏ soōn, thĕ glōwĭng wēst
  Prŏclāimed thĕ speēd ŏf wĭngĕd dăy.

Stĭll ō'er thĕse scēnes mў mēmorў wākes,
  Ănd fōndlў broŏds wĭth mĭsĕr cāre ;
Tĭme būt th' ĭmprēssiŏn strōngĕr mākes,
  Ăs strēams thĕir chānnĕls deēpĕr weār.

Ŏ Mārў ! dēar dĕpārtĕd shāde !
Whĕre is thў plāce ŏf blīssfŭl rēst ?
Sĕest thou thў lōvĕr lōwlў lāid ?
Hĕarest thōu thĕ grōans thăt rēnd hĭs brēast ?
"To Mary in Heaven."

We could multiply examples from Burns, but one more will suffice, a stanza in memory of "Highland Mary," —Mary Campbell of Dunoon, on the Firth of Clyde.

Thў crўstăl strĕam, Āftŏn, hŏw lōvelў ĭt glīdes,
Ănd winds bў thĕ cōt whĕre mў Mārў rĕsīdes ;
Hŏw wāntŏn thў wātĕrs hĕr snōwў feĕt lāve,
Ăs gāthering sweĕt flōwerĕts shĕ stēms thў clĕar wāve.
"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

Emerson, while he may not rank with our most celebrated poets, has left a volume of poetry that finds a high place in literature. He is universally conceded to be one of the first of prose writers ; and we may add, to him the world is also indebted for poetry that must always be held in high esteem for its elevated thoughts. Emerson was a thinker. His poetry, therefore, is not of that dreamy nature peculiar to many of our most gifted artists in song. His poetry is refined, elegant and subtle, calm and serene. His poems are not characterized by that peculiar fever-heat which belongs only to the masters. To Emerson, however, we must credit one of the best of elegies. It was in memory of his lost child—his "hyacinthine boy." It was born of the sorrow that brings mankind to tears. It was born of that sorrow only those can feel and realize who have lost one most near and dear. It was born of that sorrow where tear-drops cease to flow, and the sorrowing heart ceases to be comforted ; and torn and rent, gives voice to its feelings in elegiac verse,—verse that beats time to the aching heart-throbs, and tells its story in an outburst of sorrow.

Ŏ chīld ŏf pārădīse,
Bŏy whō măde dēar hĭs fāthĕr's hōme,
Ĭn whōse deĕp eȳes
Mĕn rēad thĕ wēlfāre ōf thĕ tīmes tŏ cōme,
Ĭ ām toŏ mūch bĕrēft:
Thĕ wōrld dĭshōnŏred thōu hăst lēft.
Ŏ trūth's ănd nātūre's cōstlў lĭe!
Ŏ trūstĕd brōkĕn prōphĕcў!
Ŏ rīchĕst fōrtūne sōurlў crōssed!
Bŏrn fōr thĕ fūtūre, tō thĕ fūtūre lōst!

Emerson—"Threnody."

It was Lord Macaulay, we believe, who said Gray would go down to posterity with a thinner volume of verse than any other one of our great poets. Gray was a timid youth, one so fearful seemingly of mankind, that he was almost a recluse. Gray had a fine sensitive nature; his fiber was more of heaven than of earth, and he was ill fitted to cope with anything rude or boisterous. His fellow students accused him of being over fastidious, but his nature and organization was higher and he could ill enjoy their vulgar sports. Though not a writer of a great number of poems Gray has written what might be termed the greatest of all poems, his "Elegy Written In a Country Churchyard," completed and published in 1751. The favor in which it was received surprised even its author, who said sarcastically, that it was owing entirely to the subject, and that the public would have received it equally well in prose. There is no poem in the English language more decidedly popular. It appeals to a feeling all but universal,—applicable to all ranks and classes of society. The poem exhibits the highest poetic sensibility and the most cultivated taste. No poem in the English language is more figurative, nor is there any of greater metrical beauty. The popularity which it first

attained, today continues unabated. The original manuscript bequeathed by the poet to his friend, Mr. Mason, is still in existence. It sold in 1845 for five hundred dollars; in 1854 it was again placed upon the market, bringing the fabulous sum of six hundred and fifty-five dollars. The original manuscript was written with a crow-quill, a favorite pen of the author, on four sides of a double half sheet of yellow foolscap, in a neat, legible hand. Gray had but one enemy in life—the gout, from which he died. He lived contentedly and in comparative ease, devoting his time to travel and books, of which he was ever fond. A delicate, handsome, effeminate soul, he lived and died one of the greatest of literary geniuses. The entire elegy is here given:

Thĕ cūrfĕw tōlls thĕ knĕll ŏf pārtĭng dāy,
  Thĕ lōwĭng hērd wĭnds slōwlў ō'er thĕ lēa,
Thĕ plōughmăn hōmewărd plōds hĭs wēarў wāy,
  Ănd lēaves thĕ wōrld tŏ dārknĕss ānd tŏ mē.

Nŏw fādes thĕ glĭmmerĭng lāndscăpe ōn thĕ sĭght,
  Ănd āll thĕ āir ă sōlĕmn stĭllnĕss hōlds,
Săve whēre thĕ beētlĕ wheēls hĭs drōnĭng flight,
  Ănd drōwsў tĭnklĭngs lūll thĕ dīstănt fōlds:

Săve thāt, frŏm yōndĕr ivў-māntlĕd tōwer,
  Thĕ mōpĭng ōwl dŏes tō thĕ moōn cŏmplāin
Ŏf sūch ăs, wāndeŕing nēar hĕr sēcrĕt bōwer,
  Mŏlēst hĕr ānciĕnt sōlĭtārў rēign.

Bĕnēath thŏse rūggĕd ēlms, thăt yēw-treĕ's shāde,
  Whĕre hēaves thĕ tūrf ĭn māny ă mōulderĭng hēap,
Ĕach ĭn hĭs nārrŏw cēll fŏrēvĕr lāid,
  Thĕ rūde fŏrefāthĕrs ōf thĕ hāmlĕt sleēp.

Thĕ breĕzў cāll ŏf ĭncĕnse-brēathĭng mōrn,
  Thĕ swāllŏw twĭttĕrĭng frōm thĕ strāw-buĭlt shĕd,
Thĕ cōck's shrĭll clārĭŏn, ōr thĕ ĕchŏĭng hōrn,
  Nŏ mōre shăll rōuse thĕm frōm thĕir lōwlў bĕd.

Fŏr thĕm nŏ mōre thĕ blāzĭng hēarth shăll bŭrn,
  Ŏr būsў hōusewĭfe plў hĕr ēvenĭng cāre ;
Nŏ chĭldrĕn rūn tŏ lĭsp theĭr sĭre's rĕtŭrn,
  Ŏr clĭmb hĭs kneēs thĕ ēnvĭed kĭss tŏ shāre.

Ŏft dīd thĕ hārvĕst tō theĭr sīcklĕ yiēld,
  Thĕir fūrrŏw ōft thĕ stŭbbŏrn glēbe hăs brōke ;
Hŏw jōcŭnd dīd thĕy drĭve theĭr tēam ăfiēld !
  Hŏw bōwed thĕ wŏŏds bĕnēath thĕir stūrdў strōke !

Lĕt nōt ămbĭtiŏn mōck thĕir ūsefŭl tōil,
  Thĕir hōmelў jōys, ănd dēstĭnў ŏbscūre ;
Nŏr grāndeŭr hēar wĭth ă dĭsdāinfŭl smĭle
  Thĕ shōrt ănd sĭmplĕ ānnăls ōf thĕ poōr.

Thĕ bōast ŏf hērăldrў, thĕ pōmp ŏf pōwer,
  Ănd āll thăt beaūtў, āll thăt wēalth ĕ'er gāve,
Awāit ălĭke thĕ ĭnēvĭtăblĕ hōur ;
  Thĕ pāths ŏf glōrў lēad bŭt tō thĕ grāve.

Nŏr yoū, yĕ prōud, ĭmpūte tŏ thēse thĕ fāult,
  Ĭf mēmorў ō'er theĭr tōmb nŏ trŏphĭes rāise,
Whĕre throūgh thĕ lōng-drăwn aĭsle ănd frĕttĕd vāult
  Thĕ peālĭng ānthĕm swēlls thĕ nōte ŏf prāise.

Căn stōrĭed ūrn, ŏr ānĭmātĕd būst,
  Băck tō ĭts mānsiŏn cāll thĕ fleētĭng brēath ?
Căn hōnŏr's vōice prŏvōke thĕ sīlĕnt dūst,
  Ŏr flāttерў soōthe thĕ dūll cŏld ēar ŏf dēath ?

Pĕrhāps ĭn thĭs nĕglēctĕd spōt ĭs lāid
  Sŏme heārt ŏnce prēgnănt wĭth cĕlēstiăl fīre ;
Hănds thāt thĕ rōd ŏf ēmpĭre mĭght hăve swāyed,
  Ŏr wāked tŏ ēcstăsў thĕ lĭvĭng lўre ;

Bŭt Knōwlĕdge tō thĕir eȳes hĕr āmplĕ pāge
Rĭch wĭth thĕ spōils ŏf tīme dĭd nē'er ŭnrōll;
Chĭll pēnŭrȳ rĕprēssed thĕir nōblĕ rāge,
Ănd frōze thĕ gēnĭăl cūrrĕnt ōf thĕ sōul.

Fŭll mā͡ny ă gēm ŏf pūrĕst rāy sĕrēne
Thĕ dārk ŭnfāthŏmed cāves ŏf ōceăn beār;
Fŭll mā͡ny ă flōwer ĭs bōrn tŏ blūsh ŭnseēn,
Ănd wāste ĭts sweētnĕss ōn thĕ dēsĕrt āir.

Sŏme vīllăge Hāmpdĕn, thāt, wĭth dāuntlĕss brēast,
Thĕ lĭttlĕ tȳrănt ōf hĭs fiēlds wĭthstoōd,
Sŏme mūte ĭnglōrĭoŭs Mīltŏn hēre măy rēst,
Sŏme Crōmwĕll guīltlĕss ōf hĭs coūntrȳ's bloōd.

Thĕ ăpplāuse ŏf lī͡stenĭng sēnătes tō cŏmmānd,
Thĕ thrēats ŏf pāin ănd rūĭn tō dĕspīse,
Tŏ scāttĕr plēntȳ ō'er ă smīlĭng lānd,
Ănd rēad thĕir hī͡storȳ ĭn ă nātiŏn's eȳes,

Thĕir lōt fŏrbāde: nŏr-cīrcŭmscrībed ălōne
Thĕir grōwĭng vīrtŭes, bŭt thĕir crīmes cŏnfĭned;
Fŏrbāde tŏ wāde throŭgh slāughtĕr tō ă thrōne,
Ănd shŭt thĕ gātes ŏf mĕrcȳ ōn mănkĭnd,

Thĕ strūgglĭng pāngs ŏf cōnscioŭs trŭth tŏ hīde,
Tŏ quēnch thĕ blūshĕs ōf ĭngēnuoŭs shāme,
Ŏr hēap thĕ shrīne ŏf lūxŭrȳ ănd prīde
Wĭth ĭncēnse kĭndlĕd āt thĕ Mūse's flāme.

Făr frōm thĕ măddĭng crōwd's ĭgnōblĕ strīfe,
Thĕir sōbĕr wĭshĕs nēvĕr lēarned tŏ strāy;
Ălōng thĕ coōl sĕquēstĕred vāle ŏf lĭfe
Thĕy kēpt thĕ nōiselĕss tēnŏr ōf thĕir wāy.

Yĕt ēvĕn thēse bŏne͡s frōm ĭnsūlt tŏ prŏtēct,
Sŏme frāil mĕmŏrĭăl stĭll, ĕrēctĕd nĭgh,
Wĭth ūncoŭth rhȳmes ănd shāpelĕss scūlptūre dēcked,
Ĭmplōres thĕ pāssĭng trĭbūte ōf ă sīgh.

Thĕir nāme, thĕir yĕars, spĕlt bў th' ŭnlĕttĕred Mūse,
Thĕ plāce ŏf fāme ănd ēlĕgў sŭpplў :
Ănd mănў ă hōlў tĕxt ărōund shĕ strēws,
Thăt tēach thĕ rūstĭc mōrălĭst tŏ dĭe.

Fŏr whō, tŏ dūmb fŏrgētfŭlnēss ă prēy,
Thĭs plēasĭng ānxĭous bēing ē'er rĕsīgned,
Lēft thĕ wărm prēcĭncts ōf thĕ cheĕrfŭl dāy,
Nŏr cāst ŏne lōngĭng, lĭngerĭng loŏk bĕhĭnd?

Ŏn sōme fŏnd brēast thĕ pārtĭng sōul rĕlĭes,
Sŏme pĭoŭs drŏps thĕ clōsĭng eўe rĕquĭres ;
Ē'en frōm thĕ tōmb thĕ vōice ŏf nātŭre crĭes,
Ē'en ĭn ŏur āshĕs lĭve thĕir wōntĕd fĭres.

Fŏr theē, whŏ, mĭndfŭl ōf th' ŭnhōnŏred dēad,
Dŏst ĭn thĕse lĭnes thĕir ārtlĕss tāle rĕlāte :
Ĭf chănce, bў lōnelў cōntĕmplātiŏn lēd,
Sŏme kĭndrĕd spĭrĭt shāll ĭnquĭre thў fāte,—

Hāplў sŏme hōarў-hēadĕd swāin măy sāy :
Ŏft hāve wĕ seēn hĭm āt thĕ peĕp ŏf dāwn
Brūshĭng wĭth hāstў stēps thĕ dĕws ăwāy,
Tŏ meēt thĕ sūn ŭpōn thĕ ūplănd lāwn.

Thĕre āt thĕ foŏt ŏf yōndĕr nōddĭng beĕch,
Thăt wrēathes ĭts ōld fănтāstĭc roŏts sŏ hĭgh,
Hĭs lĭstlĕss lēngth ăt noōntĭde woŭld hĕ strĕtch,
Ănd pōre ŭpōn thĕ broŏk thăt bābblĕs bў.

Hărd bў yŏn woŏd, nŏw smīlĭng, ās ĭn scōrn,
Mŭttĕrĭng hĭs wāywărd fāncĭes, hē woŭld rōve ;
Nŏw droōpĭng, wōefŭl-wān, lĭke ōne fŏrlōrn,
Ŏr crāzed wĭth cāre, ŏr crōssed ĭn hōpelĕss lōve.

