



EXEGESIS OF
ENGLISH COMPOSITION

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EXEGESIS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION

BY

W. J. ADDIS, M.A.

EXAMINER IN ENGLISH TO THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS; FORMERLY LECTURER
IN ENGLISH AND 'RECOGNIZED TEACHER' IN BIRKBECK COLLEGE;
HEAD MASTER OF HOLBORN ESTATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL;
AUTHOR OF 'STYLE IN COMPOSITION' AND
'LESSONS IN PROSE AND VERSE
COMPOSITION



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PREFACE

EARLY Synthesis, Analysis, re-invigorated Synthesis—these are the steps, occurring in this order, on which the successful prosecution of any art depends. The Art of Expression forms no exception to the rule.

While early Synthesis generally receives, in the home and in the school, an adequate attention, it frequently happens that the second step, of Analysis, is either not attended to at all, or receives only a casual and unsystematic notice *viâ* the literature lesson.

In such events, the synthetic progress of the student, while gradually improving, no doubt, as years and reading advance, can never reach the high level it might attain were a definite course of analytic study undertaken, accompanied by abundant exercise of re-casting and re-rendering character. Such a course would bring many benefits.

It would widely extend the scholar's mere knowledge of the many devices, legitimate and practicable, which are employed in the written presentation of thought. It would quicken his sense of the beauty and the power of words as the instruments by which we both inform and move. It would sharpen his appreciation of the structural modifications through which clearness and emphasis and rhythm may be imparted to sentences.

And the application of all this knowledge to his future efforts in composition would become an instructed, a confident, application, resulting no less in security of style than in the pleasure that comes to every craftsman who wields an instrument he understands.

It is hoped that this book will take its place as a manual in which the student will find, clearly and comprehensively presented, all points of detail that belong to Style; and that

these points will be closely examined in the copious and varied selection of examples that have been carefully gathered, from the very best writers, for purposes of illustration. If the study of all this is further reinforced by the student's own working of the numerous exercises furnished, it is probable that he will gain considerable power and ease in the art of expression.

The Exercises are, of course, just as much suggestive and indicative as they are self-contained. They lend themselves to adaptation and supplementation to any degree. The examples, too, may be pressed into additional service as exercises; for instance, by setting a student to discover and describe the literary devices employed in one of the longer extracts, or to paraphrase it, or to learn it by heart.

Briefly, this volume may be described as an effort towards resuscitating the needed, and neglected, study of the Art of Expression—which is nothing but old Rhetoric writ large. An intelligent restoration of this study will go far to counteract loose and uninstructed habits of writing, which to-day are very prevalent. In the field of literary composition, there are thousands of aspirants, working earnestly, but with little success. Their failure is due, largely, to the absence of co-ordinated and competent suggestion as to literary method, judiciously selected models of style for literary examination, and compact material for their own literary exercise. That these three desiderata have been usefully united in this exegesis, so as to render this book of real service to all who are engaged, or intend seriously to engage, in literary composition, is the author's very sincere hope.

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EXEGESIS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION

CHAPTER I

COMPOSITION IN GENERAL

I. *Composition as Act and as Art*

LITERARY composition, like composition in Music, Drawing, or any other branch of mental activity, is always an act; it is sometimes an art.

As an act, Composition is the putting together of the materials of language in such a way as to constitute a comprehensible expression of thought. The introduction, into this bare expression, of such conscious selection and arrangement of the materials as lend to the expression power or charm, advances composition into the rank of an art.

To illustrate, let us compare—

1. *Diana of the Ephesians is Great, with
Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*
2. *From the signs of the times, we suspect that many people
are going to die, with
The Angel of Death is in the air : we have heard the
beating of his wings.*
3. *Shelley had a beautiful mind : but it was not of the
strong type that carries conviction to itself or others,
with
Shelley was a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating
with his luminous wings in the void in vain.*
4. *O God, Thou art able to do everything, and art ready
to help men. Thou hast created the sea, and canst,
when Thou wishest, keep it calm. We pray Thee
to keep safe our friends who are on a ship, with—*

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Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave ;
Who bidst the mighty ocean deep
His own appointed limits keep ;
O hear us, when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

In the first of these examples, the simplest possible change, one of mere order, has added to the original expression both force and music.

In the second and third, a different selection of words has reset the thoughts into impressive and appealing pictures.

In the fourth, partly a different set of words, and partly their arrangement into metre, together with the employment of rime (see chap. X), has given the thought at once more elegance and dignity.

So that even if we call the first versions of all the examples mere acts of composition, we must pronounce the second versions to be improvements effected by art.

As we proceed in our study, we shall see that the mere act of composition can hardly be said to exist by itself, but that our constant tendency is to supplement that act by the art which is so obviously required to improve the effect of what we say. The spread of education, and especially our increased contact with good writing, are continual incentives in the direction of artistic composition. This is a law that operates generally in all our productions. Bookcases, clocks, lamps, are not made that merely hold books, keep time, and give light. Something is always added : usually in the direction of ornament.

2. Aims of Composition

Coming to the question why composition is written at all, we find that it is written with three possible aims : one of which is negligible, the two others important. The negligible aim is that of record—simple noting down of thought which, for some purpose, we wish not to lose altogether, but which we do not offer to others. Such would be the composition in some classes of diary.

Next comes composition of which the aim is to inform—to let somebody else know, and to make him understand, certain thoughts, whether of fact, inference, or fancy.

Last comes the composition which is intended to move, to work upon the reader's feelings, to make him like or dislike the thoughts expressed.

It is plain that each aim makes a different demand upon the writer's powers, and produces a different kind of composition. The mere record demands nothing in the way of cleverness, carefulness, or art. Shorthand symbols, abbreviations, anything to which we can attach sense, will suffice to recover for us the thought we want to keep.

But the composition in which we seek to inform is of course of another character. Here, since we address an audience, the special quality of Clearness is striven after. Any art of composition that will aid clearness must be employed. Any too difficult word, any too complicated arrangement of words, must be avoided. This requires care, study, and practice. Composition becomes now a real and comparatively difficult task.

The composition, however, which aims at moving is still more complicated in its method and scope. Informative composition needs only the arts of clearness, for that is the one and only path to our intellect, our understanding. But the quick interchange and play of feeling upon feeling in our minds is so vast and various that it may be appealed to by a well-nigh infinite series of devices in the selections and arrangements of language that is intended to move. So that the composition which has this aim is by far the most capable of receiving, and does in fact receive, far the greatest amount of artistic touch and polish. Indeed, this aim constantly invades the territory of that composition whose aim is primarily to inform; and we seldom find any informative work in which the writer has not frequently attempted to weave into his efforts after clearness, efforts also after such turns of expression and style as will add charm and pleasure to our understanding of his subject. Ordinary cases of this occur in books of history, travel, even of science; extreme cases, in the corporation guide-book and the auctioneer's catalogue.

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Good examples of composition which represent these three aims are—

Of Recording composition—*Pepys' Diary*.

„ Informative composition—*Burnaby's Ride to Khiva*.

„ Moving composition—*Tennyson's St. Simeon Stylites*.

3. *Participants in Composition*

Composition is produced by the joint operation of three participants. Two of these are alive and sentient factors. One is a lifeless factor, a mere instrument.

The first sentient participant in composition is, of course, the writer himself. For the study of composition, his qualities, powers, and methods must be carefully analysed.

The second participant is a step further removed from the absolute necessity of the case; and yet it is very important. This is the audience. Sometimes very consciously, sometimes almost unconsciously, the audience for which he is writing, the section of people he desires to impress, is a continual prompter, shaper, modifier of the writer's performance. Nobody except the strictly personal diarist can write absolutely, and, as it were, in the air. We are always aiming at some mark, at somebody's receptiveness and understanding and feeling of what we say. We use simpler words, we make shorter sentences, we leave out some parts of our work when we are speaking to children. We use big words, we strain, often, to be impressive, when we address capable men. In this way, self-consciousness may greatly injure our composition. But the writer who uses this self-consciousness in the right manner, allowing it to guide and influence his work to just the due degree, gains a literary success. He is a real artist. We may indeed ascribe to the audience the impulse that turns composition from mere act to art.

The third participant in composition is the material a writer works in—his instrument of language. On its capacity, quite as much as on the mental capacity of the writer, depend the possibilities of the work. Whatever his ideas, however rich or valuable his thoughts, he cannot part with them, produce them for the benefit of others, unless the vocabulary at his disposal can adequately hold them, and unless the

structures which that language demands can place the words in proper relations. Again, apart from actual meanings and shades of meaning that a language may permit, there are extensive opportunities to be found in some languages, although absent from others, for touches of emphasis, and echoes of rhythm; all of which play their part in creating the lucidity, the energy, and the beauty which a perfect instrument of language will provide for the writer and his audience.

4. *Qualities of Composition*

From every piece of work that exists in the world there become visible two sets of qualities or attributes. In a house there are the qualities of stability, convenience, and so on. These belong to the house itself. In a watch, the qualities that belong to it are portability, legibility, and many more. And both the house and the watch tell us something more about qualities. They indicate by their goodness, badness, or peculiarity, certain qualities of mind that belong to their makers—such as artistic fancy, ingenuity, thoroughness.

Composition, similarly, has qualities of its own, and indicates qualities belonging to its producer. Let us now consider the former of these.

The first, and always the most important, quality that composition possesses is Meaning; which may be clear, or obscure, or not very markedly either. It may be said that all compositions try to be clear in meaning. But all compositions certainly do not succeed. Clearness depends upon the words selected, the arrangement of these words, and the punctuation used; and, further, if the composition is of any length, upon the manner in which the whole is shaped, so as to bring out all its points in a natural and easily followed order. Thus a large vocabulary, a good knowledge of grammar, and a good logical brain, are necessary for composition in which the meaning is perfectly clear. A very good example of this class of composition is afforded by any essay of Macaulay's. Precision and sequence, the two considerations that combine to produce clearness, are perhaps more scrupulously and successfully united in Macaulay than in any other author.

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The next quality to be found in composition is Emphasis. This means bringing out the thought expressed, in a striking way. It is something over and above meaning, and corresponds to those tones and modulations of voice by which, in speech, we add to the effect of what we say.

We use the term Emphasis to cover the two directions in which a striking effect may be produced—the direction of Energy, and that of Beauty. Emphasis of Energy will include all those arts which belong to vigour, vividness, vitality, force, or strength. Short sentences contribute to it, sharply sounded words, heavy syllables, inversion of predicate-complement or of any other conventional order (“Great is Diana of the Ephesians”). Certain authors impress us by the rapid and vigorous character of their writing, and if we analyse their work we shall find that they have been careful to add to the mere clearness of their expression those strokes and touches of style that belong to the art of securing Energy (see chap. XVII).

From its very nature, the Emphasis of Energy is comparatively easy to produce. We feel Energy readily, and we quickly see the methods by which it is to be introduced. It is different with the Emphasis of Beauty. Here, the kinds and degrees of Beauty are subtle and complex. Pleasure in a composition often comes from touches and turns of style that we can scarcely detect. Some of these touches, it is true, are obvious enough, and can be described and classified. These we should carefully note, so as to help our own efforts. The Atmosphere of words (see chap. II) plays, in this matter, a very important part; the Form of words, the use of Figure, are valuable aids; and slight changes of word-order often make a real difference to the symmetry and elegance of our expression.

The last of the qualities in composition that we are now considering is Rhythm; which is, the runs and sequences of sound, the continuity of the sound-values that any given passage yields. This is, naturally, in close connexion with the Emphasis-quality; for sound is hard to separate from emphasis, and makes a part of it. Still, sound is something

distinct from both meaning and emphasis; and a passage may well be of a pointed and striking character owing to the special placing of the words in it, and yet not very effective as regards its sound. Whereas, on the other hand, we may get certain arrangements of light or heavy, sharp or dull, sustained or staccato syllables, which do not, or only quite indirectly, contribute to the point or the elegance of what is said; although they considerably affect the rhythm.

The closeness of the connexion between Emphasis and Rhythm will be well observed in the arrangement called Climax (see chap. XVII). Here, the increasing intensity of the *ideas*, as they advance upon the mind, constitutes the Emphasis; the increasing swell of the *sounds*, if carefully chosen, will constitute the Rhythm.

In all our study of composition, especially in the study of the Sentence, we shall do well to keep these three qualities of Meaning, Emphasis, and Rhythm, continually before us. How they were obtained, where they are good, how they were missed, if they are bad, in the passage we study; and how to obtain them ourselves, in the passage we write—these are questions of vital importance to our understanding, and to our handling, of style.

5. *Relation between Thought and Composition*

If we look at the following three distinct pieces of literature—

Jowett's *Translation of Plato*,
Macaulay's *History of England*,
Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*,

we of course acknowledge them all to be compositions; and they fully answer our definition. But although all are the expression of thought, yet in the first case the writer originated none of the thought he expressed, in the second the writer found most of his thought elsewhere, and in the third the writer originated all the thought as well as the expression.

What, then, is the relation between thought and composition? We said that composition was the putting together

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of the materials of language. Is it also the putting together, in any degree, of thought?

Apparently, from the example of Jowett's work mentioned above, and equally from all translations, paraphrases, reproductions, and the like, the power of possessing original thoughts and arranging them is not, strictly, any part of the act or art of composition. And yet, since thought always exists in composition, and since, after all, most, or at any rate a very great part, of what is written consists of original thought originally arranged, a few considerations as to thoughts, and how to have them, and how to arrange them, will not be out of place.

The first and the simplest way to have thoughts is to be observant—to pick up facts as we go along the road of life and to examine the facts we think we have picked up, so as to see that we have not been mistaken in regarding them as facts. That is the way in which all composition that deals with knowledge, like history and geography, arises. Perhaps there is no composition whatever that does not start out from facts. Accurate observation, therefore, is of enormous importance.

Observation requires to be supplemented by an orderly disposition of the facts observed; which will be so numerous and so various that unless similar or related facts are kept together, either in note-books or in the mind, they will be apt to confuse rather than help us when we seek their aid in our compositions. Milton and Southey—to mention only two out of many writers—kept valuable commonplace books, as they were called, in which were jotted down under their proper headings such pieces of information as these authors thought would be useful for literary purposes. In the same way we should adopt some system of this kind, and our observation will then have its fullest value.

But Observation alone, even when suitably recorded, will not carry any one of us very far; because the opportunities each of us has for observing are so limited in comparison with the innumerable facts in the world. We must cultivate, further, that power of our minds which is perhaps the most important and trustworthy of all its powers, namely, correct

Inference from known facts to conclusions which cannot be gainsaid. This is not quite so easy to compass as it sounds. Experience will show that we are easily led, through false reasoning, to untrue conclusions; and that when we retrace our reasoning it is not always clear how or why we went wrong. Those who have studied the science of logic will remember that the instances of fallacy, as this deceived reasoning is called, are numerous, and can even be classified, and by careful study avoided. The trained reader, therefore, is in a much better position to make proper use of his facts; and plenty of practice in the art of reasoning at all times with absolute correctness is highly advisable for those who would do good composition.

So far we have spoken of thought without defining what a thought is. But as most of our worthiest and best composition consists of original thought, let us consider for a moment what writers, and what we all, are doing when we think.

First, the mind may hold in it, without thinking at all, a kind of picture, or idea, or image, or notion, or concept (as we shall call it) of some sort of object, about which it can afterwards proceed to think. Thus, if an orange is held up, or if even the word *orange* is pronounced, a mind-picture of it comes up in us. So, too, with all names of clear-cut visible things—*house, boy, clock*.

Then there are concepts not clear-cut and visible, but still quite easily held in the mind, like *dimness, heat, elasticity*. Still more shadowy, but again capable of being—we can hardly say pictured—but understood or realized, are such concepts as *honesty, truth, courage*.

This apprehension or knowledge of concepts is no doubt the earliest, as it is the easiest and simplest operation of our intelligence. But no number of such isolated apprehensions would be of much use to us, unless the mind could also, and almost immediately, bring concepts into some relation with one another; by being able to say and to understand such statements as *The orange is round, Truth accompanies courage*. Directly such a relation is established we have a thought; we are able to think; and it is now only a matter

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of elaboration and development and use of our reasoning and inferring powers, for us to advance to all sorts of difficult and sustained thought. And it is important for us to remember that what we call a Sentence is merely the expression in words of the establishment by the mind of a relation between concepts.

But the facts or truths which come from Observation, and the inferences which come from Reasoning, are by no means all the thoughts we form and employ. They are certainly the only stable and trustworthy thoughts; but as man does not live by bread alone, so a large part of his mental life is spent in activities very far removed from logic and necessity. He first advances along the road of conjecture, and is at once on slippery ground. For while he supposes, no doubt, that his conjectures are reasonable, his standard of reasonableness is apt to be impaired by misconception or prejudice. From this, the path is very attractive, though also insecure, into wide areas of speculative thought; nor is this to be discouraged if either profit or delight is sedulously sought. Then mere suggestions, more or less relevant to his theme, may well be embarked upon, provided the natural and the fantastic are not crudely mixed. Suggestion, Conjecture, though they may indeed lead to very mistaken theories, are all useful and legitimate modes of thought. Strict fact and logical inference alone would confine our knowledge within narrow bounds. It is by speculative thought that we gradually expand these bounds and reach to probabilities, if not always to certainties, of a stimulating and valuable kind. Examples will easily occur in the spheres of scientific, historical, and religious study. For speculation, though not irrefragable truth, travels always along the lines of sensible reasoning, and keeps in touch with logic as it goes from step to step.

But even the vast area over which we move in speculative thought falls far short of the whole area of our thoughtful activities. We delight in wide and frequent flights into the realm of that utterly illogical exercise of mind to which we give the name of Fancy. The sober chains of fact and inference are joyfully thrown aside. From our earliest years, whether we speak of nations or of individuals, the legend, the

fairy tale, the lights that never were—and that we know quite well never were—are parts and parcels of our thought. Perhaps we retreat from them a little—nations and individuals too—in our strenuous and prosaic middle age. But back they come to claim our renewed and redoubled interest and cult as we grow old. From the cradle to the grave they never wholly leave us. Even in those periods of life during which we do not actually employ them, they remain for us in store, and on the least provocation we draw them forth for solace and delight.

This power of Fancy, of turning into fact what is not really fact, if bold, strong and sustained enough, is the power which we all agree in prizing and estimating as one of our most precious possessions, the power of Imagination: producing for us, through the craftsman whom we call the poet, not alone the pity and terror that purge our souls, but the raptures that gladden and the sublimities that exalt them. What reason works for us in the domains of material comfort and satisfaction, that imagination works for us in the domain of spiritual refreshment and delight. The two faculties, supplementing each other, combine into the full thought of man. In their fine equipoise the perfection of his thought consists. Impair his reason, he becomes a fool; impair his imagination, he becomes a clod.

Fancy and Imagination, both creative powers of mind, and so distinguished from Apprehension and Reasoning, may be differentiated from each other. Imagination creates fundamentals, such as hypotheses, on which are built whole superstructures—of story, incident, character. It bodies these forth, creates and shapes them as the very thought of the literature which presents them. It invents, and so brings into existence, situations and figures in the drama, the novel, and all species of writing known as fiction. It is sustained and continuous in its operation, underlying and supporting, as long as it is on the wing, all the other powers and uses of the mind. Such is Shakespeare's conception of the woes of Othello, Milton's of the ruined Archangel, Shelley's of the spirit-world that mourned the death of Keats.

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Fancy's is a much lighter and more trivial work. It simply brings into connexion passingly, illustratively, concepts which had no connexion in thought before. Its function, then, is to sharpen or to beautify, at definite and separate points along the whole course of thought, a single aspect. It is incidental, not fundamental, makes always a guess at the appropriate, and often guesses badly. When Shakespeare imagines powerfully and movingly the dead body of Duncan disloyally slain, his fancy, striking out for a momentary and unnecessary embellishment, secures the unhappy simile of a silver skin laced with golden blood. On the other hand, his fancy has played better over that other imagined corpse, of Juliet, when he makes Romeo say—

“ beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.”

Other instances of Fancy.

Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front :
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

SHAKESPEARE.

Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves.

TENNYSON.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night.

A. MARVELL.

Every shrub and every blade of grass
And every pointed thorn seemed wrought in glass.

A. PHILLIPS.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands open :
Blessings are plentiful and rife ;
More plentiful than hope.

GEORGE HERBERT.

What should fancy do in a London dock? All is so hard, material, positive. Yet there, amid the tangled ropes, fancy will behold—clustered like birds—poets and philosophers, history-men and

story-men, annalists and legalists—English all—bound for the other side of the world, to rejoice it with their voices. Put fancy to the task, and fancy will detect Milton in the shrouds, and Shakespeare looking sweetly, seriously down, pedestaled upon yon mainblock. Spenser, like one of his own fairies, swings on a brace; and Bacon, as if in philosophic chair, sits soberly upon a yard. Poetic heads of every generation, from the half-cowled brow of Chaucer to the periwigged pate of Dryden, from bonneted Pope to night-capped Cowper—fancy sees them all—all; aye, from the long-dead day of Edward to the living hour of Victoria; sees them all gathered aloft, and with fine ear lists the rustling of their bays.—D. JERROLD.

Their prey is lodged in England; and the cries of India are given to seas and winds, to be blown about, in every breaking of the monsoon, over a remote and unhearing ocean.—BURKE.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

SHAKESPEARE.

In Fact, Inference, Speculation, Imagination, with any subgradations of them that we may name, we sound, as we have seen, the gamut of our thought. For literary purpose, for the exercise of composition, which is the best, the most fruitful of them all? The answer is, that Fact is the least, as Imagination is the most fruitful. For fact—the one true thing—least needs, as it least can bear, that artistic dressing, that interchange and interplay of word and sound, of pause and position, in which the literary craftsman feels his skill. The logical writer dare not hazard the once clear statement of his truth. That what he says should charm by its music, should thrill by its image, should startle by its shock, are nothing to him. But it is these very aims the poet seeks. And so the literary art becomes his potent weapon and his precious charge. He wields it where he can wield it with effect. Imagination is, for him, the best and worthiest mode of thought.

6. *Supplementary Powers in Composition*

While we thus see that the powers of observing, reasoning, and imagining, are the powers of thought on which the act and art of composition depend, there are other mental powers which must co-exist to constitute a successful writer. There

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is the Architectonic power of shaping and combining thoughts into a well-balanced and connected whole, which is by no means a constant accompaniment of the power to think itself. Writers and speakers, in journals and books no less than on platform and pulpit, abound, whose thoughts are true or magnificent or beautiful, but whose defective marshalling of all the thoughts they have considerably detracts from the effect that they might make. And, conversely, we might adduce examples to show that poor thin thoughts may receive from their producer a shaping and a development which much promote their effect.

That the architectonic power is one different and distinct from the power of thought, can hardly be disputed. One important feature of the difference between them would seem to be this—that the power of thought is largely born, not made; whereas architectonic power is far more capable of being induced. This means that the educator in composition should carefully see to it that Architectony is insisted on and demanded of his pupils from their earliest years. Thought in all its modes—fact, reasoning, imagination—he must always give training in, as well. But progress in the power of thought may be very slow and imperfect. Whereas architectony, a good shaping and consecution in the presentation of thoughts, can almost be compelled. Nearly everybody, however slow he may be in understanding or producing thoughts, can be brought to see that when the thoughts are there some will naturally go better together than others, some will suitably begin, others more suitably close the composition. The arts of appropriate introduction, of maintaining a logical or a natural sequence, of gathering climax, of having something like a beginning, middle, and end, are quickly appreciated, and easily performed.

Powers of thought and architectonic power, however great they may be, are still insufficient for composition unless they are accompanied by the third power of linguistic Expression. This is so evident that many teachers of composition practically confine their labours to the inculcation of this third power alone. We have already said enough to

show that exercise in thought and in architectony must be continuous and ample. The power of expression is to come from a thorough knowledge of all the materials of language. What these materials are will be explained in detail elsewhere. It is enough here to point out that, just as the power of architectony does not necessarily co-exist with the power of thought, so the power of linguistic expression is a separate power, and may often be lacking in those who can think and can order their thoughts well. Linguistic facility seems in the first instance to be a gift. It is said to belong not only to individuals, but to races, in an especial degree. But it may be largely cultivated, and by no method better than by copious and constant reading and learning by heart from good authors. In this way, the meaning and applications of words, correct grammatical forms, the functions of stops, the positions of sentence-parts, appreciation of sound-values, and the whole apparatus of expression, gradually come into the ready service of the student.

Summarizing our considerations on the mental powers requisite for good composition, we may briefly say that they are those of observing, reasoning, imagining, shaping, and expressing. These may possibly admit of sub-divisions. Each is largely a mental gift. But all may be cultivated by exercise. And it is the business of the teacher to afford opportunity for practice in each, and to select in each a graduated series of exercises in a wisely varied rotation.

7. *What Literature is*

Whatever writing is inspired by genuine emotion, provided that neither incoherence in its arrangement nor conflict with the ordinary rules of clear and grammatical expression occur in it, is probably literature. Conscious and positive art may not have controlled its performance, but the negative art of non-collision with the two qualities of coherence and correctness, is enough, if the emotion is sufficiently true and strong. Such, for instance, would be a farewell letter of affectionate anxiety written to a beloved child, or other survivor, on a deathbed. At such a moment, it is exceedingly improbable that literary grace, device, or intention, would be so much

as thought about. Yet the solemn emotion of the moment would lift the writing into literature.

A second type of writing which would equally be literature is that which, without an inspiring emotion as its impulse, has still sought to please by attention to method and device. Whether such attention, and in what degree such attention, has been paid at any given time to any special piece of writing, or how far it is the outcome of a habit of effort in the past, are questions of course impossible to answer. But it is clear that expository work, like Huxley's in science, is literature on account of the style displayed in it, while statements of facts baldly put down in the old-fashioned text-books of geography (for instance) are not literature. Huxley's style was intended to please, or at any rate has the result of pleasing, and that constitutes the difference between the two classes of book.

And if we extend this consideration to those mixtures of pure information and effort to attract by treatment and style which are to be found in guide-books and similar productions—even in the descriptive comments of auctioneers' and tradesmen's circulars—we must admit that these—in these descriptive portions at any rate—are, in category, literature; however feeble they may be (and usually are) as specimens of literature. How soon the line may be crossed over into good literature is to be seen in those cases where an accomplished and fine-minded author turns his hand to this description of writing; such cases as Ruskin, William Black, and many others, in various places present.

Correct expression, then, if inspired by true emotion, and artistic expression, constitute literature in its two aspects. To judge the merit of literature in the first aspect, we must be able to determine correctness in expression, which is an easy matter, and truth of emotion, which is harder. In some literature false emotion, emotion affected and not really felt, is exhibited; but at the same time artistic method appears also; and this writing is consequently literature in virtue of its method, and not in virtue of its emotion. But the highest and finest literature is produced when true emotion and artistic method unite; when David praises God, or Carlyle surveys the sad road that went from Schönbrunn to the judgment-bar

of Fouquier-Tinville; or Leigh Hunt speaks on the deaths of little children.

For it is not ecstasies and agonies alone that fill the circle in which true emotion moves. It has its equal object in a hair as heart, and vile man and the rapt seraph are its equal votaries; and it abides not less securely in the pleasantries of Touchstone than in the wit of Sneerwell, and is not more full and perfect in the pangs of Desdemona than in the pains of Alice Fell.

8. *Emotions that Generate Literature*

The enumeration of the emotions that, moving truly, make true literature, is more the psychologist's than the literary student's task. Yet the mention of some of the emotions which have given rise to high literature, and of the work produced under their impulsion, will not be amiss.

Sublimity, the recognition mixed with awe of something vast and immeasurable, which our understanding can touch, but cannot comprehend, is the sentiment that impels and exalts the whole of the magnificent literature of the Bible. The sentiment is here wholly connected with the greatness of God, who, despite man's littleness and imperfection, is mindful of him and visits him. It appears in different forms—the Psalmist's contemplation of the omnipotence of the Creator, the lugubrious vaticinations of Jeremiah, Paul's implicit confidence in the passion of his Saviour. Allied to this biblical sublimity, is the Miltonic conception of spiritual immensities, both evil and good, that appears in his poems on Paradise. But sublimity, though reaching its loftiest, does not find its only expression in contemplation of the Divine. Burke's feelings in examining the British constitution, Ruskin's emotions amid the grandeurs of Alpine scenery, De Quincey's visions in the pains of opium, Macaulay's conception of the persistent authority of the Roman Catholic Church, are all phases of the expression of Sublimity in our literature.

Anger is another powerfully moving passion in literature. The controlled resentment of the evil-wisher desiring that his oppressors may be dashed against the stones, the fiery

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denunciations of righteously inflamed prophets against the wicked, Dickens warming into eloquence against the abuses of his time, the savage scorn of Carlyle, and the gentler rebukes of Thackeray, are types of the literary expression of anger.

Most beautiful of all is the literature born of Sorrow; which is potential anger, no doubt, but stops short at the contemplation of what is to be deplored, instead of proceeding to fulmination against its perpetrator. Loud lament, in this vein, is apt to run into incoherence, but the restrained treatment of a mournful theme results in very pleasing pathos. Death is, naturally, at once the most prolific and the most moving inspirer of the literature of sorrow, and the crowning test of merit in this manner is the deathbed scene: which needs a depth, a delicacy, and a fine control, that even great writers often fail to achieve. Macaulay, for instance, is deficient in the qualities demanded. Dickens tends to exaggeration and false effects. In Shakespeare, the pure pathos of death is obscured by its importance as a move in the dramatic progress of the tale. Thackeray, pre-eminently, among our great writers, has the truest touch in the depiction of this particular scene.

But, apart from actual death, the literature of sorrow includes an infinite variety of pain—the lost opportunity, the misunderstood motive, the childish terror, the unseen fact, the many wheels, come full circle, in the tragedy of circumstance and life. How our literature, how all literature is full of these, it hardly needs to say. Description of them, comments on them, are the staple of all great writers' work. To them, we are all turned by an inevitable attraction of sympathy and interest; on them the greatest literary care has been expended; with truth did Bacon say that the pencil of the Holy Ghost laboured more in depicting the tribulations of Job than the felicities of Solomon.

But the emotion of Joy produces also exultant and triumphant literature. The magnification of the Lord, who regarded lowliness, the pæan of the conquering army, the elation over the child born to prolong his race, are only aspects of the universal susceptibilities for joy that thrill and stir in the children of men.

There is also that curious interplay of sadness and gladness, of wisdom and wit, which we call Humour, which is an emotion of seriousness because always it is founded on a recognition of the frailty of man and the futility of his endeavour, but is an emotion of pleasure also, because it exhibits this frailty and futility in aspects which afford amusement. It is a valuable enriching quality to literature, and emanates from minds which think kindly and at the same time shrewdly about their fellowmen. There is a certain amount of cleverness in it, this cleverness consisting in the ability to detect just those situations which reveal foible and weakness in such a way as not to alienate but rather actively to enlist sympathy for the persons ridiculed. They are as much laughed with as laughed at.

If, on the other hand, to such a clever detection is given a treatment in which sympathy is absent, then the quality operating is not Humour, but Wit. In other words, wit is the quality which arouses unsympathizing, and even an exultant mirth, while humour evokes a pity and almost a regard. Wit, moreover, may, in some of its applications, for example, a pun, have no human connexion, but humour depends on a human connexion for its existence; and wit is frequently employed for the purpose of wounding, while humour never aims to wound.

So it is in writers of large and generous nature that humour is abundantly found—in Chaucer, Addison, Thackeray, Lamb. It is to be noticed that the humorous attitude is usually absent in men whose strongest characteristic is earnestness. The deeply earnest man can find no room for the playful, gentle, and sometimes indirect attack that humour makes upon defect and wrong. And in the gravest, most important issues of life, humour has, of course, no place. Its function is not to awake feeling strenuously but quietly. It is no weapon in the armoury of the crusader or the saviour, though it will be ancillary to the milder censor of his fellows' faults and errors.

Last, let us name that universal passion which takes so many forms, exists in such varying degrees, and has such different objects—the passion of Love. Ranging from the

rapture of the so-called "lover," to the tolerant tenderness with which we love the little birds that gather round the window-sill, this emotion has evoked the literature of patriotism, the domestic affections, the hymn, the elegy, no less than the full-blooded hymeneals of an earlier day. And if the man who has "come to forty year" no longer sighs like a furnace and constructs ballads to an eyebrow, he has gained on the other side an insight into the depths beyond the tumults, that love conducts us to. To extend the term love to the affection for inanimate things like flowers and spots of the earth, would clearly swell the literature of love to dimensions considerably exceeding those which we could assign to the literature prompted by any of the other emotions we have discussed.

Examples to illustrate the revelation in literature of some of these actuating emotions, will be found below. We may instance, too, without quoting, a few literary expressions of the Protean passion of Love—Cowper's lines on his mother's picture, the *Lucy* poems of Wordsworth, Shelley's *When the Lamp is Shattered*, W. Morris's *Love is Enough*, Browning's *Evelyn Hope*, Landor's verses to *Ianthe*, Browning's *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, and many other poems of deep and tender affection.

9. *Examples of Sublimity in Literature*

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire,
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
Swept by ten thousands to the arms of Death.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng,
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.

They to the verge have followed what they love,
And on the insuperable threshold stand:
With cherished names its speechless calm reprove,
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasped hand.

All that have died, the Earth's whole race, repose,
Where Death collects his treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day the nightshades close:
Its Actors, Sufferers, Schools, Kings, Armies—sleep.

If Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rime.

MILTON.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her Father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonished lands
 The cloudy pillar glided slow :
 By night, Arabia's crimson sands
 Returned the fiery column's glow.

SCOTT.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same.
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the star and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
 To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.

POPE.

10. *Examples of Pathos*

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling "Papa," for I know not how I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embrace, and told me, in a flood of tears, papa could not hear me and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful

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woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow, which, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application.—R. STEELE.

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the King
Had gone away, took his right hand and said
" O father, I am young and very happy ;
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine—
Might not he also hear one word amiss.
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus? "
Her father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropped down it; but the King of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more—
" O father, sayst thou nothing? Hear'st thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast until this hour
Listened to fondly, and awakened me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest? "
He moved her gently from him, silent still.

LANDOR.

Farewell, my tender brother. Think
Of our sad fate with gentleness, as now :
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child :
For thine own sake be constant to the love
Thou bearest us : and to the faith that I
Lived ever holy and unstained. And though
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name
Be as a mark stamped on thy innocent brow
For men to point at as they pass, do thou
Forbear and never think a thought unkind
Of those who perhaps love thee in their graves.

SHELLEY.

And there in mire and puddle have I stood
 This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
 One plays continually upon a drum.
 They give me bread and water, being a king;
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
 And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
 Oh, would my blood drop out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!
 Tell Isabel the queen I look'd not thus,
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhorsed the duke of Cleremont.

MARLOWE.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or any of those to whom he traces his line. . . .

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane hath scattered about me. . . . I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation (which must ever subsist in memory) that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.—BURKE.

Now joy, Old England raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 While the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore.

CAMPBELL.

At intervals too he [an old man, a Bencher's servant] would speak of his former life, and how he came up a little boy from Lincoln, to go to service, and how his mother cried at parting with him, and how he returned, after some few years' absence, in his smart new

livery, to see her, and she blessed herself at the change, and could hardly be brought to believe that it was "her own bairn." And then, the excitement subsiding, he would weep, till I have wished that sad second-childhood might have a mother still to lay its head upon her lap. But the common mother of us all in no long time after received him gently into hers.—LAMB.

II. *Examples of Humour*

Of Church music the King was always very fond, showing skill in it both as a critic and as a performer. Many stories, mirthful and affecting, are told of his behaviour at the concerts which he ordered. When he was blind and ill he chose the music for the Ancient Concerts once, and the music and words which he selected were from "Samson Agonistes," and all had reference to his blindness, his captivity, and his affliction. He would beat time with his music-roll as they sang the anthem in the Chapel Royal. If the page below was talkative or inattentive, down would come the music-roll on young scapegrace's powdered head. The theatre was always his delight. His bishops and clergy used to attend it, thinking it no shame to appear where that good man was seen. He was said not to have cared for Shakespeare or tragedy much; farces and pantomimes were his joy; and especially when a clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would laugh so outrageously that the lovely Princess by his side would have to say, "My gracious monarch, do compose yourself." But he continued to laugh, and at the very smallest farces, as long as his poor wits were left him.—THACKERAY.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day.

SHAKESPEARE.

I do not know when I have experienced a stranger sensation than on seeing my old friend, G. D., who had been paying me a morning visit, a few Sundays back, at my cottage at Islington, upon taking leave, instead of turning down the right-hand path by which he had entered—with staff in hand, and at noonday, deliberately march right forwards into the midst of the stream that runs by us, and totally disappear.

A spectacle like this at dusk would have been appalling enough; but in the broad open daylight, to witness such an unreserved motion towards self-destruction in a valued friend, took from me all power of speculation.

How I found my feet I know not. Consciousness was quite gone.

Some spirit, not my own, whirled me to the spot. I remember nothing but the silvery apparition of a good white head emerging; nigh which a staff (the hand unseen that wielded it) pointed upwards, as feeling for the skies. In a moment (if time was in that time) he was on my shoulders, and I—freighted with a load more precious than his who bore Anchises.

And here I cannot but do justice to the officious zeal of sundry passers-by, who, albeit arriving a little too late to participate in the honours of the rescue, in philanthropic shoals came thronging to communicate their advice as to the recovery; prescribing variously the application, or non-application, of salt, etc., to the person of the patient. Life, meantime, was ebbing fast away, amidst the stifle of conflicting judgments, when one, more sagacious than the rest, by a bright thought, proposed sending for the doctor. Trite as the counsel was, and impossible, as one should think, to be missed on,—shall I confess?—in this emergency it was to me as if an Angel had spoken. Great previous exertions—and mine had not been inconsiderable—are commonly followed by a debility of purpose. This was a moment of irresolution.—LAMB.

Yet I have spoken about the spring, and the failure of fair promise, because I took it to my heart, as token of what would come to me, in the budding of my years and hope. And even then, being much possessed, and full of a foolish melancholy, I felt a sad delight at being doomed to blight and loneliness; not but that I managed still (when mother was urgent upon me) to eat my share of victuals, and cuff a man for laziness, and see that a ploughshare made no leaps, and sleep of a night without dreaming. And my mother, half believing, in her fondness and affection, that what the parish said was true about a mad dog having bitten me, and yet arguing that it must be false (because God would have prevented him), my mother gave me little rest, when I was in the room with her. Not that she worried me with questions, nor openly regarded me with any unusual meaning, but that I knew she was watching slyly whenever I took a spoon up; and every hour or so she managed to place a pan of water by me, quite as if by accident, and sometimes even to spill a little upon my shoe or coatsleeve. But Betty Muxworthy was worst; for, having no fear about my health, she made a villainous joke of it, and used to rush into the kitchen, barking like a dog, and panting, exclaiming that I had bitten her, and justice she would have on me, if it cost her a twelvemonth's wages. And she always took care to do this thing just when I had crossed my legs in the corner, after supper, and learned my head against the oven, to begin to think of Lorna.—R. D. BLACKMORE.

12. *Examples of Wit*

What, he on whom our voices unanimously ran,
Made Pope at our last Conclave? Full low his life began;
His father earned his daily bread as just a fisherman.

26 EXEGESIS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION

So much the more his boy minds book, gives proof of mother-wit,
Becomes first Deacon, and then Priest, then Bishop see him sit,
No less than Cardinal ere long, while no one cries " unfit ! "

But some one smirks, some other smiles, jogs elbow and nods head :
Each winks at each : " I-faith, a rise ! Saint Peter's net instead
Of sword and keys, is come in vogue ! " You think he blushes red ?

Not he, of humble holy heart ! " Unworthy me ! " he sighs :
" From fisher's drudge to Church's prince—it is indeed a rise :
So, here's my way to keep the fact for ever in my eyes ! "

And straightway in his palace-hall, where commonly is set
Some coat-of-arms, some portraiture ancestral, lo, we met
His mean estate's reminder in his fisher-father's net !

Which step conciliates all and some, stops cavil in a trice :
" The humble holy heart that holds of newborn pride no spice !
He's just the saint to choose for Pope ! " each adds. " 'Tis my
advice."

So Pope he was : and when we flocked—its sacred slipper on—
To kiss his foot, we lifted eyes, alack, the thing was gone—
That guarantee of lowlihead—eclipsed that star which shone !