Ŏne mōrn Ĭ mĭssed hĭm ōn thĕ 'cūstŏmed hĭll,
Ălōng thĕ hēath, ănd nēar hĭs fāvŏrĭte treē ;
Ănōthĕr cāme ; nŏr yĕt bĕsīde thĕ rĭll,
Nŏr ūp thĕ lāwn, nŏr āt thĕ woŏd wăs hē :

Thĕ nĕxt, wĭth dīrgĕs dūe, ĭn sād ărrāy,
Slŏw throūgh thĕ chŭrch-wăy pāth wĕ sāw hĭm bōrne:—
Ăpprōach ănd rēad (fŏr thōu cănst rēad) thĕ lāy
Grāved ŏn thĕ stōne bĕnēath yŏn āgĕd thōrn.

THE EPITAPH.

Hĕre rĕsts hĭs hēad ŭpōn thĕ lāp ŏf ēarth
Ă yoūth tŏ fōrtŭne ānd tŏ fāme ŭnknōwn:
Făir Scĭĕnce frōwned nŏt ōn hĭs hūmblĕ bīrth,
Ănd Mĕlăncholy mārked hĭm fŏr hĕr ōwn.

Lărge wās hĭs bōuntў, ānd hĭs sōul sĭncēre;
Hēaven dĭd ă rēcŏmpēnse ăs lārgelў sēnd;
Hĕ gāve tŏ mĭsĕrў (āll hĕ hād) ă tēar,
Hĕ gāined frŏm Hēaven ('twăs āll hĕ wĭshed) ă frĭēnd.

Nŏ fārthĕr seēk hĭs mērĭts tō dĭsclōse,
Ŏr drāw hĭs frāilties frōm thĕir drēad ăbōde,
(Thĕre thēy ălīke ĭn trēmblĭng hōpe rĕpōse),
Thĕ bōsŏm ōf hĭs Fāthĕr ănd hĭs Gōd.

It was Wolfe, the hero of Quebec, on the eve of that decisive battle, gliding down the St. Lawrence in the darkness of midnight with his fellow officers in a boat, who repeated the elegy to them. At the close of the recitation said he: "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!" In a few hours afterwards Wolfe had taken Quebec. Yet the path of glory led but to the grave.

The elegy properly speaking may be classed as lyric poetry. Many other beautiful elegies might be given. Shelley's "Adonais" on the death of his friend and brother bard, John Keats, is one of the finest in the English language.

John Milton's "Lycidas," commemorative of the virtues of

his friend, Edmund King; Collins' "Dirge in Cymbeline," and Burns' "Man Was Made To Mourn," are all fine specimens of elegiac verse. The elegy is one of the grandest of all departments in the realm of poetical literature.

THE EPITAPH.

An Epitaph is an inscription on a monument in honor or memory of the dead. Many of these inscriptions were formerly written in quaint and curious verse. Our ancestors were given to epitaphic writing more than the writers of the present day. Another definition given is, a eulogy in prose or verse composed without any intent to be engraven on a monument; hence an epitaph may be termed a brief descriptive poem commemorative of the virtues of the dead. An epitaphic stanza in iambics:

Ĕre sīn coŭld blīght ŏr sōrrŏw fāde,
Dĕath cāme wĭth frīendlў cāre;
Thĕ ōpenĭng būd tŏ Hēaven cōnvēyed,
Ănd bāde ĭt blossŏm thēre.
Samuel Taylor Coleridge—"Epĭtaph On An Infant."

The following epitaph is also in iambic rhythm:

Stŏp, mōrtăl! Hēre thў brōthĕr lĭes—
Thĕ Pōĕt ōf thĕ Poōr.
Hĭs boōks wĕre rīvĕrs, woōds, ănd skĭes,
Thĕ mēadŏw ānd thĕ moōr;
Hĭs tēachĕrs were thĕ tōrn heărt's wāil,
Thĕ tўrănt ānd thĕ slāve,
Thĕ streēt, thĕ făctŏrў, thĕ gaōl,
Thĕ pālăce—ānd thĕ grāve!
Sĭn mēt thў brōthĕr ēverўwhēre!
Ănd ĭs thў brōthĕr blāmed?
Frŏm pāssiŏn, dāngĕr, dōubt, ănd cāre,
Hĕ nō ĕxēmptiŏn clāimed.
Ebenezer Elliott—"A Poet's Epitaph."

The following is an elegant epitaph in trochaic rhythm :

Ūndĕrnēath thĭs mārblĕ hēarse
Lĭes thĕ sūbjĕct ōf ăll vērse,
Sȳdnĕy's sĭstĕr,—Pēmbrŏke's mōthĕr.
Dēath, ĕre thōu hăst slāin ănōthĕr
Fāir ănd wĭse ănd goōd ăs shē,
Tĭme shăll thrōw ă dārt ăt theē !

Mārblĕ pīles lĕt nō măn rāise
Tō hĕr nāme ĭn āftĕr dāys ;
Sōme kĭnd wōmăn, bōrn ăs shē,
Rēadĭng thĭs, lĭke Nĭŏbē
Shāll tŭrn mārblĕ, ānd bĕcōme
Bōth hĕr mōurnĕr ānd hĕr tōmb.

Ben Jonson—"Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke."

The stanzas following are in iambic rhythm :

Ĭs thēre ă whĭm-ĭnspīrĕd foōl,
Ŏwre fāst fŏr thōught, ŏwre hōt fŏr rūle,
Ŏwre blāte tŏ seēk, ŏwre prōud tŏ snoōl ;
Lĕt hĭm drăw nēar,
Ănd ōwre thĭs grāssў hēap sĭng doōl,
Ănd drāp ă tēar.

Ĭs thēre ă bārd ŏf rūstĭc sōng,
Whŏ, nōteléss, stēals thĕ crōwd ămōng,
Thăt weēklў thĭs āreă thrōng ;
Ŏ, pāss nŏt bў ;
Bŭt, wĭth ă frātĕr-feēlĭng strōng,
Hĕre hēave ă sĭgh !

Ĭs thēre ă mān whŏse jūdgmĕnt clēar
Căn ōthĕrs tēach thĕ cōurse tŏ steēr,
Yĕt rūns hĭmsēlf lĭfe's mād căreēr,
Wĭld ās thĕ wāve ;
Hĕre pāuse, ănd, throūgh thĕ stārtĭng tēar,
Sŭrvēy thĭs grāve.

Thĕ poōr ĭnhābĭtānt bĕlōw
Wăs quĭck tŏ lēarn ănd wīse tŏ knōw,
Ănd keēnlў fēlt thĕ friēndlў glōw,
Ănd sōbĕr flāme ;
Bŭt thōughtlĕss fōllĭes lāid hĭm lōw,
Ănd stāined hĭs nāme !

Rēaděr, ăttēnd,—whēthĕr thў sōul
Sŏars fāncў's flĭghts bĕyōnd thĕ pōle,
Ŏr dārklў grūbs thĭs ēarthlў hōle,
Ĭn lōw pŭrsūit ;
Knŏw, prūdĕnt, cāutioŭs sēlf-cŏntrōl
Ĭs wĭsdŏm's roōt.

Robert Burns—"A Bard's Epitaph."

The lines following, in iambic rhythm, were written August 20th, 1755 :

Bĕnēath thĕ stōne brăve Brāddŏck lĭes,
Whŏ ālwăys hātĕd cōwārdĭce,
Bŭt fēll ă sāvăge sācrĭfĭce ;
Ămĭdst hĭs Ĭn͡dĭăn fōes.
Ĭ chārge yoŭ, hērŏes, ōf thĕ grōund,
Tŏ guārd hĭs dārk păvĭlĭŏn rōund,
Ănd keēp ŏff āll ŏbtrūdĭng sōund,
Ănd chērĭsh hĭs rĕpōse.

Sleĕp, sleēp, Ĭ sāy, brăve, vāliănt mān,
Bŏld dēath, ăt lāst, hăs bīd theĕ stānd,
Ănd tō rĕsīgn thў greāt cŏmmānd,
Ănd cāncĕl thў cŏmmĭssiŏn ;
Ălthōugh thŏu dīdst nŏt mūch ĭnclīne,
Thў pōst ănd hōnŏrs tō rĕsīgn,
Nŏw ĭrŏn slūmbĕr dōth cŏnfīne ;
Nŏne ēnvĭes thў cŏndĭtiŏn.

Tilden—"An Epitaph for Braddock."

*THE PASTORAL.

Pastoral poetry, strictly speaking, is that which celebrates rustic or rural life or deals with the objects of external nature. In times gone by pastoral poetry was used to depict shepherd life by means of narratives, songs and dialogues. The pastoral poems of Virgil were called Eclogues. An Eclogue is a pastoral in which shepherds are represented as conversing. Theocritus wrote pastoral poems termed Idyls. An Idyl is a short descriptive pastoral. The term Idyllic poetry is now applied to the pastoral. This variety of poetry is very popular, and meets with a just appreciation by the public. Pastoral poetry depicts all the beauties of rural life,—mountain scenery, lowland vales, majestic rivers, expansive lakes, rifting clouds, birds, beasts, insects, flowers, and rural scenes; and rural sports in all their various phases, are subjects of this kind of poetry. Poems of nature are classed under this head, as the following iambic lines:

(1).

Hŏw beaūtĭfŭl ĭs thĕ rāin!
Āftĕr thĕ dūst ănd hēat,
Ĭn thĕ brōad ănd fĭerў streēt,
Ĭn thĕ nārrŏw lāne,
Hŏw beaūtĭfŭl ĭs thĕ rāin!

Hŏw ĭt clāttĕrs ălōng thĕ roōfs,
Lĭke thĕ trāmp ŏf hoōfs!
Hŏw ĭt gūshĕs ănd strūgglĕs ōut
Frŏm thĕ throāt ŏf thĕ ōvĕrflōwĭng spōut!

*For THE SONNET, see page 107. THE EPIGRAM, see page 203.

Ăcrŏss thĕ wĭndŏw-pāne
Ĭt pōurs ănd pōurs ;
Ănd swĭft ănd wīde,
Wĭth ă mŭddў tīde,
Lĭke ă rĭvĕr dōwn thĕ gŭttĕr rōars
Thĕ rāin, thĕ wĕlcŏme rāin !
Thĕ sĭck mān frŏm hĭs chāmbĕr loŏks
Āt thĕ twĭstĕd broŏks ;
Hē căn feĕl thĕ coōl
Brēath ŏf ĕach lĭttlĕ poōl ;
Hĭs fēvĕred brāin
Grŏws cālm ăgāin,
Ănd hĕ brēathes ă blēssĭng ōn thĕ rāin.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—"Rain in Summer."

(2).

Gŏne, gōne, sŏ soōn !
Nŏ mōre mў hālf-crăzed fāncў thēre
Căn shāpe ă gĭănt ĭn thĕ āir,
Nŏ mōre Ĭ seę hĭs strēamĭng hāir,
Thĕ wrĭthĭng pōrtĕnt ŏf hĭs fōrm ;—
Thĕ pāle ănd quĭĕt moōn
Măkes hēr călm fōrehĕad bāre,
Ănd thē lăst frāgmĕnts ŏf thĕ stōrm,
Lĭke shāttĕred rĭggĭng frŏm ă fĭght ăt sēa,
Sīlĕnt ănd fĕw, ăre drĭftĭng ōvĕr mē.

James Russell Lowell—"Summer Storm."

(3).

Hŏw sweēt, ăt sēt ŏf sūn, tŏ viēw
Thў gōldĕn mĭrrŏr sprēadĭng wīde,
Ănd seē thĕ mĭst ŏf māntlĭng blūe
Flŏat rōund thĕ dĭstănt mōuntăin's sīde.

James Gates Percival—"To Seneca Lake."

(4).

Whĭch ĭs thĕ wĭnd thăt brĭngs thĕ flōwers?
Thĕ wēst-wĭnd, Bēssĭe; ănd sōft ănd lōw
Thĕ bĭrdĭes sĭng ĭn thĕ sūmmĕr hōurs
Whēn thĕ wēst bĕgĭns tŏ blōw.
Edmund Clarence Stedman—"What the Winds Brĭng."

(5).

Lĭthe ănd lōng ăs thĕ sērpĕnt trāin,
Sprĭngĭng ănd clĭngĭng frŏm treē tŏ treē,
Nŏw dārtĭng ūpwărd, nŏw dōwn ăgāin,
Wĭth ă twĭst ănd ă twĭrl thăt ăre strānge tŏ seē;
Nēvĕr toŏk sērpĕnt ă dēadlĭĕr hōld,
Nēvĕr thĕ coūgăr a wĭldĕr sprĭng,
Strānglĭng thĕ ōak wĭth thĕ bōă's fōld,
Spānnĭng thĕ bēach wĭth thĕ cōndŏr's wĭng.
William Gilmore Simms—"The Grape-Vine Swing."

(6).

"Whŏ plāntĕd thĭs ŏld āpplĕ-treē?"
Thĕ chĭldrĕn ōf thăt dĭstănt dāy
Thŭs tō sŏme āgĕd mān shăll sāy;
Ănd, gāzĭng ōn ĭts mōssy stēm,
Thĕ grāy-hăired mān shăll ānswĕr thēm:
"Ă pōĕt ōf thĕ lānd wăs hē,
Bŏrn ĭn thĕ rūde bŭt goōd ŏld tĭmes;
'Tĭs sāid hĕ māde sŏme quāint ŏld rhymes
Ŏn plāntĭng thĕ āpplĕ-treē."
William Cullen Bryant—"The Planting of the Apple-Tree."

(7).

Ă sōng fŏr thĕ plānt ŏf mȳ ŏwn nātĭve Wēst,
Whĕre nātŭre ănd freēdŏm rĕsīde,
Bȳ plēntȳ stĭll crōwned, ănd bȳ pēace ēvĕr blēst,
Tŏ thĕ cōrn! thĕ greĕn cōrn ŏf hĕr prīde!

Ĭn clīmes ŏf thĕ Ēast hăs thĕ ōlĭve beĕn sūng,
Ănd thĕ grāpe beĕn thĕ thēme ŏf thĕir lāys;
Bŭt fŏr theē shăll ă hārp ŏf thĕ bāckwoŏds bĕ strūng,
Thoŭ brīght, ēvĕr beaūtĭfŭl máize!

William W. Fosdick—"The Maize."

(8).

Bŭt loŏk! ŏ'er thĕ fāll seĕ thĕ ānglĕr stānd,
Swĭngĭng hĭs rōd wĭth skĭllfŭl hānd;
Thĕ flў ăt thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs gŏssămĕr līne
Swĭms throŭgh thĕ sūn lĭke ă sūmmĕr mōth,
Tĭll, drōpt wĭth ă cārefŭl prĕcīsiŏn fīne,
Ĭt toŭchĕs thĕ poŏl bĕyōnd thĕ frŏth.
Ă-sūddĕn, thĕ spēcklĕd hāwk ŏf thĕ broŏk
Dărts frōm hĭs cōvĕrt ănd sēizĕs thĕ hoŏk.
Swĭft spīns thĕ reĕl; wĭth ēasў slĭp
Thĕ līne păys oŭt, ănd thĕ rōd, lĭke ă whĭp,
Lĭthe ănd ărrŏwў, tāpĕrĭng, slĭm,
Ĭs bēnt tŏ ă bōw ŏ'er thĕ broŏklĕt's brĭm,
Tĭll thĕ trŏut lĕaps ūp ĭn thĕ sūn, ănd flĭngs
Thĕ sprāy frŏm thĕ flāsh ŏf hĭs fĭnnў wĭngs;
Thĕn fālls ŏn hĭs sīde, ănd, drūnkĕn wĭth frĭght,
Ĭs tōwed tŏ thĕ shōre lĭke ă stāggĕrĭng bārge,
Tĭll bēached ăt lāst ŏn thĕ sāndў mārge,
Whĕre hĕ dĭes wĭth thĕ hūes ŏf thĕ mōrnĭng lĭght,
Whĭle hĭs sĭdes wĭth ă clūstĕr ŏf stārs ăre brĭght.
Thĕ ānglĕr ĭn hĭs bāskĕt lāys
Thĕ cōnstĕllātiŏn, ănd gōes hĭs wāys.

Thomas Buchanan Read—"The Angler."

(9).

Ŏ, frūit lŏved ŏf bōyhoŏd! thĕ ŏld dāys rĕcāllĭng;
Whĕn woŏd-grăpes wĕre pūrplĭng ănd brōwn nŭts wĕre fāllĭng!
Whĕn wīld, ūglў fācĕs wĕ cārved ĭn ĭts skĭn,
Glārĭng ōut throŭgh thĕ dārk wĭth ă cāndlĕ wĭthĭn!
Whĕn wĕ lāughed rŏund thĕ cōrn-hĕap, wĭth heārts ăll ĭn tūne,
Oŭr chāir ă brŏad pūmpkĭn, oŭr lāntĕrn thĕ moŏn,

Tĕllĭng tāles ŏf thĕ fāirў whŏ trāvĕled lĭke stēam
Ĭn ă pūmpkĭn-shĕll cōach, wĭth twŏ rāts fŏr hĕr tēam !
Thĕn thānks fŏr thў prēsĕnt !—nŏne sweētĕr ŏr bēttĕr
Ē'er smōked frŏm ăn ōvĕn ŏr cĭrclĕd ă plāttĕr !
Fāirĕr hānds nēvĕr wrōught ăt ă pāstrў mŏre fĭne,
Brĭghtĕr ĕyes nēvĕr wātched ŏ'er ĭts bākĭng, thăn thīne !
Ănd thĕ prāyer, whĭch mў mōuth ĭs toŏ fūll tŏ ĕxprēss,
Swĕlls mў heărt thăt thў shādŏw măy nēvĕr bĕ lĕss,
Thăt thĕ dāys ŏf thў lōt măy bĕ lēngthĕned bĕlōw,
Ănd thĕ fāme ŏf thў wōrth lĭke ă pūmpkĭn-vĭne grōw,
Ănd thў lĭfe bĕ ăs sweēt, ănd ĭts lāst sūnsĕt skў
Gōldĕn-tĭntĕd ănd fāir ăs thў ōwn pūmpkĭn-pīe !

John Greenleaf Whittier—"The Pumpkin."

Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballads," are fine examples of pastoral poetry; while Wordsworth, Cowper, and Swinburne abound in this excellent verse. Of our American poets, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, John Hay, James Whitcomb Riley, Bret Harte, and Joaquin Miller have poems that will rank with the best of English productions.

THE DIDACTIC.

It has been said no subject is so unpromising it has not been selected by some one as a beautiful theme. Didactic poetry has been oftenest employed in the presentation of the various themes thus selected; for, differing from other poetry, its chief aim and object is instruction. Poetry of this species is accompanied with poetic reflection, illustrations and episodes.

Didactic poems are often seemingly dry and prosaic; they are, however, many of them full of interest, filled with noble thoughts, and when considered as poetical essays,

may be classed among our finest literature—considered from a purely moral and didactic standpoint. Many didactic poems, however, are highly ornamental in figurative language and metrical beauty :

The "Essay on Criticism" and "Essay on Man" by Alexander Pope, Cowper's "Task," Wordsworth's "Excursion," Dryden's "Hind and Panther," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

PHILOSOPHICAL.

Făr frŏm mў dēarĕst friēnd, 'tĭs mīne tŏ rōve
Throŭgh bāre grĕy dēll, hĭgh woōd, ănd pāstorăl cōve,
Hĭs wizărd cōurse whĕre hōarў Dērwĕnt tākes,
Thrŏ' crāgs, ănd fōrĕst gloōms ănd ōpenĭng lākes,
Stāyĭng hĭs sīlĕnt wāves, tŏ hēar thĕ rōar
Thăt stūns thĕ trēmŭloŭs clĭffs ŏf hĭgh Lŏdōre,
Whĕre pēace tŏ Grāsmĕre's lōnelў ĭslănd lēads
Tŏ willowў hēdgrŏws, ānd tŏ ēmerăld mēads ;
Lĕads tō hĕr brĭdge, rŭde chūrch, ănd cōttăged grōunds,
Hĕr rōckў sheēpwălks, ānd hĕr woōdlănd bōunds ;
Whĕre, bōsŏm'd deēp, thĕ shў Wĭnāndĕr peēps
'Mĭd clŭsterĭng ĭsles, ănd hōlў sprĭnklĕd steēps ;
Whĕre twĭlĭght glēns ĕndēar mў Ēsthwăite's shōre,
Ănd mēmorў ōf dĕpārtĕd plēasŭres, mōre.
Făir scēnes ! ĕrewhīle Ĭ tāught, ă hāppў chīld,
Thĕ ēchŏes ōf yoŭr rōcks mў cārōls wĭld ;
Thĕn dīd nŏ ēbb ŏf cheērfŭlnēss dĕmānd
Săd tīdes ŏf jōy frŏm Mēlănchōlў's hānd ;
Ĭn yoūth's wĭld eўe thĕ lĭvelŏng dāy wăs brĭght,
Thĕ sūn ăt mōrnĭng, ānd thĕ stārs ăt nĭght,
Ălĭke, whĕn fĭrst thĕ vālves thĕ bĭttĕrn fĭlls
Ŏr thĕ fĭrst woōdcŏcks rōamed thĕ moōnlĭght hĭlls.
Ĭn thōughtlĕss gāyĕtў Ĭ cōurse thĕ plāin,
Ănd hōpe ĭtsēlf wăs āll Ĭ knēw ŏf pāin ;
Fŏr thĕn, ēvĕn thēn, thĕ lĭttlĕ heărt woŭld bēat
Ăt tīmes, whĭle yoūng Cŏntēnt fŏrsoōk hĕr sēat,

And wild Impatience, pointing upward, showed,
Where, tipped with gold, the mountain summits glowed.
Alas! the idle tale of man is found
Depicted in the dial's moral round;
With hope Reflection blends her social rays
To gild the total tablet of his days;
Yet still, the sport of some malignant power,
He knows but from its shade the present hour.

Wordsworth—"An Evening Walk."

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed th' encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was dispappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor steal'ing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft,—in short, began to prose.

George Crabbe—"Tales of the Hall."

MEDITATIVE.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixed
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew,
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene;
With few associates, and not wishing more.
Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
With other views of men and manners now
Than once, and others of a life to come.
I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
Each in his own delusions; they are lost
In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
And never won. Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream, that they shall still succeed;
And still are disappointed. Rings the world
With the vain stir. I sum up half mankind,
And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
And find the total of their hopes and fears
Dreams, empty dreams.

William Cowper—"The Task."

THE EPIC.

The epic or heroic poem is the longest of all poetical compositions, consisting of a recital of great and heroic events. These events are represented as being told by the hero or some participant in the scenes. There should be a plot of interest and many actors therein; added to which are numerous episodes, incidents, stories, scenes, pomp and

machinery. This latter term signifies the introduction of supernatural beings, or, as Mr. Pope said, "a term invented by the critics to signify that part which the deities, angels or demons are made to act in a poem, without which no poem can be admitted as an epic." Fiction, invention and imagination are all used to an unlimited extent, and all recounted in the most elevated style and language.

Epic poetry is subdivided into two classes,— the Great Epic and the Mock Epic. The Great Epic poem has for its subject some grand heroic action. English literature possesses the greatest of all epics—Milton's "Paradise Lost;" the Greek literature furnishes the "Iliad" of Homer, while Roman literature gives us the "Æneid" of Virgil, and modern Italian literature gives us Dante's "Divine Comedy." None of our poets of late years have attempted a great epic poem, and few civilized races have produced more than one. Milton's "Paradise Lost," by many of our men of letters, is considered noble in style, unrivaled in language, artistic in construction. Ages have come and gone, yet Milton's grand epic is still considered a work of consummate art.

Āll wăs fālse ănd hōllŏw; thōugh hĭs tōngue
Drŏpped mānnă, ānd coŭld māke thĕ wōrse ăppēar
Thĕ bĕttĕr rēasŏn, tō pĕrplĕx ănd dāsh
Mătūrĕst cōunsĕls; fōr hĭs thōughts wĕre lōw;
Tŏ vīce ĭndūstrĭoūs, bŭt tŏ nōblĕr deēds
Timorous ănd slōthfŭl: yĕt hĕ plēased thĕ ēar,
Ănd wĭth pĕrsuāsĭve āccĕnt thūs bĕgān.

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

THE MOCK EPIC.

The Mock Epic is a caricature of the Great Epic. Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice," from an unknown Greek original, attributed to Homer,

are notable examples familiar to the reader. Mr. Pope says of the "Rape of the Lock." "It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, yet you may bear me witness it was intended only to divert a few young ladies who have good sense and good humor enough to laugh not only at their sex's little, unguarded follies, but at their own."

Ănd nōw, ŭnvēiled, thĕ tōilĕt stānds dĭsplāyed,
Ĕach sīlvĕr vāse ĭn mȳstĭc ōrdĕr lāid.
Fĭrst, rōbed ĭn whīte, thĕ nȳmph ĭntēnt, ădōres,
Wĭth hēad ŭncōvĕred, the cōsmētĭc pōwers.
Ă hēavenlў ĭmăge ĭn thĕ glāss ăppēars,
Tŏ thāt shĕ bēnds, tŏ thāt hĕr eȳes shĕ rēars;
Th' ĭnfĕrĭŏr priēstĕss, āt hĕr āltăr's sīde,
Trēmblĭng bĕgĭns thĕ sācrĕd rītes ŏf prīde.
Ŭnnūmbĕred trēasŭres ōpe ăt ōnce, ănd hēre
Thĕ vărĭoŭs ŏffĕrĭngs ōf thĕ wōrld ăppēar;
Frŏm ēach shĕ nĭcelў cūlls wĭth cūrĭoŭs tōil,
Ănd dēcks thĕ gŏddĕss wĭth thĕ glĭttĕrĭng spōil.
Thĭs cāskĕt Ĭndĭă's glōwĭng gēms ŭnlōcks,
Ănd āll Ărăbĭă brēathes frŏm yōndĕr bōx.
Thĕ tōrtoĭse hēre ănd ēlĕphānt ŭnīte,
Trănsfōrmed tŏ cōmbs, thĕ spēcklĕd ănd thĕ whīte.
Hĕre fīles ŏf pĭns ĕxtēnd thĕir shĭnĭng rōws,
Pŭffs, pōwdĕrs, pātchĕs, Bĭblĕs, bĭllĕt-doūx.
Nŏw āwfŭl bĕaūtў pūts ŏn āll ĭts ārms;
Thĕ fāir ĕach mōmĕnt rĭsĕs ĭn hĕr chārms,
Rĕpāirs hĕr smīles, ăwākĕns ēverў grāce,
Ănd cālls fŏrth āll thĕ wōndĕrs ōf hĕr fāce;
Seĕs bў dĕgreēs ă pūrĕr blūsh ărīse,
Ănd keēnĕr lĭghtnĭngs quĭckĕn ĭn hĕr eȳes.
Thĕ būsў sȳlphs sŭrrōund thĕir dārlĭng cāre,
Thĕse sēt thĕ hēad, ănd thōse dĭvīde thĕ hāir,
Sŏme fōld thĕ sleēve, whĭlst ōthĕrs plāit thĕ gōwn;
Ănd Bēttў 's prāised fŏr lābŏrs nōt hĕr ōwn.

Pope—"The Rape of the Lock."

METRICAL ROMANCE.

The Romance is a narrative of love and heroic adventure. It possesses many of the qualities of the Epic poem and ranks next in the order of poetry. It is a tale in verse but little less elevated than the Epic. The passion of love which does not appear in the Grand Epic is usually the leading feature of the Romance, and instead of the machinery of the Epic we have ghosts, witches, elves, fairies, fire worshipers, veiled prophets, and the peri. Metrical romances, for the mere pleasure of reading, give greater delight than any other species. We have many romances in rhyme, both ancient and modern, and it is not difficult to find examples. The "Fairy Queen" by Spenser, written in that peculiar stanza which now bears his name—the Spenserian—is an elegant romance, the "Canterbury Tales" by Geoffrey Chaucer, Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Lord Lytton's "Lucile," and Longfellow's "Evangeline" are among the best romances and metrical tales.

Thĕy glīde, lĭke phāntŏms, īntŏ thē wīde hāll!
Lĭke phāntŏms tō thĕ īrŏn pōrch thĕy glīde,
Whĕre lāy thĕ pōrtĕr īn ŭnēasў sprāwl,
Wĭth ā hŭge ēmptў flāgŏn bў hĭs sīde:
Thĕ wākefŭl bloŏdhoŭnd rōse ănd shoŏk hĭs hīde,
Bŭt hīs săgācioŭs eўe ăn ĭnmāte ōwns;
Bў ōne, ănd ōne, thĕ bōlts fŭll ēasў slīde;
Thĕ chāins lĭe sīlĕnt ōn thĕ foŏtwŏrn stōnes;
Thĕ kēy tŭrns, ānd thĕ doŏr ŭpōn ĭts hīngĕs grōans.

Keats—"The Eve of St. Agnes."

A metrical tale of exquisite beauty is one of Mr. Charles Algernon Swinburne's latest productions—a story of Arthurian days, entitled "Tale of Balen." It is preëminently melodious, being wonderful in musical expressions, and harmonious in words, and withal a singular grace and rare simplicity of style. Notice the beautiful rhythm of the following stanza:

Swĭft frŏm hĭs plāce lĕapt Bālĕn, smōte
Thĕ līar ăcrōss hĭs fāce, ănd wrōte
Hĭs wrāth ĭn bloōd ŭpōn thĕ blōat
Brŭte cheēk thăt chāllĕnged shāme fŏr nōte
Hŏw vīle ă kĭng bŏrn knāve măy bē.
Fŏrth sprāng thĕir swōrds, ănd Bālĕn slēw
Thĕ knāve ĕre wēll ŏne wĭtnĕss drēw
Ŏf āll thăt rōund thĕm stoōd, ŏr knĕw
Whăt sīght wās thēre tŏ seē.