Each eyed his fellow, one and all kept silence—I cried " Pish !
I'll make me spokesman for the rest, express the common wish.
Why, Father, is the net removed ? " " Son, it hath caught the fish."

R. BROWNING.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, " Let Newton be ! " and all was light.

POPE.

A Boston artist once painted a piece of orange-peel so naturally
on the pavement that three stout men slipped on it and tumbled
down.—THE DAISY.

Remember, Gentlemen, that no one is infallible among us—not
even the youngest.—LORD BOWEN.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.

SWIFT.

One was saying that his great-grandfather and grandfather and
father died at sea ; said another that heard him, " An I were as
you, I would never come at sea." " Why," saith he, " where did
your great-grandfather and grandfather and father die ? " He
answered, " Where, but in their beds." Saith the other, " An I
were as you, I would never come to bed."—BACON.

13. *Competent Expression in Literature*

As to the literature which is so by virtue of artistic and competent expression only, the impulsion of true emotion not being present, there are in it three constituents, three accompaniments, and a permeating process. The first constituent is an exquisite use of conceptual or notional words (see chap. II). This means that not only are blunders or clear misnomers in vocabulary avoided, but that a fine discrimination prevails in synonyms—in words of closely allied significations. *Honesty* is distinguished from *honour*, *candid* from *frank*, *thorough* from *complete*, *infer* from *imply*, *abrogate* from *annul*, *rebuke* from *reprove*, *pliancy* from *complaisance*, *politeness* from *courtesy*, *sobriety* from *solemnity*.

Secondly, relational words are used with absolute accuracy. Prepositions showing the real relations of concepts, as in the phrase “*in the circumstances*,” occur, instead of prepositions showing another relation, like “*under the circumstances*.” And the loose use of pronouns, in such a way that their reference is ambiguous, teasing the reader, and often leading him astray, is strictly avoided.

Last in these constituents comes the Rhythm. Emotion, especially if strong, largely guides the rhythm of the passages that express it, but in the literature we are considering that guide is absent; and it is left to the writer to care for rhythm as an independent element of his task. Should he neglect, or be unable, to concatenate his sounds in an acceptable way, should he leave the rhythm harsh, awkward, or huddled, he seriously impairs the value of his work, and imperils its claim to be considered literature. Fortunately, an acceptable rhythm—by which is not meant a glorious or beautiful rhythm—is comparatively easy to attain: since in many cases the sense of it will be unconsciously acquired through the conversance with literature which most people who attempt authorship already possess.

The three accompaniments of this literature are naturally not so important as the three constituents of it that have been described. For they neither create literature by their presence nor destroy it by their absence. But they certainly

adorn it, and cannot be neglected by any aspirant to literary effectiveness.

The first is correct Grammar; that is, the use of accepted methods in marking the forms of our words (Accidence), and in combining the words in sentences (Syntax). In our language these methods happen to be exceptionally few and simple, and disregard of them may fairly be ascribed to slovenliness on the part of writers, and not to the difficulties they present in themselves. In fact, the only differences that are in practice discernible between the ordinary educated man's composition and the literary man's are certain niceties of sound in spoken language, of form in written language, and of order in both. Brogues and accent, whether cockney or provincial, come under this head, and so do deficiencies and exaggerations of pronunciation (see chap. VII), the latter being due rather to a non-literary than to a merely local environment. Such are the dropping of the first *r* in February, the exaggeration of the second syllable in *mountain*, and the like. A literary speaker, again, will not use *suchlike*, and *these sort of things*; nor will he misplace the word *only*, the proper position of which is adjoining whatever word it modifies, and not a few words away from that word. "I only saw him yesterday," is ambiguous in its emphasis; probably *only yesterday* is meant. Another fine grammatical propriety is disregarded in "I heard of George going to America last year," where a slight consideration will show that *going* is a noun governed by *of*, and that as it is George's going that is spoken of, that name should be in the possessive. A little more glaringly, the same mistake occurs in "I heard of *him* going." But people who would avoid the latter, habitually use the former incorrect practice. Confusions between *lie* and *lay*, *hot* and *heat*, saying *that much* (for *so* or *thus much*), *different to*, are some of the numerous errors that belong to this category.

The second accompaniment of literary writing is proper Spelling. Decided misspellings are perhaps rare, except in out of the way word like *apophthegm*, *onomatopœia*. But certain common words are liable to misspelling, through slovenly habit of mind or non-conversance with good litera-

ture; *e. g.* *all right* spelt in one word and with one *l*, the ending *full* for *ful*, the dropping of *u* in *favour*, *labour*, and writing one *l*, *t*, or *r* instead of two (or vice versa). Connected with this matter are the unlovely abbreviations that abound in uncultured epistolary communications, like *gent*, and extended even to the abbreviation of phrases, such as the odious omission of the last word in the phrase *on his own account*. This class of literary vulgarity is more offensive to the literary sense than downright misspellings are.

The last of these accompaniments is good Punctuation. One form of error in this matter is the writing by themselves, as though they made a sentence, of words that are no sentence, because a salient part—subject or predicate—is omitted. Omission of *I* as subject, forgivable in telegrams, is ugly in postcards and letters. But the commonest misuses occur in the cases of the comma and the dash. Sentences that ought to be parted by semicolon or full-stop are parted merely by commas. Probably nine-tenths of the people who write letters, even among the educated classes, err in this respect (see chap. VI). The fault occurs purely because these people have never given a thought to the theory of punctuation. Most of them are quite conversant with good literature, but have never studied the punctuation therein. Many of them, dimly aware that some marks ought to break writing somewhere, throw about their pages a wild and confusing series of dashes, which they suppose to be sufficient and yet non-committal sops to the Cerberus of punctuative demand.

Finally, the continuous process that underlies and permeates literature is that shaping of the whole, that consecution and balance of all the paragraph divisions, which every sustained piece of writing must undergo. As this Architectony belongs intimately to the subject of the Essay, the reader will find it fully treated in that chapter.

To be lucid, and to move powerfully—these, in fusion, are the mark of the greatest literature. The second by itself may make real literature. The first by itself makes only record, instruction, or information.

14. *Journalism*

That Journalism is not literature is a statement made and accepted cheerfully enough by all but the journalist. Everything depends upon what is meant by journalism. The term connotes writing devoted to the speedy dissemination of news, catering for a wide and uninstructed public, contemplating only an ephemeral life. Of all this (and whatever may be added in the same vein) the dominant and formative constituent is the first; and considering that the only arts required are those that aim at momentary and sensational effect, and the bad practices and meretricious methods such an aim evokes—the slang, the doubtful English, the vulgar syntax—we may securely say that such part of the daily and periodical press as is devoted to the speedy dissemination of news is, both by its impulse and practice, outside the pale of literature.

But Journalism is unwilling to stop short at disseminating news. It is a natural extension of its function, to write up and glorify the facts it disseminates. It is this embellishing desire that more particularly brings journalism close against literature, and constitutes whatever claim it has to be so regarded. And if the embellishing were well and carefully done, its claim to be literature would succeed. But the circumstances of its nature do not allow the embellishing to be done except for ephemeral and sensational purpose.

Yet there is one department now regularly furnished in the periodical press to which the foregoing remarks do not apply. This is the "literary page" itself—the description of books and comment on them. In no sense a dissemination of news, these articles, brief as they must be, often reveal such high qualities of knowledge, thought, and style, as to prove them the work of accomplished literary men: for in microcosm, and under short limitations of space, it is exceedingly difficult for any but an able and instructed writer to maintain, so regularly as some of these critiques maintain it, an adequate and competent level of literary excellence.

The leading article occupies a halfway place that may very fairly split the difference and be called literary journalism.

That a highly competent writer produces it is fairly evident. But the pressures of time, space, and a dictated outlook, are too distinctly hostile to its true literary success. Perhaps only Macaulay has succeeded in creating a style at once literary and cocksure. The leader writer is of the tribe, certainly, of Macaulay; but he wears his cocksureness with a difference.

15. *Characteristics of Spoken Composition*

Although, in speaking of composition, it is rather the written or the printed page that we have in mind, we must not overlook the fact that by far the greatest volume of composition occurs in the unrecorded spoken word. In this spoken composition we may recognize two classes. One is the impromptu composition of conversation which each of us practises habitually as a regular process of life. The other is the prepared and sometimes rehearsed composition of monologue, of whatever kind—the speech, lecture, lesson, sermon, or address. Obviously, the monologic composition more closely approximates to written composition in its nature and in its method. Indeed, the difference between some monologues and writing is merely that the actual phrasing in the monologue, has not, throughout, received such deliberate selection, though it probably has in parts. But the thoughts have been as carefully developed, and their sequence as carefully arranged.

The differences, therefore, which we are about to note as marking spoken composition do not relate so much to the carefully prepared as to the impromptu monologue, and to conversation. In these we shall find characteristics arising out of the inferior importance we naturally ascribe to that which has no record, and is, in a sense, to die as soon as born. *Littera dicta perit.*

The Spoken composition will show—

1. A less dignified and literary, and a less precise, vocabulary, together with many alternative terms. Just because the speaker is aware that he has not previously selected the precise term, he will seek to cover the idea by the use of

several terms that are more or less synonymous. He grabs at terms, so to speak, as, on the spur of the moment, they seem to offer him help.

2. Some grammatical looseness. This will, of course, vary considerably, according to the speaker's general literary attainment. But even in the best speakers we may look for anacoluthon here and there, that is to say, defect or redundancy or error in continuing a once begun construction. Neither speaker nor hearers may notice this, because the whole sense and meaning are obvious. We have already pointed out that grammatical correctness is one of the usual accompaniments only, not one of the essentials of literature.

3. Apart from correctness, there will be, in the sentence-builds, less compactness and periodicity, free parenthetical insertion, long and straggling arrangements, which a writer would certainly improve.

4. It is very natural, in addressing persons who are in a position to make a direct response (however awkward it might be if they took advantage of that position), to present statements in interrogative form—the "rhetorical question." Hence spoken composition is often full of these questions. They are useful, moreover, as a convenient method of making and marking transition from point to point in the development of the theme. With these questions we may place the exclamations that are also abundant here, and which are avoided in written composition on account of the awkward and somewhat ostentatious exclamation sign which that form demands.

5. On the whole, too, the architectony of spoken composition will be found inferior to the architectony of written. However carefully a speech may, in this particular, have been previously prepared, invitations to digress, and temptations to alter the order in which points were to have been presented, inevitably pursue the speaker who faces an audience; partly because unexpected points and interpositions come from other speakers or from members of the audience, partly because sudden suggestions arise in the speaker's own mind as he goes along, and he has the opportunity to develop them.

But while the spoken composition compares unfavourably with the written in qualities of compactness, regularity, precision, there are gains to be recorded on the other side. These are elasticity, and the opportunity for adaptation, emphasis, explanation, and a general impression of vigour and sincerity which the colder and more deliberated method of written composition does not furnish. So that if the intention of the composition is to move strongly, a practised speaker would probably prefer to use the spoken appeal; but if the object is merely to afford lucid information, the securer plan would be to write what has to be explained.

CHAPTER II

THE MATERIALS OF LANGUAGE—WORDS

I. *Origin of Language*

THOUGHT being immaterial, it is strange that we are unable to transmit it except by material means. Such, however, despite the thought-readers and telepaths, is the case; and we have therefore been compelled to discover appropriate materials by which to record and communicate our thoughts.

Plainly, these materials must possess certain special virtues. They must be ready to hand, accessible for use at every moment, whether the thought they dress be subtle, simple, grave, or gay. They must, again, be easy to use, so that the child and the peasant may employ them as easily as the philosopher. Lastly, they must be adequate for all purposes—to express truth and fiction, thought and feeling, in all their shapes and shades.

A combination of these qualities is found in those sounds made by our vocal organs, which in their sum-total we call speech. So great is the variety of the sounds we can thus form, and so finely are they distinguishable by our powers of hearing, that they suffice for all our intellectual needs. It is true that for certain transports of emotion they fail us. But our seasons of such transport are so occasional and so momentary that on the whole our need for expression while they last is very small.

Now, when man first began to make this natural instinctive use of his vocal machinery for expression, what are we to suppose that he intended to express? What was the meaning of his earliest sound? Or, to bring the matter more within the range of our immediate observation, what is the meaning of an infant's earliest sound?

The answer must be that, apart from mere reflex sounds like sighs of relief or grunts of satisfaction, the earliest sound that is intended to have any significance at all and to convey any

conscious working of the mind, is essentially a sentence; the expression of some thought, whether a judgment or a wish or a question—How nice food is, I want food, Where is the food? and the like. That is to say the concepts (see chap. I) that make up thought are not known as such, are not envisaged in isolation at all, but are thrown into direct union, and that direct relation established between them which we have seen to be in its formation a thought, and in its expression a sentence. The unit, then, of all speech and expression is a Sentence. The analysis of sentences into their conceptual factors, the insulation of these, and the separate expression of them in words, is a later act of mind.

In studying and discussing the materials of language, it becomes convenient to distinguish not only Sentences and Words, but also those farther and later developments or parts of expression which in any way admit of separate examination. For instance, there is that series or consecution of sentences, dealing with one aspect of a theme or one side of a situation, which is known as a Paragraph. There are, again, those symbols used to mark and suggest sounds, which we call the Letters of the alphabet, and combinations of these, which make Syllables. There are, further, in written language, the small signs which indicate pause or assist grammatical interpretation, named marks of Punctuation. To these we may add the little groups of words which are taken together to replace single words and are denominated Phrases.

To sum up and enumerate all these again, in the order in which we shall investigate them, let us say that the materials of language are those divisions or parts of language that will bear separate description, namely, Words, Phrases, Sentences, Paragraphs, Syllables, Letters of the alphabet, and marks of Punctuation. Each of these has its origin, its attributes, and its literary utilities.

2. *Functions of Words as sentence-parts*

A word is a speech-sound (or a collection of speech-sounds) that represents some analysed and isolated constituent of a sentence. There will exist as many classes of words as there are functions to be performed in a sentence.

(A) As a sentence is the expression of a relation established in the mind between concepts, concepts themselves manifestly require to be named, and some words are the names of concepts.

(B) As most concepts are of such a kind that they may or may not in any given instance include some special quality or attribute, it is useful to possess (and we do possess) words which indicate qualities or attributes, and which may be attached to a name so as to include that special quality in the concept named.

(C) There are words that actually declare the relation between the concepts as established.

(D) Words without naming concepts may do the work of referring to them when already named.

(E) Words which merely link up or join other sentence-parts, especially concepts.

(F) Words which link up or show connexion between thoughts.

(G) Words showing that the relation established and expressed in a sentence is not of an absolute kind but under certain modifications.

(H) Meaningless speech sounds to indicate certain mental attitudes of emotion.

(I) The words *yes* and *no*, which are economical obviations of sentence-repetitions.

This general survey of the functions performed by words has clearly brought us into that special field of language-study which is named Grammar. We are reviewing the so-called Parts of Speech into which the grammarian places words.

The concept-naming words (A) he calls Nouns. He subdivides Nouns, further, into classes based on the differences between the kinds of concepts which the mind can distinguish. Thus he gets his Common Nouns naming concrete objects of which many separate individuals exist (*tree*); his Proper Nouns naming one special individual (*London, Paul*); Abstract Nouns naming qualities, actions, and states: and he finds it convenient, too, to speak of Nouns of material (*iron*), Collective Nouns (*fleet*), and possibly some other classes.

The words (B) attached to Nouns to indicate qualities

belonging to the concepts named, are Adjectives (*blue, kind*). We bring in also under this group of words those that indicate the number or the quantity of the concept named (*four, much*), and those that indicate any special position occupied by it in place or in our thought (*this, that, third*). This class of words always serves the purpose of identifying more closely the concept to which they are attached. But even this farther identification is sometimes vague, and is to be gathered only by reference to something already mentioned (*such*).

It follows from their nature that Adjectives of Quality and some of Quantity are capable of indicating greater or lesser degrees of the quality or the quantity that they show (*finer, more*).

In a sense, the words (C) called Verbs, which actually state or declare that the concept-relation which constitutes the thought *is* established, are the most important of all words; for without them no thought can be expressed. Their grammatical sub-classification usually proceeds on two separate lines. One has regard merely to the manner in which certain of their tense-forms are constructed. On this line we obtain the Weak and Strong (Regular and Irregular, Living and Dead, New and Old, Suffix and Stem are all other names that might be used) classes. The other classification starts from the basis of consideration as to how far the thought established may be regarded as completed by the Verb. For instance, *man exists* is complete; *man likes* requires another concept; *man becomes* requires something in the nature of an attribute to be indicated; *man eats* may be regarded both as complete if a general sense only is intended, and as incomplete if some special act is in view. Thus our classes are Intransitive, Transitive, and Incompletely Predicative.

About the classification of Pronouns (D), which stand for and refer to concepts without naming them, the grammarian has had difficulty. Those used directly with verb as subjects or objects (*I, thou, they*, etc.) he calls Personal. *This* and *that* he calls Demonstrative. *Who, which*, and *that* (when equivalating *which*) are Relative. *Who*, etc., when questions are asked by their means, are Interrogative. *Some, any*, because of their vague character, are Indefinite.

That these are bad names, even if the classes may be regarded as satisfactory, is clear. Every Pronoun, for instance, relates to some concept, but the so-called Relative Pronouns do the farther work of linking one sentence to another so as to obviate the necessity of using a conjunction. Hence the name Conjunctive Pronoun would seem to be better than Relative. Personal, again, hardly appears to be a name of much meaning. The word *all*, usually styled one of the Indefinite Pronouns, is, in one sense, the most definite word we can employ.

The words in class (E) are Prepositions. They have thus much in common with the Conjunctions of class (F), that they are link-words. But Prepositions are mainly used to link concepts together in such a way that the linked concept, through its link, becomes equivalent to an attribute-indicating adjective, as in *The rose in the garden*, where the last three words express what one adjectival word, if we had it, would express. Prepositions are hardly classifiable at all, but Grammar finds etymological convenience in speaking of Simple and Compound classes, the latter comprising words made up of two previously existing words (*into, upon*).

Conjunctions (F) are usefully classified into two groups—those which link one sentence to another merely for convenience and do not make the linked sentence an integral part of the whole statement, and those that fulfil the latter function. The former do not interfere with the absolute and unmodified truth of each of the linked sentences when taken apart. Thus in *A clock goes when it is wound up*, the absolute statement that a clock goes anywhere and at all times is not made, and the divorce of the second sentence from the first would destroy the conditional statement about the clock. But in *Birds fly and fishes swim*, the second statement is no integral part of the first, does not create or destroy it, and is linked with it by the conjunction *and* purely for some purpose of convenience, rhythm, or variety. The Conjunctions (*when, where, because, etc.*) that connect the member-sentences of an integrated sentence-group are known as Subordinative Conjunctions, the others as Co-ordinative.

Conjunctions may further be classified according to other

aspects of the work they do. *And* is thus an Accumulative Conjunction, *but* a Separative, *although* a Contrastive or Concessive, *because* an Illative, *when* and *while* Contemporative (or Temporal), and so on.

The words (G) that indicate that the relations established by means of a verb are not absolute but conditioned, are Adverbs. Notions of place, time, manner, and degree, are thus introducible in a way which would be otherwise impossible—unless indeed we multiplied our verbs up to the number of modifications required, and had some system by which *sing* (or any other verb) represented only the absolute notion of singing, and other forms, made from *sing*, represented singing *here*, singing *well*, singing *much*, and so on—a system which would of course be impossible to operate. It may be noticed that a very slight adoption of such a system already obtains, in the tense-forms of the verb, by which certain, but these only very vague, time-modifications of the absolute notion are conveyed.

The classes into which these modifying adverbs fall are classes of the different modifying notions required. Probably time, place, manner, and degree cover all these notions, or can be made to cover them; the only exception would seem to be the word *not*, which is *sui generis*, and so entirely contradictory in its force that to speak of it as a merely modifying word is feeble.

The speech-sounds, *oh*, *alas*, etc., (H) can hardly be called words; for they are not significant, and certainly play no part within sentences. Their extra-sentential nature will be seen when the attempt is made to allocate them to any of the columns of ordinary analysis. If an Interjection is to be categorized at all, it must itself be a very compressed and highly vague form of sentence, equivalating "I am very glad, surprised, grieved," or the like.

Embarrassment rather than reason has relegated, in the past, the words *yes* and *no* to the category of Adverbs. But satisfactory grounds for such a relegation cannot be found. The words do not merely convert the question they answer into a statement of positive or negative sense; they actually stand for such a sentence, and the fresh category

of Prosentence is the only category into which they can fall.

3. *Meanings of Words*

The literary value of words is something quite apart from their grammatical value or rank. Their literary value depends on several factors which are not always easy to recognize or analyse in any given word in any given place, but which may comprehensively and generally be studied here as belonging, in greater or less degree, and with varying relative importance, to all words. These factors are four: Meaning, Atmosphere, Form, Sound. In differentiating between Form and Sound, we of course have regard in the former case to written, in the latter to spoken, words.

The Meaning of a word is its most important literary aspect. It cannot be too emphatically said that concepts are not the objects they represent, but only the mind's image, picture, or idea of those objects. Certainly, all our minds being of much the same constitution and calibre, the concept we all form of any given object of thought is much the same; it is never, however, the actual object, and there is in many cases not only room for, but actually the existence of, great differences in our apprehensions of that which we suppose we are all apprehending in the same way. Thus, though what is an *orange* to one man is probably an orange to all other men who know English, what one man regards as *honour* or as *tremery* is perhaps not quite that which another man understands by it. Frequent and bitter differences of understanding and feeling have occurred through precisely such possibilities as this—misconceptions, in the true sense of the term. And if we add to this innate and internal source of misconception the many farther misconceptions to which we are liable through imperfect knowledge of a certain language, the immense importance both of clear thought and language-study becomes very obvious.

Hence arises the necessity of repeated and careful definitions of the terms we use; careful, because many conceptions are not easy to clarify even to ourselves, let alone others; repeated, because memory is treacherous, and we may easily fail to re-

call either the concept itself which we once knew, or the word by which that special concept, as distinguished from concepts closely allied to it, was named. *Perspicuity* and *perspicacity*, for example, present concepts difficult in themselves; the similarity of their forms leads to their easy confusion.

For these reasons, to seize and stereotype a once accepted concept, so that by reference we can recover what we understood, or ought to understand, by any given term—in other words, to compile a dictionary, is an early and necessary task as soon as a language comes to be generally used by an intelligent people. And if a dictionary were always started early enough, and regularly obeyed, by any nation, language would be a less complicated and difficult instrument than it now is. Ignorance of, and disobedience, wilful or unconscious, to a dictionary's rulings, has produced in English extraordinary difficulties and complications in the use of words. Our dictionaries now contain definitions of varying character for the same word. One word, one meaning, should have been the golden rule.

On the matter of wilful disobedience to the dictionary more will be said in a later portion of this work. Whatever may be the farther and extended senses in which a word may be employed, there must be to every word a first, natural, simple, ordinary meaning which, in the absence of recognized intention to the contrary, it must be taken to bear. Of course words are always used in a context, and this context gives generally the key to the writer's intention as to its meaning. But if we are ourselves needing to use a word and are not quite certain what that word should be, our plain safety lies in taking that word which the dictionary declares to have as its first and ordinary meaning the notion we require.

4. *Principles on which Meanings are extended*

As many words have acquired other meanings in addition to their first and ordinary meaning, it is interesting to observe how these secondary meanings have arisen.

Every word is called into being by the need of it to express something that belongs to or is connected with a certain set or sphere of concepts. So *star* names a special bright object

belonging to and connected with all the concepts of astronomy—*sun*, *planet*, and the like. This is, then, its first and ordinary meaning.

Similarly, *tail* is connected with concepts about an animal's body, *to simmer* with concepts of cooking over a fire, *eloquently* with concepts of speaking.

Each of these words, when kept strictly to its original connexion, is used in its first and ordinary meaning. And if it were never taken out of this connexion, all would be plain sailing.

But hardly any term will be left there. For instance, *star* is taken out and used in connexion with people on the stage; *tail* in connexion with people in a cricket team; *simmer* in connexion with feelings of the mind; *eloquently* in connexion with looking. So we get sentences like, the *stars* received huge salaries; the *tail* made fifteen runs; I saw him *simmering* as he heard your remarks; his appearance was *eloquent* on his behalf.

Now it is obvious that the meaning of all these words in their new applications bears to the concepts of their new sphere the same relation as their old meanings bore to the concepts of their old sphere. What relation (that of conspicuous splendour) a star bears to other objects of the heavens, that relation an operatic "star" bears to the other members of the opera. What relation (that of unimportant appendage) a tail bears to a cat, that relation the "tail" of the weakest batsmen bears to the other batsmen of a team. What relation a simmering condition of liquid on a fire bears to other conditions that a liquid may be in there, that relation a certain condition of the feelings of the mind bears to other emotional conditions. What relation (that of a certain persuasive and appealing manner) a speech eloquently delivered bears to other speeches, that relation a certain look or appearance of a person bears to other appearances he may present. It is, then, our recognition of an identity of relation that governs our transference of these terms from their original to a fresh sphere of application. We transfer them on the principle of Analogy.

If we collect and consider the words which, on this principle

of analogy, have been pressed into different applications, we discover no exact rule governing the choice of them. No regard seems to be paid to any point save those of force and picturesqueness, and, even so, the choice has been erratic, one set of analogies being left alone, another utilized.

The danger attending all transference through analogy is that of straining after effect when no effect is required, or when the subject will not bear an effective presentation. As plains and valleys must abound in order that mountains may strike the eye, so the preponderance of ordinary and literal terms in our speech will sharpen and point the analogical metaphors we may introduce into it. Perpetual metaphor, on the other hand, annoys by its ceaseless demand on our exertion to detect the analogical point, and if in weariness we remit the endeavour to detect it, then metaphor ceases to be metaphor and becomes merely a new label in which there is no advantage: this, in fact, has occurred in several instances of timeworn metaphor, which have ceased to carry force as such and are equivalent to ordinary words. Such are *see* (used of understanding), to *cloak* (used of concealing), *rotation*, *explode* (with laughter), and a thousand others.

Most odious of the forced and unnecessary metaphors in our language are those of the debased type known as slang; the offensiveness of which is doubled by the frequent contraction or mutilation of form to which the word in its slang use is subjected. That slang is the monopoly of youthful people and hustling journalists, and is anathema to the scholarly writer, is no accident of habit, but the natural consequence of the absence and presence of literary feeling that characterize these respective orders of mind.

Another principle on which words are transferred from an original to a new use is that of mere Association. *Grey hairs* are a phenomenon associated with old age, and the expression is made to stand for old age itself. A *keel* is a part of a boat, a *crown* is an adjunct of a king, to *tremble* is a condition often accompanying fear. *Grey hairs* deserve respect, The *crown* ceased to control affairs, Weel may the *keel* row, I *trembled* for him, are sentences in which the new meanings of these

expressions operate. Were their first meanings operating, none of the sentences would be sensible or true. Words so transferred are called Metonyms.

A third principle on which words pass from one use to another is that of Resemblance in general effect. The *head* of a pin, or the *head* on a glass of liquor, is so called on account of rough resemblance in position as well as shape, to the *head* of a man. *Hog's back*, *heel*, *naze*, as geographical terms, belong to the same category; so, too, the *tongue* of a bell, and Shakespeare's *gum down-roping* (of the horses' mouths at Agincourt).

This principle has to be mentioned, but it is not a very important principle, and does not account for many words. Where employed, it has the merit of great simplicity and picturesqueness. It borders on metaphor through analogy, and in some cases there may be a doubt as to which principle accounts for the word.

A word, again, may come to have a different meaning by the following process. Nearly all words that are names bring to our minds not one or two, but several points or attributes which belong to and are included in the object they name. Thus the name *boy* connotes, that is includes, the notions of life, youth, small physical size, inexperience, and many other qualities.

Now it is quite possible to use this word *boy* in such a way that in using it we are dwelling much more in thought on one or two of the features it connotes, and ignoring the others. For instance, in the sentence, He is a *boy* in these matters, it is evidently not size we are thinking of, but inexperience. In this way, *boy* might come to be a recognized word for *novice*, or some such equivalent.

If we trace the history of words we shall find that the tendency to select and emphasize one of the several connoted features which a term presents, and so to draw it away into a different meaning from its original one, has operated several times over in the case of a single word. *Knave* originally meant *boy*, then *servant*, then *cheat*, and so came to bear its present modern signification. The course of its descent is clear. Among other things a boy does, he serves his elders.

Among other things some servants do, they deceive their masters.

This principle of selecting one Connoted feature, although a universal and natural one, has received fresh impetus in our language, because of the particular way in which that language has been built up. Our language existed as practically a self-contained tongue consisting of a wholly native vocabulary, until the Norman Conquest let loose upon it another independent and self-contained vocabulary, namely, French. As the peoples coalesced, the languages coalesced, and for many concepts there stood side by side two terms, one our own, one the strangers'. We could not banish either, and to keep them without establishing distinctions would have been wasteful and ridiculous excess. So, by making one present more prominently one connoted feature of its concept, we usefully employed both, and were able to secure a greater light and shade in the expression of our thought. Thus *heavy* is kept for material, *grave* for spiritual applications: *baby* for ordinary, *infant* for legal reference: *box* for rough, *casket* for refined allusion. And so on.

We have mentioned only Norman-French as the depositor of a double vocabulary upon our tongue; but wherever and whenever a fresh foreign influx of words has entered, equal scope for fresh adjustments of meaning has been afforded. The Renaissance introduced several Latin and some Greek words, and the Restoration brought in some more French words; and our whole national development has contributed to enrich our vocabulary from the many points of foreign contact which it has involved. At every moment introductions like *serviette* and *maisonette* (many of them unnecessary and foolish) are entering and carrying off some slight feature of connotation as their domain. Language grows, perpetually, in the direction of delicacy, and loses, correspondingly, in compactness and strength.

Of the numerous words that writers formed and introduced into our language under the impulse of classical learning during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, although many survived as permanent additions to the vocabulary that we use to-day, many died out of vogue, to be resuscitated only

in a half-playful manner by Lamb, De Quincey, and other whimsical imitators of the past. No principle, but merely accident, seems to have differentiated between those to be taken and those to be left. Only the classical scholar could understand, for example, *clancularly*, *immorigerous*, *intenerate*, from Jeremy Taylor, and *amit*, *depilous*, *manuduction*, from Sir Thomas Browne.

In dealing with the fact of the double vocabulary which we largely possess through the parallel existence of our native and Romanic words, we ought to note that on the whole we have distributed the two sections into two fields of requirement. The native words we have retained for primary, simple, and familiar uses: the Romanic words we have reserved for more difficult and intellectual areas of thought—science, medicine, law, and the like. *Gun* and *ordnance*, *cold* and *catarrh*, (Greek) *house* and *domicile*, will sufficiently illustrate. This being the case, the advice so frequently given with regard to general composition, that native words should be preferred to those of foreign extraction, though well-meant, is absurd. For the pairs of terms are never—or hardly ever—exactly interchangeable. The old golden rule, in this matter, is to use that word which more precisely means that which we want to say; not stopping to consider the source whence it originally came. Studied rejection of either element, in an indissolubly composite language like ours, will lead only to unnatural and uncertain composition.

All these principles on which we have seen that the meaning of words can be diverted, are natural principles which we can easily appreciate. But how completely pliant an instrument language is in the hands of consenting men is observed in the fact that their reactive fancy has actually gone so far as to abandon all natural principles whatever and apply to concepts words of an absolutely contrary significance. Thus a superstitious fear of angering divine powers led the Greeks to call the Furies, whom they regarded as man's pests, the Well-disposed; and the Black Sea, whose storms they dreaded, the Hospitable Sea. And whenever we indulge the spirit of irony we follow in this wake; not only confusing the understanding of simple men, but imperilling the exactness of our language.

We may in this connexion passingly notice deflexions made through sheer misapprehension, whether through hearing, seeing, or in any way getting hold of the wrong attachment of a word. The etymological student whose concern is with words as they came to be will study these changes with greater interest than the literary student whose concern is rather with words as they are. The passing of *écrevisse* into *crayfish* is an example.

In summarizing the deflexions, deviations, and transferences given to words from their primary simple and ordinary meanings we may enumerate in the probable order of natural process—

1. Widening of application.
2. Narrowing of application.
3. Metaphor through analogy.
4. Metonym through association.
5. Transference through resemblance.
6. Selection of one connoted feature.
7. Meiosis through softening.
8. Misapplication through error.

5. *Literary Values of Words*

Our consideration of the ways in which the different meanings of words are developed, has brought us to a stage where we may usefully examine the literary values of words.

The straightforward, first, and natural meanings of words are the essential basis of all composition; for unless these are known the developed and secondary meanings cannot be appreciated. Moreover, a developed secondary meaning is always, from the nature of its formation, open to some uncertainty of interpretation. Therefore, for absolute clearness, words should be used only in their primary meanings.

But absolute clearness, valuable as it is, is something which gives no scope for light and shade, picturesqueness, vividness, or emphasis. When these are required, we have recourse to such applications of words as contain a secondary meaning. So "The *pen* is mightier than the *sword*" is a much more

picturesque way of expressing the thought that "Writing produces more effect than fighting," and "The wind *churned* the waves" is more vivid than "The wind made a very rapid movement on the surface of the waves."

From both these examples, and especially from the second, we discover that Figurative language (as all language not literally and straightforwardly used is called) makes not only for picturesqueness, but also for economy. A figure obviates, usually, the use of several more words than it itself contains. If Figure were removed from a language, there would be lost a high capability for illuminating and energizing thought. Take away Metaphor and Metonymy, and nearly all richness, variety, vigour, flavour, snap, and spirit would disappear. In a word, our poetry would be gone.

But there would remain that security of logical process and safety of reference that pertain to pedestrian language of scientific and practical type. None can deny that in a will, for example, a lease, a mathematical treatise, the language of figure would lead to confusion. So to speak of poetical diction and to mean by that term, principally, a diction availing itself of the resources of Figure, is to make a useful distinction between classes of vocabulary which are utilized from different angles and with different objects: the object of prose diction being merely to clarify to the understanding, that of poetic diction being to "haunt, startle, and waylay" the emotions by pleasure and surprise.

If surprise is the path by which Metaphor enters and converts the prosaic into the poetical, a quieter and yet an exquisitely beautiful path into the poetic realm is afforded by Metonymy. For analogy is actively exercised, is discovered by weighing, judging, and selecting; but association occurs of itself, persists beyond our control, makes its poignant or its happy presence apart from our desires; and as the experiences of each of us differ from the experiences of the rest, it adds to its force the singular charm of an individual appeal. A *rancid* temper, a *churning* sea, are phrases that convey an equally clear-cut and vigorous meaning to all readers; but to serve *before the mast*, or, the decisions of *Downing Street*, come home to different readers with different force.

From consideration of the numerous transferences that occur in the application of words, and the consequent deflexions that their meanings undergo, it is clear that our language abounds in Synonyms, that is, in different words that bear much the same meaning. It is possible that an exceedingly close examination of reputed synonyms will disclose the fact that there are no absolute synonyms; that words do not exist which bear at all times and in all applications the same meanings, and can always be interchanged. For the needs of language to express very slightly differing shades of idea are so great, and the necessity for absolute synonyms so small, that the tendency will always be for synonyms, even if once absolute, to take on differentiations, first slight, gradually extending. It is just here that the scientific writer will make his contribution to the exactness of our words; for he will demand a one-term, one-meaning vocabulary so far as he can get it. The medical man carefully separates *illusion*, *delusion*, *hallucination*, *idée fixe*; he wants each for a somewhat different idea. The literary man may separate *illusion* from the rest; but in choosing from the rest it is probable that sound or atmosphere will determine his choice.

There is, however, no reason why the literary student should not understand and appreciate the distinction between synonyms (that are not strictly technical) even though, for literary purpose, he see fit to make his selection of terms on some other ground. That distinctions are certainly blurred is to be seen in considering *error*, *mistake*, *blunder*, *fault*; that, again, distinctions are clearly felt is seen in *alarm*, *fear*, *terror*, *dismay*. It is some clue to the difference between the blurred and the felt classes of synonyms, in words appertaining to mental function, that the former of these two groups all relate to intellectual operations of mind, the latter to emotional.

So far, the Synonyms spoken of have been what may be termed original, where the simple and ordinary meanings of the words are much the same. But synonyms are, of course, also set up in great numbers through the operation of metaphor, metonym, and the other transferences of meaning already discussed. It is of the first importance that such transfer-synonyms should be accurately known; that *rusty* knowledge

should be understood as knowledge imperfect through disuse, and not merely *ancient* knowledge; that *winged* words are not *flighty* words; a *vixen* not a *cunning* woman; to *toast* the king not to consign him to perdition. The features connoted in any term are often numerous. And as usually only one of these features is selected for figurative application, failure to recognize that particular feature will throw the meaning all awry. And as in the first instance the feature chosen was no doubt chosen in an arbitrary way, only the constant following up of the words used by the best writers will delicately guide the student to the word's figurative content, both now and at any given period in our literature.

6. *Figure*

We have noted the main principles on which we divert words from their primary and straightforward meanings by applications in which they bear meanings of a developed and secondary kind. We now proceed to give these uses a more exhaustive consideration.

The comprehensive name given to diversions of words from their literal and ordinary meanings is *Figure*. The different figures are numerous, and capable of classification. On what basis is it best to classify them?

As every figure expresses what is not truth, it is clear that each must express either what is simply contrary to truth or clearly overtruth or clearly undertruth. "I have told you this fact a *million times*" considerably exaggerates the instances of the reality. "A Londoner is the citizen of *no mean city*" understates the real importance of London. "He *was a lion* in the fight" is simply contrary to truth.

The following table compactly separates, exemplifies, describes, and gives the usual designation of the figures contrary to truth—

<i>Example.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
He <i>cooked the</i> answer to his sum.	We apply the analogy existing between what fire does to a natural object and what he did to the natural answer that his wrong working of the sum would have produced.	Metaphor.

<i>Example.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
Under the Tudors the Crown acquired great strength.	We put the associated object for the person with whom it is associated.	Metonymy.
<i>Poverty</i> shrinks from the patronage of <i>Wealth</i> .	The abstracted qualities are put for the people in whom they are exhibited.	Personification.
The Ploughman homeward plods his <i>weary</i> way.	We transfer the epithet from the <i>ploughman</i> to whom it really belongs, to the <i>way</i> .	Transferred Epithet.
You are the people and wisdom will die with you.	We mean the opposite of what we say.	Irony.
The child is the father of the man.	We startle by a statement which taken literally contradicts itself.	Paradox.
His conduct is <i>faultily faultless</i> .	We use an expression which contradicts itself.	Oxymoron.

The only figure that can clearly and definitely be called a figure of overtruth, in contrast to being merely contrary to truth, is that exaggeration of statement known as Hyperbole, and exemplified by the employment of huge numbers for small ones and other manifest magnifications of size, scope, or degree.

Similarly, there are a few figures which are clearly figures of undertruth.

<i>Example.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
It must have been <i>no small labour</i> to pierce the tunnel of the Simplon.	We state in a mild negative way that which we wish to be taken in a strongly positive sense.	Meiosis, or Litotes.
He worked hard for his <i>bread and cheese</i> .	We put a part to represent the whole (of the sustenance by which we live).	Synecdoche.
<i>He passed away</i> .	We use a gentle expression for an unwelcome idea.	Euphemism.
There is never a good champagne year unless there is a good apple-crop in Normandy.	We intend an unexpressed conclusion to be drawn.	Innuendo.

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All Figures are devices connected with the meaning of terms and the effect that terms have upon the sense of the sentences in which they occur. There are some other devices which are also intended to have an effect upon the meaning and the force of what is said. These are loosely confounded with figure because of this fact; but they are not really figures, since they are not uses in which the literal meanings of terms are departed from, narrowed, or extended. They may be tabulated thus—

<i>Example.</i>	<i>Description.</i>	<i>Name.</i>
O Death, where is thy sting?	What is incapable of being actually addressed—because non-existent, or absent in place or time—is addressed.	Apostrophe.
I see before me the gladiator lie.	What is not really seen is said to be seen (this is applicable to all other appreciations of of the senses, such as hearing and touch).	Vision.
Could ye not watch with me one hour?	A question not requiring an answer, because not put for information, but to present a statement in an emphatic and appealing way.	Interrogation or Rhetorical Question.
The very next time you offend me like this, I shall——	The blank is left to express the strong emotional force of feeling which cannot find words to express itself.	Aposiopesis.
O Lord, how wonderful are thy works!	The statement is put in exclamatory form to emphasize the writer's feelings of the fact.	Exclamation.
He flung himself into a chair and into a passion when he heard this news.	The same term is used in a literal and figurative sense about the same object of thought.	Zeugma.