The following is another beautiful stanza from the poem. It is a nine line stanza, composed of a quatrain and a five line stanza. The first four lines of the stanza are fourfold rhymes, the fifth and ninth lines rhyme, while the sixth, seventh and eighth lines of the stanza are threefold or triple rhymes. It is an elegant stanza, brisk and spirited in style —iambic measure:

Ăs thōught frŏm thōught tăkes wĭng ănd flĭes,
Ăs mōnth ŏn mōnth wĭth sūnlĭt eўes
Trāmplĕs ănd trĭŭmphs ĭn ĭts rĭse,
Ăs wāve smītes wāve tŏ dēath ănd dĭes,
Sŏ chānce ŏn hūrtlĭng chānce lĭke steēl
Strikes, flāshĕs, ănd ĭs quēnched, ĕre fēar
Cān whĭspĕr hōpe, ŏr hōpe cān hēar,
Ĭf sōrrŏw ŏr jōy bĕ fār ŏr nēar
Fŏr tīme tŏ hūrt ŏr hēal.

METRICAL HISTORY.

The Historical poem is a narrative of public events. Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" is a noble example. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" may also be classed under this head; so, too, ballads descriptive of battles may be classed as metrical history.

THE DRAMA.

It is to Greece we must give praise for the invention of the Drama. It was first invented and exhibited at the festivals of the god Dionysus. The ancient Greek writers tell us that the drama originated in the choral song. Aristotle tells us it had its origin in the singers of dithyramb. While the drama had its origin in pantomimic dances and choral singing, it was slowly purified from its extraneous mixtures. While lyric poetry by means of musical expression by language of mental emotions aims to represent human actions, the drama consists of an impersonal representation by the dramatist or an animated conversation of various individuals from whose speech the movements of the story is to be gathered; thus it is constructed on the one hand with dialogue, and on the other with every other species of poetry. The movements and thoughts of the drama are so lively and the expectation of the issue so vivid that this class of poetry surpasses all others in interest and intensity. The drama from Greece was introduced into Rome and from there mto other parts of Europe, where after years of decline, change, and struggle, with the vicissitudes of the age, about the middle of the sixteenth century it extricated itself from its ancient fetters. In the early years of Christianity actors were denied baptism, and the decree of the church was

followed by an edict of the Emperor Julian. The drama, however, was finally appropriated by the clergy, and plays known as Miracle Plays and Moralities followed as a result. The Passion Plays of Germany had their origin in this manner. "The Passion of Our Saviour" is still in existence and played at Ammergau and is said to be the only miracle play which has survived. It is played by about five hundred peasants instructed by the village priest, who conducts it morally and reverently, and it is largely attended by the peasants of Bavaria and all parts of Tyrol. These plays originated in Europe about the beginning of the eleventh century and most of them had their ending about the middle of the fifteenth century, and with their decline the drama proper began to flourish.

The drama is divided into two classes, the Tragedy, and Comedy. The first known tragedy of England was the joint production of Mrs. Norton and Lord Buckhurst, and was known variously as "Ferrex and Porrex" or as "Gorbudoc." It was written about 1562. The first comedy was written about the middle of the sixteenth century, 1551, by Nicholas Udall, and was entitled "Ralph Roister Doister." Blank verse was first introduced into dramatic composition in "Ferrex and Porrex," but the play was dull and heavy and not a success. Between this time and the advent of Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe was the best-known writer of the drama. The plays of "Edward II." and "Dr. Faustus" were said to contain passages unsurpassed by even Shakespeare. It was Marlowe who first introduced blank verse upon the public stage. We pass Shakespeare's predecessors, Lyle, Kyd, Marlowe, Peele, Greene, Lodge, Nash, Chettle and Munday, who were all writers of more or less note in their day and time; the drama in their time, though

far from being in a crude state, lacked much of being in a state of full development. Shakespeare was a man of broad vision ; his genius as the poet of the drama was then, as it has remained since, unsurpassed. At first he began to retouch and rewrite some of the old plays of his predecessors. Described as an actor and unknown as a writer, with times and conditions favorable to the development of the English drama he was quick to discover the material at hand, which soon made his fame—a fame that still shines brighter than that of any other poet living or dead. He devoted himself to English and Roman history, and as a result his historic dramas reached a perfection that has never before nor since been attained. Shakespeare was a great poetical genius ; he used blank verse with the skill of the consummate master that he was, and his tragedies and his comedies established themselves for all time to come as examples of the highest type. His historic themes became the perennial models of the modern historic drama. The influence of the diction and versification of Shakespeare cannot be overrated ; in his characterizations he has never been equaled, while his plays furnish models in every phase of human life and are a mirror of humanity. Goethe and Schiller contributed to the German drama. Goethe's "Faust," "Ipigenia" and "Tasso" are masterpieces of the art of dramatic poetry. Schiller contributed "Don Carlos," "Wallenstein" and "William Tell" as masterpieces of his genius, a genius bright as electric light, illuminating the pathway of those to follow who seek the field of literature. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton contributed to the modern English drama the "Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu," both of which found great favor. Sheridan gave an impulse to the genteel comedy that is felt to the present day.

THE TRAGEDY.

Tragedy is earnest and serious, and deals with the great and sublime actions of life. It is generally written in blank heroic verse. Its diction should be elevated. The calamitous side of life with tragic events is placed before the public gaze with a view to arouse pity, fear, or indignation, or it may be of noble deeds in connection with life's events. The subjects of tragedy are various. Shakespeare has given to the world "King Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "Romeo and Juliet," and many other plays of great merit which the reader may well refer to with profit. "Virginius" is a fine example of the tragedy.

THE COMEDY.

Directly the opposite of tragedy is comedy, which seeks to represent all the follies and foibles of human life, and has only an eye to the ridiculous and ludicrous. Its humor, however, should always be refined and its ending be ever happy. Comedy deals largely in satire, and its caricatures are often grotesque.

THE DIVISIONS OF THE DRAMA.

These constitute acts, which are in turn subdivided into scenes. The regular drama is limited to five acts. The first should present the intrigue, the second should develop it, the third should be filled with incidents forming its complication, the fourth should prepare the means of unraveling, the fifth should unravel the plot.

THE FARCE.

It is a short play in which ridiculous qualities and actions are greatly exaggerated for the purpose of exciting laughter. The dialogues and characters are usually taken from inferior ranks.

THE TRAVESTY, OR BURLESQUE.

It is a humorous dramatic composition where things high and low are commingled. Common thoughts and topics are invested with artificial dignity, and the forms and expressions of serious drama are imitated in language of a ludicrous character.

THE MELODRAMA.

The melodrama is a combination of the tragic and comic interspersed with song and music and gorgeous scenery. Its drama is genteel comedy and is perhaps more popular with the theater-going world than any other species of drama. Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," Sheridan's "Critic" and Jefferson's "Rip VanWinkle" are excellent illustrations.

THE BURLETTA.

It is a musical drama of a comic nature.

THE PROLOGUE.

An introduction in verse to be recited before the representation of the drama.

Ĭmāgĭne yoŭrsĕlf thĕn, goŏd Sĭr, ĭn ă wĭg,
Ĕithĕr grĭzzlĕ ŏr bōb—nĕvĕr mĭnd, yoŭ loŏk bĭg.
Yoŭ've ă swōrd ăt yoŭr sīde, ĭn yoŭr shōes thĕre ăre būcklĕs,
Ănd thĕ fōlds ŏf fĭne lĭnĕn flăp ōvĕr yoŭr knūcklĕs.
Yoŭ hăve cōme wĭth lĭght heărt, ănd wĭth eȳes thăt ăre brĭghtĕr,
Frŏm ă pĭnt ŏf rĕd Pōrt, ănd ă steăk ăt thĕ Mĭtrĕ ;
Yoŭ hăve strōlled frŏm thĕ Bār ănd thĕ pūrlieŭs ŏf Fleēt,
Ănd yoŭ tūrn frŏm thĕ Strănd ĭntŏ Cāthĕrĭne Streēt ;
Thĕnce clĭmb tŏ thĕ lāw-lŏvĭng sūmmĭts ŏf Bōw,
Tĭll yoŭ stănd ăt thĕ Pōrtăl ăll plāy-gōĕrs knōw.
Seĕ, hĕre ăre thĕ 'prēntĭce lăds lāughĭng ănd pūshĭng,
Ănd hĕre ăre thĕ sēamstrĕssĕs shrĭnkĭng ănd blūshĭng,
Ănd hĕre ăre thĕ ūrchĭns whŏ, jūst ăs tŏ-dāy, Sĭr,
Bŭzz āt yoŭ lĭke flĭes wĭth thĕir "Bĭll ŏ' thĕ Plāy, Sĭr?"
Yĕt yoŭ tāke ŏne, nŏ lĕss, ănd yoŭ squeēze bȳ thĕ chāirs,
Wĭth thĕir frēights ŏf fĭne lādiĕs, ănd mōunt ŭp thĕ stāirs ;
Sŏ ĭssŭe ăt lāst ŏn thĕ Hŏuse ĭn ĭts prīde,
Ănd pāck yoŭrsĕlf snūg ĭn ă bŏx ăt thĕ sīde.

Austin Dobson—Prologue to Abbey's Edition of "She Stoops to Conquer."

THE EPILOGUE.

An address in verse to the audience at the conclusion of the drama. It is usually intended to recapitulate the chief incidents, and draws a moral from them.

THE ENVOY.

It is a sort of postscript appended to poetical compositions to enforce or recommend them.

Goŏd-bȳe tŏ yoŭ, Kĕllĕy, yoŭr fēttĕrs ăre brōkĕn
Goŏd-bȳe tŏ yoŭ, Cūmbĕrlănd, Gōldsmĭth hăs spōkĕn !
Goŏd-bȳe tŏ shăm Sēntĭmĕnt, mōpĭng ănd mūmmĭng,
Fŏr Gōldsmĭth hăs spōkĕn ănd Shĕrĭdăn's cōmĭng ;
Ănd thĕ frănk Mŭse ŏf Cōmĕdȳ lāughs ĭn freĕ āir
Ăs shĕ lāughed wĭth thĕ Greāt Ŏnes, wĭth Shākespēare, Mŏlĭēre !

Austin Dobson—Envoy to Abbey's Edition of "She Stoops to Conquer."

THE SUBJECTIVE DRAMA.

The drama of the human soul, teaching the lessons of human struggle to the higher stages of life. Goethe's masterpiece, "Faust," is a high type of this species of the drama. Life is made up of incessant toils and struggles to nobler ends. This poem is grand, bringing together as it does, the tragedies and the comedies of human life into a perfect state of reconciliation.

THE OPERA.

The opera is a dramatic composition set to music and sung on the stage, accompanied with musical instruments and enriched with magnificent dresses, machinery, dancing, and songs. Thus made up of music, dancing, decoration, and poetry, it is intended to please the sight, and must be judged more from the standpoint of its being able to secure popular applause and favor than from any real intrinsic literary merit. To the opera of the present day more of its success frequently lies in its decorations and pantomimic character than to the parts sung or spoken. The opera of today is patterned after the French, Italian, and German.

THE SATIRE.

The satire in character is allied to the didactic, and is intended to reform the abuses it attacks. The satirical poem is a composition in which wickedness or folly is ridiculed, censured, and held up to reprobation; hence it is an invective poem. Satirical poetry is divisible into three classes, Moral, Personal and Political. Of the first class, Pope's "Moral Essays" and the satires of Horace furnish fine examples.

Tŏ rēst, thĕ cūshiŏn ānd sŏft dēan ĭnvīte,
Whŏ nēvĕr mēntiŏns hēll tŏ ēars pŏlīte.
Pope—"Moral Essays."

'Tĭs ēdŭcātiŏn fōrms thĕ cōmmŏn mīnd ;
Jŭst ās thĕ twĭg ĭs bēnt thĕ treē's ĭnclīned.
Idem.

Satirical poetry is also used for the purpose of exposing the weaknesses, the absurdities or vices of men. Derision, irony, mockery, sarcasm, or burlesque may be employed. Of these personal satires, excellent examples may be found in Dryden's "MacFlecknoe," it being a personal attack on a rival dramatist. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," by Lord Byron, is perhaps the greatest of all personal satires. Being attacked by critics and held up to ridicule, he replied in a way that gave evidence of his mighty genius and in turn ridiculed nearly all critics and poets of the author's day and time.

Stĭll mūst Ĭ hēar?—shăll hōarse Fĭtzgĕrăld bāwl
Hĭs creēkĭng coūplĕts īn ă tāvĕrn hāll,
Ănd Ī nŏt sīng, lĕst, hāplў, Scōtch rĕviēws
Shoŭld dūb mĕ scrĭbblĕr, ānd dĕnōunce mў mūse?
Prĕpāre fŏr rhўme—Ĭ'll pūblĭsh, rīght ŏr wrōng :
Foŏls āre mў thēme, lĕt sātĭre bē mў sōng.
Byron—"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

Sŏ thē strŭck ēaglĕ, strētched ŭpōn thĕ plāin,
Nŏ mōre throŭgh rōllĭng clōuds tŏ sōar ăgāin,
Viĕwed hĭs ŏwn fēathĕr ōn thĕ fātăl dārt,
Ănd wĭnged thĕ shāft thăt quĭvĕred ĭn hĭs heārt.
Idem.

Ăs soōn
Seĕk rōsĕs īn Dĕcēmbĕr,—īce ĭn Jūne ;
Hŏpe cōnstăncȳ ĭn wīnd, ŏr cōrn ĭn chāff.
Bĕlīēve ă wōmăn, ōr ăn ēpĭtāph,
Ŏr ānў ōthĕr thīng thăt's fālse, bĕfōre
Yoŭ trūst ĭn crītĭcs.

Idem.

The "Dunciad," by Alexander Pope, is an excellent satire of this kind, one in which he vilifies all writers by whom he had been vilified. Under the same head we may be allowed to class James Russell Lowell's "A Fable for the Critics," one of the finest productions of its kind in the English language, of a very different nature, however, from the satires of Dryden, Byron and Pope. Lowell's satire was written for the purpose of provoking friendly rivalry, and not for the purpose of giving offense. His portraits and caricatures were, however, droll, and the colors were laid on with no sparing hand ; yet the tone of "A Fable for the Critics" was so good-natured that no one ought to have taken offense, although some of his thrusts left embittered memories.

Thĕre cŏmes Pōe with hĭs Rāvĕn, lĭke Bārnăbў Rūdge,
Threĕ-fĭfths ŏf hĭm gēniŭs ănd twō-fĭfths sheĕr fūdge,
Whŏ tālks lĭke ă boōk ŏf ĭāmbs ănd pĕntāmĕtĕrs,
Ĭn ă wāy tŏ măke pēoplĕ ŏf cōmmŏn sĕnse dāmn mĕtĕrs,
Whŏ hăs wrīttĕn sŏme thīngs quīte thĕ bĕst ŏf thĕir kīnd,
Bŭt thĕ heārt sŏmehŏw seēms ăll squeĕzed ōut bў thĕ mīnd,
Whŏ—bŭt hēy-dăy ! Whăt's thīs ? Mĕssieŭrs Mātthĕws ănd Pōe,
Yoŭ mūst nŏt flĭng mūd-bălls ăt Lōngfēllŏw sō,
Dŏes ĭt māke ă măn wōrse thăt hĭs chārăctĕr's such
Ăs tŏ māke hĭs friĕnds lōve hĭm (ăs yoū thĭnk) toŏ mūch?
Whў, thĕre īs nŏt ă bārd ăt thĭs mōmĕnt ălīve
Mŏre wīllĭng thăn hē thăt hĭs fēllŏws shoŭld thrīve ;
Whĭle yoŭ ăre ăbūsĭng hĭm thūs, ĕvĕn nōw
Hĕ woŭld hēlp ēithĕr ōne ŏf yoŭ ōut ŏf ă slōugh ;

Yoŭ măy sāy thăt hĕ's smoōth ănd ăll thăt tĭll yoŭ're hōarse,
Bŭt rĕmēmbĕr thăt ēlĕgănce ālsŏ ĭs fōrce ;
Ăftĕr pōlĭshĭng grānīte ăs mūch ăs yoŭ wĭll,
Thĕ heărt keĕps ĭts toūgh ōld pĕrsīstĕncў stĭll ;
Dĕdūct ăll yoŭ cān thăt stĭll keĕps yoŭ ăt bāy,—
Whў, hĕ'll līve tĭll mĕn wēarў ŏf Cōllĭns ănd Grāy.
Ĭ'm nōt ŏvĕr-fōnd ŏf Greĕk mētĕrs ĭn Ēnglĭsh,
Tŏ mē rhўme's ă gāin, sŏ ĭt bē nŏt toŏ jĭnglĭsh,
Ănd yoŭr mōdĕrn hĕxāmētĕr vērsĕs ăre nō mŏre
Lĭke Greĕk ōnes thăn sleĕk Mr. Pōpe ĭs lĭke Hōmĕr ;
Ăs thĕ rōar ŏf thĕ sēa tŏ thĕ coō ŏf ă pīgeŏn ĭs,
Sŏ, cŏmpāred tŏ yoŭr mōdĕrns, soŭnds ōld Mĕlĕsīgĕnĕs ;
Ĭ măy bĕ toŏ pārtiăl, thĕ rēasŏn, pĕrhāps, ŏ't ĭs
Thăt Ĭ've hēard thĕ ōld blĭnd măn rĕcīte hĭs ŏwn rhāpsŏdĭes,
Ănd mў ēar wĭth thăt mūsĭc ĭmprēgnāte măy bē,
Lĭke thĕ poōr ĕxĭled shĕll wĭth thĕ sōul ŏf thĕ sēa,
Ŏr ăs ōne căn't beăr Strāuss whĕn hĭs nātūre ĭs clōvĕn
Tŏ ĭts deēps wĭthĭn deēps bў thĕ strōke ŏf Beēthōvĕn ;
Bŭt, sēt thăt ăsīde, ănd 'tĭs trūth thăt Ĭ spēak,
Hăd Thēōcrĭtŭs wrīttĕn ĭn Ēnglĭsh, nŏt Greēk,
Ĭ bĕlĭēve thăt hĭs ēxquĭsīte sēnse woŭld scărce chānge ă līne
Ĭn thăt rāre, tĕndĕr, vīrgĭn-lĭke pāstorăl, Évāngĕlĭne.

Lowell—"A Fable for the Critics."

Satires of a political nature are written in the interest of some great political party, or its candidates. Dryden's "Absalom Achitophel," Butler's "Hudibras," and Lowell's "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," are all first-class political satires. The satire of Lowell is from his "Bigelow Papers." It was not an ephemeral production, as such satires usually are, but was well received then and has ever since been appreciated by a reading public. Mr. Lowell has written this satire in the Yankee dialect, and has thus helped to preserve this quaint type of New England speech.

Gūvĕnĕr B. ĭs ă sĕnsĭblĕ mān ;
Hĕ stāys tŏ hĭs hōme ăn' loŏks ārtĕr hĭs fōlks ;
Hĕ drāws hĭs fūrrĕr ĕz strāit ĕz hĕ cān,—
Ănd ĭntĕr nŏbŏdy's tātĕr-pătch pōkes ;—
Bŭt Jŏhn P.
Rōbĭnsŏn hĕ
Sĕz hĕ wŭnt vōte fĕr Gūvĕnĕr B.
James Russell Lowell—"What Mr. Robinson Thinks."

THE DIALECTIC.

People of the same country do not always speak the same language. In our own country we have many varieties or peculiar forms of the English. These peculiarities of speech may be termed dialectics. America having a more diversiloquent population than any other race on the globe, there are necessarily more dialectics. These varieties are found in all parts of the country. In New England we have the Yankee dialect ; in the South we have the Negro dialect ; on the Western plains we have a dialect peculiar to the cowboy, the mountaineer and the miner ; in the interior we have a dialect peculiar to a large class of Westerners which has received the euphonious name of the Hoosier dialect. "Unzer Fritz" in America has produced what is known as the German dialect, while Patrick has given to us a mixture of his brogue, which is known as the Irish dialect ; on our western coast John Chinaman has given us a mixture of his tongue, and we have what is known as the Chinese dialect. Is it a wonder America is a land where dialectic poetry flourishes? England has dialects peculiar to her own province. So, too, the Welsh and the Scotch. The Scotch dialect Burns has immortalized, and beauty teems in every line of his Lowland Scotch. The peculiar charm which attaches to the dialect of the Irish-American, and the

native talent and wit possessed by the Irish people, together with the "bulls" and mistakes that necessarily happen in conversations, has made the Irish dialect quite a favorite in this country, and much excellent as well as amusing poetry is the result. Our German cousin has ever furnished amusement for men like Charles Follen Adams, a Massachusetts poet, who has made a decided success with his favorite dialect—the German. Riley's poems in Hoosier dialect are inimitable, unsurpassable and never-dying. The provincialisms of our Western folk are as indelibly fixed by Riley as was the Scottish by Burns. James Russell Lowell was the author of good dialectic poetry, and many others of our brightest and best authors have indulged in the temptation. Bret Harte is still another one of those peculiar geniuses that have touched the chord-strings of the human heart; and his dialectic poems are the best of their kind, describing the dialect of the far West and the peculiarities of its multigenerous inhabitants. Dialectic poetry has gained so great a prominence in the literature of today that we have concluded to classify it under a distinct head, although it embraces many species or varieties of poetry.

GERMAN DIALECT.

Charles Follen Adams has furnished some Anglo-Teutonic verse that will ever be appreciated by the reading public. Adams is a Boston business man who has, during his leisure moments, for recreation and pastime, written of the troubles and trials of the Strauss family. He has demonstrated himself a master of the art.

Ĭ dōn'd văs prēachĭng vōmăn's rĭghdts,
Ŏr ănўdĭng lĭke dōt,
Ŭnd Ĭ lĭkes tŏ seē ăll bēoplĕs
Shūst gŏndēntĕd mīt dhĕĭr lōt;

Bŭdt Ĭ vānts tŏ gŏndrădĭct dŏt shāp
Dŏt māde dĭs leēdlĕ shōke :
"Ă vōmăn vās dĕr glĭngĭng vĭne,
Ŭnd mān dĕr shtūrdў ōak."
Adams—"Der Oak und der Vine."

Yoŭ voūldn't dĭnk mĭne frāu,
Ĭf yoū shŭst loōk ăt hĕr nōw,
Vhĕre dĕr wrĭnklĕs ōn hĕr prōw
Lōng hăf beēn,
Vās dĕr frāulēin blūmp ŭnd fāir,
Mĭt dĕr wāfў flāxĕn hāir,
Whŏ dĭd vōnce mĭne heārt ĕnshnāre—
Mĭne Kătrĭne.
Adams—"Mine Katrine.

Dhĕre vās mānў qveēr dĭngs, ĭn dĭs lānd ŏff dĕr freē,
Ĭ nēffĕr coŭld qvīte ŭndĕrstānd ;
Dĕr bēoplĕs dhĕy āll seēm sŏ deēfrĕnt tŏ mē
Ăs dhōse ĭn mĭne ōwn fădĕrlānd.
Dhĕy gēts blĕndў droūblĕs, ŭnd ĭndŏ mĭshāps,
Mĭtoūdt dĕr lĕast bĭt ŏff ă cāuse ;
Ŭnd, voŭld yoŭ pĕlĭēf ĭd? dhōse mēan Yăngeē chāps,
Dhĕy fĭghts mĭt dhĕir mōdĕr-ĭn-lāws !
Adams—"Mine Moder-in-Law."

Ĭ'm ă prōkĕn-heārtĕd Deūtschĕr,
Vŏt's vĭll'd mĭt crĭēf ŭnd shāme.
Ĭ dēlls yoŭ vōt dĕr droūplē ĭsh :
Ĭ doōsn't knōw mў nāme.

Yoŭ dĭnks dĭs fērў vūnnў, ēh ?
Vĕn yoū dĕr schtōrў hēar,
Yoŭ vĭll nŏt vōndĕr dēn sŏ moōch,
Ĭt vās sŏ schtrānge ŭnd queēr.

Mĭne mōdĕr hād dwŏ leēdlĕ twĭns ;
Dĕy vās mĕ ūnd mĭne brōdĕr :
Vĕ loōkt sŏ fērў moōch ălĭke,
Nŏ vōn knĕw vĭch vrŏm tōdĕr.

Vŏn ŏff dĕr pōys wās "Yāwcŏb,"
Ŭnd "Hāns" dĕr ōdĕr's nāme:
Bŭt dēn ĭt mādе nŏ tĭffĕrĕnt;
Vĕ bōth gŏt cālled dĕr sāme.

Vĕll! vŏn ŏff ūs gŏt tēad,—
Yăw, Mȳnheĕr, dōt ĭsh sō!
Bŭt vēddĕr Hāns ŏr Yāwcŏb,
Mīne mōdĕr shē dŏn'd knōw.

Ŭnd sō Ĭ ām ĭn drōuplĕs:
Ĭ gān't kĭt droō mĭne hēd
Vēddĕr Ĭ'm Hāns vŏt's lĭfing,
Ŏr Yāwcŏb vōt ĭs tēad!

Adams—"Thĕ Puzzled Dutchman."

IRISH DIALECT.

Poems in this dialect are very popular with the reading world. They are usually very droll, yet full of pith and point. One by Charles Follen Adams will serve to illustrate our meaning.

"Thĕ greātĕst būrd tŏ foight," sāys Pāt,
"Bārring thĕ āglĕ, ĭs thĕ dūck;
Hĕ hās ă foĭne lărge bĭll tŏ pēck,
Ănd plĭntȳ ŏf răle Ĭrĭsh plūck.

"Ănd, thĭn, d'yĕ moĭnd thĕ fūt hĕ hās?
Fūll ās brŏad ōvĕr ās ă cūp;
Shŏw mĕ thĕ fōwl ŭpōn twŏ lĭgs
Thăt's ăblĕ fĕr tŏ thrĭp hĭm ūp!"

"Pat's Logic."

"Ărrāh, bōys, ĭt's mĕsĕlf thăt will tĕll yĕ,
Ănd thăt Ĭ căn dō prĕttȳ soōn,
Ŏf thĕ ĭncĭdĕnts strānge thăt bĕfĕll mĕ,
Whĕn Ĭ trāvĕled ūp tŏ thĕ moōn.

Ĭ hēard thăt quāre sōwls dĭd rĕsīde thĕre,
Sŏ Ĭ ĭn ă bălloōn wĭnt ŏne dāy,
Ănd ăs swĭft ăs ă rāce-hŏrse dĭd rīde thĕre,
Frŏm ēarth dĭsăppēarĭng ăwāy.

CHORUS.

"Ĭ tēll yoŭ thĕ trŭth ŏn mў hōnŏr,
Hŏw Ĭ trāvĕled ŭp ĭn ă bălloōn ;
Fŏr sūre ĭt's mĕsēlf, Păddў Cōnnŏr,
Thăt joūrnĕyed smăck ūp tŏ thĕ moōn."

Anonymous—"Paddy's Balloon Ascension."

"Ŏh, 'twăs Nōrăh M'Frīskў Ĭ mēt ŏn thĕ rōad
Tŏ thĕ Fāir ŏf Trăleē, ăs Ĭ trōttĕd ăwāy ;
Ŏn hĕr brēast, ă *gŏssoōn*, ă mŏst beaūtĭfŭl lōad,
Ănd thĕ ĭmăge ŏf Pāddў, ĕach gōssĭp dĭd sāy.
"Ărrăh, Nōrăh, mў hōnĕy, ĭs ĭt yoū Ĭ seĕ thēre?"
"'Tĭs, Mūrtŏch, ăvīc, Ĭ'm ōff tŏ thĕ Fāir."
"Ĭf thăt's whăt yoŭ're āt, Nōrăh, fāith ĭts ăll rīght ;
Wĕ'll sēt ŏff tŏgēthĕr, wĕ'll bē thĕre ăt nīght.
Ănd wĕ'll drĭnk tŏ thĕ Lўnchĕs,
Thĕ beaūtĭfŭl Clĭnchĕs,
Thĕ Mūrphўs, Ŏ'Rўăns,
Thĕ Dūffўs, thĕ Brĭăns,
Thĕ Cārĕys ănd Lēarўs,
Thĕ Lāughlĭns, Ŏ'Shāughlĭns,
Thĕ Whēlăns, thĕ Phēlăns,
Ŏ'Cōnnĕlls, Ŏ'Dōnnĕlls,
Thĕ Fōgărtўs, Dōughĕrtўs,
Thĕ Būrkes ănd M'Gūrks,
Thĕ Nōlăns ănd Fōlăns,
Thĕ Kiērnăns ănd Tiērnăns,
Thĕ Rōgăns ănd Brōgăns,
Thĕ Lācўs ănd Cāsĕys,
Thăt keēp ŭp thĕ fūn ănd thĕ frōlĭck gălōre."

"The Fun at the Fair."