A fuller description of these and similar devices, and a study of their literary utilities, occur in a later part of this book (see chap. XVII).

7. *Atmosphere in Words*

Besides Meaning, with all its developed varieties, words like all other things are possessed of that sometimes strong and

sometimes faint quality of attractiveness, appropriateness, or the opposite of these, which we may call Atmosphere. This arises not from any of their actual meanings, but from the associations in which they have usually occurred, and which they, in consequence, suggest. Certain words, exactly as they may express the meaning we require, are avoided because of their unpleasant atmosphere. *Damn* is an instance in point. It simply means condemn, but is so associated with foul and uncouth phrases that we usually manage to evade its use in ordinary speech. Other words, again, we rather court and endeavour to drag in, even though their strict meanings may be rather doubtful in the application we give them, or may actually, to our knowledge, be misleading. So a man will use *deduce* rather than *infer*, because it sounds to him more learned. *Syrup*, *preserve*, and *serviette* are foolishly thought to sound more stylish than *treacle*, *jam*, and *napkin*. *Refectory* is more imposing than *dining-room*, *embrasure* than *recess*. In the Atmosphere of words we are manifestly moving in a region of the greatest possible importance to the force and the flavour of literary style. The dictionary, our certain guide in meanings, is of no service to us in atmosphere. Wide various reading, chiefly among the best, occasionally among the worst, authors, and a fine personal sensibility in language, will alone direct us happily in choosing words of appropriate atmosphere for the composition we have in hand. Without this, some of the most serviceable words as regards thought, power, vision, and suggestiveness, will jar and torture our literary sense; for instance, when *sense* and *glimpse* are used as verbs, when *outstanding* is used for *conspicuous*, *spells* for *equivalates*, when curtailments like *bike*, and journalisms like *anent*, disfigure serious prose. These examples are, of course, glaring. There are others of much finer shade and hue, which it requires a really delicate taste to feel as odious. And the sad ease with which the continual dropping of the journalist will wear away the rigid stoniness of the rejection that ought always to meet these clamant terms should make us more careful, in our own reading, to keep our standards high by constant contact with the best.

In these high standards there is not only the negative

advantage of keeping our vocabulary clear of badly-associated words, there is the positive advantage of being in a position to employ words which through their fine recall will move with sympathy the scholar, the poet, the man who lives with what is best and highest in the literary life.

These atmospheres that words may possess are as many and various as are the qualities that can be appreciated by our minds. They may, in the most general way, be attractive, neutral, or repellent. They may be beautiful, noble, tender, and grave, or merry, cruel, mean, and ugly : or mixtures and modifications of these in all degrees. They may be poetical or prosaic, literary or colloquial, simple or technical, rough or polished ; not because they positively mean or name these ideas, but because these ideas were the first or the most frequently in association with them in our own experience.

The last phrase leads us to reflect upon the individual elements in the atmosphere of words. As persons, our environment is by no means the same, nor are our natures so identical that we all feel in the same way. Horatian words, which to many are fondly associated with much literary and human pleasure, were to Byron the "drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word." The importance, therefore, of keeping good literature as far as possible out of the arena of arid and difficult teaching in grammar and philosophy, is real ; especially in the case of very young scholars.

Further, there is the fact that certain words are for all of us vested with an attractiveness or repulsion depending purely on the personal circumstances in which we first or frequently found them.

Exhaustively, then, we may count the factors that create atmosphere in words to be three. First, the contextual associations, whether in speech or writing, with which it has most impressively reached us. Next, the personal circumstances which accompanied its introduction. Lastly, a certain residuum of individuality belonging to every word, arising from its form and sound.

Neither Form nor Sound are Atmosphere, but quickly pass into it. They are the last two attributes of words, as Meaning and Atmosphere are the first two. Sound is the more im-

portant. The great part it plays in composition is liable to be overlooked, because we recognize it rather unconsciously than deliberately. A word is often changed, after being set down in writing, because the ear dislikes its sound. All the effects of onomatopœia, in all its degrees, and the effects of rhythm itself, depend upon the suitable arrangement of suitably sounding words. The long-drawn sweetness of *Mesopotamia* made it a soothing and blessed word to the old lady who attended church for the pleasure of hearing it. Proper names in literature are chosen by Dickens and others, partly for their associative power in drawing our liking or our dislike to the persons and places they name. *Murdstone* and *Gradgrind* repel, like the people they christen. *Agnes* and *Dora* would lose some of their charm if they had jaw-breaking names.

Atmosphere is undoubtedly that attribute of words which constitutes their literary value as contrasted with their scientific utility. Hard and fast reasoning, accurate labelling, unambiguous reference—these scientific aims have no place for, and cannot risk, the comparative fluidity of vocabulary that the verbal artist, whether in verse or prose, will welcome and admit for the sake of atmospheric charm. If examples are to be sought, they will be found pre-eminently in Shakespeare, and, there, passim. His easy, rich, spacious vocabulary has little that is common in its method with that of lesser men. With Tennyson, with whom you will, even in Milton, there is, in their vocabularic method, a sensation of carefulness, of artifice. More or less, they cook and carve their language, though they do so greatly. Only in Shakespeare—and, next to him, in Keats—is there an absolute spontaneity of utterance, that unlaborious speech which is not a secret art but an instinctive power.

And the reason why Shakespeare to-day, in the school edition, as well as in the scholarly, is so submerged, is precisely because, naturally enough, and perhaps inevitably, we approach him too much in the scientific temper. Whereas he felt, and showed us how to feel, his work, we insist upon comprehending it—not merely in its main issues, but in its veriest details. It may be—it is—a marvellous and an

absorbing work to worry, as a sleuth-hound worries on the trail, into the nooks and crannies of that great and glorious mind. But it is better still to take him at a wider range, and gather into our minds his effects and his suggestions in the gross. The linguistic, logical, or the antiquarian aspects of Shakespeare study should not be suffered to overshadow its literary and æsthetic aspects.

Even when there is no defined and formal literary intention, an unconscious literary sense is partly natural to man; and through this sense there will be found in the ordinary speech of people an obedience to the laws of atmospheric operation in words. The phrase "it sounds so like . . ." an advertisement, a drill-sergeant, a Sunday School, and the like, prefaces, very often, the objection made to using certain proposed words. What the objectors really are doing, is clearing their mind, or at any rate their phrase, of cant; cant itself being one, and a very disingenuous, form of atmospheric impropriety in language. In fine, to overstate the literary force of Atmosphere is impossible. It exemplifies the extraordinary truth of Clough's profound line "Truly Allah is great, and juxtaposition his prophet."

8. *Sound in Words*

No doubt, a fastidious care in the selection of words for sound may be pushed to such an extreme as may damage a composition on the side of its strength or even its clarity. But the common fault of composition in general is inability to recognize, and give proper attention to, the value of verbal sound. This is especially to be observed in the closes of sentences.

As words are never used alone, we have in every sentence or longer composition a sum-total of all sound-effects, whether of nature, quantity, or stress, which pleases, displeases, or remains neutral. This sum-total is the Rhythm of the passage, and may have an extraordinary value. Also, it may be made to suit the matter so well as to be a real helpful echo to the sense. And as this rhythm, so important to the effect of prose, depends on the choice (as well as on the placing) of individual words, the sounds of these become a matter of

literary importance, and well deserve study and practice. Harshness, smoothness, softness, roughness, sharpness, dullness depend upon this—the whole gamut of verbal harmony, from the delicate music of Thackeray and Pater to the triumphal reverberations of De Quincey or Sir Thomas Browne.

Instances of the great differences in sound that may exist and guide to selection between practically synonymous words are *laughter* and *cachinnation*, *echo* and *reverberate*, *back-flowing* and *refluent*. Often, too, considerations of sound lead us to replace a word by a phrase of the same meaning—to *begin with*, *as a consequence*, for *first* and *therefore*. The student should note how in such word-substitutions, atmosphere is an element which is largely connected with sound.

Sounds, in words, differ first of all in Nature or Quality. Consonants and vowels in themselves are of different character. Then in consonants there are the duller, heavier sounds of the voiced (*d*, *b*) and the sharper lighter unvoiced (*t*, *p*); the aspirates; the rolling of *r*; the liquidity of *l*; the nasality of *m*, *n*; the sibilants; with the varieties afforded by their combinations. In vowels, there are the broad open sonorous effects of *o*, *oh*, the thin light effects of *i*, *e* (in *sit*, *let*), and the intermediate stages.

Then there are differences in Quantity, that is, the length of time taken in making the sound. Evidently to a word like *clang* may be given one or more seconds of time. We speak also of *o* as short in *not* but long in *note*. But this is really an instance of difference of nature, for the two sounds are not identical.

Next, there is room whenever two or more syllables occur in a word, to give to one of them a greater force of sound than to the others. This is Stress, and different stressings make differences in the sound-values of words.

9. *Form in Words*

The fourth and last attribute of words is Form. That this element is of some importance to the literary craftsman becomes obvious when we feel the painful jar that American spellings, trade abbreviations, and phonetic follies inflict upon the cultured eye. To avoid these is the negative duty

of every self-respecting writer. How far he shall go in the positive duty of utilizing Form for purposes of special appeal, is of course a matter for judgment according to circumstances. Archaic spellings give, usually, a poetic effect; restorations of early or logical forms appeal to the scholar's sense of nicety; phonetic readings are pleasingly comic. In all these cases, we see how the atmosphere of words is involved.

It is a particular feature of our language, so cosmopolitan is its vocabulary, that scope for idiosyncrasy in spelling is so wide. Almost every system of spelling English can exhibit some reasonable basis—simplicity, consistency, philological accuracy, or the like. Love of sensation, and of restless interference, leads people to come forward, every now and then, with some ridiculous development on such a basis, and an endeavour to revolutionize. These enthusiasts need not be seriously taken.

Meanwhile, among the small number of legitimate and moderate variants in spelling which claim our notice, what guide are we to follow in our own practice? Shall we spell some verbs with *-ise*, others with *-ize*, or all of this class with one of these endings, ignoring the other? Are we to write *rime* or *rhyme*, *farther* or *further*, *by and by* or *bye and bye*?

These cases—they are few—must be treated individually, each on its merits. Convention versus philological accuracy, utility versus sentimentality, logic versus history, are the quarrels involved. It is best to give some study to spelling as a science, and thus understand the grounds on which the variants are proposed, whilst ourselves conforming to the practice of writers who are at once great in quality and in bulk, such as Dickens, Thackeray, De Quincey, Ruskin, Carlyle, and, above all for this purpose, Macaulay.

Obviously connected with the form of words is the mechanical contribution to form which is made by Handwriting and Printing. Of handwriting the chief desiderata are legibility, character, and speed. He who can unite these first two, which are qualities of result, with the third, which is a quality of method, is a good writer (see chap. VII).

10. *Special Classes of Word*

It is clear that, since words differ so much in association, atmosphere, and suggestion, they will fall into certain planes or levels which will suit, respectively, the different planes or levels on which we keep our thought. Broadly, there are two such planes on which all minds move in turn, and one of which may by some minds, in given pieces of composition, be sustained, to the exclusion of the other. These are the Pedestrian, practical, every-day plane of mental activity, and the Poetical, elevated, or passionate plane.

Hence, there is truly such a thing as poetic diction; which includes those words we tend to use when deep, tender, or beautiful thoughts enter and possess our minds. At such times, labouring under more or less strong emotion, and anxious to arouse the same emotion in others, we do, by what may be described as deliberate instinct, discard, and get as far away as we can from, words which commonplace use and association have robbed, as we feel, of that impressiveness or glamour which belongs only to the rare and unusual. *Mighty* takes the place of *big*, *luminous* of *clear*, *casement* of *window*; *pilgrim*, *chant*, *clad*, and hundreds of other words, exemplify the point. In isolation even, they show their suitability to the expression of poetic mood; much more when collocated in poetic lines—

His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

11. *Technical terms*

Technical terms are those which are used only in a special area of reference, such as a particular trade, pursuit, or interest. As there exist so many particular pursuits in which some general action or circumstance takes place under the special conditions of that pursuit, the general name of this action or circumstance is abandoned for a special name which is then reserved for that pursuit alone. And the same is true as regards names of objects involved in that pursuit.

Thus *to stipple* is used for the action of drawing delicately by means of dots in the art of drawing; *to reef* is to fasten up a sail on a ship; *to stoke* is to put coal on a large fire which drives machinery; a *grace note* is a note in music which does not strictly belong to the melody or tune.

Obviously, the writer who is on the watch for striking and pointed effects in his composition will see his opportunity to secure these by using technical instead of general terms. He may speak of an author's style as *stippled*, and he gets more exactly home to his idea than by a sentence of description and explanation.

Such use of technical terms yields perhaps energy. It certainly yields economy, fineness, and point, and this may be reckoned as a kind of beauty, but the beauty of means adapted fitly to an end.

But the temptation to employ technical terms for such nice and pointed effects may have the result of rendering a writer well-nigh incomprehensible in large portions of his work; for the audience that understands a great variety of technical terms must be small. The writer, then, has to choose between a narrow circle who will exquisitely appreciate and wider circles to whom the intensity of his appeal will be diminished. And in any case the more sparingly he introduces these terms the more strikingly will they stand out against the immense number of ordinary terms that must form the background of all writing.

Examples of Technical Words.

1. Boswell is a mere *enclitic* in the massive literary record of his age. But, negligible in himself, he has, like the enclitic, brought out the light and shade of what his great contemporaries did and were.

2. Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanneled.

Hamlet.

3. He made an administration so *checkered* and *speckled*; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly *indented* and whimsically *dove-tailed*; a cabinet so variously *inlaid*; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a *tesselated* pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone,

and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; *King's friends* and republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies:—that it was, indeed, a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on.—BURKE: on Chatham's Ministry.

(*King's friends* is also a technical political phrase of the time.)

12. Coinages

Coinages are new creations of terms by which a writer supplements the defects of his language. Plainly, the first care is to ascertain that a defect does exist before the endeavour is made to mend it. Persons whose vocabularies are limited, or whose practice in literary expression has been small, seem to recognize that the fault is with them and not with the language, and so they do not coin words. They seek the refuge of an evasion, by eking out what they say with the expressions like "all the rest of it," "you know what I mean," "the thingumbob." The persons, however, whose vocabulary is really extensive, and literary practice abundant, are constantly tempted to coin words; not by absolutely new creations, but by modifications of existing words, either in the shape of fresh affixes or of compound terms. This is done partly to strike the attention by novelty, partly to secure exacter expression for some shade of idea.

The coinage of an absolutely new word is usually due to the vogue of a new idea. To coin is no doubt the safest way to deal with the new situation, since the danger of ambiguity is avoided. In connexion with proper names (like *Boycott*) this plan seems sound enough, though it has to be remembered that such coinages are in no way significant; that is, if the original circumstances are not known the meaning of the term can in no way be recovered. Whereas in a coinage like Carlyle's "gigmanity" there is a possibility of working back to what he means by thinking of the word "gig." Some coinages of the modificative sort are due to wilfulness, delight in disobeying convention, or carelessness in regard to regular formation of words. Such proceedings can be defended on no ground. To coin such *bêtises* as "beautifuler" is to spoil style and vitiate literary symmetry.

Coinages are also constructed through a desire to secure the service of an existing word in another part of speech for which no form happens to have been provided. Thus *do* easily gives *doable*; *aware*, *awareness*; *daunt*, *undauntable*. A writer eager for his thought and comparatively indifferent to its form is liable to be led into this practice. It cannot be highly commended, though it is more forgivable than the wanton violation of language-forms, which has just been mentioned.

For examples of Coinage, see chap. XVII.

Coinages in the shape of compound words are capable of much literary utility—economy, force, poetic spirit, are often secured. But an abundance of these terms always gives an impression of a certain difficulty experienced in handling our language, and a resort to an expedient not wholly in keeping with the genius of our phrase. This refers especially to prose, where the appearance of ease is a prime merit. In poetical verse, where ease is not a quality especially looked for, and compressed conditions naturally prevail, the compound coinage is often a true felicity.

13. *Barbarisms*

Barbarisms are those word-forms which are due to a violence done to regular and accepted methods of formation. They arise from ignorance, or from a certain coarseness in mental attitude towards beauty and symmetry in language, a linguistic vandalism which not only sees nothing to shudder at in such words as *bike* and *gent*, but delights in shocking those who do. Barbarism is the very opposite of delicacy and refinement, and may occur not only in diction, but in syntax; as in the frequent and odious phrase—to do a thing “*on my own*.”

To be barbarous in language precisely corresponds to the barbarism of general behaviour that is exemplified in putting booted feet on a tablecover. The man who does not feel that this and similar actions are wrong has a rough mind. It is not ignorance so much as insensibility that causes his behaviour. And, in language, all forms of slang (especially those

odious variants of slang that occur in abbreviating words) are evidences of literary coarseness.

The barbarisms of ignorance, on the other hand, are simply formations which do not obey some etymological law of derivation. They are distressing to the scholar, but are easily rectified; and they are not evidence of literary insensibility. And since our language has necessarily been built up largely by men who were not fine scholars, it contains among its permanent and even beautiful words many instances of hybrid formation—Latin-derived words negatived by the prefix *in* or turned into abstract nouns by the suffix *ness*.

Both the barbarism of ignorance and the barbarism of coarseness are of course to be decried; but the former is only a defect which education will mechanically remedy; while the latter is a taint which is perhaps ineradicable. When it is perceived, the axe should be laid to its root in the early years of life.

The Solecism is merely a use which misapprehension has set on its way, and which the absence of any examination has left imbedded as a permanent feature of the vocabulary of any given person or set of persons. Mostly, the term is used in reference to grammatical errors, especially of syntax. Most instances belong to the sphere of imperfect education, such as the use of past participle forms as past tenses (he *done* it), and mixture of persons in verbal forms (I *knows* it). But one or two, curiously, have crept into the speech of the quite educated, as in the phrase "*these sort of things*," and the use of *like* as a conjunction.

14. Colloquialisms

Colloquialisms are those forms and uses of words which, by common consent, are admissible in everyday language, but are at least to be looked at twice before being committed to the comparative permanency of writing. Of course, in friendly letters and messages on paper which are mere substitutes for the spoken word of familiar intercourse, this watchful attitude towards the colloquial term is hardly adopted. But in more serious communications it is well to remember that a colloquial vocabulary tends to diminish whatever weight

or importance we desire to command. On the other hand, our care in this regard ought not to lead us into the other extreme of a stilted, ponderous, or insincere grandiloquence. Perhaps the happiest instance of judicious intermixture, in serious literature, of the colloquial with the literary vocabulary and turn of expression, is to be found in the works of Newman. His matter is high, his thought moves logically, and his imagination beautifully, almost everywhere; at the same time, his mind moves very easily, and much colloquial diction marks the effortless progress of his clear and pointed thought.

Colloquialism naturally borders on slang, and care must be taken to purify our speech from the latter grave debasement of style. The phrase "to get on well" exemplifies the borderline character of colloquial expression. Obviously, a slang phrase which would offend our literary sense, could easily slip into its place. "Made off" "ran off," "made himself scarce," and a hundred other admissible colloquialisms equally exemplify the danger.

Examples of colloquial terms will be found in chap. XVII.

15. *Archaisms*

Archaic forms in words are deliberately employed for the poetic, far-away atmosphere that they introduce. The device of archaic spelling has been more than once resorted to, in a highly artificial and sustained way, by men of high literary rank. Coleridge, in his *Auncient Marinere*, succeeded well, Byron in *Childe Harold*, less well. The unfortunate Chatterton sustained his literary impostures by this plan. Now-a-days, it is not a serious literary method. Some comic *jeux d'esprit* occasionally display it, but it has sunk to non-literary uses, left to the meretricious mercies of sign-painters and those who promote bazaars. Their *Olde Englishe Fayres*, and *Ye Knightes Hedde* would indicate that popular taste is supposed to pay some regard to form.

For examples see chap. XVII.

With Archaisms may be mentioned those semi-archaic uses of words which in their current use have deviated somewhat from their original or earlier meanings; and which have yet never wholly lost to the scholar their connexion with these

older applications; which contain in themselves a little reserve store, as it were, of significance, on which only the instructed are able to draw. Such a word is *exquisite*.

Used to the man in the street they mean something definitely so labelled, and nothing more. Used to the scholar they have, besides that, a lurking reference to applications, even to passages, of literature, that sharpen or shade their meaning to a degree of fineness inappreciable except to him. Consequently, writing which contains, here and there, this kind of scholarly harkback to well-understood significances and associations, is capable, in the right quarters, of very intimate appeal.

16. *Hackneyed terms*

Hackneyed words are allied to clichés and to the mental habit known as cant, in which we attempt to reap all the advantage of words which when originally applied had worthy connexions and connotations, while we do not sincerely believe in or care about the original worthiness. This dishonest dealing with terms, and prostitution of them for disingenuous ends, is more perhaps a matter of morality than of literature. But it affects literature in this way, that a term which has been used as a cant term takes on that atmosphere, cannot get rid of it, and is therefore shunned in the vocabulary of those who wish their work to bear the stamp of sincerity.

17. *Dialectal terms*

Dialectal terms are those that have not forced their way into the literary acceptance of their country as a whole, but remain confined to the use of some local division like a county or a town. Often, these terms are of a purer character as regards form and derivation than the corresponding literary term; being sometimes the actual Old English words.

Some dialectal terms—

West Country—linhay (= shed), rhine (= trench), stuggy (= sturdy),
gliddery (= slippery), cleve (= cliff), goyal (= valley).

Lancashire—clem (= starve), bonny (= pretty).

Scots—ben (= at the back of), fash (= to trouble), scoup
(= scamper), drumlic (= gloomy).

18. *Considerations as to Vocabulary*

The language of a people that have taken all the world to be their stage is naturally confronted, at every epoch, by hundreds of Foreign words which offer themselves for admission into that language. Besides this fact, the spread of education familiarizes us with foreign words possessing all attributes of atmosphere and meaning. These are circumstances outside ourselves as individuals. Inside ourselves, however, are tendencies which invite us to seek out foreign words and use them. There is the scholarly tendency of a man conversant with a foreign language, to substitute, quite naturally, and without *arrière pensée*, a foreign for a native term. In fact, if he is a considerable reader or speaker of that language, it is a difficulty for him to avoid doing so.

Then, there is the tendency to suppose that a foreign term, by its novelty, adds force or piquancy to the idea it expresses. This is often a self-deception, but an honest one, due to no self-aggrandizing desire.

There is also mere vanity, prompting us to win a reputation for cleverness by dragging into our speech foreign words that shall show how well-read we are. Lastly, there is that curious intellectual perverseness which leads some of us to discard the ordinary, whenever we have opportunity, for the unusual, the easy for the difficult, what people will presumably understand, for what they presumably will not.

Thus from the circumstances outside ourselves and the tendencies inside ourselves, a large number of foreign words have obtained in our language a quasi footing, which our sound literary judgment has the task of either establishing or destroying, so far as in us lies. Is there, in this matter, any canon or standard by which we should proceed?

Some of us take, or attempt to take, what may be called a patriotic attitude, which has at all events the merit of simplicity. It resists all intrusion whatever, and declares that we have a sufficient vocabularic apparatus of our own

to cope with all notions that need expression. Others advocate a free admission, with great generosity as to border-line decision, to all *prima facie* useful foreign words. The first people argue that etymological purity is a prime consideration in language, that power and purity in a language go together, that foreign terms merely weaken and confuse the glorious capacities of our noble tongue. The second people maintain that variety, flexibility, elasticity are among the most precious qualities of a language, and that these, with light and shade of expression, are promoted by the admission of external words.

In determining between these conflicting views, that literary judgment is probably soundest, which, while conservative enough to decry in general the adoption of a foreign word, is liberal enough to inquire, before definitive blackball, whether the candidate-term really provides, in either meaning or atmosphere, for a real want. Often, the foreign word provides economy, giving one word for a phrase, like *personnel* or *coterie*. Again, the atmosphere of the foreign word, through its reaching us in one regular connexion, is an atmosphere we may need; or, the people from whom we take it have an idea, system, or action, which we have not, and it is the simpler plan to take their word to express this. From this last point of view the word practically falls into the category of technical words. Sometimes, very occasionally, it happens that, though the idea is common enough, we have not ourselves hit on the word to express it, as in *justesse* applied to style, or *Schadenfreude*, or *flâneur*.

But, in addition to these considerations, which belong to the strict merits of the case, the consideration cannot be overlooked that, as a matter of fact, and in practice, there is a tendency, on the part of many persons in society, in trade, and on the press, to overdo the use of foreign words, and to make our language finical and ridiculous by would-be gentilities of phrase. These, concerned as they mainly are with trivialities of life, make perhaps no serious inroad upon our language; but their very appearance gives an air of affectation to style which it is well to avoid. Words like *maisonette*, *serviette*, should not appear in literary com-

position. They teem in the half-baked vocabulary of the fifth-rate novelist, and that, unfortunately, gives them an unliterary, but a widespread, vogue.

Cognate with these are the terms which easily slip into critical writing, and make of themselves a perfect little corpus of literary jargon; words like *aperçu*, *cri*, *enjambement*. One step towards removing the artificiality induced by these is to use them without italics—if they are going to be used at all. But, in fact, we have equivalents for all these, which a little insistence on the part of our leading writers would tend to stereotype. At present, the conflict is of quality against quantity. The best writers dispense with foreign verbal luxuries. But what are they against so many pseudo-literary newspapers and magazines, which overspread the country and set bad literary paces?

From the variety of sources and modes through which words have arisen, it is easy to see that, speaking broadly, we may divide our vocabulary into simple or easy words, and difficult or recondite words. This simplicity or difficulty does not always, though it does frequently, depend on the channel through which the word arrived; it depends upon the vogue given to it by the majority of our people. And among writers, too, we find distinct leanings towards the use of a simple vocabulary in preference to a difficult, or contrariwise. But those who lean towards simplicity on principle are apt, without knowing it, to become childish in their style, while those who lean towards difficult words become unconsciously inflated. A secondary result of extreme simplicity is inexactness, through attempting to force a word, because it is an easy word, into meanings really a little different from its own. And coupled with this tendency is, naturally, the tendency to repeat, to a painful degree, a single word, because of the hesitation to use, in variation, some thoroughly adequate but somewhat more unusual synonym. Therefore, if long and difficult words suggest themselves as the straightforward expression of our thought, it is not well to banish them simply because they are long and difficult. The advocates of what is called a Saxon vocabulary are prone, in this matter, to give bad advice. The best advice is never to mind the mere length

or unusualness of a term, if one is satisfied as to the correctness of its meaning, the suitability of its atmosphere, and the adequacy of its sound.

Simplicity in Diction—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

WORDSWORTH.

Even to the utmost I have been to thee
A kind and a good father; and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
Received at others' hands: for though now old
Beyond the common life of man, I still
Remember them who loved me in my youth,
Both of them sleep together; here they lived
As all their forefathers had done; and when
At length their time was come, they were not loth
To give their bodies to the family mould.
I wish that thou should'st live the life they lived.

SHAKESPEARE.

I only know what he was to me. I only know what his loss is to me. I know only he is one of those whose departure hence has made the heavens dark to me. But I have never lived with him, or travelled with him; I have seen him from time to time; I have visited him; I have corresponded with him; I have had mutual confidences with him. Our lines of duty have lain in very different directions. I have known him as a friend knows friend in the tumult and the hurry of life. I have known him well enough to know how much more there was to know in him; and to look forward, alas, in vain, to a time when, in the evening and towards the close of life, I might know him more. I have known him enough to love him very much, and to sorrow very much, that here I shall not see him again.—J. A. NEWMAN.

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her : she had a song of " willow " ;
 An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
 And she died singing it ; that song to-night
 Will not go from my mind : I have much to do
 But to go hang my head all at one side,
 And sing it like poor Barbara.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now what could have induced Scott to write novels tending to make people Papists and Jacobites, and in love with arbitrary power? Did he think that Christianity was a gaudy mummer? He did not, he could not, for he had read the Bible; yet was he fond of gaudy mummeries, fond of talking about them. Did he believe that the Stuarts were a good family, and fit to govern a country like Britain? He knew that they were a vicious, worthless crew, and that Britain was a degraded country as long as they swayed the sceptre; but for those facts he cared nothing, they governed in a way which he liked, for he had an abstract love of despotism, and an abhorrence of everything savouring of freedom and the rights of man in general. His favourite political picture was a joking, profligate, careless king, nominally absolute—the heads of great houses paying court to, but in reality governing, that king, whilst revelling with him on the plunder of a nation, and a set of crouching, grovelling vassals (the literal meaning of vassal is a wretch), who, after allowing themselves to be horse-whipped, would take a bone if flung to them, and be grateful; so that in love with mummer, though he knew what Christianity was, no wonder he admired such a church as that of Rome, and that which Laud set up; and by nature formed to be the holder of the candle to ancient, worm-eaten and profligate families, no wonder that all his sympathies were with the Stuarts and their dissipated insolent party, and all his hatred directed against those who endeavoured to check them in their proceedings, and to raise the generality of mankind something above a state of vassalage, that is, wretchedness. Those who were born great, were, if he could have had his will, always to remain great, however worthless their character. Those who were born low, were always to remain so, however great their talents—though if that rule were carried out, where would he have been himself?—G. BORROW.

Latinized and Polysyllabic Diction—

Few minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion till the new-acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications; whether the time of intermission is spent in company or in solitude, in necessary business or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of inquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity than when

it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.—S. JOHNSON.

The appellation of Great has been often bestowed, and sometimes deserved, but Charlemagne is the only prince in whose favour the title has been indissolubly blended with the name. That name, with the addition of saint, is inserted in the Roman calendar; and the saint, by a rare felicity, is crowned with the praises of the historians and philosophers of an enlightened age. His real merit is doubtless enhanced by the barbarism of the nation and the times from which he emerged; but the apparent magnitude of an object is likewise enlarged by an unequal comparison; and the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert.—GIBBON.

Sweet flowers, that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies.

Retire, retire; these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That Sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

W. GIFFORD.

For, as he promises, that no man shall take our joy from us, so neither shall death itself take it away, nor so much as interrupt it or discontinue it; but as in the face of death, when he lays hold upon me, and in the face of the devil, when he attempts me, I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glass, to reflect God upon me), so in the agonies of death, in the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrows of that valediction, in the irreversibility of that transmigration, I shall have a joy, which shall no more evaporate, a joy that shall pass up, and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory.—JOHN DONNE.

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vainglory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.—SIR T. BROWNE.

He immolated himself on the altar of operosive assiduity.

This was one gentleman's pleasant way (not intended to be at all humorous) of declaring that some one had killed himself with hard work.

Finally, in leaving the study of Words, it is worth while to reflect that of all the separate and divisible branches of composition the mastery of words, the power to apply them, at all times, in the most effective way, is unquestionably the most important; that, to attain this mastery, we must appreciate to the full not only their Meanings, both literal and figurative, but their Atmospheres, their Sounds, and their Forms; and that such appreciation is to be secured by one royal road alone—the constant and careful reading of the best, and only the best, authors.

18. Letters

Letters are the factors of written words, as the sounds they represent are the factors of spoken. As we actually use some forty-two distinguishably different sounds in our speech, it is evident that our alphabet is far from competent to deal with our language, except in the imperfect way of making one letter do more than one piece of work. As it happens, this defective arrangement is further complicated by our frequent use of two letters for the same piece of work. Thus *a* represents several sounds, while the sound of *s* is sometimes represented by *c*. For composition the knowledge of these distinctions and defects is of little importance. We cannot, at this stage of our existence, hope to banish, regularize, or supplement our present alphabet. Revolutionizers who indulge any such dream ought to be members of a small, compact, and homogeneous community, where it might possibly be realized. Our people is too ancient, too dispersed, and too busy to undertake the task.

EXERCISES ON THE WORD

1. Explain the function of the italicized words as parts of Speech and of Sentence—He went *up* the street. Get *up*. He reached *up* to the door. *There* are no birds in *last* year's nest. *Because* you heard me, *therefore* you should have obeyed. Time takes *home* those that we love, fair *names* and famous. He said *that that that that* man pronounced, was wrong.
2. Distinguish between the meanings of—bear, bare; lea, lee; pole, poll; straiten, straighten; rosary, rosery; stationery, stationary; annalist, analyst.
3. Give (a) the ordinary or first meanings, (b) any secondary or ex-

- tended meanings of—post, sinister, word, angle, crank, lap, palm, patent, recess, caper.
4. Show how secondary meanings came into the following—bovine, bracket, auditor, nettle, quarter, sauce, steal, fellow, idyll, revolution.
 5. Give six instances of secondary meaning arising through Metaphor.
 6. Give six instances of secondary meaning arising through Association.
 7. Give six instances of secondary meaning arising through Resemblance.
 8. Give six instances of secondary meaning arising through Selection of one connoted feature.
 9. Give six instances of terms differentiated in meaning or application because derived from different sources.
 10. Give six instances of words unnecessarily taken in from foreign languages.
 11. Give six instances of words whose meaning has been widened.
 12. Give six instances of words whose meaning has been narrowed.
 13. Give six instances of terms used as softened expressions for harsh ideas.
 14. Give six instances of words misapplied through error.
 15. Give plain, and also more picturesque, words for the same idea.
 16. Give more poetical terms for—reddeu, window, promise, edge, weathercock, district, sailor, servant, deprive, drag.
 17. Give more prosaic terms for—threescore, basnet, azure, wain, adamantiu, lave, tenebrou, distraught, riven, waft.
 18. Give simpler terms for—adumbrate, exegesis, callosity, portentous, sophisticate, meretricious, exculpate, esoteric, diathesis, engender, amorphous, surreptitious.
 19. Give harder terms for—show, wrongdoing, unfair, weaker, opening, put out, uproot, unnecessary, endless, hardened.
 20. Show how figuration is also the more economical use of words.
 21. Give and distinguish the synonyms of—test, explicit, heavy, operate, summon, agree, summit, decline, scene, indolent.
 22. Distinguish between primary and secondary synonyms, with examples.
 23. Give, with explanation, instances of the different figures.
 24. Turn into figure the following expressions—to grieve, to be liberal to all, to imagine impossible delights, a very hard task, a most dearly loved child, a final success, greatly astonished, without anything to be guided by, kept apart in a special place in memory, to destroy completely.
 25. Put these figurative terms into literal language—
 - (a) My cricket chirps against thy mandolin (one poet addressing another).—MRS. BROWNING.
 - (b) God's finger touched, but did not press, in making England.—MRS. BROWNING.
 - (c) Twice seven consenting years have shed.
Their utmost bounty on thy head.

WORDSWORTH.

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- (d) Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies (Ps. xxiii).
- (e) I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal (1 Cor. xiii).
- (f) I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversaries, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—MILTON.
26. Explain how these terms reached their figurative application—cycle, toast, crepuscular, raw, hover, key, bristle, evaporate, galaxy, bridle, labyrinth, stress, iron.
27. Point out the special atmosphere of these words—eliminate, secondary, vesper, charity, cresset, humbug, subaltern, palmer, kow-tow, tiffin, beatitude, stipple, amaranth, diagnose, genteel, subliminal, salary, meed, leaguer, conductor, rot, pleasance, stipend, ward, coroner, commodore, pard, sword, Billingsgate, Eldorado, Newgate, Broceliande, Labrador, Timbuctoo, Cathay, Cayenne, Desdemona, Shylock, Falstaff.
28. Give six words with special atmosphere, describing each.
29. Give words with poetical or literary atmosphere for—window, going, funeral, girl, clothing, to knock down, useless, surplus, fuddle, helmet, unfortunate.
30. Give words with prosaic atmosphere for—nymph, varlet, lintel, scullion, cynosure, plangent, orison, behest, prithe, yclept, erst.
31. Give words with technical atmosphere for—to startle (a hunted bird), to feign sickness.
32. Give foreign words for—by the way, a slight flavour of, a total upsetting, a shade of colour, grotesquely strange, rabble.
33. Give words of an atmosphere specially felt by yourself.
34. Give words of distinctive sound-nature, describing this.
35. Give some onomatopœic words, describing each.
36. Give synonyms differing greatly in sound, and say what connexion their sounds would suit.
37. Show in these passages how the word-sounds influence the rhythm and the sense.
- (a) By the long wash of Australasian seas.—TENNYSON.
- (b) So strode he back slow to the wounded King.—TENNYSON.
- (c) And more and more the red light ran
Betwixt the saddle and the man.
- (d) Clang battleaxe, and clash brand.—TENNYSON.
- (e) Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.—MILTON.
- (f) When Ajax strives some rock's huge weight to throw
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.—
POPE.

38. Give instances of harsh, smooth, heavy, light sound in words.
39. In the following passages select words which would appear to have been chosen for sound, and state the effect produced.
- (a) The dancing drops pattered on the pavement.
- (b) The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs, the deep Moans round with many voices.—TENNYSON.
- (c) Myriads of rivulets hurrying down the lawn.—TENNYSON.
- (d) Ah, how can summer's honeyed breath hold out,
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
- SHAKESPEARE.
40. Show how words formed with different prefixes before the following differ in meaning—locate, flexion, part, -pathy, tract, -volve.
41. Show how words formed with different suffixes after the following differ in meaning—rest, tele-, Christ, flex-, grad-.
42. Discuss the spelling of—faery, premiss, rime, flexion, tiro, Vergil, fidgety, loath, James', ecstasy, silvan, Olumpo, Hindustan, Mayence.
43. Show how the following may be different parts of speech—but, blunder, save, reel, real, brief.
44. Trace the various developments of meaning in—sorry, grant, club, chest, temper, succinct.
45. Give some words used in two forms, stating the literary value of each.
46. Discuss the following technical terms with reference to their origin and literary suitability—shunt, sconce, bunker, Greek kalends.
47. Deal similarly with these coinages—beautifullest, zedity, errabund, busyness, uncentury.
48. Deal similarly with these colloquialisms—to pick up, tasty, beastly, to back out, a lot of, anyway, to settle, measly, top notch, phone.
49. Deal similarly with these archaisms—eftsoons, dish of tea, marry! near to.
50. Deal similarly with these dialectal terms—gleg, clem, flesher, jungle, tiffin.
51. Deal similarly with these foreign terms—à-propos, naïve, employée, éclaircissement, fracas, fin de siècle, chiaroscuro, deus ex machina, flâneur.
52. Mention and discuss some barbarisms and solecisms.
53. Show how, and for what purposes, phrases may take the place of words.
54. Discuss as to their etymological formation the following—unnatural, bicycle, disyllable, pureness, apple, forefront, barbarity, snobbery, disannul, cauldroned, anguished, righteous, bridal, handkerchief, gender, syllable, starvation.
55. Quote a few hackneyed terms which it is well to avoid, and say why.

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56. Distinguish, as regards meaning and application, between—

- (a) scant, spare, scarce, sparse.
- (b) reprove, censure, reproach, rebuke.
- (c) order, enjoin, direct, command, bid.
- (d) declare, pronounce, announce, promulgate, publish.

57. Supply the best and most appropriate words in blank spaces—

- (a) Here, in this — close,
 — the hyacinth and rose;
 Here, beside the — stock,
 Flaunts the — hollyhock;
 Here, without a — one sees
 Ranks — — and degrees.
- (b) Out of the sound of the — and flow
 Out of the sight of — and star,
 It calls you where the — winds blow
 Where the — meadows are;
 From — hopes, and hopes a gleam
 It calls you, — you night and day,
 Beyond the — into the dream,
 Over the — and far away.
- (c) But he expressed the passion of one — the passion of man
 — at heart, and — between two eternities — with
 a — of thought, a lyrical —, and a high command of
 the manifold — of language, which have not often been
 matched in the — of English poetry.
- (d) Do you hear the children —, O my brothers,
 Ere the — comes with years?
 They are — their young heads against their mothers,
 And — cannot stop their tears.
 The young lambs are — in the meadows,
 The young birds are — in the nest,
 The young fawns are — with the shadows,
 The young flowers are — towards the west.
- (e) Thou wast not born for death, — bird!
 No — generations tread thee down;
 The voice I heard this — night was heard
 In — times by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the — song that found a path
 Through the — heart of Ruth, when — for home,
 She stood in tears amid the — corn;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charm'd — casements, opening on the foam,
 Of — seas, in — lands forlorn.
- (f) This is that ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the — — main.
 The — bark that flings
 On the — — wind its — wings

In gulfs — — — where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the — sea-maids rise to sun their — hair
 Its webs of — gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every — cell
 When its — — — life was wont to dwell,
 As the — tenant shaped his — shell,
 Before thee lies revealed
 Its — ceiling rent, its — crypt unsealed!