"Wĭd āll cŏndĕscīnshĭn, Ĭ'd tūrn yoŭr ăttīnshĭn
Tŏ whāt Ĭ woŭld mīnshŭn ŏv Ērĭn sŏ greēn ;
Ăn' wĭdoūt hĕsĭtāshĭn Ĭ'd shōw hŏw thăt nāshĭn
Bĕcāme ŏv crĕāshĭn thĕ gēm ănd thĕ queēn."
"The Origin of Ireland."

Ŏh ! Ērĭn, mў coūntrў, thŏugh strāngĕrs măy rōam
Thĕ hĭlls ănd thĕ vāllĕys Ĭ ōnce căllĕd mў hōme,
Thў lākes ănd thў mōuntāins nŏ lōngĕr Ĭ seē,
Yĕt wārmlў ăs ēvĕr mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē,
Ŏh ! coūsh lă măchreē ! mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē,
Ērĭn, Ērĭn, mў heārt bĕats fŏr theē.
Charles Jeffreys—"Oh ! Erin, My Country."

Trŏth, Nōră! Ĭ'm wādĭn'
Thĕ grāss ăn' părādĭn'
Thĕ dēws ăt yoŭr dūre, wĭd mў swāte sĕrĕnādĭn',
Ălōne ănd fŏrsākĕn,
Whĭlst yoŭ're nĕvĕr wākĭn'
Tŏ tēll mĕ yoŭ're wĭd mĕ ăn' Ī ăm mĭstākĕn !
James Whitcomb Riley—"Serenade—To Nora."

WESTERN DIALECT.

Some very excellent poems have been written in this dialect by Francis Bret Harte. Mr. Harte is a master of the art of versification.

Ĭt wăs Aūgŭst thĕ thĭrd,
Ănd quīte sōft wăs thĕ skĭes ;
Whĭch ĭt mīght bĕ ĭnfĕrred
Thăt Āh Sĭn wăs lĭkewīse ;
Yĕt hĕ plāyed ĭt thăt dāy ŭpŏn Wĭllĭam
Ănd mē ĭn ă wāy Ĭ dĕspīse.
Bret Harte—"Plain Language from Truthful James."

Săy thēre! P'r'āps
Sŏme ōn yoŭ chāps
Mĭght knōw Jĭm Wīld?
Wĕll, nō ŏffēnse:
Thăr āin't nŏ sēnse
Ĭn gittin' rīled!

Bret Harte—"Jim."

Ĭ've seēn ă grĭzzlў shōw hĭs teēth;
Ĭ've seēn Kĕntūckў Pēte
Drăw ōut hĭs shoōtĕr 'n' ădvīse
Ă "tēndĕrfoōt" tĕr trēat;
Bŭt nūthĭn' ēvĕr tūk mĕ dōwn,
'N' māde mў bēndĕrs shāke,
Lĭke thăt sīgn ăbōut thĕ dōughnŭts
Lĭke mў mōthĕr ūsed tĕr māke.

Charles Follen Adams—"Mother's Doughnuts."

Western dialect is still further exemplified by what is termed Hoosier dialect, a speech peculiar to the people of some of the western states, yet of a little different type from those beyond the Rockies. Many excellent poems are written in this dialect. We have made a few selections:

"'Scūrĭoŭs-lĭke," săid thĕ treē-tŏad,
"Ĭ've twittĕred fĕr rāin ăll dāy;
Ănd Ī gŏt ŭp soōn,
Ănd hōllĕred tĭll noōn—
Bŭt thĕ sūn, hĭt blāzed ăwāy,
Tĭll Ĭ jēst clŭmb dōwn ĭn ă crāwfĭsh-hōle,
Wēarў ăt heārt, ănd sīck ăt sōul!

James Whitcomb Riley—"The Tree-Toad."

Ă thĭng 'ăt's 'bōut ăs trўĭn' ās ă hēalthў mān kĭn meēt
Ĭs sōme poŏr fēllĕr's fūnĕrāl ă-jōggĭn' 'lōng thĕ streēt:
Thĕ slōw hĕarse ānd thĕ hōssĕs—slōw ĕnoūgh, tŏ sāy thĕ lēast,
Fĕr tŏ ēvĕn tāx thĕ pātiĕnce ōf thĕ gēntlĕmān dĕcēased!

Thĕ slōw scrŭnch ōf thĕ grāvĕl—ānd thĕ slōw grĭnd ōf thĕ wheēls,—
Thĕ slōw,-slōw gō ŏf ēv'rў wōe 'ăt ēv'rўbōdў feēls!
Sŏ Ĭ rūthĕr līke thĕ cōntrăst whēn Ĭ hēar thĕ whīplăsh crāck
Ă quĭckstĕp fĕr thĕ hōssĕs,
Whēn thĕ
Hēarse
Cŏmes
Bāck!

James Whitcomb Riley—"When the Hearse Comes Back."

"Pŏur ŭs ōut ănōthĕr, Dāddў," sāys thĕ fēllĕr, wārmĭn' ūp,
Ă-spēakĭn' 'crōst ă sāucĕrfūl, ăs Ūnclĕ tūck hĭs cūp,—
"Whĕn Ĭ seēd yĕr sīgn ŏut yāndĕr," hē wĕnt ōn, tŏ Ūnclĕ Jāke,—
"'Cŏme īn ănd gĭt sŏme cŏffeĕ līke yĕr mōthĕr ūsed tŏ māke'—
Ĭ thōught ŏf mў ŏld mōthĕr, ānd thĕ Pōsĕy cōuntў fārm,
Ănd mē ă lĭttlĕ kĭd ăgĭn, ă-hāngĭn' īn hĕr ārm,
Ăs shĕ sēt thĕ pōt ă-bīlĭn', brōke thĕ ēggs ănd pōured 'ĕm īn"—
Ănd thĕ fēllĕr kĭnd ŏ' hāltĕd, wĭth ă trĭmblĕ īn hĭs chĭn.

James Whitcomb Riley—"Like His Mother Used to Make."

Hĕ's fĕr thĕ pōre măn ēvĕr' tīme! Ănd īn thĕ lāst cămpāign
Hĕ stūmped ŏld Mōrgăn Cōuntў, thrōugh thĕ sūnshĭne ānd thĕ rāin,
Ănd hĕlt thĕ bānnĕr ūp'ărds frōm ă-trāilĭn' īn thĕ dūst,
Ănd cūt loŏse ōn mŏnōpŏlĭes ănd cūss'd ănd cūss'd ănd cūss'd!
Hĕ'd tēll sŏme fūnnў stōrў ēvĕr' nōw ănd thēn, yoŭ knōw,
Tĕl, blāme ĭt! ĭt wŭz bĕttĕr'n ă jāck-ŏ'-lāntĕrn shōw!
Ănd Ĭ'd gŏ fūrdĕr, yīt, tŏ-dāy, tŏ hēar ŏld Jāp nŏrāte
Thăn ānў hīgh-tŏned ōrātōr 'ăt ēvĕr stūmped thĕ Stāte!

James Whitcomb Riley—"Jap Miller."

Nōthĭn' ēvĕr mādе wĕ mādděr
Thān fĕr Pāp tŏ stōmp ĭn, lāyĭn'
Ōn ă' ēxtră fōre-stĭck, sāyĭn'
"Grōun'hŏg's ōut ănd seēd hĭs shādděr!"

James Whitcomb Riley—"Old Winters on the Farm."

Rĕc'lēct thĕ wōrtĕr drāppĭn'
Ĭn thĕ trōff sŏ stĭll 'nd clāir,
'Nd wĕ'd hūnkĕr dōwn 'nd drĭnk ĭt,
Stĭll ă drāppĭn' ĭn ŏur hāir;
Rĕc'lēct yĭt hōw ĭt tāstĕd,
Sŏrtĕr soōthĭn' like 'nd sweēt,—
Ĕf ă fēllĕr jēst coŭld bŭy ĭt
Yoŭ coŭld tāp mĕ fēr ă trēat.

Joe S. Reed—"Stirrin' Off."

CHINESE DIALECT.

Mr. Harte has given us a specimen of this dialect in "The Latest Chinese Outrage," a poem in anapestic rhythm of unusual merit in descriptive resources, metrical beauty and amusing incidents. We select the fourth stanza.

Thĕn wĕ āxed fŏr ă pārlĕy. Whĕn ōut ŏf thĕ dīn
Tŏ thĕ frōnt cŏmes ă-rōckĭn' thăt hēathĕn, Ăh Sīn!
"Yoŭ ōwe flŏwtў dŏlleĕ—mĕ wāsheĕ yoŭ cāmp,
Yoŭ cātcheĕ mў wāsheĕ—mĕ cātcheĕ nŏ stāmp;
Ŏne dōllăr hăp dōzĕn, mĕ nŏ cātcheĕ yēt,
Nŏw thāt flŏwtў dōlleĕ—nŏ hāb?—hŏw căn gēt?
Mĕ cātcheĕ yoŭ pĭggeĕ—mĕ sēlleĕ fŏr cāsh,
Ĭt cātcheĕ mĕ lĭceĕ—yoŭ cātcheĕ nŏ 'hāsh';
Mĕ bēllў goŏd Shēlĭff—mĕ lēbbeĕ whĕn cān,
Mĕ ālleĕ săme hālp pĭn ăs Mēlĭcăn mān!
Bŭt Mēlĭcăn mān,
Hĕ wāsheĕ hĭm pān
Ŏn bōttŏm sĭde hĭlleĕ
Ănd cātcheĕ—hŏw cān?"

SOUTHERN DIALECT.

The dialect peculiar to the South is known as the Negro dialect. Many excellent poems are written in this dialect,

many of them quaint and laughable. We have selected an admirable poem and give it entire, entitled "De 'Sperience of de Reb'rend Quacko Strong":

Swĭng dăt gāte wīde, 'Pōstlĕ Pētĕr,
Rĭng dĕ bĭg bĕll, bēat dĕ gōng,
Sāints ănd mārtўrs dēn wĭll meēt dăr
Brūddĕr, Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng!

Sōund dăt būglĕ, Āngĕl Gābr'ĕl!
Tēll dĕ ēldĕrs lōud ăn' lōng,
Cl'ār ŏut dēm hĭgh sēats ŏb hēabĕn,
Hēre cŏmes Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng!

Tūrn dĕ guārd ŏut, Gēn'răl Mīchaĕl,
Ārms prĕsēnt, dĕ line ălōng,
Lēt dĕ bānd plăy "Cōnk'rĭn Hērŏ"
Fōr dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Dēn bĭd Mōsĕs brĭng dĕ crōwn, ăn'
Pālms, ăn' wĕddĭn' gŏwn ălōng!
Wĭd prŏcēssiŏn tō dĕ lāndĭn',
Hēre's dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Jōsĕph, mārch dŏwn wĭd yoŭr brēd'rĕn,
Trĭbes, ăn' bānnĕrs mūsterĭn' strōng;
Speēch ŏf wēlcŏme frōm ŏle Ābrăm,
Ānswĕr, Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Tūne yoŭr hārp-strĭngs tĭght, Kĭng Dāvĭd,
Sĭng yoŭr goōd Ŏle Hūndrĕd sōng,
Lēt dĕ sērŏphs dānce wĭd cўmbălls
'Rōund dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Āngĕls hēar mĕ yēll Hŏsānnĕr,
Hēar mў dūlcĕm spēritoŏl sōng;
Hāllĕlūyĕr! Ī'm ă-cōmĭn',
Ī'm dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Māke dăt whīte rŏbe rāddĕr spācioŭs,
Ānd thĕ wāist bĕlt strŏrdn'rў lōng,
'Cāuse 'twĭll tāke sŏme roōm ĭn glōrў
Fōr dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Whāt! Nō ŏne āt dĕ lāndĭn'!
'Pēars lĭke sūff'n' 'nūddĕr's wrōng;
Guēss Ĭ'll gĭb dăt sleēpў Pētĕr
Fīts—frŏm Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Whāt ă nārrăr lĭttlĕ gātewăy!
Mў! dăt gāte ăm hārd tŏ mōve,
"Whō ăm dāt?" săys 'Pōstlĕ Pētĕr
Frōm dĕ pārăpēt ăbōve.

Ūnclĕ Pētĕr, dōn't yoŭ knōw mĕ—
Mē ă shĭnĭn' lĭght sŏ lōng?
Whў dĕ bērrў nĭggĕrs cāll mĕ
Goōd ŏle Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng.

Dūn'nŏ mē! whў! Ī've cŏnvārtĕd
Hūndréds ŏ' dārkĭes ĭn ă sōng,
Dūn'nŏ mē! nŏr yēt mў māssă!
Ĭ'm dĕ Rēb'rĕnd Quāckŏ Strōng!

Ōle Nĭck's cōmĭn'! Ī căn feēl ĭt
Gēttĭn' wārmĕr āll ăbōut.
Ōh, mў goōd, kĭnd Kērnĕl Pētĕr,
Lēt mĕ ĭn, Ĭ'm āll toŏ stōut

Tō gŏ 'lōng wĭd Mājŏr Sātăn
Ĭntŏ dăt wărm clīmăte 'mōng
Fīre ăn' brīmstŏne. Hēar mĕ knōckĭn',
Ōle chŭrch mēmbĕr, Quāckŏ Strōng.

Dāt lŏud nōise ăm cōmĭn' nēarĕr,
Drēfflĕ smēll lĭke pōwdĕr smōke;
'Nūddĕr screēch! Goŏd hēaběn hēlp mĕ—
Lōrd, fŏrgĭb dĭs poōr ŏle mōke.

Āllērs wās sŏ bērrў hōlў,
Sīngĭn' ănd prāyĭn' ēxtră lōng ;
Nōw dĕ dēbblĕ's gwīne tŏ cātch mĕ,
Poōr ŏle nīggĕr, Quāckŏ Strōng.

Hī ! dăt gāte swĭngs bāck ă lĭttlĕ,
Mīghtў squeēzĭn' tō gĕt froō !
Ōle Āpōllyŏn hōwlĭn' lōudĕr,
Ēverўthĭng ărōund ăm blūe.

Bāng dĕ gāte gŏes ! ān' Bēēlzĕbŭb,
Būnch ŏb woōl ŭpōn hĭs prōng,
Gōes ălōng wĭdōut dĕ sōul ŏb
Mĭssabŭl sĭnnĕr, nāme ŏb Strōng.

Anonymous.

Few prettier selections can be made than the following :

A PLANTATION LULLABY.

Māmmў's lĭttlĕ pĭckănĭnnў gwīne tŏ gō tŏ sleēp—
Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Dōan' yŏ' hēar dĕ coōn-dŏg bāyĭn' lōud ăn' deēp?
Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Mŏck-bĭrds' nōtes ă-cāllĭn', dōan' yŏ' hēar 'ĕm sĭng?
Pāppў's gōne ă hūntĭn', ān' ă pōssŭm hōme'll brĭng.
Thĕre's wōtĕrmēlŏns coōlĭn' ĭn thĕ shādděrs ō' dĕ sprĭng.
Hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў, ān' ă bў-bў.