58. Give Latin-derived words to mean—meet together, cheap, bird-house, long-lasting, song, often, throat, luck, whipping.
59. Give native words for—exaggerate, abstract, navigations, construct, doctor, legible, verdure, promontory, regal, orator.
60. Use these words in different sentences, first literally, then figuratively, describing the figure employed—blight, blunt, torch, spur, sullen, round, cloudy, flowery, pierce, touch, leap, wind.
61. Given (*a*) part of speech, (*b*) first letter, (*c*) number of syllables, (*d*) meaning, write the words—
- | | (<i>a</i>) | (<i>b</i>) | (<i>c</i>) | (<i>d</i>) |
|------|--------------|--------------|--------------|--|
| (1) | Verb | . <i>s</i> | 3 | to make easy. |
| (2) | Noun | . <i>t</i> | 4 | going into another condition of existence. |
| (3) | Adjective | <i>s</i> | 4 | underhand. |
| (4) | „ | <i>f</i> | 3 | curious, strange. |
| (5) | Verb | . <i>i</i> | 4 | to make ineffectual. |
| (6) | Adjective | <i>i</i> | 6 | not able to be understood. |
| (7) | Noun | . <i>c</i> | 4 | cunning deceptive argument. |
| (8) | Verb | . <i>a</i> | 4 | to make slender. |
| (9) | Adjective | <i>s</i> | 1 | thinly scattered about. |
| (10) | Adverb | <i>i</i> | 4 | without ceasing. |
| (11) | „ | . <i>l</i> | 5 | mournfully. |
| (12) | Noun | . <i>c</i> | 3 | one having special knowledge. |
62. Use these words in sentences which quite clearly bring out their meaning—arraign, symmetry, anomalous, opprobrium, nascent, palanquin, proletariat, mulct, turpitude, succulent, battue, arduous.
63. Comment upon the literary quality of these terms—outstanding, unbeknown, the then king, gumption, nous.
64. What part of speech, or class of words, do you consider most destructive to animation in style? Explain and illustrate.

CHAPTER III

THE "PARTS OF SPEECH" IN THEIR RELATION TO STYLE

THE Parts of Speech as such it is useful to examine for a moment in their relation to composition. A preference for Concrete nouns would indicate either a practical or a picturesque writer, while the preponderance of Abstract nouns would rather occur in the work of a thinker or philosopher. In history, where the philosophic and panoramic demands are equally insistent, the concrete vocabulary of Herodotus, Macaulay, and Michelet, bulk for bulk, would largely outweigh those of Thucydides, Mackintosh, and Guizot.

I. *Proper Nouns*

The Proper Noun, because of its rich associative quality, as well as its frequent beauty of sound, is of singular value in literature. Place-names so much more than name a place; they call up romantic, or sad, or glad associations—not definitely enough to exact close examination as to the propriety of their application, not vaguely enough for the emotion which they induce to be ineffectually dissolved. The blessed word *Mesopotamia*, which brought comfort to the old lady's heart, and for the sake of hearing which she went to church, has many congeners operating in a similar way upon readers of a far superior literary order. To seize names of this character, to utilize them in composition, and thus to obtain fine associative and rhythmic effects, is the mark of a first-rate artist in diction. Pre-eminently, this artist, in our language, is Milton. In passage after passage, his proper nouns pour forth, always so exquisitely selected, always grouped with such magnificence of sound, as to evade altogether the pitfalls of mere catalogue into which a weaker worker in this art inevitably falls. Macaulay too, and Carlyle, have this skill; and so, but not quite so securely, has Scott. Tennyson tries

it, as he tries every device. But Tennyson's special weakness of over-fancifulness is particularly fatal here to success. Malory, since his theme compelled the use of so many, it is perhaps hardly permissible to cite as one who triumphs in the handling of proper nouns: but Malory's prose is a mine of material to those who practise this device.

Proper nouns are a definite and important feature in composition of poetical character. Chosen, in the first instance, for the romantic and poetical appeal belonging to the persons and the places they name, they possess, in nearly every case, musical values which ordinary words do not possess. Again, in the ordinary word, which always has a meaning, our enjoyment of its musical quality, whatever that may be, is partly held in check, and as it were obscured, by the intellectual effort to grasp that meaning. But in the Proper name, which has no meaning, but is merely a label, no such intellectual exertion is demanded, and the mind is free to enjoy, without adulteration, the æsthetic qualities of its sound and form. When we read or hear the noble and sonorous collocations of proper nouns that Milton so frequently and so exquisitely introduces into his work, we are, as nearly as possible, revelling in the pure beauty of sound. We are in fact almost leaving language for actual music, which, as we all know, affords its pleasure because it releases us from the intellectual effort of understanding, and permits us merely to enjoy.

But such a result is not secured, or securable, by any but literary masters of high rank. Many others, in the attempt, too often succeed in imparting only a sensation of catalogue.

Examples of Proper Names.

1. Never, since created Man,
Met such embodied force as, named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mixed with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British or Armoric Knights;
And all who since, baptized or infidel
Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,

Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabbia.

MILTON : *Paradise Lost*.

2. The skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow,
 (Home, Rose and home, Provence and La Palie)
 The rainy clouds are filing fast below
 And wet will be the path, and wet shall we,
 (Home, Rose and home, Provence and La Palie).

CLOUGH.

[This extract shows how easily the Proper name can be deviated into a refrain—meaningless, often (compare Rossetti's "O Troy Town, tall Troy's afire"), but still, through the poetical sound and suggestion, effective.]

3. But now no stroke of woodman
 Is heard by Auser's rill;
 No hunter tracks the stag's green path
 Up the Ciminian hill :
 Unwatched along Clitumnus
 Grazes the milk-white steer ;
 Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
 In the Volsinian mere.

MACAULAY : *Horatius*.

(We note how Macaulay, less musically and poetically sure than Milton, supports his Proper names by vivid, picturesque images; while Milton's names lean almost entirely on themselves.)

2. *Adjectives*

As Adjectives resemble Nouns, in presenting both concrete and abstract qualifications, much of what has been said in regard to nouns applies to them. But the literary scope of the adjective is far, far greater than that of the noun. To every noun that must be used (since objects must be unequivocally named) there may be attached a large selection of adjectives. The uses of the adjective indeed fall into three categories.

First, what we may call Identifying adjectives; those, namely, without whose qualification a concept is not fully expressed and cannot be identified; the blue book (not the

red or green), the large box (not the small), the seventh Edward, and so on. This identifying adjective is naturally limited like the noun; we must use the right one and no other.

But in innumerable cases the adjective is not identifying at all, but merely beautifying, decorating, or emphasizing. Death, for instance, may be, for poetical or other purpose, lean Death, grinning Death, dark Death, and a hundred other kinds of Death. So Earth may be coupled with green, round, fair, sad, firm, and many other adjectives, according to the special beauty or emphasis desired.

And so a masterly use of the Adjective becomes, by marking the writer's security of judgment in achieving beautiful, emphatic, or delicate effect, the crowning merit of a fine style. Take care of the adjective, one might well say, and the composition will take care of itself. No other single part of speech will better gauge literary quality. Too much importance cannot be attached to training and practice in the use of the adjective.

The third way of attaching adjectives is rare, cannot be used, and should not be attempted, often. It is the compressed, almost epigrammatic, use which causes the adjective to take the place and do the work of a whole sentence. It is well exemplified in Pope's line "From loveless youth to unrespected age:" which really means—her youth, when, if ever, a woman secures affection, went without affection; her age, when, if ever, a woman secures respect, went without respect; she was at all stages of life preternaturally odious. A writer who employs this use of the adjective with any frequency is of a caustic satirical turn. Gibbon is the author who in our literature has probably used it most.

3. *Adverbs*

In dealing with the Adverb we deal with the part of speech the free use of which puts a drag on the rapidity of prose, and which should therefore be used sparingly when swift and rapid narration is desired. Contrariwise, when careful, cautious argumentation is on foot, the adverb's modifying function very properly leads to its liberal use. Also in adverbs, more than in any other part of speech, do we naturally

frame phrases to take the place of single words. And as the slow process of argument usually invites us to mark these adverbial phrases off by commas, so as to give time for their full force to operate, argumentative prose tends to be very much intersected in its flow, and moves with a lazy rhythm, which contrasts strongly with the rapid rhythms of picturesque and vivid narration.

But the literary merit of the Adverb is that it affords an opportunity for gaining variety and flexibility in the build of sentences. It is the only adjunct of which the position in the sentence is not limited to a place adjoining its limitee. Adjectives are tied to their nouns, and attempts to separate them from their nouns will lead to obscurity. But adverbs may be placed at different distances from their verbs, and the sentence will still remain clear; and by varying their position, the energy, grace, and rhythm of sentences may be improved, and monotony in sentence-builds may be diminished.

Omnis pars orationis, says an old Latin adage, *migrat in adverbium*. The adage was probably set on its way by the fact that nouns in some of their oblique cases (and adjectives also) function as adverbs; that the verb in its gerundial and infinite parts does the same; and that prepositions and adverbs are often identical as words. In the strictest grammar, too, it has to be admitted that, in any sentence, whatever is not the verb is the adverb. And so with that touch of exaggeration, which is the core of every compact generality of statement, the adage became what it is.

4. *Pronouns*

The Pronoun is, in its nature, the most featureless of the parts of speech as an element of composition. It can have no colour of its own, and whatever colour belongs to the noun it represents cannot be reflected in it. It serves only a very utilitarian purpose; but that that purpose shall be served, and that the pronoun shall always unmistakably point back (or forwards) to its noun, is what may fairly be required of every writer.

Yet, how frequently does ambiguity, instead of security, attach to pronominal reference. This is principally because

the provision of pronouns in our language is inadequate. There is, for instance, constant need to refer to nouns by the order of their previous appearance; and instead of being compelled to do so by one word (*he* or *it*), if we had different pronouns for "the former" and "the latter" one great source of confusion would be removed.

Again, that grammarian's eyesore, the use of "their" in reference to a singular pronoun, would be obviated did we possess a pronominal adjective of common gender but "singular" in its reference. The repetition of "his or her" is so annoying that this special piece of wrong grammar is one of the most forgivable in our language. A complication is introduced into the ambiguity of reference that already exists among pronouns, by the idiom which allows us to use the word *it* as a temporary or introductory subject. One is tempted to begin so many sentences in this way, that sometimes extreme awkwardness results.

While real care has to be exercised in order that the reference of pronouns may be clear, we should avoid an extravagant scrupulosity that makes no allowance for a reader's common-sense. "He told him to take his box out of the way" may indeed contain an ambiguity. But context, in a sentence like that, probably clears up all error, and the little sentence is so natural, that attempts to remove the ambiguity would probably result in a stilted and awkward phrasing.

5. *Conjunctions*

The Conjunction, like the adverb though not so greatly, tends to put a drag on rapid and spirited prose. *And* is used perhaps fifty times as often as any other conjunction; and one conspicuous journalist has run a curious tilt against its use as the first word in a sentence. There is, however, no drawback in this use (if not overdone, of course); and indeed it adds a certain smooth point to writing in which it appears. But its use as an instrument to secure the sensation of naiveté which it produces in Jeremy Taylor and other old-time writers, is too artificial to be pleasing.

Words like *also*, *further*, *again*, beginning a sentence (when they should be followed by a comma) considerably help the

calm steady flow of expository writing, and make for an orderly anchorage of accumulated thoughts in the reader's mind. To be absolutely strict, we should perhaps call these words adverbs, but their presence is so conjunctive in its purpose and effect, that for literary consideration they may be treated as conjunctions.

6. *Prepositions*

Prepositions, in every language, are used with such delicacy that long after a foreigner has acquired a knowledge of our language close and fluent enough to conceal all suspicion of his not being a native, he is liable to betray himself by some trip in prepositional use. Certain prepositional attachments are local, and stick to speakers when other provincialisms have been shed. Others are unliterary, such as "taking salt *to* your food." The shade-work of which prepositions are capable is to be seen in the influence they have when compounded with verbs; most markedly is this the case with Greek and perhaps least markedly in English: for the more analytic a language becomes, the less is the difficulty of distinguishing the different shades of meaning belonging to the different cases of the noun to which the preposition may be attached.

7. *Verbs*

Verb-uses, in English, have nearly lost all light and shade. Mood distinctions are almost entirely blurred. Only precisians now use the subjunctive mood after *if* and *though*. Any regular use of it after these conjunctions would sound affected. But "if he were" still holds its ground as the form good writers adopt.

Time-distinctions, too, are largely ignored in our verbs, our employment of tense-forms being perhaps the most slovenly in any civilized language. Still, the mischief is done, and it would be the sheerest pedantry to write "I shall speak to him when he *shall have come*." One of the chief values of the study of Latin—a study which is on the whole the most excellent single instrument that can be employed for the development of literary as well as logical taste and power—

lies in the attention that has to be paid to mood and tense values.

The first and second personal forms of *shall* and *will* are proverbially confused by the sons of Hibernia; but when one reads the complicated explanations offered in handbooks on the distinctions here to be preserved, one wonders if any speaker, Hibernian or other, has ever been actually, or is capable of being potentially, impeccable in this regard.

The use of other parts of speech as verbs is continually suggested by our wish to convey a meaning with directness and economy. To say that something "functions" as some other thing, is simpler and straighter than "performs the function of"; "conditioned," "evidenced" as participles, are similar instances. Extensions of this practice are to be deprecated. If convenience prompts to such use, at least a fixed verb-transforming suffix (like -ise or -en) might be regularly employed. Instances of mixed practice in this matter occur in "light" and "lighten," "hark" "hearken."

An intransitive use of nominally transitive verbs is perhaps a survival from the locution of *on* (weakened into *a-*) before the verbal noun, which appears in the archaic *a-building*. More probably it is a bold economy to evade a longer form of words—"The apple *eats* well" for "is good in the eating." "A house to *let*," and the like infinitive uses seem, however, to arise in the way first suggested. Whatever the origin, the use is racy and idiomatic.

8. Interjections

The Interjection is capable of fine use, especially perhaps the simple word *ah* in its signification of sadness. Landor uses it well, and Matthew Arnold; though the latter made rather too much play with it, and has once or twice forced it into an unnatural position in the sentence. Between—

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,
Ah, what the form divine ?

and—

Souls
Ah ! still harp on what they heard,

there is all the difference between natural and artificial expression. *O* has much rich invocational attachment and power, but has in some hands, such as those of Keats and Coleridge, passed into too habitual and general use to be effective. It is an obvious and tempting particle for the tiro in literature. In its invocational it may more safely be employed than in its absolute use. For in the former case it is at worst but an excrescence on the already formed invocation of the name to which it is joined. But in its absolute use it has an exclamatory value of its own that may ring untrue and so destroy the value of the whole passage. *Alas* also easily strikes a false note. Its parenthetical use as a conventional abbreviation for the expression of regret, is to be deprecated.

9. Phrases

Phrases are small collections of words doing duty for single words or parts of speech. They are of either essential or alternative class. The essential class contains those phrases for which no single word exists. For "at regular times" we have the single word "regularly." But for "at regular morning times," we have no single word, so we use the phrase "every morning." That, then, is an essential phrase. But "for all that," "to a great extent," replacing "nevertheless" and "much" are alternative phrases. The words *nevertheless*, *notwithstanding*, *contrariwise*, are themselves instances of phrases packed into single words, and illustrate clearly the connexion between word and phrase.

Of course, in literary method, the Phrase may play a telling part. Considerations of sound principally govern its use. Matthew Arnold's striking sentence "Shelley was a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating with his luminous wings in the void, in vain," would be shorn of its full effect if, for the closing phrase, *uselessly*, *fruitlessly*, or *futilely* had been employed. Besides being so used for rhythm, the phrase may be used to avoid monotony of construction, to secure neatness, or for atmospheric purpose; for instance "of a truth" gives an archaic suggestion which is quite absent from "really."

We are to note also that several phrases in the language have taken shape and gained currency through their intrinsic and self-contained sound-values; *changes and chances* (of this mortal life), *part and parcel*, *scot and lot*, illustrate Alliteration and Rime.

Phrases which are made up in such a way that the literal meaning has gone out of the words employed, and the combination gives a meaning quite different, but one that from the stereotyped use of the combination is well known by the speakers of the language to which the idiom belongs, are called Idioms. One test of an idiom is untranslatability by the words that correspond to its words into another language—unless, indeed, that other language happens to have the same idiom. Idioms, therefore, are particularly racy phrases, redolent of their native earth, and imparting to composition a national individuality. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to make slang idioms; which must, of course, be strictly avoided in good composition—not because they are idiomatic, which is a gain, but because they are slang, which is a loss that more than cancels the gain.

Idioms.

Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means.—THACKERAY.

He made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself n countenance but also in spirits.—STERNE.

It so fell out that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast.—STERNE.

Get the writings of John Woolman by heart; and love the early Quakers.—LAMB.

Even Tintoret might sometimes have been hard put to it, when he had to fill a large panel in the ducal palace.—RUSKIN.

CHAPTER IV

SENTENCES

I. *Sentence-Parts*

THE Sentence we have defined as the establishment, by means of words, of a relation between concepts: that is, the expression of a thought. A thought being the unit of our intellectual operations, the sentence is the unit of our expression. Of the component parts that may constitute a sentence, three are necessary for all sentences. These are the two leading concepts (between which the relation is established) and the establishing word itself.

This does not mean that there must in every case be at least three words. For sometimes, by the use of the so-called intransitive verbs, one of the leading concepts and the establishing factor are represented in one word. *Birds fly* thus expresses (1) the concept *birds*, (2) the concept of *flying*, (3) the relation of the two as that of performance of the second by the first. Besides these bare necessary constituents of the sentence, there may be (4) additions of qualification to any of the concepts, (5) additions of circumstantial accompaniment to the statement of the relation-establishment, (6) introductory or linking words to indicate how one thought has a bearing on another. And, of course, qualifications to qualifications may be superimposed to varying extents.

Our definition of a Sentence comprises not only the ordinary Statement, but also the Question and the Command. For in a question the two concepts are put into a potential relation, to be verified by the answer; and in the command a similarly potential relation is put into movement towards execution. Commands that consist of a single word, present, in their proper interpretation, leading concepts and establishment of relation—the person addressed, the act implied,

and the relation of the first to the second as immediate performer.

Expressed in terms of ordinary grammatical analysis of sentences, these component sentence-parts are—

1. Subject = one leading concept.
2. Predicate = establishing factor (plus another leading concept).
3. Object = another leading concept.
4. Adjuncts to Subject = f qualifications of leading concept.
5. Adjuncts to Object = \setminus cepts.
6. Adjuncts to Predicate = indications of circumstantial accompaniment to the statement of the relation-establishment.
7. Introductory link words.
8. Extra-sentential words, like ejaculations and nominatives of address.

All these parts are exemplified in—

Now (7) Ambrose (8), kind (4) Paul (1) will carry (2) little (5) Jasper (3) cleverly (6).

Add the words “ while you stand in the hall,” and we have a second sentence whose bearing on the first is that of another adjunct to predicate, since it indicates the circumstance of time. Both sentences together form a complex sentence-group, the former being the principal, the latter the subordinate (or dependent), sentence.

The term *a sentence* has been used to cover not only the expression of a single thought, but expressions of thoughts that modify this thought; if these expressions are linked by conjunctions. Thus—

“ When he spoke I listened to the words he uttered ” is called *a sentence*; and to distinguish it as being made up of a principal thought (I listened to the words) as well as thoughts of accompanying circumstance (when he spoke) and of qualificative description (which he uttered) the whole passage is called a *complex sentence*. Similarly “ He spoke and I wrote,” which are two quite different thoughts, are

called *a* sentence, and in this case the fact that "I wrote" does not in any way qualify or describe any part of the sentence "He spoke" gives the whole passage the name of a *compound sentence*.

Clearly, it is confusing to use the term *a sentence* for (1) the single sentence, (2) a group of sentences some of which modify parts of a principal sentence, (3) a group of sentences none of which modify parts of others. It would be better to name (2) an Integrate sentence-group, meaning by the word "integrate" that the sentences are bound in with and absolutely bear on the meaning of one another; (3) then, is a non-integrate, or merely Aggregate sentence-group.

2. Qualities of the Sentence

The merits that a sentence or sentence-group possesses are Clearness, Emphasis, and Rhythm. Clearness arises from the ease with which the leading concepts, what is established about them, and the proper distribution of all qualifying accompaniments, is correctly made out. Obedience to the laws of grammatical syntax, attention to the accepted order of words, and due regard to a convenient length will secure this merit.

Emphasis is something different. It is the placing of the words in such a way that the qualities of Energy, Beauty, or Point are aptly gained. Construction for Emphasis is a delicate art in which the desire to inform and the desire to move must collaborate with masterly skill. The great bulk of ordinary writing has little style, because emphasis is neglected. In many cases, of course, the matter written about gives hardly any scope for emphasis. But it is safe to say that much in this direction may often be done.

Of course, Energy, Beauty, and Point are not mutually exclusive. A touch may contribute all three—*tria juncta in uno*. Especially are Energy and Point cognate. But Energy and Beauty are different; and there is, in fact, a distinction between the three qualities. The effort after one of them is usually sufficient for any single sentence.

Sentences, like words, possess certainly Meaning, Form, and Sound. Perhaps they partly possess Atmosphere. If

so, their atmosphere is decidedly less full than that of words, and almost wholly evolved out of Form and Sound, which may in one sentence recall other sentences. Sentences that have been frequently repeated with some sort of intention to ridicule, acquire, it may be said, an atmosphere; like "Get your hair cut." On the other hand, "The little more and how much it is" suggests a great part of the sadness of the world.

The Meaning of sentences depends upon two factors—the words employed, of course, and the order of the words, that is, their Form. That the words chosen determine the meaning, is self-evident. The question of word, or sentence-part, order, is worthy of study.

Ordinarily, the leading concepts must be in fixed positions; the one before, the other after, the word establishing relation. Subject, Predicate, or, when a third leading concept occurs, Subject, Predicate, Object, is the normal order in statements. In Questions and Commands slight deviations may be made.

Again, qualificative Adjuncts must be placed next to the concepts they affect. But the indications of circumstance which affect the predicate may be moved about much more freely. It is these adverbs or adverbial expressions that give to English sentences nearly all the elasticity they enjoy, and all the variation by which monotony is relieved. Adverb-placing, therefore, constitutes one of the chief arts of sentence-building. "Clearly, it is impossible . . ." "It is clearly impossible . . ." "It is impossible, clearly. . ." are ways of beginning which convey exactly the same meaning. The choice of any one will be governed by the desire to vary the form and, through the form, the emphasis and the sound of the sentence taken in conjunction with other sentences near it.

The first virtue of a sentence is that it shall be clear; and, as we have said, Clearness is obtained by strict adherence to the recognized sentence-part order. But our minds are such that clarity and nothing more makes no impression, does not work us up to a satisfactory receptive pitch, dulls and does not delight. From our earliest days we are therefore busy with the effort to produce, in our verbal communica-

tions, besides a fundamental clarity, some means to haunt, startle, or waylay. Clear expression is, comparatively, a mechanical achievement; effective expression is a great and difficult art.

As regards the normal order that obtains in our language, of placing epithets before the nouns to which they refer, it would seem at first sight that the French method of placing the generic noun before the specializing adjective is more natural and to be preferred. But since the use of an adjective at all implies that the quality indicated by that adjective is salient to the concept named, as differentiating it, it appears advisable that this saliency should be brought before the reader's mind at once—that he should first have the key to the species, and not merely be told the genus with the task of differentiating the species deferred. As a point of literary method, however, it is well to remember that an occasional inversion of the epithet-noun order is effective.

The virtue of effectiveness in sentences is attained only by study, practice, and care. Some of us are naturally sensitive to verbal effects, and these persons are the potential, if not actual, masters of style. But all of us, whether sensitive or not, may derive much benefit from a consideration of the means by which effectiveness in sentences may be compassed.

To deviate from the accepted order of parts in a sentence is to invite one of two consequences. Either we court ambiguity, as when we say "The son the father loves"—a form of inversion rendered frequent by the exigencies of verse, but usually clarified by the extraneous aid of context; or we alter emphasis, securing thereby a superior energy or a superior grace. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," "Him most, in all the dim Arthuriad, I prize—the pagan Palomydes," are short instances in point of successful interference with normal order.

But it is in the large freedom allowed in our language to the position of the adverb that the sentence finds its happiest opportunity for effect; absolute effect in any sentence taken by itself, relative effect in the variation rendered possible in the structure of consecutive sentences. Thus, to take the simplest example: "I reached Paris last month. Only this

morning did I see your friend." The adverbial phrase, by coming first in the second sentence, renders the contrast pointed.

Order, in several cases, has come to be accepted apparently as a matter of accident and not on logical or considered grounds. " Things are going well," not " well going." " We do not go," not " do go not." " We do eat slowly," not " slowly eat," show differences.

3. *Clear Sentences*

(Of course, shortness aids clearness, by lessening the opportunities for becoming obscure. But if short sentences are unrelieved by long ones, the resulting monotony is, although a fault of a different character, a fault very hurtful to composition, and in its effects is probably as destructive to the clear understanding of what is said as an actual obscurity of construction in the individual sentence may be. Hence the art of clearness in sentences consists in being clear *in spite of length*.)

For since it must be admitted that the future punishment of wickedness is not a matter of arbitrary appointment, but of reason, equity, and justice, it comes, for aught I see, to the same thing, whether it is supposed to be inflicted in a way analogous to that in which the temporal punishments of vice and folly are inflicted, or in any other way.—BISHOP BUTLER.

The various discoveries and researches of Dr. Priestley form a storehouse of facts which contemporary chemists of great eminence, such as Kirwan and Watt, were accustomed to refer to as a common stock from whence to deduce the bases of their theories and reasonings.—*Quarterly Review*.

Unbonneting, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground on which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.—SCOTT.

What can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-formed monarchies upon the earth?—COWLEY.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.—ADDISON.

4. *Sentence Lengths*

If one aspect of Form in sentences is the relative positions of the sentence-parts, the other aspect is their Lengths; the lengths, that is, not only of the individual sentences in any sentence-groups, but of the groups themselves.

The short sentence of course makes for clearness; the longer its convolutions the more risk of such placings of the parts as will create difficulty of apprehension. So the clearest writers are, generally, framers of short sentences; like Froude, Borrow, Macaulay. On the other hand, the consistent framer of short sentences forgoes immense opportunities for delicacy and shade in expression of ideas, and for sweep and roll in rhythm, that the framer of the long sentence retains. The danger to the former is to become jerky and abrupt; to the latter, to become loose and feeble.

One feature in palliating the snappy effect of the short sentence is the employment of polysyllabic words. They partly take off from the jerky sensation, for they increase the number of sounds on which these sensations rest. But the contrary is not the case. The long sentence is no better, but rather worse, for a great number of monosyllables. In short, so far as form and sound of sentences are concerned, the reasonable avoidance of monosyllabic words is always to be inculcated; especially as so many of our absolutely necessary monosyllabic prepositions, conjunctions, pronouns, and particles must abound in every naturally-written sentence, Such a reasonable avoidance is quite possible without resorting to the other extreme of a ponderous Johnsonese.

Short Sentences.

He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000;

and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep, he could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3rd of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.—MACAULAY.

Consecutive Short Sentences.

The second Sister is called Mater Suspiriorum, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her Sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against Heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight.—DE QUINCEY: *The Ladies of Sorrow*.

Convolved Sentences.

And because this consideration is of great usefulness and great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit, all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our

funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton, Time, throws up the earth, and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or in an intolerable eternity.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath on that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and besemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflexions every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other.—HOOKER.

But much later, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there) met with acceptance above what was looked for, and other things which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to patch up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.—MILTON.

5. *Sound in Sentences*

Sound in sentences is that consecution and combination of all their word-sounds that is known as Rhythm. The value of Rhythm, the power and appeal of it, are incalculable. Whatever of magic belongs to words arises from their atmosphere; but rhythm is the principal seat of the magic of sentences.

One function of the sentence is to introduce variation of vocabulary, form, and rhythm, by taking the place of a word. "The detested war" becomes "the war that was detested."

Effective appeal to the mind arises, we may safely say, through some form of surprise, or some form of seduction. We are stormed into surrender of our allegiance, or we are circumvented into it. The bold and fiery summons, the delicate and gracious call, are equally potent, though so widely apart; and if half of us are stirred by the ringing of the clarion, it is given to the rest to be moved by the sighing of the lute.

Energy is, no doubt, a quality which it is easier to introduce into the sentence than delicacy. Symmetry, neatness, and grace are more difficult to achieve than economy and rugged force.

Verse-writing, for purposes of sound alone, forces us into many experimental tamperings with the normal order of words. And in the course of these experiments a revelation comes to us of the many and delicate ways in which order may be manipulated in prose with infinite addition to its charm, force, and rhythm. Familiarity, therefore, with verse-rhythms is to be encouraged in the practice of prose; not indeed to the inculcation of such insistent appearance of verse-rhythms as Dickens, for example, too often admits; but sufficiently to flavour delicately with them, here and there.

The care expended upon adjustments of Sound and Form in the placing of words may indeed serve as a basis for the grouping of prose writers into three divisions. First, those who apparently take no care at all, who write *currenti calamo*, and whose success depends upon an easy natural copious flow. Our greatest master in this group is Scott. He exemplifies, too, the defects of this unlaboured style, slipping easily into inexactness and anacoluthon, and hardly ever reaching a glorious or a gracious flow of rhythm. The second group is that of the distinctly workmanlike and careful type of author who is free from any touch of slovenly execution, and sometimes rises into a masterly rhythm that borders upon the noble. Of this style the creator and by far the ablest exponent is Macaulay. Contrastive is the steady march of his metallic prose to the prose of our third group. These are the sedulous and meticulous craftsmen in all the artistry of rhythm, who leave so many instances of lovely and of

subtle music in their prose, and of whom Pater may be reckoned the high priest.

It is worth while, however, to remark that the highest literary genius, as observed in a Shakespeare or a Carlyle, appears to be above and beyond the artifices of verbal experiment and device. Profuse and rich and strong, these greatest men of all seem to achieve by native power that mastery over language which makes their prose the fitting embodiment of their profound or passionate thought.

6. *The Good Sentence*

The interplay of Meaning, Form, and Rhythm, all affected, for better or for worse, by experiment in diction and in order, affords practically unlimited scope for the capable and the curious artist in style. Fluency, the rapid writing of much matter in suitable and readable form, is one art, and a useful art. From this side, composition in the exercise of our schools and colleges is adequately practised. Far too little attention, however, is given to the polish that may be put, the music that may be mingled, in the sentences of our essays and exercises by occasional, if not perpetual, attention to nice touches in prose.

In the Rhythm of the sentence, as in all rhythms, Pause counts for much. Our apparatus for indicating pause is far too scanty for marking all the pauses that a good reader, in his exhibition of rhythm, will make. But some aid, at least, can be given in this matter by the marks of punctuation at our disposal. And it is well to remember that in studying rhythm these marks should be freely used; and that the heavy pointing of writers like Pater and De Quincey is very largely employed, and successfully employed, with this end in view.

Length of sentences is a point that has to be considered rather relatively than absolutely. Naturally, the shorter a sentence, the simpler its construction, and the greater its chance of securing clearness. But a succession of short sentences is one of the most irritating features of style, fatal to the music of rhythm, and imparting a sensation of staccato, for which the safety in clearness is but poor compensation; especially since that safety can be secured by other means.

This is not to say that the short sentence, with its firm compact tread occasionally occurring among the looser fluid movements of the whole, is any defect. And even brief runs of the short sentence, for special effects of crispness or of point, may well be introduced. But on the whole an *andante*, and not a *staccato*, will be found, in the best prose, to be the dominant movement of the rhythm. General criticism, however, and certainly general teaching, seem insensible to the defects of the short sentence. Macaulay has too much, Froude far too much of it. Yet these writers are ranked among the very highest writers of English prose; and though there has been some reaction against the former's hard metallic style, to the latter there has been awarded the most extravagant praise. Whereas, in sentence-building—diction and thought being, so far as possible, put out of view—it is Johnson, and Johnson pre-eminently, to whom the highest honours should be accorded. The supple power, the equal control at once over firmness and fluidity that this unrivalled constructor of sentences displays, is approached only by one author, who in other respects of prose merit is superior to Johnson—his magnificent contemporary Burke. For the purpose of appreciating power in sentence-building, an illustration may be afforded in the following way. Suppose the task of placing words in sentences to be likened to the task of placing various small objects, like dice or stones, in designs of rows and curves upon a table. First, picture a man's hand to be doing this. We see accuracy, deftness, power—on the whole a masterly execution of the task. Yet, owing to the shape and nature of the arm and elbow, there is a certain stiffness, angularity, and want of flow in the movements made. That represents the style of Macaulay.

Next, a snake is deputed to perform the task with its mouth. Now, all is changed. The prevailing movement is of flowing gliding quality; but the excess of sinuosity makes us desire precisely somewhat of the firm and defined action that had before been exhibited by the hand.

Last, the instrument selected is the elephant's trunk. Here, ease and strength, flow and firmness, are exquisitely interlaced. No abler accuracy, no more effective elegance,

can be conceived. And this is the manner in which, in the sentence, the art of Johnson works.

What has been said in reference to sentence-lengths is largely applicable to Balance in sentences. If the sentence-parts are arranged on a favourite plan, the recurrence becomes intrusive, and detracts from the effect. This happens, for example, in a well-known and attractive book, *John Inglesant*. There is in its style a certain insistent smoothness, which is found on examination to arise from a continual use of sentences formed on the plan of one statement joined to another by the conjunction *and* or *but*. As soon as this plan is detected, it annoys; and the expectation of its next occurrence interferes with the reader's enjoyment.

It is well, when one writes at speed, to watch, from time to time, the construction of one's sentences, so as to guard against too regular an order of sentence-parts; and it is an interesting exercise, using the letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., as indicating subject, predicate, object, etc., to write down analyses of sentence-part orders in given passages of prose where the sentences are not very long.

7. *Balance in Sentences*

Balance in sentences means that arrangement by which two sentences occur in each of which the sentence-part order is much the same. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth," gives an instance of balance. It is, of course, a means of securing Clearness in comparison and in contrast.

If, however, more than clearness, namely special Point, is required in the comparison or contrast, Balance may be altered into Chiasmus. In this arrangement, corresponding sentence-parts are placed in opposite sequences, subject-predicate becoming in the second clause predicate-subject. "Paris is the brightest capital in Europe; the darkest is London." The difference between Clearness and Emphasis in sentences is here well exemplified.

A sentence may be likened in some respects to a fairly extended object which may be poised in the hand, and of which the weight may be distributed at beginning, middle, or end. The weight of a sentence belongs to a blend of matter, form,

and rhythm, which forms in a sense its most important section and has dominated the shape it takes.

In some well-constructed sentences there will be found a certain sequence of movement made up of rise, level, and fall. This is usually followed by the voice when a sentence is read aloud, and is certainly a matter of Rhythm. But it is a matter, too, of the Emphasis, which is the manner in which the energy, beauty, or point is distributed. It marks the normal emphasis-distribution of a sentence, and departure from it marks exceptional emphasis. It exemplifies the fact that the middle or maturity of all our operations is the point at which intensity is greatest, as in delivering a blow, or even writing a letter of the alphabet.

In the rise of the sentence we have the introduction of its matter and the gathering-way of its rhythm. And in its fall we have similarly the farewell to the matter and the dying-away of the rhythm. To the level or middle part belong the gist of the matter and the triumphant culminations of the rhythm.

These are exemplified in the following—

1. Let's take the instant by the forward top,
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

SHAKESPEARE.

2. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them, all the days of old.—ISAIAH.

3. And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who were once so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd.—J. H. NEWMAN.

4. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.—MACAULAY.

5. And as, before the blazing sun of morning, the moon fades away into the sky almost invisible, Esmond thought, with a blush perhaps, of another sweet pale face, sad and faint, and fading out of sight, with its sweet fond gaze of affection; such a last look it seemed to cast

as Eurydice might have given, yearning after her lover, when fate and Pluto summoned her, and she passed away into the shades.—THACKERAY.

There is another type of sentence, known as the Periodic, in which the rise, level, and fall movement is abandoned for a movement of climactic character. After the introduction, expectation of the main issue and of the clinching rhythm is held in check until the close of the sentence. This arrangement is frequent in the Ponderous style (see chap. XVII), and easily becomes a habit, setting up a bad and heavy monotony. But in its proper place, interspersed here and there, to embody thoughts of cumulative cast, it becomes a real aid to the weight and dignity of prose.

The opposite type of sentence to the Periodic is known as the Loose. Its construction places the weight of the sentence, both in matter and in rhythm, rather towards the earlier part, leaving the end to die out in a straggling way. The consecutions of the items that make up the thought are not orderly, and the rhythm of the sentence often flutters.

Obviously, the Periodic style is more formal, more removed from our everyday talk. In that talk we tend to put our main statement first, we dash it down and we qualify carelessly, and even erratically, afterwards. We say, "I would buy the whole house and the fields and the farms, if I had the money." That is the Loose construction. The Periodic would put the *if* clause, and any other qualifying clauses, first, and then lead up to the main statement after prolonged suspension.

8. *Unity of Sentence*

The Unity of a sentence is maintained by restricting the words of that sentence to the expression of one thought, together with accompaniments or circumstances that fairly belong to it and help it to unfold itself. These, of various modifying and even sub-modifying character, may be numerous, and yet if they do strictly belong to that thought in which the leading concepts of the sentence are combined, the Unity of the sentence is still preserved.

In the passage, "That portion of our garden has been sold which lies behind the tree that your brother planted when he visited us before he sailed for Europe, which as you know

is nearer to us than Asia," there is unity, in spite of several modifying clauses, up to the word "Europe"; for they all relate to the leading concepts of the selling and the position. But the statement as to the distance of Europe has nothing to do with these, and should not have been dragged in as an appendage to the statements that have.

Sentences preserving Unity (in which the main thought and the subordinate are easily correlated).

However, my friends of the moderate Apostolical party, who were my friends for the very reason of my having been so moderate and Anglican myself in general tone in times past, who had stood up for Tract 90 partly from faith in me, and certainly from generous and kind feeling, and had thereby shared an obloquy which was none of theirs, were naturally surprised and offended at a line of argument, novel, and, as it appeared to them, wanton, which threw the whole controversy into confusion, stultified my former principle, and substituted, as they would consider, a sort of methodistic self-contemplation, especially abhorrent both to my nature and to my past professions, for the plain and honest tokens, as they were commonly received, of a divine mission in the Anglican Church.—J. H. NEWMAN.

In those despatches he sometimes alluded, not angrily, but with calm disdain, to the censures thrown upon his conduct by shallow babblers, who, never having seen any military operation more important than the relieving of the guard at Whitehall, imagined that the easiest thing in the world was to gain great victories in any situation and against any odds, and by sturdy patriots who were convinced that one English carter or thresher, who had not yet learned how to load a gun or port a pike, was a match for any five musketeers of King Lewis's household.—MACAULAY.

So that if the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other.—BACON.

Flexible Sentences (in which the Sentence-parts will easily bear variation of position).

However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the evangelical and liberal schools.—J. H. NEWMAN.

To him whose eagerness of praise hurries his productions soon into the light, many imperfections are unavoidable, even when the mind

furnishes the materials as well as regulates their disposition, and nothing depends upon research or information.—JOHNSON.

Nevertheless, as the mind gathers strength by repeated acts, we should not despond, but continue to exert the prime and flower of our faculties, still recovering and reaching on, and struggling into the upper region, whereby our mutual weakness and blindness may be in some degrees remedied and a taste attained of truth and intellectual life.—BISHOP BERKELEY.

Lax Sentence-building.

The description of persons who have the fewest ideas of all others are mere authors and readers.—W. HAZLITT.

Pausing to look back a moment there were meads under the hill with the shortest and greenest herbage, perpetually watered, and without one single buttercup, a strip of pure green among yellow flowers and fallowing corn.—R. JEFFRIES.

Sitting and musing there, the blackness of the water whispers in our ears a tale of death.—J. A. SYMONDS.

9. *Emphasis of Sentences*

Emphasis in sentences results from such selections and placings of sentence-constituents as best serve any purpose of energy or point, beauty or elegance. Emphasis is thus something over and beyond Clearness. It is quite clear to say, "The soldiers who were wounded were sent into the hospital which was near"; but it is more elegant to say "wounded soldiers," and "neighbouring hospital"; and the writer of the passage has missed a point of emphasis. It is quite clear to say, "I want you to go away and do the same thing," but the energy of "Go thou and do likewise" is superior.

Using the term Emphasis in this large sense of all that can improve a sentence (apart from Clearness) we include even such alterations as produce, in the proper place, delicate or languorous sensation; making it, in fact, mean the appropriate act for the desired effect.

We may in general say that, apart from the use of words of specially emphatic meaning, there are three ways of procuring emphasis in the sentence. First, there is Repetition (which sometimes, however, increases only Clearness). Next, there is Punctuation, which arrests and calls special attention when

applied in special ways. Last, there is change from normal Order of sentence-parts. To these we may add, of course, the purely mechanical use of Italics.

It is generally said that the emphatic positions in a sentence are the beginning and the close. This is hardly the whole truth. In a sentence in which the parts are arranged in normal order, no more emphasis attaches to beginning and close than to any other positions. It is only when an order not normal is adopted that special emphasis of position occurs. Any word or sentence-part placed out of its usual order acquires emphasis from that position. "A strong character is one that insists on having its own way; and uses unscrupulous means—often." This position renders the last word much more prominent than its normal position—after "and." So, too, with the word "even" in the passage from Browning's *One Word More*—where we observe also the emphasis given by repetition—

What, there's nothing in the moon note-worthy?
 Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,
 Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy),
 All her magic ('tis the sweet old mythos),
 She would turn a new side to her mortal,
 Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—
 Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,
 Blind to Galileo on his turret,
 Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!

In the next example, the emphasis comes first—

Down went Pew, with a cry that rang high into the night.—R. L. STEVENSON.

Farther examples of emphatic placing are—

So be my passing!
 My task accomplish'd, and the long day done,
 My wages taken, and in my heart
 Some late lark singing.
 Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
 The sundown splendid and serene—
 Death.

W. E. HENLEY.

Our grim good-night to thee is that.—CARLYLE.

Oh, oh, I hear my crime! Immortal Gods! I cursed them audibly, and before the sun, my mother.—LANDOR.

10. *Nexus of Sentences*

As to the articulation between sentences, this is a matter which equally concerns the Paragraph. If there is a logical, causal, or consequential connexion between the thoughts of two sentences, should this connexion be explicitly indicated by the appropriate conjunction, or should it be left for the reader to infer? Is it better to say, "Charles yielded to Parliament because he did not want to go on his travels again," or "Charles yielded. He did not want to go on his travels again"? Putting the thoughts in the contrary—the consequential instead of the causal—order, should we say, "Charles did not want to go; therefore he yielded," or "Charles did not want to go. He yielded"?

The answer to this question involves all the difference between on the one hand a lively style which is not quite explicit, and a style which, though explicit everywhere, is heavy and may be dull. Much, therefore, depends upon the object ultimately aimed at. If the lucid exposition of a difficult subject is desired, the latter style would be preferred; but in composition of narrative cast, extreme attention to logical nexus may be waived in favour of the more rapid movement.

While the absolutely logical nexus are needed only in chains of strict reasoning, a considerable help to the flow of thought in composition, and to smoothness of expression, is afforded by words and phrases of merely transitional or contrastive nexus; words like *and so*, *accordingly*, *thereupon*, *however*, *in fact*, *while* (not of time). The value of such quasi-sequential expressions is partly a value of rhythm. And their exact positions—whether first word, second, or a little way down the sentence—and variations of their position in neighbouring sentences, are a part of the fine art of composition. Interesting comparison may be made, by many students, with the numerous parallel uses that belong to the particles in Latin and Greek.

It must be observed that in sentences and sentence-groups, grammatical importance, importance of meaning, and literary importance are, as regards the positions they may occupy, by no means coincident. In any group commencing with the

words "He said," those words are grammatically the most important; for they are the principal sentence, to which the rest are subordinate; but in literary importance they are the flattest words of all. In "They clung to him, like captives about their redeemer," both the grammatical importance and that of meaning belong to the opening words; the literary importance resides in the simile and the beautiful word "redeemer." So a word, a phrase, a stray clause, may contain that which gives high literary pleasure, but which the annalist or scientist, eager for fact, and the grammarian, eager for nexus, may regard very slightly. Valuable exercises in this sort of distinction and detection may be prepared for students in connexion with the sentence.

Close study of sentences from good authors is one of the most valuable aids to the attainment of a good style. Each aspect of the sentence—its parts, their Order, the Meaning, Rhythm, Balance, Emphasis—its resultant force or grace, is capable of examination. But as each affects, and is affected by, the rest, the total effect of their interactions becomes a necessary study, and leads to a ready sense of values in all the sentence-elements.

Several farther remarks bearing on the parts of the sentence, and additional examples, will be found in the chapter on Literary Devices.

EXERCISES ON THE SENTENCE

1. Indicate, in these sentences, the parts to which belong (*a*) grammatical importance, (*b*) importance of meaning, (*c*) literary importance.

- (1) While the lurid flames consumed St. Paul's, the joiner was taking his dinner behind the shop.
- (2) The last circumstance to be mentioned is the masterly inactivity which this responsible officer thought fit to display.
- (3) There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKESPEARE : *Hamlet*.

- (4) And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have.

SHAKESPEARE : *Macbeth*.

2. Divide these sentences so as to show (*a*) one leading concept, with its attachments, (*b*) the other leading concept, with its attachments (*c*) the word establishing relation, with its attachments—

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- (1) Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.
SHAKESPEARE : *Henry VI.*
- (2) All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral.
SHAKESPEARE : *Romeo and Juliet.*
- (3) If my names and outward demeanour be not evident enough to defend me, I must make trial if the discovery of my inward thoughts can.—MILTON : *Apology for Smectymnuus.*
- (4) The gathering orange stain, upon the edge of yonder western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—RUSKIN.
- (5) When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.—ST. PAUL.
- (6) It is a fact often observed that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion who cannot write well under any other circumstances.—EMERSON.

3. Take out from these sentences the various attachments to each of the principal parts—

- (1) Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.
SHAKESPEARE : *Henry VIII.*
- (2) In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane.—W. IRVING.
- (3) The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers, than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves.—N. HAWTHORNE.
- (4) Almost on the last day I had the fortune to see him, a conversation happened suddenly to spring up about senior wranglers, and what they had done in after-life.—THACKERAY.
- (5) Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour.
SHAKESPEARE : *Henry VIII.*

- (6) Let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

SHAKESPEARE : *King Lear.*

4. Disintegrate the following so as to express the full meaning by means of sentences grammatically separate—

- (1) Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway with its battlemented top, and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking

road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grassplots fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices, and eaves painted cream-colour and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little crooked thick indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side.—RUSKIN.

- (2) I must say, therefore, that after I had from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, (whom God recompense!) been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether ought was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of mine own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live.—MILTON.

5. Integrate the following sentences into single sentence-groups—

- (1) The Sovereign had loaded certain persons with wealth. These shrank from his side. The country gentlemen had been surly and mutinous in the days of his prosperity. They rallied round him in a body.
- (2) There is a modern phrase. It is beginning to savour a little of cant. It is to the effect that the highest natural is the highest supernatural. But not everybody is able to see this.
- (3) There are peculiar features in this part of Ireland. One of them is the ruined castles. They are very thick and numerous. The face of the country appears studded with them. One at least may be descried almost anywhere. It would be difficult to choose a situation from which it would not.
- (4) Look at these two birds. They are remotely allied to each other. But they are alike in voice. There we can hardly distinguish them. To do so, we must attend carefully to the expression.
- (5) Some voices decry Goethe. My voice shall never be joined to these. You may make the following remark: that my former statement is a lame conclusion to Goethe's statement. His statement was that he had been the liberator of the Germans in general. He said, too, of the young German poets in particular. I say that my former statement is not a lame conclusion.

6. Make sentences each containing all eight sentence-parts, and specify and name each part.

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7. Make three integrated sentence-groups containing respectively an attachment to (a) subject-concept only, (b) object-concept only, (c) predicate-concept only.

8. Make non-integrated sentence-groups which employ a connective and also a contrastive nexus-word.

9. Explain why these sentences are deficient in clearness, and clarify them.

- (1) Those who attend the classes may receive practice in cooking themselves.
- (2) The doctor, said the patient was a fool.
- (3) When my brother saw your uncle he told him he was glad to meet him.
- (4) On certain parts of the coast there occurs a double tide.
- (5) This magazine comes out bi-monthly.
- (6) I said I would pay his outstanding debts.
- (7) Now John his brother dearly loved
And gave him many a gift.
- (8) When we dived, nothing had been in sight, but coming up from the water, the boat soon appeared on our right.
- (9) As the captain of the school Smith ought to have obeyed his orders, but he refused to do so.
- (10) At this part of the town, you will see a circle with three corners which is called The Square.
- (11) Best let him fight, for we taught him—strike gallantly.
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge, and wait us
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne.

BROWNING'S *Lost Leader*

(said of one who had deserted a cause to which the Poet was attached.)

10. Recast or paraphrase so as to impart Energy or Point—

- (1) If I could fly I would go away and have quiet.
- (2) He was successful; but other people had won the success for him by making dispositions for him, and by showing valour, and fighting when he was running away.
- (3) Money is an excellent thing, as long as you use it merely to carry out your plans, but a bad thing when it dominates you and makes you act in all sorts of ways to get it.
- (4) A person who has himself been dishonest is the right kind of person to detect dishonesty in another.
- (5) Man is a piece of work, infinite in faculty, like a god in apprehension, noble in reason, express and admirable in form and moving, like an angel in action.

- (6) It may seem extraordinary, but there never existed a book more universally neglected but at the same time more universally praised.
- (7) Evils from which men of all and of no religion equally wish to be protected, are to be robbed, murdered, captured, sold into slavery; therefore that all these men have, in being well governed, a common interest, we can hardly dispute.
- (8) Byron was a very different man as a critic from what he was as a poet.
- (9) But while it is a pleasure to read the Diary, it will always be a task to read the Memoirs.
- (10) He stands in the first class as an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character as well.

11. Improve the Grace of these sentences—

- (1) Peacefully, like some visionary old monk, reverently, his feet on earth, his thoughts with God, stands the Church.
- (2) So, messmates all, till the Harbour of Rest is found, and the voyage is over, may we ply the oar with stout hearts.
- (3) I own to having towards this scapegrace a friendly feeling, because he did not abuse the country whence he fled, though an exile.
- (4) Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I for six and thirty years have worn with my daily pilgrimage, what toilsome clerk's footsteps are your everlasting flints now vocal to ?
- (5) Those on the other hand who have lost an infant are never without an infant child as it were.
- (6) Once I saw riding serenely in the sky, attended by her sparkling maids of honour, a moon, and " I must sketch it," said, with an air of great satisfaction, a little lady.

12. Improve the Rhythm of these sentences—

- (1) Sweet views that can never be seen well in our world, were imaged by the waters' love of that fair green forest.
- (2) Mine eyes shall see, in his beauty, the King : the land that is very far off they shall behold.
- (3) By admiration, hope, and love, we live.
- (4) Canst thou not minister to a diseased mind, pluck a rooted sorrow from the memory ?
- (5) And the calm settings of fair weather are again beautiful, when sky and sea are cheerful alike, and the topmost blades of the lagoon grass glance upon the surface like emeralds, peeping from the shadows.
- (6) Though they impurple not the winter, the violets have their

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time, and though they disclose not their beauty in the spring, the roses keep their season.

- (7) In their habitations stood still the sun and moon; they went at the shining of thy glittering spear, and at the light of thine arrows.
- (8) Foreknowing imminent harms, Heaven taketh before they fall forth those which it loves, to itself.
- (9) Until the shadows flee away and the day break, to the hill of frankincense and to the mountain of myrrh will I get me.
- (10) That ye haste early to rise up, and take rest so late, and eat the bread of carefulness, it is but labour lost; for so sleep giveth he his beloved.
- (11) But man is a noble animal, pompous in the grave, and splendid in ashes, with equal lustre solemnizing death and nativities, nor omitting in the infancy of his nature ceremonies of bravery.
- (12) But when the sun had departed utterly, the Fay, now the mere ghost of her former self, went disconsolately at length into the region of the ebony flood with her boat; and that she at all issued thence I cannot say, for over all things fell darkness, and I beheld no more her magical figure.

13. Rewrite these sentences, altering either words or order, in either (a) clearer, (b) more energetic, (c) more graceful, (d) more rhythmical form, explaining what you are attempting.

- (1) Wise or dull, laudatory or otherwise, we put their opinions aside.
- (2) O Rhodope, there are no voices that are not mute soon; there are no names repeated with whatever emphasis of passionate love, the echo of which is not at last faint.
- (3) These were the types of people among whom Monmouth was buried.
- (4) O constancy, be upon my side strong;
Set 'twixt my heart and tongue a huge mountain.
- (5) Since Cæsar loved me, I am sorry he is dead; since he was ambitious, I made an end of his life; since he was a brave man, I gave him honour; since he was a lucky man, I was glad at his good fortune.
- (6) Faith, Charity and Hope are three virtues; Charity is the best of them.
- (7) In this spot, where men and women now live, only wild animals used to live.
- (8) Macbeth is not quite such a bad fellow as his wife is; he would have let Duncan off, but she finished him.

14. Show what effects in either Clearness, Energy, Grace, or Rhythm, would ensue from any change of order in any of the parts of the following sentences—

- (1) Now I think in single verses, but never in whole sentences, our poetry is more harmonious than the Latin sometimes.
- (2) Into the leaves sink the damps of autumn, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and, insensible, are we detached then from our tenacity of life, by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows, as years close round us.
- (3) To the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eight century, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the twentieth, we trace back that line in an unbroken series; and the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable, far beyond the time of Pepin.
- (4) Some say that the bird of dawning, ever 'gainst that season wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, comes, singeth all night long.
- (5) All your own hobbies you lay aside, to watch provincial humours, that, now grave and beautiful like an old tale, and now as a laughable farce, develop themselves before you.
- (6) The incident transferred to the life of London is unreal altogether, and its unreality makes fantastic and absurd the whole piece in its English form.
- (7) A beacon light is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye.
- (8) And history will yet, while she notes his many errors for the warning of vehement, daring, and high natures, pronounce deliberately that scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his.

15. Combine, with some expansion, these short sentences into smoother connected groups.

- (1) Jesus was returning to the city. He sent his disciples before him to prepare supper. Following, He saw a crowd in the street. He stayed to see what they were looking at. It was a dead dog. People made various remarks about it. One called attention to its torn ears. Another said it polluted the air. A third complained of its being left there so long. Jesus made a remark also. He said its teeth were whiter than pearls. The people were amazed. They asked who this might be. They said it must be Jesus of Nazareth. No one but Him would have found a kind thing to say of a dead dog.

- (2) Colonel Joliffe threw on his cloak. He drew his grandfather's arm within his own. Then he retired. This was the last festival a British ruler ever held in Massachusetts Bay. People thought the Colonel had had some secret information. He knew all about the mysterious pageant of that night. But no one knows this for certain. Those who acted in that scene are not known. Their names are as dark to us as the Indians' names who upset the cargoes of the Boston teaships. But superstition believes in the story. It is said that the scene is repeated on every anniversary of Britain's surrender. On that night the ghosts of the ancient governors of Massachusetts glide through the portal of the Province House. Last of all comes a shrouded figure. He tosses his clenched hands into the air. He stamps his iron-shod feet on the freestone. There is feverish despair in his gesture. But there is no sound of a foot-tramp.
16. Resolve these sentence-groups into shorter sentences—
- (1) A yard or two further we pass the hostelry of the Black Eagle, and, glancing as we pass through the square door of marble, deeply moulded, in the outer wall we see the shadows of its pergola of vines resting on an ancient well, with a painted shield carved on its side; and so presently emerge on the bridge of Campo san Moise, whence to the entrance into St. Mark's Place, called the Bocca di Piazza (mouth of the Square) the Venetian character is nearly destroyed, first by the frightful facade of St. Moise, which we will pause at another time to examine, and then by the modernizing of the shops as they near the Piazza, and the mingling of the lower Venetian populace with lounging groups of English and Austrians. We will push fast through them into the shadow of the pillars at the end of the Bocca di Piazza, and there we forget them all; for between those pillars there opens a great light, and in the midst of it, as we advance slowly, the vast tower of St. Mark seems to lift itself visibly forth from the level field of chequered stones; and on each side, the countless arches prolong themselves into ranged symmetry, as if the rugged and irregular houses that pressed together above us in the dark alley had been struck back into sudden obedience and lovely order, and all their rude casements and broken walls had been transformed into arches charged with goodly sculpture, and fluted shafts of delicate stone.
17. Rewrite the following in longer words—
- (1) The great king did not try to force all the folk in the country to obey his laws without giving them a proper chance of learning what he wanted them to do.
- (2) The best way to get from places where people live in small

numbers to places where they live in great crowds, is to look at the newspapers for suitable notices as to vacancies for work, and then to apply for these.

- (3) Since then you have really done this wicked act, there is no other way in which to free yourself from punishment than to ask pardon of those against whom you have sinned.
- (4) Afraid that he would fall into the mistake of speaking to the wrong person, he made up his mind to wait in the hall until he heard the right name spoken, and then note who answered to it.
- (5) The picture hanging in the hall was taken down and sent over to a friend of mine, who promised to take good care of it and send it back without showing it to those who were its real owners.

18. Rewrite the following in shorter words—

- (1) The inertia persistently exhibited in his career proved a formidable obstacle to his advancement.
- (2) The most conspicuous feature in the physiognomy of this region is undoubtedly the aggregation of promontories that exists in its occidental parts.
- (3) Incongruous allusions expressed in consistently sesquipedalian vocabulary are prominent elements in the literary production of this extraordinary misogynist.
- (4) He might design by this information either to boast the early maturity of his genius, or conciliate indulgence to the puerility of his performances.—JOHNSON.
- (5) He beheld with temperate firmness the approach of death; enfranchized his slaves, minutely directed the order of his funeral, and moderated the lamentations of his weeping friends, on whom he bestowed the benediction of peace.—GIBBON.
- (6) But the uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all mental relations both logical and psychological; and consequently precludes all method which is not purely accidental.—COLERIDGE.

19. Rewrite with some substitutions of phrase for word—

- (1) A distinguished general, commanding great armies, hastily retreated from the victorious field.
- (2) In dangerous seasons, the simplest words are liable to be misconstrued.
- (3) It is noticeable, too, that these wooden edifices have been replaced by stone houses.
- (4) The indignant sage sallied forth shirted but coatless to answer the inquiring knocks.
- (5) There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply yet saying them proudly.

20. Rewrite, replacing words or phrases by clauses (sentences)—

- (1) To a homeless man, there is a momentary feeling of independence in stretching himself before an inn fire.
- (2) The day being fine, he preferred to stroll home, chatting with the departing people.
- (3) We observed him exercising a mischievous sway over his companions.

21. Indicate by single and double cutting lines the amounts of pause in reading aloud that you would prescribe in order to bring out the full value of the following—

- (1) Therefore hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all.—BURKE.
- (2) So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of *Finis* at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds. Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spade, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold *Finis* itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

22. Make a sentence-group involving these concepts—

- (1) A storm, a horseman, a pond, a boy.
- (2) A book, confusion, a lap, nasal music.
- (3) Evening, a smart tap, parting, children.
- (4) Visitors, the Tower, congratulation, deliverance.

23. Write sets of three consecutive sentences in which the parts occur in the same order.

24. Write pairs of sentences in which the parts occur in chiasmic order.

25. Show how Balance and Chiasmus affect the emphasis of sentences.
26. Make periodic sentences of 20, 30, and 40 words respectively.
27. Make loose sentences of 20, 30, and 40 words respectively.
28. Make midway sentences of 20, 30, and 40 words respectively.
29. Show how Unity is not preserved in the following sentences, and amend so as to secure unity.
 - (1) As he was of a most incomparable gentleness, application, and even submission to good and worthy and entire men, so he was naturally (which could not but be more evident in his place, which objected him to another conversation and intermixture than his own election had done) *adversus malos iniucundus* ; and was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill men, that it was not possible for such not to discern it.—CLARENDON.
 - (2) I will now mention the favourable opportunity which you have, if you wish to embrace it, of obliging foreigners, among whom is not one at all conspicuous for genius or for elegance, who does not make the Tuscan language his dislike, and indeed consider it as an essential part of education, particularly if he be only slightly tingured with the literature of Greece or of Rome.—MILTON.
 - (3) If human force and preparation could have determined the event of things, and Providence had proceeded by the same measures which men judge, the business of the day I am sure had been desperate and as impossible in the event, as it was once in the opinion and discourse of some, who having done their utmost to prevent it, had the good luck to get too much of it, when it came to pass.—SOUTH.
 - (4) Such a King did God set to reign over England, whereof this realm may well vaunt above other nations, whose worthiness is more treated of by foreign writers than by any of our own countrymen, which may justly redound to the reproach of all our English poets and historians.
 - (5) Nay, truly, though I yield that poesy may not only be abused, but that, being abused, by reason of its sweet charming force it can do more hurt than any other army of words; yet shall it be so far from concluding that the abuse shall give reproach to the abused, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason, that, whatsoever being abused, doth most harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use each thing receives its title) doth most good.—SIR P. SIDNEY.
 - (6) But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.—ALGERNON SIDNEY.

- (7) It was very difficult, in that wild country, to procure horses, on which the Arabians set such store, regarding them as more valuable possessions than even the houses that protect their very lives from the inclemency of the weather.
- (8) The literary production of Shakespeare will probably never be surpassed, but he returned to his native town in his later life and purchased some property there.
- (9) The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower on Friday, the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation of the which the time appointed was approaching so near that the pageants were a-making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterwards was cast away.

30. What is amiss with the following sentences? Put them into a satisfactory form—

1. Having pulverized him with this rejoinder (as he thought) he struck sail instantly, and ran off like a shot.
- (2) As she appeared so triste, I thought she might be suffering from migraine, and raised the *jaalousie*, so that she might be submitted to the *fraicheur* of the evening air.
- (3) When I was a boy at the Prep., a gent used to bike up there on halves, and distribute bobs all round for tuck.
- (4) It was impossible to irradiate the umbrageous latitudes of his crepuscular intelligence with the most diminutive scintillation of ratiocinative perspicacity.
- (5) Without beating about the bush or crying over spilt milk, he plunged into the ocean of work before him, and hammered it out to the last straw.
- (6) Paul thinks Jasper a smarter fielder than Ambrose.
- (7) Passing under the bridge, the tall elms of the park came into sight.
- (8) If everybody did their work like Jack does, you would all get on.
- (9) He said that he had not copied from the next boy, nor had he been helped by him in any way.
- (10) Houses are the third greatest of all our needs—first food, then clothing, third houses.
- (11) The ocean dashes man to earth and there lets him lay.
- (12) Each of the three first boys will take their books home this evening.
- (13) He described the only section of history he was well acquainted with, and which he had got a prize for at school, as the parturition of Poland.
- (14) Before her marriage she was the daughter of Lady X.

- (15) Nothing more than Algebra needs to be done in a methodical way.
- (16) The enemy will be here in a few days; men ready to perpetrate every villainy, torture your men, slaughter your women and children, chase your poultry.
- (17) Education is one of the branches of municipal activities that the man in the street does not much think of.
- (18) In undertaking this job, he was up against a proposition of a very tall order.
- (19) I heard of George going to America. Nothing you say will prevent me following him next year.

31. Without losing sight of sense or fitness, construct fairly long sentences (30 to 40 words) which exhibit appropriate alliteration of given sounds (*g, l*, etc.).

32. Do the same in four lines of verse.

33. Write an apostrophe for the following situations—

- (1) A dying soldier addressing his sword.
- (2) The shipwrecked man addressing a distant sail.
- (3) An author addressing the book he is sending out.
- (4) An emigrant addressing the home he is leaving.
- (5) A mother addressing an absent, unheard of, son.
- (6) Drake first espying the Armada ships.

CHAPTER V

PARAGRAPHS

1. *Nature of the Paragraph*

A PARAGRAPH is a series of sentences relating to one of the aspects, or sub-aspects, of any theme. It is usual to indicate the close of a paragraph by beginning the next paragraph on a different line. This should be insisted on in essays and similar compositions, for the mind is helped, then, to keep one aspect of a theme clear from the other aspects; but if a dead wall of prose appears before us, we have to disentangle the aspects without any help, and the whole subject becomes more difficult to recognize in its parts or steps.

In form, the Paragraph may be long or short, may contain many or few sentences, and the constituent sentences may be of varying lengths. It should have, however, a central thought, embodied in one of the sentences, the other sentences containing introduction, comment, qualification, illustration, amplification, and the like.

Whereabouts in the paragraph the Central thought should be laid, is a question entirely for the writer. To open with it, makes for explicitness. On the other hand, to lead up to it as a kind of climax is effective. To place it in the middle, with introduction before and conclusion after, is also permissible.

But wherever it is, the thought should be unmistakeable as being the central thought, for the purpose of which the paragraph has its existence; and it should be sufficiently important, as well as sufficiently detached, to justify a paragraph for itself.

The Rhythm of a paragraph depends upon the relative rhythms of its constituent sentences. A succession of similarly rhythmmed sentences (which means almost the same as similarly placed sentence-parts) is to be avoided;

and especial care is to be expended on the closing rhythm of the last sentence, known as the *clausula*. Coming last, it lingers longest in the mind, and any defect, of harshness or impropriety, in it, disastrously disturbs the effect of the whole paragraph. To make prose really good, hardly too much importance can be attached to this clausular rhythm. The reading voice always pauses here the longest, and, as there are many paragraphs in a passage, this long pause occurs so often as to dominate the entire system of the sound-movement and practically decide the beauty of the whole. And the variety of possible endings is great, as may be seen by comparing here only a few; it being noted here, as elsewhere, that three factors enter into rhythm—sound-natures or qualities, stresses, and lengths of syllables, with pauses.

- . . . the fond names of the land of his youth.
- . . . and tinged the eyelids and the hands.
- . . . like an unsubstantial pageant faded.
- . . . new orbs will bring new light.
- . . . no sadder spot on earth than that little cemetery.

If we allow that at most four unstressed syllables may occur consecutively in prose and then reckon some twelve to twenty syllables as constituting an ending, a permutation sum will give to the curious the various endings that a prose-rhythm may present. To say which is the best for any given passage depends solely upon the critic's individual powers of literary appreciation, and his conversance with the best literature.

Paragraphs are of course concessions to the limited power of our minds in the matter of comprehension. We cannot comprehend large slabs of matter without rests and breaks. Nor can we find our way among many aspects of a subject without having them isolated for us. Like the courses at a banquet, they are better appreciated and assimilated by a division and an interval.

2. Problems of the Paragraph

The problems of the Paragraph are first to discover what aspects, and second how much of them, will constitute satis-

factory divisions; third, to work the expression of these aspects into convincing or appealing form.

The paragraph is a small self-contained work of art, capable of exhibiting in its build nearly all the strictly literary powers. It displays the arts of the word, the sentence, punctuation, and rhythm, applied over an area which gives sufficient opportunity for revealing the writer's literary quality.

A succession of very short paragraphs gives both to the eye and the mind an impression of sketchy, unfinished work. For in the very short paragraph there is no room for more than a central thought; and central thoughts, unless duly developed by introduction, illustration, comment and the like, hardly make literature. They are the stems around which literature coils. As to the foolish Hugonic practice of making every other sentence a paragraph, that is a mere theatrical mannerism which we need not more than mention.

Now to discover what aspects of a subject call for separate distribution into paragraphs, needs, in expositive composition, the scientific mind. In non-expositive composition the artistic mind will most satisfactorily decide. Neither of these is quite the same as the literary mind. Its turn comes when the matter selected for the paragraph receives actual expression.

By the scientific mind we mean the mind that ably weighs values relating to fact and inference. The artistic mind weighs values in the sphere of the beautiful, whether spiritual or sensuous. The literary mind weighs values in words and the places of words.

It would be futile to discuss here or perhaps anywhere the first paragraphic problem of *what* aspects should, either in expositive or non-expositive composition, be selected for paragraphs. That must be left to scientific and artistic insight. But the second paragraphic problem of how much to include in a paragraph may receive some attention.

In the first place there is in connexion with this point the question of Scale. A rapid review of a theme will dispose of many more points in each paragraph than would an elaborate, amplified consideration. Thus, in a large history of literature, one minor work, like Gray's *Elegy*, may have a whole paragraph devoted to it. In a monograph on Gray, the

Elegy might be treated in twenty paragraphs. But a rapid review of all our literature in a few pages could not afford more than a paragraph (if that) to the whole work of Gray.

Again, in Macaulay's *History of England*, some fleeting notion that some statesman may or may not have had might occupy a whole paragraph. In Green's, the same man's whole life and influence might be dismissed in the same space.

So Scale is the first determining factor of the amount of matter an aspect may demand in a composition. In addition, there are other principles governing paragraph quantity.

It is natural, for example, to make time-divisions tally with paragraphs, one hour's, day's, or year's events to each. Or, place-associations suggest a similar distribution; we describe in one paragraph the hill, in the next the river, in the next the house. Then, one fact may be described and the inference from it in the same paragraph; or, the fact being put in one, various inferences may occupy others. Causes and effects may be treated similarly. A comparison may take up one paragraph, or two. One thought may be repeated over and over again, in several lights, in the same paragraph. Illustrations and examples may fill separate paragraphs. These are some of the principles on which paragraphs may be developed.

3. *Nexus in Paragraphs*

Paragraphs, dealing as they do with different aspects or topics belonging to a main theme, have some connexion between themselves. Ought we to leave these connexions to be seen as the matter of a paragraph is developed, or ought we to indicate them by connective or transitional words?

It certainly makes for continuity of comprehension and it adds to the general smoothness of the whole composition, to indicate by a first or very early expression how a paragraph follows on to the one immediately preceding, in some cases even to others that have gone some way before. Leaving the reader to divine connexions is not always safe. Again, as the beginnings of paragraphs are at some distance from one another, recurrence of a connective word is not so obtrusive as its frequent use between sentences may be.

There is a distinction, among connective words, between those of logical nexus, like *because* and *therefore*, which mark a syllogistic process of induction or deduction, and merely transitional words, like *next*, *so*, *accordingly*. Among the latter may be included the simply continuative introduction *and*, and the contrastive (or, as grammarians call it, adversative) *but*, with such equivalent phrases as *in addition to this*, *in spite of this*, and the rest.

4. Build of the Paragraph

The Emphasis of paragraphs depends upon the position assigned to the central thought. Coming first, it engages immediate attention, and the risk is run of a comparative loss of the reader's attention to the subsequent illustration, comparison, comment or what not, that may follow. On the whole, however, it is probably better that the writer should take this risk, and be content with planting his main thought early and firmly in the reader's mind. The opposite process of suspending the central thought until the close of the paragraph may bring about the disaster of never getting it home to the reader at all, or getting it home only feebly. The intermediate process of placing an introduction before the main thought, then presenting it, and then following with illustration or comment, is quite sound. But the real art is to vary all these methods. Then the reader will not detect the writer in a habit or trick of method (a discovery which always dulls interest) and will be rendered pleasantly anxious to follow his variations of presentation.

The actual expression of the paragraph resolves itself into the question of a few sentences in consecution. The difference between writing one sentence well and writing well several sentences in consecution is that while one of many selections and arrangements may be excellent in the former case, in the latter we are precluded as a rule from repetition of that excellent form in a second or third consecutive sentence. That is to say, Variety in sentence-build—the construction of several sentences, each good and each different from the others—is the task of the paragraph. How hard this task is, what persistence and what vigilance it demands, none but

those who attempt it know. Say we have written one sentence well, we are satisfied with the sense of it, the emphasis of it and its rhythm. We dare not repeat its form; unless indeed perhaps once, and for a special purpose.

5. *Unity of Paragraph*

Unity in the paragraph is secured (as in the sentence), by such a disposition of all the thoughts included, as will permit the central thought to be clearly detected as such, while the subsidiary thoughts are in real and helpful connexion with it.

Paragraphs preserving Unity.

So also with regard to our power of moving or directing motion by will and choice upon the destruction of a limb, this active power remains as it evidently seems unlesened; so that as the living being who has suffered this loss would be capable of moving as before, if it had another limb to move with. It can walk by the help of an artificial leg, just as it can make use of a pole or a lever to reach towards itself and to move things beyond the length and power of its natural arm; and this last it does in the same manner as it reaches and moves, with its natural arm, things nearer and of less weight. Nor is there so much as any appearance of our limbs being endued with a power of moving or directing themselves, though they are adapted, like the several parts of a machine, to be the instruments of motion to each other, and some parts of the same limb to be instruments of motion to other parts of it.—BISHOP BUTLER.

(The leading thought here is enunciated in the second part of the first period. The second period illustrates this by concrete pictures. The third period presents the same thought from another side—no *directing* power has been destroyed, only an *answering* or *obeying* agent.)

It may be urged, however, that past actions may be interesting in themselves, but that they are not to be adopted by the modern poet, because it is impossible for him to have them clearly present to his own mind, and he cannot therefore feel them deeply, nor represent them forcibly. But this is not necessarily the case. The externals of a past action, indeed, he cannot know with the precision of a contemporary; but his business is with its essentials. The outward man of Œdipus or Macbeth, the houses in which they lived, the ceremonies of their courts, he cannot accurately figure to himself; but neither do they essentially concern him. His business is with their inward man; with their feelings and behaviour in certain tragic situations, which engage their passions as men; these have in them nothing local

and casual; they are as accessible to the modern poet as to a contemporary.—M. ARNOLD.

(The leading thought here occurs in the last period. The first period contains an objection, which is partly conceded in the second; and in the third the part concession is continued in order to lead up to the part which is not conceded.)

An English princess was once brought to reign here; and almost the whole of the little court was kept upon her dowry. The people still regard her name fondly; and they show, at the Schloss, the rooms which she inhabited. Her old books are still there; her old furniture brought from home; the presents and keepsakes sent her by her family as they were in the Princess's lifetime; the very clock has the name of a Windsor maker on its face; and portraits of all her numerous race decorate the homely walls of the now empty chambers. There is the benighted old King, his beard hanging down to the star on his breast; and the first gentleman of Europe—so lavish of his portrait everywhere, and so chary of showing his royal person—all the stalwart brothers of the now all but extinct generation are there; their quarrels and their pleasures, their glories and disgraces, enemies, flatterers, detractors, admirers—all now buried. Is it not curious to think that the King of Trumps now virtually reigns in this place, and has deposed the other dynasty?—THACKERAY.

(This descriptive paragraph leads up to a reflective close.)

6. *Analysis of Typical Paragraphs*

We may examine briefly a few examples, to get an idea of how good writers construct their paragraphs. Let us look at the earlier paragraphs of Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*. In paragraph—

1. The central thought is that Englishmen are strangely ignorant of how India was conquered by the English. This is presented in the first sentence and is repeated in the last. The intermediate sentences are occupied with a comparison between the Spanish conquest of the Western World, and our own conquest of India. The paragraph contains nine full stops and some 200 words.

2. The central thought is that this ignorance is partly due to the unattractive way in which historians have dealt with the subject. This is again presented in the first sentence,

and the rest of the paragraph gives illustrations of this statement by mentioning special books. This paragraph is very short, containing only four full stops and about one-third of the number of words in the first paragraph.

3. The central thought is that the new history which the writer is reviewing is also of poor quality. Again it appears first. The other sentences comment on the leading statement, by suggesting a reason for the defective work, and by calling attention to the one valuable feature. The paragraph is about equal in length to paragraph 2.

4. Again, the central thought, that the book on the whole raises the character of Clive, comes first. The rest of the paragraph explains the writer's satisfaction with this result. Five full stops occur and a few more words than in the two preceding paragraphs.

In Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, an examination of the first four paragraphs reveals the following facts about their structure. In paragraph—

1. Central thought—mankind needed a revelation. This opens the paragraph and is followed by a supplementary statement to the effect that Christianity is the only credible revelation. There are two full stops and about eighty words.

2. Central thought—On certain conditions, it is quite probable that God should make a revelation to men. This comes last. All the previous part of this long paragraph of over 200 words is taken up with enumerating a variety of the conditions.

3. Central thought—Revelation can be made only by miracles. This opens the paragraph, and is followed by a reason in support of the statement. The paragraph is slightly larger than the first paragraph.

4. Central thought—Any antecedent improbability in miracles adduced in support of revelation can be surmounted by testimony. This comes a quarter of the way down the paragraph, preceded by a few words of introduction, and followed by a comparison between the antecedent improbability in miracles and certain other improbabilities, with the object of supporting the statement of the central thought. The paragraph is nearly as long as the second paragraph.

Next we look at the opening paragraphs of Pater's essay, *The School of Giorgione*. In paragraph—

1. Central thought—Each art contains in its sensuous material a special quality distinct from the quality of any other art. This comes nearly half-way down the paragraph. It is preceded by a description of what the opposite (and untrue) supposition is. It is followed by one or two corollaries or developments arising from this main thesis, as supplementary to it. There are about 300 words.

2. Central thought—In painting there are essential pictorial qualities of drawing and colour which form its differentia and must be our primary delight, other emotional and intellectual additions coming, if at all, out of these and later. This appears about two-thirds of the way through the paragraph. Before this we have again a description of the wrong view on the matter; then reference to special instances where the truth may be seen. After the central statement comes supplementary illustration to re-inforce the thesis. The paragraph is half as long again as the first.

3. In this short paragraph of 100 words the central thought is a modification of the thought of the first paragraph—Each art may partly pass into the condition of some other art. Coming in the middle, the thought is preceded by a reference back to the general rule, and followed by a repetition of the thought in another form, in order to clarify it.

4. The central thought is that all arts in common aspire towards the condition of music. This comes at the end. The previous sentences of the paragraph are taken up with mention of the various interchanges of condition that (as announced in the paragraph before) occur between the arts.

It is probable that, in the act of composition, no writer precisely plans the structure of his paragraphs; it is equally probable that in the great majority of cases the tendency is to set the central thought in the first place. On revision, the suitability of some introductory words, or the idea of leading up to a climax, or arriving at a generality through particulars, may result in some modification of that tendency. However this may be, there can be no doubt as to the value of practice in constructing and re-constructing paragraphs,

under varying conditions as regards position of central thought, nature of its accompaniments, and length. Paragraph-exercise, worked in this careful way, will produce a facility in the attainment of variety; and such exercise should, in all teaching of English composition, freely supplement the exercise in paragraph-analysis of the kind that has previously been outlined.

EXERCISES ON THE PARAGRAPH

1. Indicate the central thought in the following paragraphs, and state the nature of the accompanying matter—introduction, repetition, illustration, corollary, comment, etc.

- (1) The military errors of Essex were probably in some degree produced by political timidity. He was honestly, but not warmly, attached to the cause of the Parliament; and next to a great defeat he dreaded a great victory. Hampden, on the other hand, was for vigorous and decisive measures. When he drew the sword, as Clarendon has well said, he threw away the scabbard. He had shown that he knew better than any public man of his time how to value and how to practise moderation. But he knew that the essence of war is violence, and that moderation in war is imbecility. On several occasions, particularly during the operations in the neighbourhood of Brentford, he remonstrated earnestly with Essex. Wherever he commanded separately, the boldness and rapidity of his movements presented a striking contrast to the sluggishness of his superior.—MACAULAY: *Essay on Hampden*.
- (2) Of that catholic or general centre of Greek religion, the Lacedæmonians were the hereditary and privileged guardians, as also the peculiar people of Apollo the god of Delphi; but, observe! of Apollo in a peculiar development of his deity. In the dramatic business of Lacedæmon, centering in these almost liturgical dances, there was little comic acting. The fondness of the slaves for buffoonery and loud laughter, was to their master, who had no taste for the like, a reassuring note of his superiority. He therefore indulged them in it on occasion, and you might fancy that the religion of a people so strenuous, even so full of their dignity, must have been a religion of gloom. It was otherwise. The Lacedæmonians, like those monastic persons of whom they so often remind one, as a matter of fact, however surprising, were a very cheerful people; and the religion of which they had so much, deeply imbued everywhere with an optimism as of hopeful youth, encouraged that disposition, was above all a religion of sanity. The observant Platonic visitor might have taken note that something of that purgation

of religious thought and sentiment, of its expression in literature, recommended in Plato's *Republic*, had been already quietly effected here, towards the establishment of a kind of cheerful daylight in men's tempers.—PATER: *Greek Studies*.