Thĕre's sweēt pĕrtātĕrs bīlĭn' ān' ă hăm bōne tŏ boōt,
Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Pāppў's gōt ă grāveyărd rābbĭt's lēft hĭnd foōt,
Hūsh ă bў-bў, hūsh ă bў.
Sŏ hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў whīle dĕ soūt' wĭnds mōan,
Gō tŏ sleēp sŏ māmmў cān gŏ līeb yŏ' āll ălōne,
Fĕr shĕ's gōĭn' tŏ māke yŏ'r pāppў ă bĭg cŏ'n pōne.
Hūsh ă pĭckănĭnnў, ān ă bў-bў.

Roy Farrell Greene.

YANKEE DIALECT.

The Yankee dialect is peculiar to our New England States. It has a quaintness about it that makes it very pleasant reading. James Russell Lowell has given to the world the finest specimens of this dialect. We select a poem entitled "The Courtin'," which in the excellence of its description is not exceeded :

Gŏd mākes sĕch nīghts, ăll whīte ăn' stīll
  Fŭr 'z yoū căn loŏk ŏr līstĕn,
Moōnshĭne ăn' snōw ŏn fiēld ăn' hĭll,
  Āll sīlĕnce ān' ăll glīstĕn.

Zēklĕ crĕp' ūp quĭte ūnbĕknōwn,
  Ăn' peēked ĭn thrū' thĕ wīndĕr,
Ăn' thēre sŏt Hūldȳ āll ălōne,
  'Ĭth nō ŏne nīgh tŏ hēndĕr.

Ă fīreplăce fīlled thĕ roōm's ŏne sīde
  Wĭth hālf ă cōrd ŏ' woōd ĭn,—
Thĕre wārn't nŏ stōves (tĕll cōmfŏrt dīed)
  Tŏ bāke yĕ tō ă pūddĭn'.

Thĕ wā'nŭt lōgs shŏt spārklĕs ōut
  Tōwărds thĕ poōtiĕst, blēss hĕr!
Ăn' leētlĕ flāmes dănced āll ăbōut
  Thĕ chīnȳ ōn thĕ drēssĕr.

Ăgīn thĕ chīmblĕy croōk-nĕcks hūng,
  Ăn' ĭn ămōngst 'ĕm rūstĕd
Thĕ ōle queĕn's ārm thĕt Grān'thĕr Yoūng
  Fĕtched bāck frŏm Cōncŏrd būstĕd.

Thĕ vērȳ roōm, cŏz shē wăs ĭn,
  Seĕmed wārm frŏm floōr tŏ cēilĭn',
Ăn' shē loŏked fūll ăs rōsȳ ăgīn
  Ĕz thĕ āpplĕs shē wăs peēlĭn'.

'Twăs kĭn' ŏ' kĭngdŏm-cōme tŏ loŏk
Ŏn sēch ă blēssĕd crē'tŭr',
Ă dōgrŏse blŭshĭn' tō ă broŏk
Ăin't mŏdĕstēr nŏr sweētĕr.

Hĕ wăs ā sĭx foōt ŏ' măn, Ă Ī,
Clĕan grĭt ăn' hūmăn nātŭr';
Nŏne coūldn't quĭckĕr pĭtch ă tōn
Nŏr drōr ă fūrrĕr strāightĕr.

Hĕ'd spārked ĭt wĭth fūll twēntў gāls,
Hĕ'd squīred 'ĕm, dānced 'ĕm, drūv 'ĕm,
Fŭst thĭs ŏne, ān' thĕn thĕt, bў spēlls,—
Ăll īs, hĕ coūldn't lōve 'ĕm.

Bŭt 'lōng ŏ' hēr hĭs vēins 'oŭld rūn
Ăll crĭnklў lĭke cŭrled māplĕ,
Thĕ sīde shĕ brēshed fĕlt fūll ŏ' sūn
Ēz ā soŭth slōpe ĭn Āp'ĭl.

Shĕ thōught nŏ v'īce hĕd sēch ă swĭng
Ēz hĭs'n ĭn thĕ chōir;
Mў! whēn hĕ māde Ŏle Hūndrĕd rĭng
Shĕ *knōwed* thĕ Lōrd wăs nīghĕr.

Ăn' shē'd blŭsh scārlĭt, rīght ĭn prāyer,
Whĕn hēr nĕw meētĭn'-būnnĕt
Fĕlt sōmehŏw thrū' ĭts crŏwn ă pāir
Ŏ' blūe eўes sōt ŭpōn ĭt.

Thĕt nīght; Ĭ tĕll yĕ, shē loŏked *sōme!*
Shĕ seēmed tŏ've gūt ă nĕw sŏul,
Fŏr shē fĕlt sārtĭn-sūre hĕ'd cōme,
Dŏwn tō hĕr vērў shōe-sŏle.

Shĕ heēred ă foōt, ăn' knōwed ĭt, tū,
Ă-rāspĭn' ōn thĕ scrāpĕr,—
Ăll wāys tŏ ōnce hĕr feēlĭn's flēw
Lĭke spārks ĭn bŭrnt-ŭp pāpĕr.

Hĕ kĭn' ŏ' l'ĭtĕred ōn thĕ māt,
  Sŏme dōubtflĕ ō' thĕ sēklĕ ;
Hĭs heārt kĕp' gōĭn' pĭtў-pāt,
  Bŭt hĕr'n wĕnt pĭtў Zēklĕ.

Ăn' yĭt shĕ gĭn hĕr cheēr ă jĕrk
  Ĕz thōugh shĕ wĭshed hĭm fūrdĕr,
Ăn' ōn hĕr āpplĕs kēp' tŏ wōrk,
  Pārĭn' ăwāy lĭke mūrdĕr.

"Yoŭ wānt tŏ seē mў Pā, Ĭ s'pōse?"
  "Wăl—nō—Ĭ cōme dăsīgnĭn' "—
"Tŏ seē mў Mā? Shĕ's sprĭnklĭn' clō'es
  Ăgĭn tŏ-mōrrĕr's ĭ'nĭn'."

Tŏ sāy whў gāls ăct sō ŏr sō,
  Ŏr dōn't, 'oŭld bē prĕsūmĭn';
Mĕbbў tŏ mēan *yĕs* ān' săy *nō*
  Cŏmes nātĕrāl tŏ wōmĕn.

Hĕ stoōd ă spēll ŏn ōne foŏt fūst,
  Thĕn stoōd ă spēll ōn t'ōthĕr,
Ăn' ōn whĭch ōne hĕ fēlt thĕ wūst
  Hĕ cōuldn't hă' tōld yĕ, nūthĕr.

Săys hē, "Ĭ'd bēttĕr cāll ăgĭn";
  Săys shē, "Thĭnk lĭkelў Mistĕr":
Thĕt lāst wŏrd prĭcked hĭm lĭke ă pĭn,
  Ăn'—wāl, hĕ ūp ăn' kĭst hĕr.

Whĕn Mā bĭmebў ŭpōn 'ĕm slĭps,
  Hūldў sŏt pāle ĕz āshĕs,
Ăll kĭn' ŏ' smĭlў rōun' thĕ lĭps
  Ăn' tēarў rōun' thĕ lāshĕs.

Fŏr shē wăs jēs' thĕ quĭĕt kĭnd
  Whŏse nātŭrs nēvĕr vārў,
Lĭke strēams thăt keēp ă sūmmĕr mĭnd
  Snŏw-hĭd ĭn Jēnoŏārў.

Thĕ bloōd clŏst rōun' hĕr heārt fĕlt glūed
Toŏ tight fŏr āll ĕxprēssĭn',
Tĕll mōthĕr seē hŏw mēttĕrs stoōd,
Ăn' gĭn 'ĕm bōth hĕr blēssĭn'.

Thĕn hēr rĕd cōme băck lĭke thĕ tīde
Dŏwn tō thĕ Bāy ŏ' Fūndў,
Ăn' āll Ĭ knōw ĭs, thēy wăs crĭed
Ĭn meētĭn' cōme nĕx' Sūndăy.

James Russell Lowell.

THE SCOTCH DIALECT.

The Scotch is a very popular dialect. From the time it was first brought into general notice and rendered ever-enduring by the sweetest of Scotland's singers, Robert Burns, it has always been read with delight by the public. We give the following selections.

Thoū hăst swōrn bў thў Gōd, mў Jēanĭĕ,
Bў thăt prēttў whīte hānd ŏ' thīne,
Ănd bў ā' thĕ lōwĭng stārs ĭn hēavĕn,
Thăt thoū wăd āye bĕ mīne!
Ănd Ĭ hăe swōrn bў mў Gōd, mў Jēanĭe,
Ănd bў thāt kĭnd heārt ŏ' thīne,
Bў ā' thĕ stārs sŏwn thĭck ŏwre hēavĕn,
Thăt thoū shălt āye bĕ mīne!

Allan Cunningham—"Thou Hast Sworn by Thy God, My Jeanie."

Hĕ wās ă gāsh ănd fāithfŭl tўke,
Ăs ēvĕr lāp ă sheūgh ŏr dīke.
Hĭs hōnĕst, sōnsĭe, bāws'nt fāce,
Āye gāt hĭm frĭends ĭn ĭlkă plāce.
Hĭs brēast wās whīte, hĭs toūzĭĕ bāck
Weĕl clād wĭ' cōat ŏ' glōssў blăck;
Hĭs gāucў tāil, wĭ' ūpwărd cūrl,
Hŭng ō'er hĭs hūrdĭes wĭ' ă swĭrl.

Burns—"Twa Dogs."

Mў hēid ĭs līke tŏ rēnd, Wĭllĭe,
Mў heārt ĭs līke tŏ brēak ;
Ĭ'm weārĭn' āff mў fēet, Wĭllĭe,
Ĭ'm dўĭn' fōr yoŭr sāke !
Ŏ, lāy yoŭr chēek tŏ mīne, Wĭllĭe,
Yoŭr hānd ŏn mў brĭĕst-bāne,—
Ŏ, sāy yĕ'll thīnk ŏn mē, Wĭllĭe,
Whĕn Ī ăm dēid ănd gāne !

William Motherwell—"My Heid is Like to Rend, Willie."

Shoŭld āuld ăcquāintănce bē fŏrgōt,
Ănd nēvĕr brōught tŏ mīn' ?
Shoŭld āuld ăcquāintănce bē fŏrgōt,
Ănd dāys ŏ' lăng sўne ?

CHORUS.

Fŏr āuld lăng sўne, mў dēar,
Fŏr āuld lăng sўne,
Wĕ'll tāk ă cūp ŏ' kīndnĕss yēt,
Fŏr āuld lăng sўne.

Robert Burns—"Auld Lang Syne."

CHILD DIALECT.

Listening to the dialect of children has ever furnished us some of our happiest hours, as well as most pleasing affections. Simple and artless, it is nevertheless engaging to both old and young. Mr. Riley's "Rhymes of Childhood" and "A Child World" are rare, grand gifts to mankind. A selection from "Maymie's Story of Red Riding Hood" is here given :

Ān' nĕn Rīdĭng Hoōd
Shĕ sāy "Ŏh-mē-ŏh-mў ! Drān'mă ! whăt bīg
Whīte lōng shărp teēth yoŭ dōt !"
Nĕn ōld Wŏlf sāys :
"Yĕs — ān' thĕy're thātăwāy"—ăn' drōwled —
"Thĕy're thātăwāy," hĕ sāys, "tŏ ēat yoŭ wīv !"

Ăn' nēn hĕ ĭst jūmp ăt hēr,—
Būt shĕ scrēam'—
Ăn' scrēam', shĕ dĭd—sŏ 's 'āt thĕ Mān
'Ăt wūz ă-chōppĭn' woōd, yoŭ knōw,—hĕ hēar,
Ăn' cōme ă-rūnnĭn' ĭn thĕre wīv hĭs āx;
Ăn', 'fōre thĕ ōld Wŏlf knōw, whăt hē 's ăbōut,
Hĕ splīt hĭs ōld brăins ōut ăn' kīlled hĭm s' quĭck
Ĭt măke' hĭs hēad swĭm!—Ān' Rĕd Rĭdĭng Hoōd
Shē wŭzn't hūrt ăt āll!
Ăn' thē bĭg Mān
Hĕ toōked hĕr āll săfe hōme, hĕ dĭd, ăn' tēll
Hĕr Mā shĕ's āll rĭght ān' ăin't hūrt ăt āll
Ăn' ōld Wŏlf's dēad ăn' kīlled—ănd ēvĕr'thĭng!—
Sŏ hĕr Mā wŭz sŏ tĭckl̆ĕd ān' sŏ prōud,
Shĕ gīved hĭm āll thĕ goōd thĭngs t' ēat thĕy wūz
'Ăt's ĭn thĕ bāskĕt, ān' shĕ tēll hĭm 'āt
Shĕ 's mūch ŏblīge', ăn' sāy tŏ "cāll ădĭn."
Ăn' stōrў's hōnĕst trūth—ăn' āll sŏ, toō!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Mў Pā hĕ ĭst fĭshed ăn' fĭshed!
Ăn' mў Mā shĕ sāid shĕ wĭshed
Mĕ ăn' hēr wăs hōme; ăn' Pā
Săid hĕ wĭshed sŏ wōrse 'n Mā.

James Whitcomb Riley—"The Fishing Party.

NONSENSE.

"Ă lĭttl̆ĕ nōnsĕnse nōw ănd thēn
Ĭs rēl̆ĭshed bў thĕ wĭsĕst mēn."

The writing of a nonsensical verse is a pleasure indulged in by some of our most excellent writers. The rhymes of our childhood — Mother Goose's Melodies — are familiar to almost every one, and it made very little difference what the wording of them was so that the measure and rhythm were perfect; in fact, Mother Goose has some of the most com-

plex lines to be found in poetry.* Where, however, the measure and rhythm are perfect, words make but very little difference in writing what are termed nursery rhymes, and nonsensical songs. "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," one of Lear's "Nonsense Songs," is one of the best of its kind extant. Lear has a book in which many good songs of this species may be found. They will repay the reading where one has any desire for the quaint. Billowy are the metrical waves of this nonsensical song; leaping and bounding, billow upon billow, leaping higher on the middle or line rhymes, the waves surge and lash each other in beautiful sounds to the end of the stanza; all nonsense, it is true, and yet pleasing in the highest degree to the ear.

Thĕ ōwl ănd thĕ pūssў-căt wēnt ŏut tŏ sēa
  Ĭn ă beaūtĭfŭl pēa-greĕn bōat;
Thĕy toŏk sŏme hōnĕy, ănd lōts ŏf mōnĕy
  Wrăpped ūp ĭn ă fĭve-pŏund nōte.
Thĕ ōwl loŏked ūp tŏ thĕ moŏn ăbōve,
  Ănd sāng tŏ hĭs lĭght gŭitār,
"Ŏ pūssў, Ŏ pūssў, Ŏ pūssў, mў lōve,
  Whăt ă beaūtĭfŭl pūssў yoŭ āre, yoŭ āre!—
    Whăt ă beaūtĭfŭl pūssў yoŭ āre!"