2. Discuss how far the topics of given passages are worth paragraphic treatment.

3. Explain the build of given paragraphs.

4. Discuss these paragraphs in reference to their builds.

5. Discuss these paragraphs in reference to their lengths in proportion to their topics.

6. Criticize the nature of the matter accompanying the topic of these paragraphs, and make suggestions; *e. g.* should introduction have been provided, should certain comments have been rather illustration, etc.

7. Rewrite these paragraphs, retaining central thought but varying nature of accompaniment.

8. Discuss the punctuation of these paragraphs.

9. Comment on the rhythm of these paragraphs.

10. Suggest any different order in which paragraphs might have been disposed in a given work, giving reasons.

11. Trace the nexus of the given paragraphs, suggesting as to additional, superfluous, or different nexus.

12. What is the nature of the nexus in these paragraphs?

13. Criticize the positions of the central thoughts in these paragraphs, in relation to the emphasis they carry.

14. Comment on the sentence-builds in these paragraphs, making criticism and suggestion as to their suitable consecution.

15. Expand into a paragraph of from 100 to 200 words.

(1) A leaving the railway-carriage picks up B's umbrella by mistake, is stopped, and apologizes.

A during his business in town calls for all the family umbrellas, left for repair.

A returning home enters a compartment, and finds B sitting opposite to him.

B looks up at the sheaf of umbrellas, and remarks, "I see you've had a successful day."

(2) The weather conditions of a certain morning.

The decorations along the streets.

The demeanour of the watching people.

The nature of the expected procession.

- (3) All's well that ends well.
An illustration where this seems to hold good.
An illustration where it does not seem to hold good.
The truth (or untruth) of the statement.
- (4) How Mary Queen of Scots fell into the power of Elizabeth.
How Mary conducted herself in captivity.
Elizabeth's action in reference to Mary.
Elizabeth's action defended or decried.
- (5) The configuration of England.
The connexion between configuration and rain.
Where rain most abundantly falls.
The results of rain upon industries.

16. Write a paragraph containing 100 words, with central thought first, and illustration following.

17. Write a paragraph of 200 words containing an introduction, a central thought fairly early, and modifications following.

18. Write a paragraph in which the central thought at its close is a generality drawn from previous particulars.

CHAPTER VI

PUNCTUATION

1. The Principles Underlying Punctuation

THE marks of Punctuation are symbols inserted between words in order to aid the reader's comprehension and appreciation of the composition. As the powers of comprehending and appreciating vary considerably in different individuals, it is hardly possible that all readers will be in agreement as to the number and position of these marks in a passage of any length. Handbooks, it is true, attempt to give absolute rules that will apply to all cases. But merely to codify the use of stops, besides being extremely laborious, is not wholly satisfactory; since the hues and shades of thought and feeling that we attempt to express in words are innumerable.

Therefore, before a study of rules as to where particular stops should appear is entered upon, it will be better to examine and understand the principles underlying the use of punctuation marks in general.

2. Stops for Pause

First, there is the desirability of marking pauses which shall give the mind an opportunity of grasping one portion or section of the thought before the introduction of the next section. Obviously, this is the principle underlying use of the comma in naming a series or succession of concepts. We shall all agree that pauses in such a series help to prevent the running together or mixing of concepts which require to be separately envisaged.

And this principle, further, operates when adverbial sentences or phrases in the writer's opinion require a little time for their force or point to be appreciated. Sometimes, of course, such phrases do not require this time; "I went away yesterday" is clear enough. But in "yesterday, before

the sun rose, I began my journey," the added qualification seems to dictate the insertion of the commas.

Similarly, when a set of words does an adjective's work, if the notion imparted by them is essential to the whole concept, and should be grasped in the same mental sweep as the concept-naming word, we keep the comma out, precisely because we do not want a compartmental but a comprehensive gathering-in of the whole. Thus "You are the man who spoke" rightly has no comma. But when the information imparted by the words is merely of supplementary nature, not necessary to the identification of the primary concept, then we help the mind to pause before the supplementary information arrives. "Bonaparte, who was then First Consul, refused to hear him."

It is to be noticed that grammatically these two *who*-sentences are the same—adjectival clauses and nothing more. Really, they have the important difference indicated. This shows that grammar, though a useful, is not the finest or the deepest study of a language. There are more things in language than are dreamt of in grammar's philosophy.

In noun clauses, mere length determines whether we shall or shall not part them off by means of the comma. "That you have wronged me doth appear in this" needs no comma. But in "That the long and lazy hours spent in that Eastern country had lowered his vitality, was very manifest," the length and complexity of the noun clause suggests a comma, to allow the mind a pause before proceeding to the predicate, and to prevent the last part from being provisionally read as though *vitality* were the subject of *was manifest*.

Both the semicolon and the full stop indicate a considerable distance between the thoughts divided. At them, the reader's mind quite definitely recoils to jump better into the next thought. As to the choice between them, that is to be decided by a nice perception of the distance between the thoughts so divided; just here, for example, the writer interposes a semicolon, because he judges the present thought to be somewhat closer to the one immediately preceding, than a full stop would indicate. But no one would contend that a full stop would have been wrong, or even much amiss. Only,

if a writer is in the habit of framing many short sentences he will always be wise to consider carefully the insertion of several semicolons. He will thus a little deaden the short sharp shocks of the too staccato style.

The colon is unimportant, and well-nigh obsolete. Its chief literary use occurs in the Psalms, to mark the division between the balanced and paired sentences which are a favourite arrangement in Hebrew writing.

The word *and*, while always connective in its force, has in composition three distinct uses. In one it strictly links; as when we speak of a firm belonging to two partners, a purchase made up of two items (horse and trap), and the like. Secondly, *and* may be accumulative; when several concepts are deliberately brought forward for mental connexion: "The days of his youth and the love of his parents and the memory of his home, returned to his remembrance." Lastly, it may be a mere habit of convenience, as occurs so frequently when one statement follows another in a sort of natural, but not logical, sequence: "Tall elms marked the whole large circumference of the park; and in the distance rose the steeple of the parish church." The principle of providing the pause for comprehension enables us to see that the strictly linking *and* will be preceded by no comma. The accumulative *ands*, however, must be judged on the merits of the special passages where they occur. If commas are employed, more emphasis will attach to the details of concept involved. It is to the *and* used for convenience that the attention of students should principally be drawn. In the first place, the too frequent use of the type of sentence in which it occurs should be avoided. There is, somehow, a natural tendency to use that type over and over again. Recognition of it, during the actual writing, seems difficult to have. But reading the composition that contains it aloud, in a pointed way, will soon call the writer's notice to the mechanical effect induced. Macaulay's example, of strictly limiting the number of sentences of this kind that he allows into his prose, will usefully be recalled.

Next, when the sentence *is* employed, it will afford an excellent opportunity for showing the proper use of the semi-

colon. As has been pointed out, the *and* sentence is not in a close logical, or in any very close, thought-sequence to the preceding sentence; and the distance of thought between the sentences is usually best indicated by the semicolon. Here are examples from Macaulay himself—

He could not protect the natives; all that he could do was to abstain from plundering and oppressing them; and this he appears to have done. It is certain that at this time he continued poor; and it is equally certain that by cruelty and dishonesty he might easily have become rich. It is certain that he was never charged with having borne a share in the worst abuses that then prevailed; and it is almost equally certain that the enemies who afterwards persecuted him would not have failed to proclaim his guilt.—*Warren Hastings.*

What has been said about the punctuative quality of *and* almost equally applies to the simple contrastive *but*.

Semicolon.

In the noon and the afternoon of life, we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter, who said of love:

“ All the other pleasures are not worth its pains; ”

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was a pleasing fever, and the stars letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets mere pictures.—EMERSON.

But let us which know what it is to die as Absalom or Ananias and Sapphira died, let us beg God that when the hour of our rest is come, the patterns of our dissolution may be Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David; who leisurably ending their lives in peace, prayed for the mercies of God to come upon their posterity; replenished the hearts of the nearest unto them with words of memorable consolation; strengthened men in the fear of God; gave them wholesome instructions of life, and confirmed them in true religion; in sum, taught the world no less virtuously how to die than they had done before how to live.—RICHARD HOOKER.

From the foregoing considerations, it becomes abundantly clear that masterly and delicate punctuation for pauses is a fine art. It is never attained by the merely educated man, but only by the real scholar in language, him to whom language

is more than a rough and ready instrument of expression, is a subtle and sensitive record of delicately shaded thought. For punctuation does more than clarify; it sharpens, and suggests; and, cunningly used, takes almost the place of words.

3. *Stops of Mental Attitude*

This brings us to the second function of Punctuation as a literary method—the function of indicating certain mental attitudes that the writer has assumed, and wishes the reader to assume also. Thus, the exclamation mark takes the place of the whole statement “This is very surprising”; or it registers some feeling of triumph, irony, or climax. It is, indeed, not always easy to define in words the suggestion it conveys; and words would be much clumsier for the purpose. At the same time, there is no mark of punctuation more annoyingly employed by the inherently feeble writer, who uses it to score some point or show off some cleverness. Its liability to strike a false note causes it to be used, by the best writers, sparingly, and the student should probably be warned off it altogether.

The interrogation marks, of course, the attitude of ignorance, with desire to know, that actuates a question. That is its straightforward use in real questions put for an answer. But it is also largely employed in the so-called rhetorical question, framed not for information at all, but as an arresting form of statement. These rhetorical questions, discreetly admitted, have a good deal of value. But they must not become a habit; still less must they keep on setting up men of straw merely to be knocked down, and furnish cheap material for demolition in argument.

The single dash has three distinct functions. One is to introduce a summary after the specification of component details; or, curiously, just the opposite—details after summary; or, merely illustrations, explanations, examples, and the like.

The second use of the single dash is to introduce that which is intended to startle—frequently an anticlimax.

The third use is the natural use to mark an aposiopesis—a break leaving the passage unfinished through some inability, like excessive emotion, to continue to an expected close.

We include, in this attitude-marking group, parentheses—either brackets or the double dash—to indicate that the regard to be paid to the words within them is to be not quite so great as that paid to the words before and after. They equvalate an “aside” in stage directions. Yet they are capable of very delicate use. A skilful manipulator of them—in the hands of a writer like Lamb, this skill is almost an instinct—will convey humour, pathos, irony, and shades of feeling hard to name. And of the two marks it is worth noticing that dashes have a harder, more business-like, less gliding and sliding effect, than brackets.

Of Johnson’s friendship with Savage (we cannot help beginning the sentence with his favourite leading preposition) the well-known Life is an interesting and honourable record.—LEIGH HUNT.

At Landshut, a pleasant little mountain town, in the Principality of Schweidnitz, high up on the infant river Bober near the Bohemian frontier—(English readers may see Quincey Adam’s description of it, and of the long wooden spouts which throw cataracts on you, if walking the streets in rain):—at Landshut, as in some other towns, it had been found good to remodel the town magistracy a little.—CARLYLE : *Frederick the Great*.

Eric boarded a third time ; Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun) and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.—CARLYLE : *Kings of Norway*.

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson (which we are old-fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon), some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using ; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to overshadow the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.—LAMB.

4. *Stops of Grammatical Relation*

The third function of stops is to guide the mind into placing words in their proper grammatical relations. “The writer says the reader is mistaken” is, so punctuated, a sentence in which *writer* is subject, and *reader* a portion of object. Put commas after *writer* and *reader*, and the syntactical value of these words is entirely altered.

5. *Italics and Capitals*

We ought here to mention what are not marks of punctuation, though they have some modifying effects on style, namely, italics and capital letters. Italics have the perfectly proper and reasonable function of calling some special attention to the words printed in them. They convey what the voice conveys by contrasted loudness when a word has been misunderstood, or present an all-important concept or limitation, or the like. It is true that written composition ought to be so arranged that the need for italic indication is reduced to a minimum, the required effect being secured by modifications of word-order, or repetition of actual words. But to shrink from italics, *qua* italics, is to neglect what is within its limits a useful instrument of style. The practice of Newman and De Quincey affords a good example of their legitimate use.

To overdo italics on the other hand is a very objectionable fault. The more numerous they are, the weaker their contrastive and pointing power. And they should not be used for false purposes—to elevate inherently petty subjects, or glorify inherently feeble arguments. When italics are used to show expressions that are mere instances of that which is spoken about, they cease to be an instrument of style, and are purely mechanical indicators.

Capital letters used initially impart some sort of elevation, or a sense somewhat larger and more special than the word conveys without them. Once they were in vogue for all nouns, no doubt for the reason that concepts, which nouns present, are of exceptional importance in the expression of thought. But the law that frequency dulls differentiation has operated, and capitals in this employment have disappeared.

Directions, which almost amount to rules, in regard to the special stops may be given as follows; experience of the most usual errors, rather than a comprehensive attempt to include all cases, has suggested the order in which the directions come.

6. *Some Rules for Stops.*

The comma is used—

1. Between the members or items of any series, whether single words, phrases, or sentences form these items. Often, the last item in these is preceded by *and*, and before this *and* the comma is omitted. But this is illogical, since there is no closer connexion between these two than between the others; and the comma should appear.

2. After adverbial phrases of any length, and after adverbial clauses at the beginning of sentence-groups.

3. To mark off adverbial clauses inside sentence-groups.

4. To mark off adjectival clauses if they are amplifying, not identifying.

5. After a noun-clause which is the subject of a following verb, if the clause is long.

6. To mark off appositional expressions; except when the expression has become an identifying part of the name, as in "William the Conqueror," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Robert the Devil."

7. To mark off nominative absolute constructions.

8. Before quoted words.

9. To indicate the omission of a sentence-part (usually predicate) which is understood instead of being repeated.

10. To enclose nominatives of address.

11. To mark off interpolated statements of the origin of a thought, like, "he thought," "it appeared," when these do not come first in the sentence.

The semicolon is used as a variant to the full stop between sentences which are somewhat connected in meaning or in natural sequence of ideas. In good composition the semicolon might well be used more freely than it is used at present. A proportion of one to every six or eight full stops would be satisfactory; and encouragement to the use of the semicolon would lead to a slight lengthening of the very short sentences which are now-a-days too frequent in the prose composition of students.

The Colon may be used—

1. As a variant for semicolon when the following sentence is of an explanatory or alternative nature to the preceding.
2. To precede instances and illustrations of what has been stated in the sentence before, or to preface lists, series, and the like. It is often here accompanied by the single dash.

The Full stop is used—

1. To mark the complete close of a fully expressed statement or command.
2. After the figures that number the items of a list or series (as in this list).
3. After abbreviated words, as a sign that they are abbreviated. It does not here displace any other stop (such as the comma) that may be required; but that other stop must be used as well.

In connexion with the full stop, a warning may be given against the perhaps natural but unliterary habit of closing by a full stop a collection of words that does not constitute a true sentence.

While in the great majority of cases stops are used in a reasoned way, and bear some relation to the needs (of affording pause, of marking mental attitude) that they serve, in a few cases (such as the colon before lists, and the full stop in abbreviations) they are merely conventional symbols.

EXERCISES IN PUNCTUATION

1. Suggest stops, giving reasons, in the following sentences—
 - (1) The theoretic attempt made by Platon to arrest the process of disintegration in the life of Athens of Greece by forcing it back upon a simpler and more Hellenic type ended so far as they were concerned in theory.—PATER.
 - (2) Bacon was favourably received at Court and soon found that his chance of promotion was not diminished by the death of the Queen.—MACAULAY.
 - (3) The king we had selected the courtiers who came in his train the English nobles who came to welcome him and on many of whom the shrewd old cynic turned his back I protest it is a wonderful satirical picture.—THACKERAY.

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- (4) May I ask you kindly to inform your client that this is my final decision.
- (5) If half what was said is true if only a quarter is true are we to be surprised that failure continually dogs the whole movement.
- (6) He stamped his foot, ground his teeth, rushed to the rack, seized his gun, and put it down again. Erratic action. You may well describe it so.

5. Where would you place parenthesis marks in the following?—

(1) Nobody is in the Protestant Church. Oh! strange sight; the two confessions are here at peace—nobody in the Catholic Church: until the sacristan, from his snug abode in the cathedral close, espies the traveller eyeing the monsters and pillars before the old shark-toothed arch of his cathedral, and comes out with a view to remuneration possibly and opens the gate, and shows you the venerable church, and the queer old relics in the sacristy, and the ancient vestments or black velvet cape, amongst other robes, as fresh as yesterday, and presented by that notorious "pervert" Henry of Navarre and France, and the statue of St. Lucius, who built St. Peter's Church on Cornhill.—THACKERAY.

(2) It is not distinguished among county palaces; but the figure of Friedrich Wilhelm, asleep there after dinner, regardless of the flaming sun should he sleep too long and the shadow of his Linden quit him—this is a sight which no other palace in the world can match; this will long render Wusterhausen memorable to me.—CARLYLE.

(3) Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble mind
To scorn delights and live laborious days.
MILTON.

(4) I am going a long way
With these thou seest if indeed I go
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt
To the island-valley of Avilion,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.
TENNYSON.

6. Where would you place single dashes in the following? Explain the nature of each.

- (1) It is difficult to be tolerant difficult to be just in such moments.—C. BRONTË.
- (2) Above the pastures outside the skylark sings as he alone can sing: and close by from the hollies ring out the black-

bird's tender rollicking, audacious, humorous, all but articulate.—C. KINGSLEY.

- (3) It was a sleeping child a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head.—GEORGE ELIOT.
- (4) And then to fancy the fair castles that stood sheltered in these mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white dames and damosels, lovely enough; or better still, the straw-roofed cottages, wherein stood many a mother baking bread with her children around her all hidden and protectingly folded-up in the valley-folds.—CARLYLE.

7. What words might be italicized in the following—

- (1) He must have truth; truth which he feels to be true.—CARLYLE.
- (2) They [modern modes of travelling] boast of more velocity, not, however, as a consciousness, but as a fact of our lifeless knowledge, resting upon alien evidence; as, for instance, because somebody says that we have gone fifty miles in the hour, though we are far from feeling it as a personal experience.—DE QUINCEY.
- (3) There is a sphere in the life of every one, except the child, in which he is appointed to rule, and to exercise some functions by the methods of his own will.—J. MARTINEAU.

8. Place semicolons in appropriate places—

- (1) No other poets so well show to the poetry of the present the way it must take, no other poets have lived so much by the imaginative reason, no other poets have made their work so well balanced, no other poets who have so well satisfied the thinking-power, have so well satisfied the religious sense.—M. ARNOLD.
- (2) It was at present a place perfectly accordant with man's nature—neither ghastly, hateful nor ugly, neither commonplace, unmeaning nor tame, but, like man, slighted and enduring, and withal singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony.—THOMAS HARDY.
- (3) So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest that scarce an opening could be seen, the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge, presenting an unvaried line of unbroken verdure.—FENIMORE COOPER.

9. What words might have capital letters in the following :—(abstract nouns, personifications, titles, points of special importance, names of special events, etc., may be given in sentence.)

10. Examine and discuss the punctuation of—

- (1) In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and

the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns, yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant criticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprised in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge and co-operating diligence of the Italian academicians did not secure them from the censure of Beni; if the embodied critics of France, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its economy and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which if I could obtain in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise.—S. JOHNSON.

- (2) I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation—which must ever subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to show that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.—BURKE.

- (3) Though panting in the play-hour of my youth
 I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
 That roused within the feverish thirst of song,
 Yet never may I trespass o'er the stream
 Of jealous Acheron, nor alive descend
 The silent and unsearchable abodes
 Of Erebus or Night, nor unchastised
 Lead up long-absent heroes into day.

When on the pausing theatre of earth
 Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man
 Bring back the far-off intercepted hills,
 Grasp the round rock-built turret, or arrest
 The glittering spires that pierce the brow of Heaven?
 Or how can any with out-stripping voice
 The parting sun's gigantic strides recall?

LANDOR.

- (4) For the dead man no home is;
 Ah, better to be
 What the flower of the foam is
 In fields of the sea
 That the sea-waves might be as my raiment, the gulf-
 stream a garment for me.
- Would the winds blow me back?
 Or the waves hurl me home?
 Ah, to touch in the track
 Where the pine learnt to roam,
 Cool girdles and crowns of the sea-gods, cool blossoms
 of water and foam.

SWINBURNE.

11. Punctuate fully the following, stating the principles and reasons of your stops.

- (1) Take away but the pomps of death the disguises and solemn bugbears and the actings by candle-light and proper and fantastic ceremonies the minstrels and the noise-makers the women and the weepers the swoonings and the shriekings the nurses and the physicians the dark room and the ministers the kindred and the watches and then to die is easy ready and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid-servant to-day and at the same time in which you die in that very night a thousand creatures die with you some wise men and many fools and the wisdom of the first will not quit him and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.—J. TAYLOR.
- (2) Shadwell alone my perfect image bears
 Mature in dulness from his tender years
 Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall
 Strike through and make a lucid interval
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day

Besides his goodly fabric fills the eye
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain
 And spread in solemn state supinely reign.

- (3) The virtue of prosperity is temperance the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament adversity is the blessing of the New which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament if you listen to David's harp you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon.—BACON.

12. Show by examples how grammatical relations may be affected by stops.

CHAPTER VII

(a) VOCAL SOUNDS; (b) HANDWRITING

I. *Modulation*

READING aloud involves two sorts of capability—the spiritual and the mechanical. The spiritual capability is the power of the reader to appreciate the thought and feeling of the passage read. He must fully understand the language; he must sympathize with the intention of his original.

If the intention of the original is to inform only, the reader must simply be clear; audibility, and pausing at the right place to aid the comprehension, are the only points he has to study. He has to render plain to the hearer's ear that which the reader's understanding will make plain to itself.

But when the original aims to *move*, the task is very different. The reader has now to affect the hearer's attitude, sympathy, emotion. He has to do so by many subtle managements of Pause, Pace, Pitch, Intonation, and Modulation of his voice. He becomes the custodian of much more than he was when he undertook to read the merely informing composition. He must possess a quick, susceptible, delicate mind, open to the reception of light and shade, in meaning, emphasis, and rhythm.

On this quality of his the demand will be differentiated by the degree of literary and poetical force in his original. For scores who will read adequately a straightforward writer like Borrow, there are few who can be trusted to render properly the more sensitive work of Thackeray; and these dwindle pretty well to vanishing point when it comes to the highly strung production of Newman and Pater.

The art, then, of reading aloud, begins fundamentally in the education of the mind—in training our taste and artistic feeling; the intelligence that recognizes whatever is strong

and fine in literary workmanship, the sensibility that responds to the delicate as well as to the deep in the realm of emotion.

2. *The Voice-sounds*

The mechanical arts that belong to reading aloud fall into two departments—Enunciation and Pronunciation.

Enunciation is concerned with the proper management of the voice and the organs that produce it.

Voice is created by exercising the operation of a certain throat-muscle upon the breath as it passes through in expiration from the lungs. This voice becomes audible at two places, the mouth and the nose. The throat-muscle not only creates voice, but controls (1) the pitch—high or low, (2) the loudness of the emergent sound.

But the shape of the sound depends upon the pressures that can be brought to bear on it as it passes out after the throat has made it. If the tongue and the lips are kept as much as is possible out of the way, the sound is the most unmodified that we can get (*ah*). But the tongue can push the sound up against the palate (*eh* and *ee*). And the lips can approach each other and round the sound off (*o*), or flatten it off (*oo*), or tongue and lips working together can produce modifications of a nature approximate to either of these (French *u*).

Hitherto, there have been no checks to, but only modifications of, the free emergence of the sounds. But checks may also be put on by—

1. Tongue touching palate (*t d l*).
2. Tongue nearly touching palate (*s z*), and shaking (*r*).
3. Tongue touching teeth (*th*).
4. Tongue touching top of throat (*k g*).
5. Tongue touching palate while breath emerges only through nose (*n*).
6. Lips closing (*b p*).
7. Lips nearly closing (*w*).
8. Lips closing while breath emerges through nose (*m*).
9. Lower lip touching top teeth (*f v*).

3. *Enunciation*

In reading, each of the speech sounds in every word must be given its full value and sounded so as to be distinct; the proper differences of voice-weight must be made between stressed, semi-stressed, and unstressed syllables; none of the last should be swallowed or clipped, and none of the smaller words should be practically passed over. The tendency towards these forms of indistinctness is extreme; not only from the natural wish to rest and economize effort, but from the fact that the reader, having apprehended the word with a rapid exertion of the eye before he sounds it, forgets that the hearer depends only on the ear.

And distinctness, which is the prime merit of Enunciation, may be aided by due attention to loudness, average pace, and average pitch, of the voice. While reading that is not loud enough is inaudible, reading that is too loud is distressingly reverberant, one sound interfering with the onset of the next. A feeble voice and a booming voice are to the pained and straining hearer almost equally objectionable. In this connexion the acoustic qualities of walls, roof, and furniture are of course to be considered.

We speak of *average* Pace and Pitch as parts of enunciation, because the special distributions of these that must plentifully occur in good reading, belong, as remarked before, to the spiritual and exquisite interpretation of the meaning and the feeling of a passage. But to avoid on the one side hurry and on the other drawl are points of Enunciation; and so is the avoidance of extremes in bourdonnement and shrillness.

The other division of the mechanical part of good reading is Pronunciation; which means giving to each sound in a word the shape and value that are accepted as correct by the majority of educated persons.

4. *Pronunciation*

Composition is the act of expressing our thoughts clearly and effectively by means of those vocal sounds which we call words. Remembering that words are, in the first instance, spoken, and therefore intended for the ear, we should, as a

first step in composition, give some attention to Elocution, the art of using our voices to the best purpose, and to Pronunciation, the art of sounding our words in the manner agreed upon by the majority of educated people in our age and country.

To study elocution properly, we should go further back still, to physiology, which teaches us how our vocal organs are constructed, and what work they are fitted to do. We, however, shall not go back as far as that, nor even shall we study elocution. Let it suffice us to say merely that in all speaking we should accommodate our voices, in loudness, to the size of the room or place in which we speak; that having the head well up and the chest well out will give us a better chance of being clearly heard; that the unstressed syllables of our language (like the second and third syllables of *labouring* or the small unemphatic words, *of, to*), should not be swallowed and thus rendered indistinguishable; that feeling and intelligence should be conveyed by differences in loudness, in pitch, and in speed; and that meaning may be usefully aided by suitable movement of features, hands, and body. Each of these points might be closely and elaborately discoursed upon; but for the general student of composition it will be enough that he note them, keep them in mind, watch the exercise of them by good speakers, and practise them himself.

Pronunciation is most important, for the following reasons. First, by pronouncing improperly we may be altogether misunderstood. How difficult it is sometimes to gather what a foreigner, or even a provincial speaker with a strong "accent," is talking about! Then, a peculiar pronunciation always carries with it something laughable to the hearer. Next, it argues a certain unfamiliarity with educated environment, at once discounting the speaker's weight and authority as a person whose judgment is likely to be good. Lastly, it considerably subtracts from the speaker's power of charming or compelling his audience by the "delivery" of his remarks. So intimate in fact, is the connexion between what one says and how he says it, that good pronunciation is well worth acquiring, cultivating, and employing.

Careless pronunciation is no doubt largely a question of elocution. Laziness leads some speakers into a slipshod pronunciation difficult to understand. Others have not been carefully trained in early childhood to master the sound of certain syllables. Defects in the vocal organs (which of course cannot be helped) we do not here take account of. But any one who traces a defective utterance in himself to some cause like inattention or laziness should remember that he unnecessarily handicaps himself as a persuasive or a powerful speaker.

5. *Alternative Pronunciations*

Education, bringing-up, example, undoubtedly settle our pronunciation. But among educated people, even, there are certain differences of pronunciation on which they agree to differ, and for which they do not despise or wonder at each other. People from the north often keep the broad *ah* sound slender. We have all heard words like *pass* pronounced in two ways. The southerner gives this *a* a broad (guttural) sound, the northerner, a narrower (palatal) sound.

Take again the word *laboratory*. Here the difference made does not concern the quality or true nature of any individual sound (as it did in our former example), but touches the syllable on which the stress is laid. No doubt, *láborary* is the better pronunciation of this word; the pronunciation *labóratary* probably arose through the constant confusion of *laboratory* with *lavatory*, a confusion occurring easily enough when the words are rapidly uttered.

Girl is a third example of differing practice in sound. Some speakers rime this word with *pearl*. It is better to rime it with *chair* (not counting the final *l*). The ending *-er* assumes three distinct sounds with various speakers. There is (1) the approximation to *ah*, (2) the rime with *turn* (not counting the *n*), (3) the curious throttled sound created by sharply pointing the tip of the tongue towards the back part of the palate. The last is a provincial manner. Of (1) it may be said that more refined speakers often have recourse to it, while (2) is the normal sound of the syllable employed by the well-educated man. It may be added that the Scotch rolling sound

given to this syllable is a sub-variant of (2) above, the *r*-sound being as if it were separated from the previous vowel, but not interfering with its *quality*.

There is a group of words in which the position of stress differentiates between parts of speech—usually noun (or adjective) and verb. Generally, no doubt, the earlier stress marks the noun, the later the verb; as in *prógress*, *présent*. But practice here varies greatly. Though *détails* (noun) is acceptable enough, *conténts* (noun) should not be similarly stressed; *allý* is another instance of words whose stress is preferably reserved always for the later syllable; while in *cómbat*, the stress preferably comes always first.

A tendency exists for stresses in long words to come as early as is consistent with clear articulation. Thus *interesting*, *hóspitable*, *indíssoluble*, *illústrated*, are all preferably stressed as here indicated. To say *demonstrate*, *contemplate*, *illústrated*, is to go back to the practice of early or mid-Victorian days.

6. Vowel Pronunciation

Besides sound-natures and syllable-stresses, which we have now mentioned, there are vowel-quantities to be considered. These, it is argued, are in reality only a kind of sound-nature. We cannot here discuss this special point further than to incline to the view that such an argument is correct. But the instances appear in words like *status*, *primer*, *sombre*, *sojourn*, *economical*. The first syllables of these are by some sounded long, by others short. The scholar will generally be disposed to decide the question by reference to the quantity of the Latin (or Greek) word from which the English words are derived. Such reference is not always satisfactory. But it certainly makes for symmetry in pronunciation, and should be encouraged. *Ephemeral* sounds ugly to a Greek-trained ear; yet this is the pronunciation given in most dictionaries. Sometimes a tendency is observed to lengthen an originally short sound because of the emphasis of meaning belonging to the syllable concerned. Thus *amorphous* tends to become *amorphous*, since the syllable *a* equiva-

lates *not*, and quite negatives whatever meaning the word would have without it.

Logic has been by affected people pronounced with a long *o*; and *knowledge* was so sounded by Tennyson, who inveighed against shortening its *o*. *Wind* (the moving air) is by some made long whenever verse is recited or read. These lengthenings might very well be avoided.

The question of quantity becomes very striking when words are, not merely derived, but actually incorporated from foreign languages. Why, in the words *bonus*, *locus*, English practice should have lengthened the first vowels, is hard to say. The scholar, here again, will tend to restore to such vowels their original quantity; this he will do naturally, without pedantry or affectation; of which, however, he will doubtless be accused. Similarly, the *natures* of sounds in words borrowed from a foreign tongue will by some be retained as the originals have them, by others be anglicized. While probably all Englishmen will pronounce *Madrid* as spelt, many will pronounce *Pompeii* as the Italians do. *Paris* is invariably anglicized in sound, *Calais* as invariably not. So much depends upon the speaker's own amount of foreign travel, or of intercourse with foreign travellers. And stress comes under the same difference of practice; *Hanover* is an instance in point.

The vowel *i* may be described as a bone of contention, as regards its sound, among even the highly educated. Of the two sounds *aa* and *ee* which unite to form the curious diphthongal pronunciation of this letter, in words like *side*, *I*, some speakers unduly lengthen or shorten the first. Either extreme is unsatisfactory, and the best pronunciation of this vowel consists in absolutely equalizing, as far as possible, the length and emphasis of its two sound-constituents.

The combination *au* in words like *haunt* is sometimes sounded to rime with *law*, at other times with *ah*. In *aunt* the latter pronunciation is universal. It is useful to pronounce *ant* with the vowel sound of *am*, in order to distinguish from *aunt*.

The dropping of the final *g* in words like *singing* must be regarded as an affectation the practice of which is divided between the extreme sections, high and humble, of our social

community. Lastly, let us mention the sound of *town*, *pound*, etc.; *ah* and *oo* are the proper factors, the first being rapidly passed over. But some speakers start the vowel sounds with the *ay* sound of *day*. This is a cockneyism which merely complicates the already not simple sound of the word.

Consideration of these few remarks will show that differences in pronunciation are concerned with sound-nature, sound-omission, vowel-quantity, or syllable-stress. It would be no bad plan for each student to make out for himself, under these heads, such varieties of pronunciation as have occurred under his own observation; to supplement this catalogue by a statement of what the trustworthy dictionaries lay down on the point; and to seek, by inquiry and discussion, the opinions of leading men and women of literary reputation. Until the day comes, if ever it does, when an authoritative academy shall legislate on pronunciation, it is probable that the differences now prevalent will continue to prevail. Something towards uniformity might, however, be done if bodies of people, meeting for some literary, linguistic, or scholarly purpose, were to study the question of pronunciation in its definite issues, and, arriving at the views of the best authorities, accept these views and propagate them in their own practice. Especially would such a plan be profitable in the case of teachers.

7. *Points of Good Handwriting*

As Pronunciation is the phonic, so Handwriting is the symbolic means of presenting the thoughts that make up our composition. Typewriting, printing, and similar inventions have supplemented our manual, just as the omnibus and the train have supplemented our pedestrian, powers. But in neither sphere can the first and natural operation ever fall into desuetude.

It is worth while, therefore, to mention the points which constitute good handwriting. They are in number five. For help to the memory, they may be named by words commencing with the latter S.

First, and most important, is the *Shape* we give to the letters. In general, more than one rigid shape may be adopted for the

same letter. Capital A, for instance, assumes three or four recognized shapes, all legible, all good; small *r* has two distinct forms; small *g* may have its bottom loop checked or extended; *l* may be looped or not; and so on. But the grand rule here is that whatever variety of shape be adopted, it must be properly, and not imperfectly made.

Next, *Size* is to be regarded. Absolutely, the size chosen must be neither too large nor too small. Relatively, the size of all the letters must be the same.

Third comes the *Spacing* between both words and letters. This must be consistent. Irregular gaps are distressing to the eye. Then we must pay attention to the *Slope* of our writing. Any slope from the upright to one of 45 degrees is satisfactory. But whichever slope be chosen must be maintained throughout. Writing sloped differently at different parts of the same line, word, or even page is most objectionable. Lastly, we must use *Simplicity*; which means the avoidance of flourishes and unnecessary tails or starts to our letters. A multiplicity of lines is an extraordinary hindrance to legibility.

Simple teaching of handwriting on these lines should be repeated at intervals through the school career. Such teaching is usually successful because the appeal is made, in reality, to the understanding of the writers, who, by recognizing the obvious value of each point, turn their work into an intelligent rather than a mechanical task. And the latitude allowed as to almost every point, affords a wide margin for individual preference, and so not only permits but almost inculcates the preservation of Character in the handwriting.

With due attention given to this work of mechanical formation of the letters in handwriting, there will ensue the three qualities of result which should belong to all handwriting useful and good. Of these the first and most essential, is Legibility. The second is individuality, or Character. The third is Rapidity. Legibility acquired at the expense of rapidity is manifestly bought at a high price. And either without character unnecessarily reduces handwriting to a colourless convention.

The comparative neglect into which the art of handwriting has fallen is of a piece with the comparative neglect that has overtaken Grammar, theoretical reasoning in geometry, and other subjects of education which are really hard to teach. An older generation was carefully instructed in the proper method of holding a pen. With young pupils a return to this form of instruction is highly advisable. The principal feature that should be inculcated in it is that the end of the upper left side of the middle finger should firmly touch the pen and take the chief part in the pressures that are needed, that the forefinger should be as nearly as possible parallel to the middle finger along the pen and touching that finger, and that both these fingers should be as fully extended as is compatible with a firm grasp of the pen.

CHAPTER VIII

CLASSIFICATIONS OF COMPOSITION

I. *Modificative Composition*

THOUGH composition deals, strictly, only with the expression of thought, the source of the thoughts expressed may well provide us with one basis for classifying compositions. Broadly, then, there is, first, Modificative Composition, in which none of the thought is provided by the composer, his task being merely to present it by means of the materials of language. To do this, however, he must first comprehend the thoughts put before him, and to that extent he must be able to think. Otherwise, he cannot judge whether the application of this or that material, in this or that manner, is correct. Next, he must, of course, know the materials of language and how to use them. The first qualification we must assume as essential for all who undertake Modificative Composition. In this matter there can be no question of degree. Every thought, and the whole of every thought, has to be understood.

But as to the second qualification, reference to the previous chapters, in which the several materials of language have been named and discussed, will make it clear that difference of degree in the understanding of these materials, and in the power to apply them, may well exist. Modificative exercises, therefore, should cover practice in (1) diction values, both absolute and relative, *i. e.*, having regard to given readers, (2) word-order, (3) spelling, (4) punctuation, (5) grammar; and these should be considered as affecting (1) meaning, (2) association, (3) rhythm, (4) emphasis, of (*a*) force, (*b*) grace. Nor should such exercises stop at sentences merely, or even sequences of sentences, but should be extended to considerations of the sequence and arrangement of paragraphs in more sustained compositions.

Modificative composition, again, may take the line of working not upon form and quality so much as upon quantity or amount. The exercise called *Précis*, which is the condensation of given compositions into much smaller compasses exhibiting only the most salient points, and *Indexing*, which is the art of merely indicating by a kind of title or heading the subject-matter principally dealt with, are the most frequent types given for practice. Expansion also, or the opposite process of amplifying kernels into shells and skins, is a useful task. Here, however, we tread upon the ground of creative composition, since some of the amplification has probably to come out of the writer's original thought.

2. *Recordative Composition*

After Modificative Composition we reach that large and important class of Recordative work, which consists of half original and half derived thought. Of this type, *History* is the most general form. While its facts are obviously derived, explanation, comment, suggestion are all original; original, too, are the selection and arrangement of the facts, and the whole aspect given to them.

This Recordative Composition, if tilted over to one side in such a way that the original element in it is as far as possible discountenanced, becomes *Reproduction*; and this is the exercise commonly required from younger boys in their compositions. It is to be noted, however, that the closer the reproduction the less the exercise in composition. If a student produces the actual form of the original, he has of himself put together nothing at all. Therefore, for practice in composition (as opposed to memory), it is well frankly to encourage such original insertion as will make the composition Recordative and not merely Reproductive. If this is done, there is no doubt that this form of exercise is of the highest value to the student.

3. *Imitative Composition*

Next, we may consider composition, which, while Imitative as regards style or manner, may be original as regards thought. The special utility of this class of exercise is that it compels

close study of good styles; and we have the confession of at least one great master of style, Stevenson, to support the view that such imitation eventually leads to the formation of a good independent style. To rewrite given matter, or even to originate matter, in the style of Thackeray, Macaulay, or any other equable writer, should be a part of every student's exercise. To reproduce in the mannered style of Carlyle, Johnson, or in some archaic style, is useful for older students, more as a test of their literary knowledge of these authors than (as in the former cases) beneficial to their own style.

4. *Creative Composition*

And, lastly, we have Creative Composition, in which both thought and manner, substance and form, are purely original. To this belong the essay, the novel, the poem, and all the distinctive literature of power. Considered as exercise for the student, the chief of these forms is, of course, the essay. It is of such immediate importance that it will be fully discussed in a later chapter.

5. *Distinction between Verse and Prose*

Passing from the classification of composition according to the originality of contribution demanded from the writer, we now consider that broad classification by form alone which gives us the two classes Verse and Prose. Let us begin by noting that the term Poetry is not, as it is frequently thought to be, the strict antithesis to Prose. For Poetry is a name that refers to matter and not to form. The full discussion of the terms Verse and Poetry will be deferred to a later chapter. Here we may merely distinguish between Verse and Prose by saying that the distinction is a question of rhythm.