Pŭssў sāid tŏ thĕ ōwl, "Yoŭ ēlĕgănt fōwl,
  Hŏw chārmĭnglў sweēt yoŭ sĭng!
Cŏme, lēt ŭs bĕ mārrĭĕd—toŏ lōng wĕ hăve tārrĭĕd;
  Bŭt whăt shăll wĕ dō fŏr ă rĭng?"
Sŏ thĕy sāiled ăwāy fŏr ă yēar ănd ă dāy,
  Tŏ thĕ lānd whĕre thĕ bōng-treĕ grōws,
Ănd thēre ĭn thĕ woōd ă pĭggў-wĭg stoōd,
  Wĭth ă rĭng ĭn thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs nōse, hĭs nōse—
    Ă rĭng ĭn thĕ ēnd ŏf hĭs nōse.

*Mary Goose, wife of Isaac Goose, the author of "Mother Goose's Melodies," lived and died in Boston, Massachusetts, and was buried in Old Christ's Church Cemetery.

"Dĕar pĭg, ăre yoŭ wĭllĭng tŏ sell fŏr ŏne shĭllĭng
Yoŭr rĭng?" Săid thĕ pĭggў, "Ĭ wĭll";
Sŏ thĕy toŏk ĭt ăwāy, ănd wĕre mārrĭĕd nĕxt dāy,
Bў thĕ tūrkĕy whŏ lĭves ŏn thĕ hĭll.
Thĕy dĭned ŭpŏn mĭnce, ănd slĭcĕs ŏf quĭnce,
Whĭch thĕy āte wĭth ă rūncĭblĕ spoŏn,
Ănd hānd ĭn hānd ŏn thĕ gōldĕn sānd
Thĕy dānced bў thĕ lĭght ŏf thĕ moŏn, thĕ moŏn—
Thĕy dānced bў thĕ lĭght ŏf thĕ moŏn.

Edward Lear—"The Owl and the Pussy Cat."

James Whitcomb Riley has some excellent verses of this species. Mr. Riley delights in amusing mankind, and few authors have been more prolific in writing poems that cause men to forget troubles and laugh heartily at the eccentricities of life. We make two selections:

Ă lĭttlĕ Dŏg-Wŏggў
Ŏnce wălked roŭnd thĕ Wŏrld:
Sŏ hĕ shūt ŭp hĭs hŏuse; ănd, fŏrgĕttĭng
Hĭs twŏ pŭppў-chĭldrĕn
Lŏcked ĭn thĕre, hĕ cūrled
Ŭp hĭs tāil ĭn pĭnk bŏmbăzĭne nĕttĭng,
Ănd sĕt ōut
Tŏ wălk rŏund
Thĕ Wŏrld.

James Whitcomb Riley—"The Little Dog-Woggy."

Dāintў Bābў Āustĭn!
Yoŭr Dāddў's gŏne tŏ Bŏstŏn
Tŏ seē thĕ Kĭng
Ŏf Oŏ-Rĭnktŭm Jĭng
Ănd thĕ whāle hĕ rōde ăcrōst ŏn!

James Whitcomb Riley—"The King of Oo-Rinktum-Jing."

THE VERSICLE.

A little verse, a metrical toy. Poets of all ages—past as well as present, have taken delight in writing these momentary thoughts suggested by the occasion of passing incidents. Many of them, however, are very bright and deserve a place in the household of poetry. Our magazines and newspapers furnish a never-ending amount of them. We make the following selections :

WHAT SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

"Thăt dārlĭng gīrl knĕw ēv͡erўthīng,
Knĕw Hēbrĕw, Lātĭn, Greēk—
Yĕs, sēv͡erăl ōthĕr lānguăgēs
Wĭth flūĕncȳ coŭld spēak.

"Ŏf mūsĭc, ārt, ĕmbrōidĕrȳ,
Shĕ hād ă thōroŭgh knōwlĕdge,
Ănd mānў ōthĕr thīngs bĕsīdes
Thăt gīrls ăre tāught ăt͡ cōllĕge.

"Thĕ ōnlў thīng shĕ dīdn't knōw
(Nŏr coūld thĕ māid cŏncēal
Hĕr īgnŏrānce ŏf thāt) wăs hōw
Tŏ coōk ă dēcĕnt mēal.

"Bŭt dīd thăt māke thĕ māidĕn lēss
Dĕsīrăblē tŏ mē ?
Nŏ, shē wăs rīch, ănd coūld ăffōrd
Tŏ hīre ă coōk, yoŭ seē."

YOUTH AT CHRISTMAS.

"Ŏh, woūld Ĭ wĕre yoūng," thĕ ōld măn sīghs
Whĕn thĕ Chrīstmăs sōngs ăre sūng.
Thĕ ŏld wōmăn nēvĕr ă wōrd rĕplīes—
Shĕ stīll clăims shē ĭs yoūng."

TOMMIE'S GIRL.

"Shĕ ĭs cheĕrfŭl, wărm-heărtĕd ănd trûe,
Ănd ĭs kĭnd tŏ hĕr fāthĕr ănd mōthĕr;
Shĕ stūdĭes hŏw mūch shĕ căn dō
Fŏr hĕr sweēt lĭttlĕ sĭstĕr ănd brōthĕr.

"Ĭf yoŭ wānt ă cŏmpāniŏn fŏr lĭfe,
Tŏ cōmfŏrt, ĕnlĭvĕn, ănd blēss,
Shĕ ĭs jŭst thĕ rĭght sōrt ŏf ă wĭfe,
Mў gĭrl wĭth ă cālĭcŏ drēss."

A SURPRISE.

"Ĭ mēt hĕr strŏllĭng ōn thĕ streēt,
Wĕ wālked tŏgēthĕr ŭp thĕ hĭll,
Shĕ wās ă māidĕn vĕrў nēat,
Whŏ mādе mў heărt stănd stĭll,
Whĕn ĭn ă mānnĕr hārd tŏ bēat
Shĕ shўlў sāid, 'Ĭ knōw yoŭ're sweēt.'

"Sŭch wōrds Ĭ knēw nŏt hōw tŏ meēt,
Shĕ wās nŏt wōnt tŏ tālk thăt wāy,
Bŭt hāppĭnēss Ĭ fōund wās fleēt
Fŏr vĕrў soōn Ĭ hēard hĕr sāy,
'Ĭ thĭnk ĭt fācĕs tōwărd thĕ streēt.'
Ănd thēn Ĭ knēw shĕ mēant mў sūite."

IN COLLEGE CAP AND GOWN.

"Mў sweētheărt ĭs ă stūdĕnt ĭn ă fāmoŭs fēmāle cōllĕge,
Ănd thōugh Ĭ dō nŏt thĭnk shĕ'll wĭn părtĭcŭlār rĕnōwn
Ĭn ānў spēcĭăl stūdў, ōr bĕ nōtĕd fŏr hĕr knōwlĕdge,
Ĭ'm cĕrtăin thăt shĕ's chărmĭng ĭn hĕr cōllĕge cāp ănd gōwn.
Thăt thĕ cōstŭme's fāscĭnātĭng thēre's nŏ rēasŏn fŏr cōncēalĭng,
Ĭ thĭnk mў lōve mŏst beaūtĭfŭl whĕn ĭn ĭt shĕ ăppēars,
Bŭt whĕn Ĭ stēal ă kĭss frŏm hĕr, hŏw fūnnў ĭs thĕ feēlĭng
Whĕn thĕ ēdgĕs ōf thĕ mōrtăr bōard ăre tĭcklĭng mў ēars."

Jĕnnĭe kĭssed mĕ whĕn wĕ mĕt,
  Jūmpĭng frŏm thĕ chāir shĕ sāt ĭn ;
Tĭme, yoŭ thiēf, whŏ lōve tŏ gĕt
  Sēcrĕts ĭntŏ yoŭr lĭst, pŭt thāt ĭn.
Sāy Ĭ'm wēarў, sāy Ĭ'm sād,
  Sāy thăt hēalth ănd wēalth hăve mĭssed mĕ ;
Sāy Ĭ'm grōwĭng ōld, bŭt ādd—
    Jĕnnĭe kĭssed mĕ.
Leigh Hunt.

Thĕ lāw lŏcks ūp thĕ mān ŏr wōmăn
  Whŏ stēals ă goōse frŏm ōff thĕ cōmmŏn ;
Bŭt lēts thĕ greātĕr vĭlliăn loōse,
  Whŏ stēals thĕ cōmmŏn frōm thĕ goōse.
E. Elliott.

Whĕn fĭrst ĭn Cēliă's ēar Ĭ pōured
  Ă yēt ŭnprāctĭced prāyer,
Mў trēmblĭng tōngue sĭncēre ignōred
  Thĕ āids ŏf "sweēt" ănd "fāir."
Ĭ ōnlў sāid, ăs ĭn mĕ lāy,
  Ĭ'd strīve hĕr "wōrth" tŏ rēach ;
Shĕ frōwned ănd tūrned hĕr eўes ăwāy—
  Sŏ mūch fŏr trūth ĭn speēch.

Thĕn Dēliă cāme. Ĭ chānged mў plān ;
  Ĭ prāised hĕr tō hĕr fāce ;
Ĭ prāised hĕr fēatŭres,—prāised hĕr fān,
  Hĕr lāp-dŏg ānd hĕr lāce ;
Ĭ swōre thăt nōt tĭll Tĭme wĕre dēad
  Mў pāssiŏn shoūld dĕcāy ;
Shĕ, smĭlĭng, gāve hĕr hānd, ănd sāid
  'Twĭll lāst, thĕn, fōr ă Dāy.
    Austin Dobson—"A Love Song."

Yoŭ sleēp ŭpōn yoŭr mōthĕr's brēast.
    Yoŭr rāce bĕgūn,
Ă wēlcŏme, lōng ă wĭshed-fŏr Guēst,
    Whōse āge ĭs Ōne.

Ă bābў-bōy, yoŭ wōndĕr whў
Yoŭ cānnŏt rūn ;
Yoŭ trў tŏ tālk—hŏw hārd yoŭ trў !
Yoŭ're ōnlў Ōne.

Ĕre lōng yoŭ wōn't bĕ sūch ă dūnce ;
Yoŭ'll ēat yoŭr būn,
Ănd flў yoŭr kīte, līke fōlk, whŏ ōnce
Wĕre ōnlў Ōne.

Yoŭ'll rhўme ănd woō, ănd fight ănd jōke,
Pĕrhāps yoŭ'll pūn !
Sŭch fēats ăre nēvĕr dōne bў fōlk
Bĕfōre thĕy're Ōne.

Sŏme dāy, toŏ, yoŭ măy hāve yoŭr jōy,
Ănd ēnvў nōne ;
Yēs, yoŭ, yoŭrsĕlf, măy ōwn ă Bōy,
Whŏ ĭsn't Ōne.

Frederick Locker—"A Rhyme of One."

A MEAN LOVER.

"Ĭ lōve tŏ māke mў Māběl crў,
Bў jēaloŭs tāunts ănd jeērs.
Fŏr thēn Ĭ gēt ă chānce tŏ trў
Ănd kĭss ăwāy hĕr tēars."

LEGAL WHISKERS.

"Ăs ō'er thĕir wīne ănd wālnŭts sāt,
Tālkĭng ŏf thĭs and thēn ŏf thāt,
Twŏ wĭghts wĕll lēarnĕd ĭn thĕ lāw—
Thăt ĭs, wĕll skĭlled tŏ fĭnd ă flāw—
Săid ōne cŏmpāniŏn tō thĕ ōthĕr,
'Hŏw ĭs ĭt, mōst rĕspēctĕd brōthĕr,
Thăt yoŭ hăve shāvĕn ăwāy
Thŏse whĭskĕrs whĭch fŏr mănў ă dāy
Hăve ōrnămēntĕd mŭch yoŭr cheĕk?
Sŭre, 'twās ăn ĭdlĕ, sĭllў frēak.'

Tŏ whōm thĕ ōthĕr ānswĕr gāve,
Wĭth loōk hălf mērrў ānd hălf grāve,
'Thŏugh ōthĕrs bē bў whīskĕrs grāced,
Ă lāwyĕr cān't bĕ toō bărefāced.'"

CONCLUSION.

And now we bring to a close a subject full of never-ending interest to the student of general literature — poetry, the art divine. Endeavoring to make its study practical, we have followed it step by step, exemplifying its measures by quotations from our great authors. It is a theme inexhaustible, and yet one may become familiar with its elements and science.

Were you to ask how to excel, the answer would be: if nature has endowed you with the natural gift, cultivate it by a careful study of authors whose works are preëminent. Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant are a galaxy of names that will ever adorn American literature, and whose works should be read and thoroughly analyzed by every student of literature and art. England and Scotland have had a long line of poets whose works are gems of rare art.

Every one would commend the works of Tennyson and Burns. They were poets who possessed the faculty divine. The world acknowledges them as two of the grandest of any age. Yet there are those of our own time who are living, toiling, struggling writers for fame, present as well as future, that are models of excellence and elegance. Dobson, Lang, Gosse, and Swinburne may be cited. Read, and you may find yourself in touch with some one or all of them. Of our present-day American authors, Stedman, Aldrich, Riley, Harte, Hay, Carleton, and Stoddard, have each

earned a well-deserved fame. But be not mere imitators, read and study the works of great authors, and then mold and fashion your talent after a style of your own. There is a peculiar something in the writings of our poets that has a distinctiveness of its own plainly perceptible. Spontaneity in writing may be, and often is, genius assisting her own true children on and on, to nobler and greater deeds, giving them clearer vision — a direct insight. But let it not be supposed that genius alone makes men great. The lives of the best authors reveal the fact that men of genius are men who are untiring workers. Great poems are not mere accidents of genius. The great beehive of poetry is not inhabited by drones. The honey gathered from every flower is the result of their toil and industry. Care, precision, and painstaking methods are the royal roads to success. How beautifully William Cullen Bryant has expressed in these lines the poet's art :

Thĕ sēcrĕt woūldst thŏu knōw
  Tŏ toūch thĕ heārt ŏr fīre thĕ bloōd ăt wīll?
Lĕt thīne ŏwn eȳes ŏ'erflōw ;
  Lĕt thȳ lĭps quīvĕr wĭth thĕ pāssiōnāte thrĭll ;
Sēize thē greăt thōught, ĕre yĕt ĭts pōwer bĕ pāst,
Ănd bīnd, ĭn wōrds, thĕ fleēt ĕmōtiŏn fāst.

"The Poet."

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