We have seen that the rhythm of a passage is the sum-total of the flow or run of verbal sounds that it presents; and that one factor of great importance in rhythm is stress. Now, if the arrangement of the words in a composition is such that the stressed sounds occur in regular and expected places, that composition is Verse; whereas, in Prose, the words are so disposed that the stressed sounds come as a surprise and

not as an expectation. And this fact causes Prose to possess, at its best, that "other harmony" of such secret and subtle music that he whose ear has once been attuned to it finds in it for ever a rarer pleasure than the pleasure he derives from the regular rhythms of Verse; just as the wandering and wayward intricacies of an elaborate symphony convey to the instructed ear a greater charm than the straightforward impacts of a march or a waltz. For all the other constituents of Rhythm—sound-quality, pitch, time, and pause—belong to Prose just as much as to Verse; it is in the stress that Prose affords a freer and superior scope.

The derivation of a word is not always indicative of its modern meaning. But in Prose and Verse we trace clearly the distinction between writing in which stresses occur in unexpected and that in which they occur in regular, places. *Prorsus* means "straight ahead," as the former writing would naturally go. *Versus* means "turned," as lines written in metre usually are, before the limit is reached of the paper on which we write.

Few and short as they are, the appended passages will serve to reveal some of the beauties of prose rhythm, as wrought by the hands of its masters.

1. There are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute; there are no names, with whatsoever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last.—LANDOR.

2. That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be no decay; no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets.—*Psalms*.

3. And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes; and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.—PATER.

4. Mine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off.

5. So my love for them was not the fiery radiance of a flame, a star; but a calm and lucid love, laid all round about them, like a haunting.

6. And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold, and under One Shepherd.—NEWMAN.

7. He lies buried in our neighbouring province of Maryland now, with a cross over him, and a mound of earth above him: under which that unquiet spirit is for ever at peace.—THACKERAY.

All these passages, it will be observed, are distinguished by deep poetical feeling; without which, indeed, rhythm, while it may be easy and graceful, or even massive and firm, cannot attain the profoundly moving quality that is present here. And so Rhythm, though we may speak of it and study it as something apart, is not really apart from the thought and the feeling that modulate it; but rises out of them, and from them takes its impulse and its shape.

Ordinary pedestrian prose, therefore, the prose of business, information, or instruction, since it is generated by no passion, and informed by nothing exquisite or subtle in feeling, can admit, at its very best, hardly a positive so much as a negative rhythm, marked rather by the absence of harsh and ungainly sounds, than by the presence of beautiful ones. But as soon as prose begins to be written with the motive of producing pleasure, the positive qualities of Rhythm emerge; and we procure the pure and pleasant rhythms of the *Compleat Angler*, or the stately march of Macaulay, or the fine-drawn felicities of Lamb. But it is poetry and passion for which we have to wait, in kindling imagery or in poignant emotion, before we meet the highest harmonies of rhythm.

For comparison, a few lines may be quoted, in which beautiful verse-rhythms appear—

1. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.

SHAKESPEARE.

2. True beauty dwells in deep retreats,
Whose veil is unremoved,
Till heart with heart in concord beats,
And the lover is beloved.

WORDSWORTH.

3. Hardly, hardly shall one
Come, with countenance bright,
At the close of day, from the plain;
His master's errand well done,
Safe through the smoke of the fight,
Back to his Master again.

M. ARNOLD.

CHAPTER IX

PROSE RHYTHM AND READING ALOUD

1. *Modifications possible in Composition*

THE Essay is an exercise in creative composition; and all the other exercises lead up to the Essay, which is, for the student, the most important and valuable kind of composition. These other exercises are concerned with Modification, in some way, of some given original.

In studying modification it will be well to see, first, what are the actual changes we can make, and, next, what are the effects that these changes produce.

In Sentences we may—

1. Change words themselves.
2. Omit words.
3. Add words.
4. Change the order of words.
5. Change punctuation.

In Paragraphs we may—

1. Change order of sentences.
2. Omit sentences.
3. Add sentences.

In the whole Composition we may—

1. Change order of paragraphs.
2. Omit paragraphs.
3. Add paragraphs.

It is to be understood that in all these changes, omissions, and additions, no modification of the matter of the original is intended. Whenever such modification may occur, it is incidental and not sought.

As no modification is made without some intention, and as

nearly every modification has some effect besides the intended one, we must, in studying the effects produced, keep the main intention clearly in mind. The intended effects may then be enumerated as follows—each one named including of course its reverse process—

- (A) Modifications of pure Form.
- (B) Modifications of form to affect some sort of Quality.
- (C) Modifications of Quantity.

2. *Modifications of pure Form*

- (A) Modifications of pure Form.

Probably of this nature there is only one modification, and that is an interchange between the two great distinctions of Prose and Verse. For some reason Prose in a certain connexion may be considered out of place, or not so much in place, as Verse; *e. g.* in conveying some little compliment on a birthday, some note of regret on a tomb, some epigram on a character. Or, conversely, expositive or narrative matter that some one has presented in verse form may be desired, as more in keeping with a certain occasion, in prose form.

3. *Stresses*

The distinction between Verse and Prose lies in the sphere of sound; and, in this sphere, in the department of Stressed Syllables; that is, syllables which, when sounded, have on them a greater relative weight of voice. In Prose, such syllables must occur, for speech without them is an impossibility. But they occur in accordance with no preconceived design, and there is no expectation of them in regular places. The average proportion of stressed to unstressed syllables in the following prose passages, which have been chosen at random, is as follows—

Passage.	Total number of syllables.	No. of stressed syllables.
Last paragraph but one of Lowell's Essay on <i>Chaucer</i>	323	113
First paragraph of <i>Edwin Drood</i>	270	104
Last paragraph of Macaulay's <i>Chatham</i>	273	93
Chapter V, paragraph 1 of <i>The Newcombes</i>	200	72
First paragraph of Smiles' <i>Self Help</i>	182	60

affecting Cadence, or Pitch. We possess no machinery, punctuative or other, to indicate this. It is left entirely to the reader.

To the reader also is left, absolutely, the Pace at which, both on the average and in special parts, the passage is to be read. How fast or how deliberately he shall deliver the words, no one can prescribe. His own feeling, his appreciation of the feeling designed by the writer, as well as of the sense of the passage, have here to serve him.

5. *Writer's Contribution to Reading of a passage*

If the reader perfects the rhythm of a passage by contributing Pause, Pace, and Cadence, what, it may well be asked, has the writer furnished towards the rhythm? The answer is that the writer has, by the very composition, not only furnished these by implication, but has fully furnished the two other elements that go to make the rhythm.

First, he has furnished the Stresses themselves. For it is always to be supposed that the stressed syllables of words occupy a postulated and accepted position in accordance with the ordinary practice of all who speak the language. In this respect, therefore, the writer, by choosing and ordering his words, has prescribed to the reader the stresses to be made. Sometimes, by italics, special words are marked for exceptional stress. Or the reader, to energize or clarify meaning, may stress some syllables on his own account. Any such special stresses form, of course, parts of the whole rhythm.

Again, the writer, by choosing words, has furnished the Sound-Natures or shapes of the rhythm. If he has written *groan* he has given a dull heavy sound; if *Mesopotamia*, a soft flowing sound; if *patter* a light swift sound. No efforts or antics on the reader's part can alter such contributions. He is entirely in the writer's hands; for, as in the case of stress, we understand that both are employing the ordinary pronunciation of educated people.

6. *Rhythm*

Rhythm, then, is the whole sum and flow of the verbal sounds in any passage. Its full elements proceed from—

1. The Natures of the sounds themselves.
2. The Stressed syllables.
3. The Cadences employed.
4. The Pauses made.
5. The Paces adopted.

Of these, 1 and 2 are furnished by the writer, 3, 4, and 5 are in a general way guided by him, for they depend upon the thought and feeling he has expressed. But they are chiefly the reader's contribution, whose opportunity therefore to make or mar the success of the rhythm is practically unlimited.

The source from which Rhythm arises is simply the nature of language itself. We cannot help giving to what we write some sort of rhythm. But it is from thought and feeling that there proceed those conscious selections and arrangements that constitute truly appealing and commanding rhythm. Our intelligence dictates such measures as are directed towards making the matter of any passage clear to the understanding. Our feelings prompt those arrangements that beautify and please. Granted that the writer possesses to the full the powers of thought and feeling that are necessary for excellent rhythm, then the reader must possess the same powers; less in degree, no doubt, since he probably could not have exercised them in the same creative way; but the same in kind, or he will not be able to appreciate the writer's intentions, or interpret, in his reading, the writer's work.

7. *Examples of excellent Prose Rhythm*

Passages of excellent Prose Rhythm—

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of musick shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears

shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.—*Ecclesiastes*.

But still the further you follow it, the deeper and broader it is; till at last it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean: there you see more water but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes.—O. FELTHAM.

(In the first period of the Feltham passage, we have the rare close in three trochees; and at the end the rarer close in three full heavy syllables; beyond this, there is the assonance of *puzzle* and *dazzle*. Distinctive rhythmical elements are, therefore, well typified in this passage.)

I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or a twine thread to uphold it.

And yet Time hath his revolution; there must be a period and an end to all things temporal—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene, and why not of *De Vere*? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CREWS.

And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the Old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedrals, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world.—J. A. FROUDE.

These are the thoughts of mortals; this is the end and sum of all their designs; a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family, and they that weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

But these are sad and sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices; silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times, and can only speak with life, how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted; yet able to outlast bones long unborn, and noblest pile among us.—T. BROWNE.

Pindar's achievement cannot be measured by a literary criticism of his text. The glory of his song has passed for ever from the world with the sound of the rolling harmonies on which it once was borne, with the splendour of rushing chariots and athletic forms around which it threw its radiance, with the white-pillared cities by the Ægean or Sicilian Sea on which it wrought its spell, with the beliefs or joys which it ennobled; but those who love his poetry and who strive to enter into its high places can still know that they breathe a pure and bracing air, and can still feel vibrating through a clear calm sky the strong pulse of the eagle's wings as he soars with steady eyes against the sun.—R. C. JEBB.

When Faiths fails, and Chastity is useless, and Temperance shall be no more, then Charity shall bear you upon wings of Cherubims to the eternal mountain of the Lord.—J. TAYLOR.

Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with His protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas, wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.—MILTON.

So again there is no subject of street ornament so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills.—RUSKIN.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestined criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capable of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance; and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful

resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived and no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank and sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land.—BURKE.

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries, as if, while the temple of the Lord was building, some cutting, some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars, there should be a sort of irrational men, who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built. And when every stone is laid artfully together, it cannot be united into a continuity, it can but be contiguous in this world; neither can every piece of the building be of one form; nay, rather the perfection consists in this, that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilarities that are not vastly disproportional, arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure.—MILTON.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his

seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied : by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many ; for he shall bear their iniquities.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong ; because he hath poured out his soul unto death : and he was numbered with the transgressors ; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.—ISAIAH liii. 5-12.

She is older than the rocks among which she sits ; like the vampire she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave ; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her ; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants ; and, as Leda, and the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the Mother of Mary ; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.—PATER : *La Gioconda*.

They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet, or love-token ; but of these the wild bird will make its nest ; and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us : when all other service be vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time ; but these do service for ever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.—RUSKIN : *Modern Painters*.

The remembered innocence and endearments of a child stand us instead of virtues that have died older. Children have not exercised the voluntary offices of friendship ; they have not chosen to be kind and good to us ; nor stood by us, from conscious will, in the hour of adversity. But they have shared their pleasures and pains with us as well as they could : the interchange of good offices between us has, of necessity, been less mingled with the troubles of the world ; the sorrow arising from their death is the only one which we can associate with their memories. These are happy thoughts that cannot die. Our loss may always render them pensive ; but they will not always be painful. It is a part of the benignity of nature, that pain does not survive like pleasure, at any time ; much less where the cause of it is an innocent one. The smile will remain reflected by memory ; as the moon reflects the light upon us when the sun has gone into heaven.—LEIGH HUNT : *Deaths of Little Children*.

Sovereigns die and Sovereignities : how all dies, and is for a Time only ; is a " Time-phantasm, yet reckons itself real ! " The Merovingian Kings, slow wending on their bullock-carts through the streets of Paris, with their long hair flowing, have all wended slowly on,—into Eternity.

Charlemagne sleeps at Salzburg, with truncheon grounded; only Fable expecting that he will awaken. Charles the Hammer, Pepin Bow-legged, where now is their eye of menace, their voice of command? Rollo and his shaggy Northmen cover not the Seine with ships; but have sailed off on a longer voyage. The hair of Towhead (Tête d'étoupes) now needs no combing; Iron-cutter (Taillefer) cannot cut a cobweb; shrill Fredegonda, shrill Brunhilda have had out their hot life-scold, and lie silent, their hot life-frenzy cooled. Neither from that black Tower de Nesle descends now darkling the doomed gallant, in his sack, to the Seine waters; plunging into Night; for Dame de Nesle now cares not for this world's gallantry, heeds not this world's scandal; Dame de Nesle is herself gone into Night. They are all gone; sunk,—down, down, with the tumult they made; and the rolling and the trampling of ever new generations passes over them; and they hear it not any more forever.—CARLYLE.

8. *The teaching of good Reading Aloud*

That a student may come to a proper appreciation of rhythm through his unaided silent reading and study, is no doubt in some cases possible. But the manifold secrets of rhythm, its delicacy and its power, are better acquired through hearing good prose read aloud by an exquisite reader. There are four places in which exquisite readers should regularly be found. These are the pulpit, the stage, the classroom, and the family circle. Unfortunately, the facility with which, now-a-days, every one can procure good, bad or indifferent reading-matter for himself, has relegated the art of reading aloud (and the art, too, of conversation in the proper sense of the term) to the limbo of forgotten things. The pulpit has become a platform for politics, the stage a proscenium for spectacular display, the classroom a forcing-house for examinations, while the family circle hardly exists. No one wants to read aloud, no one wants to be read to. But whatever the pulpit and the stage may do, the teacher may be urged to make his classroom, and the father or mother may be urged to make the home, a real centre of refining and educative pleasure by resuscitating the love, and the practice, of a reasonable amount of reading aloud. This should not be an impossible task, and if looked upon in the light of a duty, it will not be. It is better that the boy in the classroom should be hearing his teacher read feelingly a passage from Wordsworth or from Thackeray, than that he should be bending over literary dates. It is better that a boy at home should

be hearing his parent read from Hans Andersen or Dickens, than that he should be self-absorbed in *Comic Cuts*.

Be it remembered, too, that the teacher and the parent have better opportunities in this regard than the preacher, the actor, or any public reader. They do not reach so wide an audience, it is true. But precisely for that reason they can do the work better. The church, the theatre, the public hall, these large and echoing places, compel, for auditory reasons, a certain mouthing, exaggeration, artificiality in reading aloud. But the small classroom and the small room at home admit and encourage the easy resonance, the mellifluous whisper, that the best literary passages often demand. And the homely little circles of auditors do not and cannot appeal to the vanity of the reader, who, in the larger places, is only too often thinking of himself.

The proper way to nurse this art of reading aloud would seem to be a standing invitation to the young student to read to the class, at due times, any passage which appeals to *him*, which *he* thinks *could* be effectively read. This being done, gentle and encouraging criticism might be passed upon his rendering. There can be no doubt that the wish to read a passage is the first step to reading it well. When the criticism is made, it should provide the student with comment on the respective branches of good reading, which may here be summarized—

1. Enunciation or Articulation, which means sending the required sounds fully forth.
2. Pronunciation, that is, following educated convention in the matter of sound-shapes and weights (stresses).
3. Modulation or Cadence; adapting the levels and loudnesses of the voice to suit the feeling of the passage.
4. Pause (which the punctuation by no means fully indicates).
5. Pace: a general rate to be observed, and modified in special places.

And criticism should explain how Enunciation, Pronunciation, and Pace promote the hearers' intellectual, while Modulation and Pause promote his emotional appreciation of what is read.

CHAPTER X

VERSE

I. *Verse and Prose*

IN Composition, as in all other arts, the study of good models is indispensable to success. But Composition is so general a term, covering so wide a ground of activity, concerned with the manipulation of words in so many varying styles, that it is well to divide our field, at the outset, into various kinds or classes of composition, and then enforce our division by reference to writers who may be regarded as particular models for particular kinds of writing.

Taking first, then, pure Form as our basis, we have seen that composition divides itself into two kinds, Prose and Verse. In Verse, the Form is very rigid indeed, defined in several particulars, such as stressed syllables, time required for utterance, number of syllables, position of pauses, nature of sounds. All these points have reference to sound; and Verse therefore may be defined as that species of composition in which the writer's principal object is to satisfy by arrangement of words certain expectations that he has raised in regard to sounds. We say that this is his principal object, and in strict theory, so it is. He will have written Verse, as Verse, if he has done this. But good literature, of course, it will not be, unless the meaning of his words is satisfactory also. As minimum, the meaning must be understood; as a maximum, it must be beautiful, and then his Verse becomes Poetry.

Verse composition, however, is comparatively rare and unnecessary, while Prose is the necessary and natural form in which practically all our communications must be couched. To call Prose a form of writing, appears to be somewhat ridiculous, since it is the inevitable shape which our earliest utterances must take, and since it is distinguished from Verse

precisely by not having the elaborate structure of Form which constitutes the latter. That, within its own range, some Prose may well be spoken of as possessing or not possessing Form in comparison with some other Prose, we shall see clearly enough when we discuss Style. But as distinguished from Verse, Prose is formless, unregulated, paying less heed to sound, intent only on exhibiting a clear meaning. We may sum up by saying that the best Prose is that in which most meaning appears, the best Verse that in which most beauty.

The exigencies of Verse-metre, and frequently of Rime—are responsible for much of the order-change which we observe in literature. Such changes are chiefly for the sake of sound, and, so far as that reason is recognized, they cease to operate upon our sensibilities as devices for Emphasis, Energy, or Grace. But so interlaced, in the nature of language, are sense and sound, that it would be very hard, in many cases, to relegate an order-change to either the category of sense-device or sound-device. Rather, the connexion being so close, it may be regarded as either, or both. Take, for example, the line with which Ned Softly so persistently worried the long suffering Spectator—asking him which order of words was the better—“ You sing your song with so much art,” or “ Your song you sing with so much art.” “ Truly,” said Addison, “ the turn is so natural either way that you have made me almost giddy with it.” The amenities of literature afford no happier instance of a smooth escape from a dangerous verdict. But let us suppose that the second version had been (as it probably should have been) pronounced the better, What is the answer to the inevitable, why?—the question that the old literary hand scented in the breeze and dodged away from with such practised ease. Does it *sound* better, or is it merely a more *graceful* order? We might indeed pursue the matter further, and arrange the words of this line in as many orders as the laws of permutation (and grammar) will allow, and the decision between preferability for sound and preferability for neatness, or grace, or point, would be as difficult after the last permutation as after the first.

2. *Restrictions of Verse*

The cardinal fact that constitutes and governs the distinction between Prose and Verse is restriction. As Verse cannot be written so easily as Prose, the verse-writer is restricted in space. Consequently, he must be more compressed both in phrase and in structure.

Compression in phrase leads to greater intensity, bulk for bulk. A Sonnet, for instance, cannot afford to admit a superfluous word, much less a line. A good and sufficient paraphrase of a good sonnet would probably require three or four times the number of words. Verse demands a close texture in its thought and its expression. When that close texture is not woven, when thought is loose and expression is diffuse, then Verse ceases to be an appropriate medium for the matter conveyed. Verse *may* of course be used for loose thought and diffuse expression. But it loses its incidence; it becomes monotonous; nothing is gained; we wish the matter had been put into Prose.

The liability thus to continue employment of verse-form for what would have better gone into prose is the mark not necessarily of a poor thinker, or of one whose poetical and emotional intensity is small, but of an injudicious verbal artist. Wordsworth, who reached so often the highest excellences of verse-utterance—intense feeling, deep thought, compressed and beautiful phrase—was wholly unaware that in very much of his copious production he ought to have abandoned the verse-form and relapsed into prose. Hence the dreary pages of prosy commonplace that disfigure and impair his poetry. Pope, on the other hand, quite devoid of Wordsworth's poetical reach and depth, was artist enough to reserve verse-form only for concentrated thought, and never wrote a line too much. He certainly did not neglect what he happily termed "the last and greatest art—the art to blot." It is this consistent obedience to what Verse first demands, that places Pope in his high position as a literary master.

This brings us to the question whether Verse is really the natural or the more appropriate form for the expression of

poetical feeling. We are inclined to say, yes; if that poetical feeling is of intense, earnest, and powerful quality. But poetical feeling need not always be of that quality. It may be milder, gentler, more equable than extreme, and then verse-form would seem to be less its fitting medium than prose. The *Roundabout Papers*, for example, which are true poetry, of the blander type, would be intolerable if spun out in verse. On the other hand, the passionate intensity of *Lear* or *Macbeth* would probably be deconcentrated and dispersed by the freer form of prose.

Even in the verse-tales of Scott, we can observe how there is a sense of mere easy fluency in the portions where passion is absent, and how, when passionate dialogue or highly animated narrative occurs, the matter seems to gain by its presentation in verse.

3. *Metre*

As compression of phrase is the first restriction imposed by Verse, the second restriction is that of subordination to a definite sound-system, or Metre. This has the effect that only certain words can go in certain places. So "The Danube gave to the Severn" becomes in the metre of *In Memoriam*, "The Danube to the Severn gave." Observe here how, in strictness, the meaning itself does not matter to the metre. "The Severn to the Danube gave" is as metrically good as the original line, although the meaning has been reversed. "Caloo, calay, O frabjeous day!" has no sense at all, but the Metre is excellent. But of course in all dealing with Verse we postulate an appropriate or an admirable meaning; otherwise Verse becomes merely a flat form of music, having perhaps to a very faint degree the suggestiveness and emotional quality of music, but as divorced as music is from definite and articulate meaning. As we have already pointed out, the Proper noun, bearing no meaning, constitutes, when freely inserted in any passage, an actual approximation, in the pleasure it affords, to music.

4. *Rhythm*

A third restriction is that Rhythm has to be more carefully regarded. While Metre may indeed be satisfied by one

arrangement, Rhythm may call for another. "The hour and time runs through the roughest day," is metrically correct; but Rhythm demands "Time and the hour." Rhythm in its widest sense means the sum-total of sound-effects, but in its narrower and more usual sense it means that distribution of sounds which is at once most appropriate to the thought and most pleasing to the ear. The art of thus managing verbal sounds is perhaps the highest art that belongs to Verse. Sense and Metre may be satisfied, and Rhythm yet remain defective. Pope, for example, possibly unsurpassed (within his narrow range of the Heroic couplet) for adaptation of Metre to sense, is far from triumphant in his mastery of Rhythm. That mastery requires a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Shelley.

5. *Rime*

A fourth restriction is frequently made in Verse, although it is by no means necessary to constitute Verse. This is Rime. The very definite emphasis of Rime leads the majority of verse-writers to seek its aid; and the uninstructed reader is apt to consider that where Rime is absent verse does not exist. Rime is, however, evidently too much of a restriction for the majority of writers in their most serious and most sustained efforts in verse. Most of the ambitious poems of our language, those in which the author gathers himself together for a *magnum opus* that shall exhibit the flower of his force, his experience, his true content, are in blank, that is unrimed, verse. *Paradise Lost*, *The Ring and the Book*, *The Prelude*, *Hyperion*, come from poets of the first order, who dealt freely and ably with all variations of verse-form, but reserved their greatest conceptions for blank verse.

And, further even than this evidence against the inability of rime to deal with the highest demands of poetical expression, goes the evidence afforded by the whole *corpus* of the drama. Drama demands all the facility, range, and power that the machinery of expression has to give. It traffics in the playful as well as the passionate, the graceful as well as the grand, the delicate as well as the distressing elements of life; and, among these, Rime in Drama, if used at all, is confined, and that only in a mode of contemporary fashion,

to the more trivial, is kept from the more tragic, issues of the play. In the drama of Shakespeare, in that of his glorious contemporaries, such distribution of thought to form is a canon of their method. Not till a later age, when drama had sunk into decay, do we find any manifesto from a competent craftsman in favour of Rime. And this manifesto comes, after all, from Dryden, whose unarguable literary capacity was so flecked by his temperamental faults of careless versatility and easy assent to the mood of the moment, that many of his judgments seem artificial, perverse, and suspect. As compared with Milton's previous manifesto against the adequacy of rime, so deliberate, conscientious, and convincing, Dryden's championcy of Rime is a mere *jeu d'esprit*.

6. *The four Restrictions*

Of these four departments—Words, Metre, Rhythm, and Rime—in which Verse-form demands restriction, it is clear that, as regards Words, the successful verse-writer must have a profound and a wide acquaintance with them, in order to select economically—to give us great riches in a little room. He ranges over the whole gamut of vocabulary in order to pick out the right notes. In our consideration of Words we have seen how much more is involved in words than their mere meaning. All this he must well understand and appreciate. His reading, therefore, must be wide and close. It is, in every case, from lovers and students of literature that we get the best Verse; whether that verse is great poetry like Milton's, or poetically touched like Scott's, or mere bright fooling like Calverley's.

The constituents of rhythm in Verse are exactly what they are in Prose. But two points of difference, and therefore in result, are to be observed.

Prose is the natural and everyday form into which all ordinary thought is thrown. There is in consequence a strong and constant tendency to disregard Rhythm, to let Rhythm take care of itself. Probably the average man, even though he may have to write a good deal, is unaware that prose rhythm exists; much less does he dream of the delicacy and charm that it may enfold.

Except, then, in those cases where the prose artist (whether he be so by instinct or design) has been at work, the Rhythm of prose is not such as to call attention to itself as commanding, or beautiful. The Rhythm of verse, however, is of another stamp. It reveals itself at once. The average man knows it is there, and renders it, in a fashion, at sight.

7. *Metre and Stresses*

What element of Rhythm is it, then, that in Verse becomes at once so conspicuous and arrestive. The answer is Metre, that is, a systematized arrangement of Stress—the appearance of stresses according to a certain expectation. Whereas in Prose the stresses are so placed that only an exquisite appreciation of the sense and spirit can enable the reader to deliver them in the required manner, in Verse they follow, as a rule, some half-a-dozen arrangements, which are perfectly easy to see, and to render.

Metre is the arrangement of words in such an order that the stressed syllables shall occur according to a certain expectation; and the different expectations constitute the different metres. But these expectations refer only to what is prevailing and dominant in any given passage of verse, and not to each individual stress-grouping. For if each of these were identical with the rest, a monotony would be set up which would nullify the whole intention of the verse-form. A variety of sameness may, paradoxically, describe the metrical rhythm of verse.

8. *Feet*

The principle on which all the stress-expectation that governs verse-form is based, is that in no human speech is it permissible, and hardly is it possible, for more than a very few syllables to be sounded in sequence without a palpable increase in weight or force upon one of these syllables. In § 3 we have illustrated this fact by means of several prose sentences. This being the case, it is natural to single out the stressed syllables as the commanders, so to speak, of little companies, in which the unstressed syllables that most closely accompany the stressed one are the members. Thus we obtain the divisions of syllables that the metrist knows by the name of Feet.

These arrangements are usually considered to be the following—

1. Two-syllable groups where the stresses come in the even places ($1 \times$)—*alone*.
2. Two-syllable groups where the stresses come in the odd places ($\times 1$)—*garden*.
3. Three-syllable groups where the stresses come in the first places ($\times 2$)—*cardinal*.
4. Three-syllable groups where the stresses come in the third places ($2 \times$)—*colonnade*.
5. Three-syllable groups where the stresses come in the middle places (1×1)—*abandon*.

Each single grouping of a stressed with its accompaniment of unstressed syllables, constitutes the unit of the line in which it occurs—called usually a Foot. There is no limit to the number of such feet that a line may contain; but in practice from two to seven or eight different units are employed. Whatever foot predominates in any given passage determines what is known as the Metre in which that passage is written. Occasionally, we find in verse a word placed where a metrical stress is asked for a syllable that in ordinary pronunciation is unstressed, and the ordinary stress is correspondingly taken away, *e. g.* “As music, as songs of the harp-*player*” (the last syllable here is made to rime with *her* in the line before). This is called a Wrenched stress.

The foot $1 \times$ is known as the Iambus, its predominance constituting iambic metre.

The foot $\times 1$ is known as the Trochee, its predominance constituting trochaic metre.

The foot $\times 2$ is known as the Dactyl, its predominance constituting dactylic metre.

The foot $2 \times$ is known as the Anapæst, its predominance constituting anapæstic metre.

The foot 1×1 is known as the Amphibrach.

A one foot line is a Monometer.

A two feet line is a Dimeter.

A three feet line is a Trimeter.
 A four feet line is a Tetrameter.
 A five feet line is a Pentameter.
 A six feet line is a Hexameter.
 A seven feet line is a Heptameter.

Thus—

“The wárrior bówed his crésted héad, and támed his héart of íre,”

is an iambic heptameter. Had the line been written in two lines, the first ending at “head,” we should have had an iambic tetrameter followed by an iambic trimeter. The word *warrior* has been reckoned as a disyllable. If reckoned as a trisyllable, the second foot in the line (*-rior bowed*) would be an anapæst relieving the monotony of the strict iambics. *Simple Símon* is a trochaic dimeter.

A line like—

“Fúll of the súnset, and sád, if at áll, with the fúlness of jóy,”

affords different metrical readings. If we take the first words as giving the lead, it is a dactylic pentameter with a hypermetric syllable which starts a sixth dactyl. Or, again, this line may be interpreted as a truncated or incomplete hexameter—of either dactylic or anapaestic character. If on the contrary we prefer to include the last syllable as a portion of the metre, then the line must be described as anapæstic pentameter with the first syllable hypermetric. In these doubtful cases, it is better to use the earlier suggestion (in this case the dactylic) as the one that shall decide the metrical nomenclature of the lines.

To escape from the intolerable monotony that would result from a succession of lines rigidly composed of the same foot, a loose intermixture of feet is often employed. Thus, if in the line just quoted the word “the” were omitted in both its occurrences, the feet involved would become trochees—(or iambs, according to the metrical reading). What a verse-writer has to do, is of course to decide by his taste how the line should go, and not fetter himself to any rigid metre. It is the scansionist’s business to resolve and explain the lines metrically, as the writer has left them,

9. *Stanza forms*

Verses are, as a rule, especially arranged for any given piece or poem. Most frequently, a poem, if written in rime, is divided into sections called Stanzas. The Stanza is built up on a certain scheme which includes number of lines, length of lines, distribution of lines and of rimes. There is, of course, no limit to the sorts of stanzas that may be constructed, but a few are in a general use, and it is comparatively seldom that a writer goes out of his way to evolve a curious or special stanza.

1. She dwelt among th' untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

WORDSWORTH.

Common Metre : rime-scheme *abab* ; metrical scheme 4 (I ×), 3 (I ×), 4 (I ×), 3 (I ×).

2. She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may be known ;
But, at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

WORDSWORTH.

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie ;
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.

WORDSWORTH.

Elegiac quatrain : *abab* ; 5 (I ×), four times consecutively.

This slow and self-contained stanza is admirably fitted for reflective poetry. There is a fulness and sweep about it that harmonize well with deep and serious thought. Used singly, it suits the compressed utterance of an Epitaph, Inscription, or Epigram.

3. The Sicilian octave is merely the elegiac quatrain repeated twice, making eight I × lines, with the rimes *abababab*.

From all the terrors Metropolitan
That crowd and crush the toiler of to-day,
To sleepy Deva, you (O happy man
Tua si bona noris !) steal away ;
I, destined to fulfil my little span
Of life in London, whence I may not stray

In this Sicilian measure smooth to scan,
Now valedict and bless you on your way.

This stanza is too difficult for sustained verse, but it admirably suits an occasional attempt at graceful description or record.

4. Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed,
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the seashore whereon she loved to dwell.

BYRON.

Ottava rima: *abababcc*; 8 (1 ×).

A flexible stanza suited to narrative in which rapidity and heavy movement are alike required, and reflective interpolation as well.

5. The breath whose might I have evoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given,
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

SHELLEY.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky,
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;
The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours;
The Eugh, obedient to the bender's will;
The Birch for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;
The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;

The fruitful Olive; and the Platane round;
The carver Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER.

The Spenserian stanza: *ababbcbcc*; 5 (1 ×), for the first eight lines, 6 (1 ×) for the last.

One would suppose that this stanza was too long and too complicated for narrative purpose. But Spenser's own example shows that it may be made to suit quite well; not narrative of rapid, but of slow meandering kind, with profusion of description. The last six-beat line is known as an Alexandrine, since mediæval romances about Alexander the Great were written in it.

6. Folk say, a wizard to a northern King
At Christmas tide such wondrous things did shew,
That through one window men beheld the Spring,
And through another saw the Summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines a-row,
While still unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day

W. MORRIS.

The Rime Royal or Chaucerian stanza: *ababbcc*; 7 (1 ×). The first name comes from the fact that King James I of Scotland used the stanza for the King's Quair; the second name connects it with Chaucer, who was so fond of it that he used it for a great number of his Canterbury Tales.

10. *The Sonnet*

7. The Sonnet has in our literature two distinct forms. Both contain fourteen lines of 5 (1 ×). But there the resemblance ceases.

The Petrarchan sonnet is regarded as the pure and proper form. Its rime-scheme is *abbaabba* for the first eight lines, which are known as the Octave. For the last six, called the Sestet, the rimes may be varied—two or three in number, and in any order. The commonest arrangements are *cdcdcd*, *ccdeed*, *cdecde*, *cdcdcc*.

The distinct break between Octave and Sestet in the Petrarchan sonnet divides the two aspects presented, or treatments received, by the theme of the poem. In the Octave we have the picture, the statement, the fact; in the sestet, the comment. Or the thought, presented one way in the

first part, turns back upon itself, becomes presented another way, in the second. The Sestet is different from the Octave, but is complementary to it, connects it, as a thing objectively regarded, with the poet's subjective sense of it.

Wordsworth's sonnet on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic well exemplifies this analysis.

Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee;
 And was the safeguard of the West; the worth
 Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
 Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
 She was a Maiden City, bright and free;
 No guile seduced, no force could violate;
 And, when She took unto herself a Mate,
 She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
 Those titles vanish, and that strength decay?
 Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
 When her long life hath reached its final day:
 Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
 Of that which once was great, is passed away.

Here the Octave gives us what Venice was—how great, proud, claimant. In the Sestet, we learn how the contrast between that day and her present day, affects the Poet, and how he connects her fall, grievingly, with all that waxes, has its triumph, and wanes.

It is worth observing that lines seven and eight depart from the rime-scheme of the strict Petrarchan sonnet. Yet the soul of the poem, its essence, is not impaired. Rime-schemes, metres, setting are, after all, only the machinery of expression. The poetical attitude, spirit, and word, are what really matter.

Again, from D. G. Rossetti—

Under the arch of Life, where love and death,
 Terror and mystery, guard her shrine, I saw
 Beauty enthroned; and though her gaze struck awe,
 I drew it in as simply as my breath.
 Hers are the eyes which, over and beneath,
 The sky and sea bend on thee,—which can draw
 By sea or sky or woman, to one law,
 The allotted bondsman of her palm and wreath.

This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
 Thy voice and hand shake still,—long known to thee
 By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
 Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
 How passionately and irretrievably,
 In what fond flight, how many ways and days !

In the Octave, the picture of Beauty—its varying modes, its plastic and Protean quality; and in the Sestet, the Poet's responsive thrill to that "silver shape, upborne by her wild and glittering hair," in which, for him, these many shapes find their truest embodiment.

These sonnets have been, the one grave, the other passionate. From Milton we take one of very tender beauty—the sonnet *When the Assault was intended to the City*.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

There is not quite the same turn of thought, as between Octave and Sestet, as in the former examples. Still, there is a turn, and a decided one. From the plea of the present we go to the parallel of the past; and see how these chords of memory supplement and enforce the poet's "tuneful tongue."

The machinery of the Petrarchan sonnet, though so easy to detect and explain, is far from easy to control when the attempt is made. In the first place, four rimes cannot easily be brought in twice: and in many excellent sonnets this rule is broken. Then the recoil of sestet-thought on octave-picture must not be harsh. The sestet must easily grow out of, or, at worst, be neatly dovetailed into, not merely stuck

on, the octave. And the whole conception must be worth execution; and, when executed, complete—*totus, teres, atque rotundus*. Phrasing must be very compressed, yet not clogged. The music needed is a sonorous, plangent music, polysyllables or heavy monosyllables. A tripping sonnet would be a contradiction in method. If sonnets are not of this heavy, serious kind, they are merely mechanical exercises, worth nothing. Light artillerymen, like Tennyson (as he fundamentally was in execution, however much in conception he might have been massive), and Longfellow, cannot manage these heavy guns.

II. *The Great Sonnet Writers*

In fact, in this difficult Petrarchan form, which all poets make it a point of honour to essay, we have but three absolute masters. Of these, Milton, who could do anything in verse to which he had a mind, was occupied with poetry much more solid and sustained, and naturally did not give up to the sonnet what was meant for the Epic. Yet of his few sonnets the majority are models of what such poems should be; and it is a pity that he did not leave his title clear by suppressing the three or four in which his spleen conquered his art.

Wordsworth, unequal in the Sonnet as in all other branches of poetry, seems to have turned his huge collection of sonnets out with the regular flow of a pump discharging water; and though he has many gushes of the purest potable gold, the bulk of his output is merely the mechanical satisfaction of the sonnet rules. But if, as is only fair, we take him at his best, the quality, alike of his sonnet-thought and execution, is at once artistic and noble. A conscientious and faithful workman, incessantly at work, whether visited by the poetic fire or not, often so visited, but never conscious when, Wordsworth was incapable of distinguishing, himself, between his hours of vacuity and the hours when the god "being with him when he knew it not" had filled him with "the vision and the faculty divine." Still, others have come to his aid in this respect; and in Matthew Arnold's selection, his disengagement of Wordsworth's convincing from his commonplace

production, we probably find together all Wordsworth's best sonnets; and in no other sonnet-sequence shall we discover more of the high worthiness, the lofty wise tender beauty that poetry has to give.

If we turn away from the Sonnet as vehicle for the noble and lofty poetic thought for which partly Milton and principally Wordsworth employed it, and look to it for the carriage, rather, of intensity, fervour, and passion, we find these in the wonderful production of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. For music, also, the true music of the Sonnet, the deep and heavy vowellic reverberations, these sonnets are incomparable in our language. The careful art, the high level of workmanship maintained unflinchingly throughout a series numbering over a hundred, are in direct contrast to the commonplace composition which Wordsworth too often admitted. Rossetti wrote no Sonnet without adequate provocation, and careful computation of matter to form.

12. *The Shakespearean Sonnet*

The great day of the Sonnet was the time of Elizabeth. Sonnets, introduced by Wyatt and Surrey, were produced by their successors in copious flow. But the Petrarchan form seems to have been somewhat too artificial for the forthright eager utterance of the higher poetic spirits. Sidney, Spenser, above all Shakespeare, adopted a form, known after the greatest of these as the Shakespearean. This consists of three successive elegiac quatrains, closed by a heroic couplet, with rime-scheme *abab, cdcd, efef, gg*.

The difference of this form means, obviously, an entire difference in the architectony of the thought. No longer do we have the picture and the comment, the thought and the return upon it, in two well-defined sections. No longer occurs, in the music, a swelling flow and a surging ebb. Rather, there is in the quatrain a "linked sweetness long drawn out," antiphonally ended by the couplet of the close. And the thought is presented in each of the three quatrains in different aspects or presentations, with a rounding-off, or finish, in the couplet. Good examples are seen in the following—

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

SHAKESPEARE.

We may note here, in passing, the magnificent strength that comes from carefully chosen monosyllabic words.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired;
 For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see;
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
 Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind
 For thee and for myself no quiet find.

SHAKESPEARE.

Clear Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore
 My soul-shrined saint, my fair idea, lies,
 O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore,
 Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes;
 Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
 Gently distils his nectar-dropping showers,
 Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
 Among the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
 Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 "Lo here thy shepherd spent his wandering years;
 And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 And here to thee he sacrificed his tears."

Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.

M. DRAYTON.

The Sonnet, so compressed and so definite in its architecture, both of thought and of metrical form, provides an excellent medium for a reflective or quasi-lyrical graft on a narrative or descriptive basis concerned with a single and simple theme. It is, in Rossetti's phrase, "a moment's deathless hour." But a long succession of sonnets, embodying the slow, and what must at the same time be a syncopated, evolution of thoughts, can hardly give satisfaction. The *House of Life*, the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, the *Duddon* series, Shakespeare's sequence itself, contain much of what can safely be pronounced the most poetical utterances in literature. But to read them continuously is to do them injustice. Each helps to deaden the effectiveness of the rest. On the other hand, poets who have never attempted the sustained series, produce here and there a singularly happy result. Blanco White, Thurlow, Warton, Dean Alford—to mention only names not usually associated with the sonnet—afford instances.

"Rise," said the Master, "come unto the feast."
She heard the call and rose with willing feet;
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace gate
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers:
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber door, and oft
Have listen'd underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft.
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west is fading fast away.

HENRY ALFORD.

In lines 6 and 7 a departure has been made from the Petrarchan rime-scheme. We can hardly suppose that *wait* is intended as a very much "forced" rime to *meet*.

13. *Blank Verse*

In iambic Blank Verse, we find, beginning with the later Elizabethan dramatists, a great tendency to close lines with an unstressed hypermetric syllable. As an occasional insertion this practice is a seasonable variation, and induces a sense of smoothness. But as soon as it becomes frequent, away goes the firm steady weld that distinguishes iambic blank verse, and the metre becomes weak and loose. Why the successors of Shakespeare nearly all fell prostrate before this temptation to enervate a magnificent line, it would be hard to say. Possibly they felt that the rigidity of the pure metre was too distant from ordinary speech, and that this modification afforded some relief.

But the unstressed hypermetric syllable is too great a dissolvent of iambic metre ever to be encouraged. It is startling to notice how the one instance of its admission into the shorter lines of Macaulay's vigorous *Lay of Regillus* corrupts and weakens his admirable energy in the metre he has employed. Its introduction into the longer lines is very different; for the clinch of the metre, the beat of its march, belong not to the odd lines but to the even.

The following lines, from Coleridge, show how the hypermetric syllable imparts to iambic blank verse a smooth and flowing character—

The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring
 Or chasms or watery depths; all these have vanished :
 They live no longer in the faith of reason !

How different the beauty of this from the grand firm beauty of Milton's—

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw
 The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;
 Nor that which on the flaming mount appeared
 In Dothan covered with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian King, who, to surprise
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
 War unproclaimed.

Milton, whose security and power in blank verse are unrivalled, very seldom admits the hypermetric syllable. He does so more in his later than in his earlier poetry. His reliefs to the rigidity of the iambus are the frequent trochee, much elision, and running-on of sense from line to line.

The earlier writers of blank verse—and Shakespeare himself in his first plays—acquired, through the brilliant example of Marlowe, who may be regarded as the discoverer of the possibilities of the line, complete command over the individual iambic blank verse pentameter line as a musical unit of delicacy and power. Each line they made excellent in itself—an “end-stopped” line, with a distinct pause after it. But the art of co-ordinating lines, so that in sense as well as in music a continuity took the place of a detachment, was a later achievement. This art is seen at its best in the plays of Shakespeare’s early-middle production. But, like all developments, this practice of running-on was extended too far, and speedily became a dissolvent rather than an improvement of the metre. More and more the tendency was to make the last word of the line an unimportant word, metrically very light, even a mere preposition waiting for its governed noun to appear in the next line. Such a dissolvent practice, especially when combined with that other dissolvent of hypermetric syllable which we have already described, rendered the blank verse of Fletcher and other Jacobean dramatists a form of such contrast, in its fluidity and looseness, to the firm sonorous blank verse of Marlowe, that the difference amounts to one almost of kind, and not merely of degree. Milton, however, the supreme master of blank verse, restores the form to its noblest and most harmonious shape; and since his time the extremes of rigidity and looseness have, on the whole, been successfully avoided by our poets.

14. *Examples of Iambic Pentameter Blank Verse*

The firm, rigid line of Marlowe—

From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
 We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
 Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
 Then up to Naples, rich Campania,

Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
 The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
 Quarters the town in four equivalents;
 There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
 The way he cut, an English mile in length,
 Thorough a rock of stone, in one night's space;
 From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
 In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
 That threatens the stars with her aspiring top,
 Whose frame is paved with sundry coloured stones,
 And roof'd aloft with curious work in gold.

FAUSTUS.

The supple line of Shakespeare—

As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on gentle Richard; no man cried " God save him ! "
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

Richard II.

The following, from Beaumont and Fletcher, shows blank verse at the very verge of dissolution. It teaches, too, that only very grand or very exquisite diction can atone for, or carry off, a loosely constructed metrical style. Here the poor diction combined with loose metre is wholly bad.

We have gone too far
 To think now of retiring; in our courage
 And daring, lies our safety: if you are not
 Slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,
 Since to die is the worst, better expose
 Our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell
 Our lives with the utmost advantage, than to trust
 In a forestalled remission, or yield up
 Our bodies to the furnace of their fury,
 Thrice heated with revenge. Hear and obey me:
 And I will either save you, or fall with you.
 Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports;

Boldly deny their entrance—'Tis no time
To talk, but do : a glorious end, or freedom,
Is now proposed us : stand resolved for either,
And live or die together.

Here is displayed the noble, unmatched grandeur of
Milton—

Far distant he descries,
Ascending by degrees magnificent,
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high ;
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
With frontispiece of diamond and gold
Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz
Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, This is the gate of Heaven.

Keats, who allowed himself to become, in the Heroic couplet, so very slipshod, reveals in blank verse much of Milton's power ; and Landor has also the true Miltonic touch.

And the bright Titan, frenzied with new woes,
Unused to bend, by bright compulsion bent
His spirit to the sorrow of the time ;
And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint.
There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
Looked down on him with pity, and the voice
Of Coelus, from the universal space,
Thus whispered low and solemn in his ear.

KEATS.

Thou sleepest, not forgotten nor unmourn'd,
Beneath the chestnut shade by Saint Germain ;
Meanwhile I wait the hour of my repose,
Not under Italy's serener sky,
When Fiesole beheld me from above
Devising how my head most pleasantly
Might rest ere long, and how with such intent
I smooth'd a platform for my villagers,
And brought together slender cypresses

And bridal myrtles, peering up between,
 And bade the modest violet play her part.
 Dance, youths and maidens; though around my grave
 Ye dance not as I wish: bloom myrtles, bend
 Protecting arms about them, cypresses!
 I must not come among you; fare ye well!

LANDOR.

Though often prosy in diction, and platitudinous in his thought, Wordsworth, in his many moments of inspiration, reaches the highest poetic heights; and then his mastery of metre never fails him. In blank verse, as in rimed forms, he rivals all the greatest names.

Immense

Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced:
 They move about upon the soft green turf:
 How little they, they and their doings, seem.
 And all that they can further or obstruct!
 Through utter weakness pitiably dear,
 As tender infants are; and yet how great!
 For all things serve them: them the morning light
 Loves, as it glistens on the silent rocks;
 And them the silent rocks, which now from high
 Look down upon them; the reposing clouds;
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts;
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
 Which animates this day their calm abode.

15. *The Internal Pause in Verse*

The value of Internal Pauses in Verse is well seen in—

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,
 Among you there, and let him presently
 Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
 And climbing up into my airy home
 Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
 For, by the warning of the Holy Ghost
 I prophesy that I shall die to-night.
 A quarter before twelve.

But thou, O Lord,
 Aid all this foolish people; let them take
 Example, pattern: lead them to thy light.

TENNYSON

O Mother, hear me yet before I die,
 Hear me, O earth. I will not die alone,
 Lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
 Walking the cold and starless road of Death
 Uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
 With the Greek woman. I will rise and go
 Down into Troy, and ere the stars come forth
 Talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
 A fire dances before her, and a sound
 Rings ever in her ears of armed men.
 What this may be I know not, but I know
 That, whereso'er I am by night and day
 All earth and air seem only burning fire.

TENNYSON.

But if toward any of you I am overbold
 That take thus much upon me, let him think
 How I, for all my forest holiness,
 Fame, and this armed and iron maidenhood,
 Pay thus much also; I shall have no man's love
 For ever, and no face of children born
 Or feeding lips upon me or fastening eyes
 For ever, nor being dead shall kings my sons
 Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters' cheeks
 Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but strange,
 But far from dances and the back-blowing torch,
 Far off from flowers or any bed of man,
 Shall my life be for ever: me the snows
 That face the first o' the morning, and cold hills
 Full of the landwind and sea-travelling storms
 And many a wandering wind of noisy nights
 That know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves—
 Me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods
 That talk with many winds and gods, the hours
 Re-risen and white divisions of the dawn,
 Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed,
 And streams that murmur of the mother snow—
 Me these allure and know me; but no man
 Knows, and my goddess only!

SWINBURNE.

No series of examples in blank verse could be fully typical without a passage of Browning's vigorous and picturesque, though somewhat jagged and elliptical, workmanship—

You smile? Why, there's my picture ready made,
 There's what we painters call our harmony!
 A common greyness silvers everything,—
 All in a twilight, you and I alike

—You, at the point of your first pride in me
 (That's gone, you know),—but I, at every point;
 My youth, my hope, my art, being all toned down
 To yonder sober pleasant Fiesole.
 There's the bell-clinking from the chapel-top;
 That length of convent-wall across the way
 Holds the trees safer, huddled more inside;
 The last monk leaves the garden; days decrease,
 And Autumn grows, autumn in everything,
 Eh? the whole seems to fall into a shape
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight-piece. Love, we are in God's hand.
 How strange now looks the life he makes us lead;
 So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!

Andrea del Sarto.

16. *The Heroic Couplet*

A large and important portion of our poetry has been moulded in the riming pair of Iambic pentameter lines known as the Heroic couplet. When this measure is so wielded that each couplet is self-contained in sense, the effect is, naturally, to intensify the rigidity of the metre. Curiously, our first exponent of the form is also metrically almost the best. Both by judicious variation of the cæsura, and by reasonable running-on of the sense from one couplet to another, Chaucer imparts to the Heroic couplet just so much of smooth and flowing quality as is needed to redeem it from stiffness. Chaucer, however, was largely aided by the liquidity resident in the sounded final e's which his language contained. Without this help, in our largely monosyllabic and consonant-ended words the couplet is difficult to soften. The Elizabethans wielded it in general with the powerful ease that characterizes their whole production. But Fletcher's lines are over fluid with the excessive enjambement that equally enervated his blank verse, while Jonson, whose metre, outside of lyric, is not his strongest point, made of it a somewhat clogged affair. But Dryden gives way to the tendency to make each couplet a compartment in itself, and in Pope, followed by the eighteenth-century poets, the self-contained form is almost invariable. Reaction from this intolerable stiffness—due as much to the Popian fixity of cæsura-position

as to the absence of running-on—led, with Prior and Goldsmith, to much improvement; but produced in Keats an excess of the remedies. Keats, Leigh Hunt, and Shelley, both varied cæsura-point and ran-on with such freedom that the form became an invertebrate rambling thing, far removed indeed from the tightlaced couplets of Pope, and much inferior to the reasonably and exquisitely modulated verses of Chaucer. But the work of Wordsworth, W. Morris, Swinburne, and other copious producers of the nineteenth century, has reverted to the wise middle course, and rendered the Heroic couplet an admirable medium for poetry.

Chaucer's Heroic couplet (the spelling partly modernized)—

He showèd him, ere he went to Sopeer
 Forestès, parkès full of wildè deer;
 There saw he hartès with their hornès high
 The greatest that were ever seen with eye—
 He saw of them a hundred slain with hounds,
 And some with arrows bled of bitter wounds.
 He saw when voided were these wildè deer
 These falconers upon a fair rivere
 That with their hawkès have the heron slain.
 Then saw he knightès jousting in a plain.

Shakespeare's Heroic couplet—

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear !
 So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

Fletcher's—

Care-charming Sleep, thou Easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers : give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers : easy, light,
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses ; sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain :
 Into this prince, gently, oh gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers, like a bride.

Jonson—

For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
 From thence to honour thee I will not seek
 For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus
 Euripides and Sophocles to us,
 Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage : or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

From Dryden—

Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud ?
 There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs play
 About their god-like mate, and sing him on his way.
 He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies,
 And every moment gains upon the skies.
 The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
 The sapphire portal, and the golden gate.
 Now sing, ye joyful Angels, and admire
 Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire :
 Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow,
 For like Amyntas none is left below.

Note in the fourth line here the "needless Alexandrine" as Pope called it. With this, and with a third rime to some couplets, Dryden was wont to effect relief—

Pope—

With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves
 When frosts have whitened all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube and levels with his eye,
 Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
 Oft as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
 Oft as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall and leave their little lives in air.

Prior—

When chilled by adverse snows and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gathered boughs.
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Though, then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats where ease and plenty brooding sate?
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn,
 That gate, for ever barred to thy return;
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banished man, condemned in woods to rove?

Run-on (enjambéd) Heroic Couplets—

It is a favoured place. Famine or Blight,
 Pestilence, War and Earthquake, never light
 Upon its mountain-peaks; blind vultures, they
 Sail onward far upon their fatal way:
 The winged storms, chaunting their thunder psalm
 To other lands, leave azure chasms of calm
 Over this isle, or weep themselves in dew,
 From which its fields and woods ever renew
 Their green and golden immortality:
 And from the sea there rise, and from the sky
 There fall, clear exhalations, soft and bright,
 Veil after veil, each hiding some delight.

SHELLEY.

Another wish'd, mid that eternal spring,
 To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
 Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
 Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
 And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
 And, ever after, through those regions be
 His messenger, his little Mercury.
 Some were athirst in soul to see again
 Their fellow-huntsmen through the wide champaign
 In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
 Of all the chances in their Earthly walk;
 Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
 Of happiness, to where upon the moors,
 Benighted, close they huddled from the cold
 And shared their famish'd scripts.

KEATS.

From William Morris—

She turned, and even as they came they passed
 From out the place, and reached the gate at last
 That oped before their feet, and speedily,
 They gained the edges of the murmuring sea,
 And as they stood in silence, gazing there
 Out to the west, they vanished into air,
 I know not how, nor whereto they returned;
 But mixed with twilight in the chamber burned
 The flickering candles, and those dreary folk
 Unlike to sleepers from their trance awoke,
 But nought of what had happ'd meanwhile they knew.
 Through the half-opened casements now there blew
 A sweet fresh air, that of the flowers and sea
 Mingled together, smelt deliciously,
 And from the unseen sun the spreading light
 Began to make the fair June blossoms bright,
 And midst their weary woe uprose the sun,
 And thus has Ogier's noble life begun.

17. *The Octosyllabic Couplet*

A favourite, natural, and easy medium for a poem not too long, is the riming four-beat (octosyllabic) iambic couplet. Shorter by a beat than the Heroic couplet, this form has not the Heroic's musical and modulative scope. But the vigour as well as delicacy and lightness that it assumes in the hand, for example, of Scott reveal its capacity for nearly all aspects of poetic expression. It is one of the easiest metres to write, and this is its danger; much work of very mediocre quality has appeared in it. It is better suited for short poems than for long, and care has to be exercised to escape from a certain snappy monotony of effect to which, if due attention is not given to trochaic variation, cæsura-position, and running-on of sense from one couplet to another, the metre is singularly liable.

Iambic tetrameter (octosyllabic) couplet.

From Crashaw—

Since 'tis not to be had at home,
 She'll travel to a martyrdome.
 No home for her confesses she
 But where she may a martyr be;
 She'll to the Moores, and trade with them
 For this invaluable diadem;

She offers them her dearest breath
 With Christ's name in't, in change for death;
 She'll bargain with them and will give
 Them God, and teach them how to live
 In Him, or if they this deny,
 For Him she'll teach them how to die.
 So shall she leave, amongst them sown,
 The Lord's blood, or at least her own.
 Farewell, then, all the world—adieu!
 Teresa is no more for you;
 Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys,
 Never till now esteemed toys—
 Farewell, whatever dear'st may be,
 Mother's arms, or father's knee,
 Farewell house, and farewell home,
 She's for the Moores and martyrdome.

From Scott—

In broken dreams the image rose
 Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
 His steed now flounders in the brake,
 Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
 Now leader of a broken host
 His standard falls, his honour's lost.
 Then,—from my couch may heavenly might
 Chase that worst phantom of the night!—
 Again returned the scenes of youth,
 Of confident undoubting truth;
 Again his soul he interchanged
 With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
 They come, in dim procession led,
 The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
 As warm each hand, each brow as gay
 As if they parted yesterday.

From William Morris—

Come to the land where none grows old,
 And none is rash or over-bold,
 Nor any noise is there nor war
 Nor rumour from wild lands afar
 Nor plagues, nor birth and death of kings;
 No vain desire of unknown things
 Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
 Of that which never draweth near;
 But in that lovely land and still
 Ye may remember what ye will,
 And what ye will, forget for aye.

From Landor—

Where is she now? Called far away,
By one she dared not disobey,
To those proud halls, for youth unfit,
Where princes stand and judges sit.
Where Ganges rolls his widest wave
She dropped her blossom in the grave;
Her noble name she never changed
Nor was her noble heart estranged.

18. *Anapæstic Verse*

So far, our discussion has been confined to the most prevalent of the pure iambic movements. The natural substitution of two for one unstressed syllable in any foot of this movement produces anapæstic verse; in which anapæsts predominate, the iambus becoming relief. That anapæstic verse may contain pure and beautiful poetry, cannot be denied. Yet, in fact, the anapæst seems to allure writers into extraordinary ineptitudes; and roving through our literature, we shall find, for one pure and beautiful anapæstic poem like Wordsworth's *Reverie of Susan*, a dozen silly effusions of the following type—

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

Wordsworth himself, so metrically sound (however prosy at times), as soon as he touches the anapæst, is liable to vapidities of this painful kind—

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay;
They built him and christened him all in one day,
An urchin both vigorous and hale;
And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones.
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones;
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye;
Such a wretch let my enemy live, if he please,
But not even my enemy die.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;
 And her hair as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell.

T. MOORE.

19. *Exotic Verse-Forms*

Several dainty and ingenious Verse-forms, principally from Old French sources, have lately had some vogue among our minor writers. Two or three may be mentioned here as affording instances of pleasant by-ways of surprise amid the graver and severer movements of verse. The Ballade consists of three eight-lined stanzas each having the rime scheme *ababbcbc*, followed by a four-lined Envoi, in *bcbc*. The last line of each of the stanzas, as well as of the Envoi, is the same, and makes the Refrain of the Ballade.

The numerous *b* rimes present considerable difficulty. It is difficult also to keep all the stanzas in close connexion with the motive-thought or situation that inspires the poem, and yet sufficiently varied to present different facets of that thought. The art of the Envoi is to gather up, in a light but definite touch, the abiding element of the motive—the maxim, picture, appeal, whatever it may be.

In Ballade-architectony, both of thought and form, there is some similarity to the Sonnet. The Sonnet, however, is employed for serious, often profound, reflexions, and for the very highest poetical imaginations, while the Ballade is more lively, bright, fugitive. Again, the skill belonging to Sonnet-construction does not call attention to itself, being chosen only as a vehicle to bind and concentrate the poetical utterance. But in the Ballade (as in the other exotic forms) the pleasure of exercising the metrical skill has called the poem into being. The fact, too, that Sonnets are written in the heavier five-beat line, and Ballades usually in the lighter four-beat and three-beat lines, accentuates these distinctions.

Examples of the Ballade may be found in the work of Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and others. Perhaps the most appealing poem in this class is Lang's *Ballade of Christmas Ghosts*.

The Refrain-idea equally vitalizes the Rondeau and the Triolet.

Rondeau—To a June Rose

O royal Rose ! The Roman dressed
His feast with thee ; thy petal pressed
 Augustan brows ; thine odour fine
 Mixed with the three-times-mingled wine,
Lent the long Thracian draught its zest.

What marvel then if host and guest
By Song, by Joy, by Thee caressed,
 Half-trembled on the half-divine,
 O royal Rose !

And yet—and yet—I love thee best
In our old gardens of the West,
 Whether about my thatch they twine,
 Or hers, that brown-eyed maid of mine
Who lulls thee on her lawny breast,
 O royal Rose !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

Triolet

The roses are dead
 And swallows are flying :
White, golden and red
The roses are dead ;
Yet tenderly tread
 Where their petals are lying,
The roses are dead,
 And swallows are flying.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

The Rondel, Chant Royal, Villanelle, Kyrielle, Pantoum, are other French forms.

A word should here be said on the singularly haunting and effective stanza invented by Fitzgerald for his rendering of Omar Khayyam. This quatrain consists of four iambic pentameter lines rimed *aa-a*. The third line is left unrimed, so that the reader's mind, which half expects a rime to it in the fourth line, is at first pleasingly startled by the unlooked-for reversion to the couplet-rime, and later learns to await that reversion with keen delight. The threat to stray away in the third line, followed by the recall in the fourth, gives to the whole stanza a sensation of completeness, sonority, and

clinch, which hardly any other measure affords; and a judicious occasional running-on of the sense from one stanza to the next, only heightens the sense of clinch belonging to the whole.

The Fitzgerald quatrain—

Gold in your hair, and honey on your lips,
At eve you come, and move my soul's eclipse;
Therefore to me, all other hours beyond,
Dearer the hour when Sol in darkness dips.

For then the westering light lies pale upon
Faint leaf and languid flower and water wan,
And all that breathes and moves is steeped in calm
Thrill'd with sad thinking on the glory gone.

But not for me that glory so decays;
For Love's bright star then lifts his lambent rays,
And, shining full and fair upon my soul,
Makes Night's enchantment far outrival day's

20. *Trochaic Verse*

The metres in which the trochee is the dominant foot are not employed in English so abundantly as iambic metres. Even when they are, there is to be seen the same unwillingness on the part of the best writers to close many lines with an unstressed syllable, the regularity of the trochee being usually checked by omission of this syllable in the last foot—

Comrades, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn;
Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle-horn.
TENNYSON.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave.

LONGFELLOW.

A favourite form for the trochaic movement is that in which the first, and odd, lines, are filled with pure trochees but the even lines are truncated in the last foot—

Art is long, and life is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

LONGFELLOW.

or—

Bounded by themselves, and unobservant
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life you see.

M. ARNOLD.

The former of these examples is metrically nothing more than the example from Tennyson above, only that a break is made halfway in order to make a long line into two shorter ones.

The only instance in our literature of a great and sustained poem in pure trochaics, without truncation in the last foot of the line, is Browning's magnificent *One Word More*. After reading it, we are inclined to wonder why, if one man could secure such splendid effects through pure trochees, more efforts in that metre do not exist. The fact remains, however, that wholly unmodified trochee-lines are severely eschewed. One of Browning's strophes is—

I shall never, in the years remaining,
 Paint you pictures, no, nor, carve you statues,
 Make you music that should all-express me;
 So it seems; I stand on my attainment.
 This of verse alone, one life allows me;
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.
 Other heights in other lives, God willing :
 All the gifts from al the heights, your own, Love.

Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is commented on in § 28, below.

21. *Dactylic Verse*

The natural relief and development of the trochee is its extension, the dactyl. Seldom, however, does the dactyl fill every foot in a poem. Like the anapæst, it is too tripping a measure to remain unrelieved. By a mixture, therefore, of dactyls and trochees, English writers have produced imitations of Latin dactylic hexameters, and that variant of them known as elegiacs.

A pleasing and common form of trochaic verse is that of rimed couplets consisting of four beats, but with the last foot truncated. Such lines are often relieved by a hyper-

metric first syllable (the occurrence of which turns the line into a pure iambic tetrameter) and by the admission of the usually truncated syllable in the last foot—

I have looked where Little John
Lies, the moorland hillside on;
Sound he sleeps, who once made ring
The forest with his welcoming
Of Marian and of Robin Hood,
In the distant, gay greenwood.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting : what do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.

KEATS.

Examples of English dactylic hexameters are the following—

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle,
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them ?
Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous pinions of angels,
Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from their labour,
And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter and burning moisture
Wiped from the generous eyes ? Or do they linger, unhappy,
Pining, and haunting the grave of their by-gone hope and endeavour ?
A. H. CLOUGH.

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,
Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage procession ?
But for that final discharge, would he dare to enlist in the service ?
But for that certain release ever sign to that perilous contract ?
But for that exit secure, ever bend to that treacherous doorway ?
A. H. CLOUGH.

Elegiac metre. (This classical Elegiac is to be distinguished from our own Elegiac quatrain.)

There is a city upbuilt on the quays of the turbulent Arno,
 Under Fiesole's heights, thither are we to return?
 There is a city that fringes the curve of the inflowing waters,
 Under the perilous hill fringes the beautiful bay,—
 Parthenope, do they call thee?—the Siren, Neapolis, seated
 Under Vesuvus's hill,—are we receding to thee?

A. H. CLOUGH.

22. *Classical Hexameters and Elegiacs*

Hexameters and Elegiacs, however, cannot be thoroughly naturalized in our language. These classical measures lived and moved by the extreme definition of their quantities. Our own stresses cannot take the place of quantities. The stress is altogether a lighter, a more fluid distinction than the defined long vowel, and stressed verse is hovering rather than steady in its flight. Its wings flutter rather than sweep. Again, Latin is full of true spondees made up of single words. The hexameter is the most loose-limbed of metres, but there is no foot more powerfully clamping in its effect than the spondee. Its frequent presence, therefore, rendered the hexameter in Latin a free and yet a strong and steady line.

But English has no single-word spondees—no word (if we except *farewell* and such formations as *lamblike*) of two syllables of equal and heavy weight. In English hexameters, then, the quasi-spondaic trochee must masquerade as a spondee, and the heavy clamp of the very foot that binds and ballasts the Latin hexameter is absent. That leaves the line, for us, a light, rolling, instead of a heavy trampling line, and so unfit to carry the weight of sustained solemn poetry.

Nor does the English dactyl itself correspond adequately to the Latin dactyl. For the Latin dactyl is in its first syllable always long, that is, truly heavy in sound. But the first syllable of the English dactyl is often only stressed, that is, not heavy so much as explosive, as in words like *finishing*, *Vatican*. And this inferiority in weight both in the dactylic and in the spondaic members of the line destroys all but a surface similarity in the hexameter of the two languages.

On the hexameter an interesting sidelight is afforded by the respective *dicta—obiter*, no doubt, but characteristic—of Tennyson and Landor. The former, with an ear finely cultivated into sound-appreciations of metre, calls the hexameter the “stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.” Landor, by nature endowed with something of Milton’s unerring instinct for verbal music, declares that in comparison with Milton’s massive rhythms in *Paradise Lost*, even the great Homeric hexameter sounded tinkling!

The distinction between Latin and English, in regard to sound-values, is not correctly put by the statement sometimes made that Latin has quantity but English has not. The words *nation*, *nature*, and hundreds of others, are as absolutely long, in the quantity of their first syllables, as any Latin long quantity. The difference is that we have no love for long quantities, that, with us, long quantities do not persist; but in Latin the long quantities do persist. As soon as derivative forms like *national*, *natural*, *nobility*, appear, away go, or tend to go, the original long quantities of the first syllables. But no amount of derivative elongation destroyed the length of the original quantities in the Latin words.

Again, in the conventional long quantities ascribed to Latin vowels followed by two consonants (the vowels long “by position”), the Romans, through their love for really long syllables, endeavoured to turn the conventional into an approximation to real length; sounding, for instance, each *l* separately in a word like *mille*. We, however, do no such thing; our vowel in the word *million* being as really short as in the word *military*. And the Romans also bolstered up (what must have been) their short pronunciation of vowels before a consonant followed by *r*, as in the word *patris*, by declaring that before such a combination the vowel *might* be regarded as long. Thus, by refusal to let go of a long vowel when they had it in a vowel long “by nature,” and by forcing length on to vowels “long by position,” they succeeded, for as long as their language lasted, in preserving a symmetrical system of quantities for their hexameter lines. But the rapid dissolution of quantities that took place in “dog” and “monkish” Latin, shows that the Romans

themselves, had their rule and their language continued, would have first loosened, and then lost, their hold on the long quantities that they certainly loved.

23. *Other Classical Metres*

Other classical metres that have received some slight attention from some of our writers are the Alcaic and the Sapphic. The Alcaic stanza runs—

O mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies,
O skilled to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages.

TENNYSON.

He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly
His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia
Th' oak, forest and the wood that bore him,
Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.

A. H. CLOUGH.

The Sapphic seems to have been tried by Tennyson, with the result that he badly missed fire. Our best sapphics still remain those of Canning's *Needy Knife-grinder*. But they are a burlesque.

A singular fact about the classical metres attempted in English is that when writers are not professedly and officially attempting them, they succeed, as Clough did, in a good approximation. But when they formally announce themselves to be at the task, Tennyson, Clough, even Coleridge, are like people thrumming the piano with thick gloves on.

It is because of the absence of true spondees in English that the Asclepiads, the noblest and most sonorous of the classical measures, have not received any attention at the hands of English metrists. To begin every line with three real long syllables, and at the same time to preserve good sense and a natural flow, is quite impossible in our tongue.

24. *Verse-factors*

We have said that the recognition of metre in any given language of verse is not difficult, and that in consequence

a correct reading of verse in this regard alone is a simple matter. It must not, however, be forgotten that the metrical, though it is the differentiating, is by no means the only, element in verse-rhythm, and that all the other factors considered in our study of prose-rhythm enter into it as well. These are

1. Number of Syllables.
2. Number of Stresses.
3. Groupings of Stressed with Unstressed Syllables (feet).
4. Time required for saying the line, and the foot.
5. Pauses : their number, length, and distribution.
6. Sound-qualities (or natures).
7. Cadence (Pitch, Modulation); meaning the rise and fall of voice, as demanded by the thought and action of the passage.

25. *Reliefs to Monotony in Metre*

The monotony belonging to a rigid adaptation of any metre is frequently evaded by what we may call counter-metre stressings, which every good verse-writer intends, and every good verse-reader renders. Take for example the following lines by Tennyson—

1. Áh, / my Lórd / Árthur, / whither / shall I gó?
5 = 1 of ×, 1 of 1×, 2 of ×1, 1 of 2×.
2. Whére / shall I híde / my fórehead / and my éyes?
4 = 1 of ×, 2 of 2×, 1 of 1×1.
3. For nów / I sée / the trúe / óld / tímes / are déad,
6 = 4 of 1×, 2 of ×.
4. When évery / mórning / brougth / a nóble / chánce,
5 = 2 of 1×1, 1 of ×1, 2 of ×.
5. And évery / chánce / brougth out / a nóble / kníght.
5 = 2 of 1×1, 2 of ×, 1 of ×1.
6. Such tímes / have nót been / sínce / the líght / that léd
5 = 3 of 1×, 1 of 1×1, 1 of ×.
7. The hóly / Élders / with the gíft / of mýrrh.
4 = 1 of 1×1, 1 of ×1, 1 of 2×, 1 of 1×.
8. But nów / the whóle / Róund / Táble / is díssólved
5 = 2 of 1×, 1 of ×, 1 of ×1, 1 of 2×.
9. Whích / was an ímage / of the míghty / wórlđ;
4 = 2 of ×, 2 of 2×1.
10. And Í, / the lást, / go fórh / compánionless,
4 = 3 of 1×, 1 of 1×2.

11. And the dáys / dárken round me, / and the yeárs,
 3 = 2 of 2 ×, 1 of ×3.
12. Among nêw men, / strángo faces, / óther minds.
 3 = 1 of 2 × 1, 2 of ×2.

The metrical scheme of these lines would be described as the iambic pentameter. But the rigid application of this scheme in reading the lines aloud would be ruinous; stresses should rather be given as indicated by the accent marks.

Now, still regarding a foot as the group comprising a stressed syllable with its accompaniment of unstressed syllables, we find that this passage, so far from coming out as five times twelve iambic feet, contains fifty-three feet of highly varied constitutions—

12 of ×	7 of 1 × 1
14 of 1 ×	3 of 2 × 1
6 of × 1	1 of 1 × 2
7 of 2 ×	1 of × 3
	2 of × 2.

It will here be observed that single stressed syllables are sometimes regarded as divisions, and that in marking the divisions certain unstressed syllables have been grouped with a certain stressed syllable as constituting a division, in accordance with no seeming law (*e. g. a noble, of the mighty, companionless, darken round me*). It may also be said that more syllables ought to have been stressed, and so more divisions created.

26. *Metrophrasal Scansion*

The truth is, that in this sort of scansion there can be no law determining what and how many unstressed syllables are to go with any stressed one to constitute a foot. Nor can any law decide what syllables should receive a stress. Only the metrical sense of the divider can decide; and the only reason for dividing into feet at all is some sort of convenience for reference. If any canon operates in the determination of our divisions it is that no word shall be dismembered, and that the divisions shall as nearly as possible correspond with ordinary phrases. Since, however, they do not quite correspond with ordinary phrases, and on the other hand by no means correspond with the feet of the iambic-trochaic system,

but are merely divisions to assist metrical analysis, we may suggest for them the special name of *metrophrase*.

Now, seeing that a proper reading of this passage from Tennyson, or any other passage, requires stresses to be thrown in so irregular a way, the question arises whether it would not be well to throw overboard all the old machinery of rigid scansion, with its divisions of feet and its terminology of iambus, trochee, and the rest, and base a new scansion simply on an accurate indication of the syllables to which a good reader would give stress, together with an indication of where he would pause. Thus the scansion of the following lines would be shown by accent marks for stresses and cutting lines for pauses; these cutting lines not indicating feet in the old sense at all. Such a stress-pause scansion might if necessary be supplemented by the more detailed division into metrophrases.

27. *Examples in Metrophrasal Scansion*

1. Of mán's first disobédience, and the frúit
Of thát forbídden trée, whose mórtal táste
Brought death into the wórld, and áll our wóe.
MILTON.
2. Rést, and a wórld of leáves and stéaling stráem,
Or fálling bóon of the belóved hánd,
Or sólemn swóon of músic, máy allúre,
Homéward the ránging spírit of the Kíng.
S. PHILLIPS.
3. Bút the majéstic Ríver flóated on
Óút of the míst and húm of that lów lánd . . .
Óxus, forgétting the bríght spéed he had
In his hígh móuntain crádle in Pamére,—
A foiled, circúitous wánderer; till at lást
The lóng'd-for plásh of wáves is héárd.
M. ARNOLD.
4. Ángels, and Árchangels
Máy have gathered thére,
Chérubim, and Séraphim
Filled the air;
But ónly his Móther,
In her máiden blíss,
Gréeted the Belóved
With a kíss.
C. ROSSETTI.

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5. This is thát Lády Béauty, in whose práise
 Thy hánd and vóice sháke stíll :—lóng knówn to thee
 By fýing háir and flúttéring hém—the béat
 Fólloving her dáily of thy héart and féet,
 How pássionately, and irrétrievably,
 In what fónð flíght, how mány wáys and dáys !
D. G. ROSSETTI.
6. Áh, whát aváils the scéptred ráce,
 Áh, whát the fórm divíne :
 Whát évery virtue, évery grace !
 Rose Aýlmer, áll were thíne.
 Rose Aýlmer, whóm these wákeful eyes,
 Will wéep, but néver séc,
 A night of mémories and of síghs
 I consécrate to thée.
LANDOR.
7. For the dáy will sóon be óver, and the mínutes are of góld,
 And the wícket shúts at súndown, and the shépherd leáves
 the fólð.
8. Ó líttle héarts, that thrób and béat
 With such impátient féverish héat,
 Such líttle and stróng desíres ;
 Míne, that so lóng has glówed and búrnéd
 With pássions into áshes túrnéd
 Now cówers and conceáls its fíres.
LONGFELLOW.
9. They are áll góne into the wórld of líght,
 And Í alóne sít língéring hére ;
 Their very mémory is fáir and bríght,
 And my sád thóughts doth cléar.
VAUGHAN.
10. Lét us begín and cárry up this córpse,
 Síngring togéther.
 Leáve we the cómmon crófts, the vúlgar thórpes,
 Eách in his téther,
 Sléeping sáfe in the bósom of the pláin
 Cáred-for till cóck-crow ;
 Look óút if yónder be not dáy agáin
 Rímring the rók-row !
BROWNING.
11. Will nó one téll me whát she síngs ?
 Perháps the pláintive núbmers flów
 For óld, unháppy, fár-off thíngrs,
 And báttles lóng agó ;
 Or is it sóme more húmble láy,
 Fámíliar máttér of to-dáy ?

Some náatural sórror, lóss, or páin,
That háas been, and máy be agáin?

WORDSWORTH.

12. Thén áll abóut that stárry séa,
There róse a grátulating stír,
Her féllows for áll tíme to be
In chóral cóngress gréeting her,
With áir-born sóng and fláshing smíles,
A sísterhood of glórious ísles.

E. MYERS.

28. *Metrophrasal and Traditional Scansion compared*

Whatever opinion there may be as to the correctness and interpretative success of the actual stressings and divisions shown in these passages, there can be no doubt that the attempt to divide verses into these metaphrases is both more useful and more intelligent than the division of them into iambs, trochees, and the other classical feet. Metrophrasal divisions conform to the manner in which the lines should be read. They avoid stresses on prepositions and conjunctions, and they dispense with the segmentation of single words into parted syllables; which are gains on the side of naturalness in speech. The weak point about the metaphrasal segmentation is obvious. It appears to render verse as erratic and unstable in its stress movements as prose is; and so to break down the distinction between verse and prose.

This difficulty has been partly met by our previous remark that verse is distinguished from prose by a greater compression of thought and consequently of phrase; also by a special selection of theme, since not all themes lend themselves to, or demand, compressed expression. These, however, are not the only distinguishing features. Verse is certainly distinguished from prose by *some* quality of sound. What is that quality? What is the unit of that quality that pervades verse and makes it measurable and analysable? The answer, in the light of the passages marked above, is that this quality is not stress alone (as the classical scansionists say) but, chiefly, time, and, with time, as making a factor of it, pause. Time and stress, working together, inseparably,

are the distinguishing marks in sound of Verse. And as a rule we may say the number of stresses bears a due relation to the amount of time required for the saying of a line. The stresses by themselves are not the units. For in the lines they differ considerably, both in number and in distribution.

But where in, for example, the pentameter they fall short of five, a longer pause makes up the time of the line, and this restores the metrical shape. Or, it is possible that stress-*force* may be regarded as to some extent supplementing and balancing stress-number.

In any case, stress-number, stress-force, and stress-position are all aspects of stress that enter into metre and partly govern it; and these, with evenness of time as helped by pause, are the differentiating sound-qualities between verse and prose.

Let us examine a few lines in detail, in order to exemplify this statement.

Quénched in / the cháste / beáms of / the wát / ery móon.

This is the classical scansion of the line; and its explanation is that the line is an iambic pentameter, where, in feet 1 and 3, a trochee has replaced an iambus.

Quénched / in the cháste / beáms / of the wátéry / móon.

This is the metrophrasal scansion. Its explanation is that, in time, the line will correspond with its fellows; there has been no segmentation of individual words; the divisions indicate pauses much more accurately than do the classical divisions; they nearly correspond to ordinary sense-phrases, except that epithets are separated from their nouns; but even here pause is often made in delivery between epithet and noun to emphasize the force of the epithet; on the whole, the line is divided actually as it would be read.

And óne / by óne / crept silently / to rést.

In this line the classical scansion seems to break down altogether. The words "crept silently," refuse to be scanned. "Crept" must be stressed; and so must the first syllable of "silently." We are in an impasse. Both sense and its

sound-nature refuse to grant the only escape—that “ crept ” should be unstressed.

And óne / by óne / crépt / silently / to rést.

Here, in the metrophrasal division, sense, sound-nature, and time, are all satisfied. The single stressed word, clearly enunciated and paused after, that occupies so large a place in our verse, takes its place comfortably, because it pays no heed to the artificial idea that another syllable must be in metrical accompaniment with it; and the word “ silently ” has not to be explained as bearing a secondary stress.

On the whole, therefore, the situation as to scanning and measuring verse seems to be this. In abandoning classical scansion, we abandon a mechanical system based on a mechanical unit, a system which is not in consonance with the facts either of production or delivery, a system which probably obtained in early attempts in verse, and might have its use in training the verse-potentialities and instincts of children; but, by the masters of verse, has been departed from far too widely to be recognizable, certainly in fact, and almost in theory. It would be hard to point to any poet, except possibly Chaucer, Spenser, and the rigid versifiers of the eighteenth century, whose verses could in the main, or could satisfactorily, be resolved into the feet of classical scansion. Certain poems there are, of course, whose metrical form is rigid enough for the classicists—especially in the trochaic metres; for instance, *Hiawatha*. But in that poem the resultant seesaw is absolutely distressing; and of the three elements in *Hiawatha* that detract from its literary value—its glibness, its overweighty cargo of Indian names, and its metrical monotony—the last is far the most damaging.

In substituting metrophrasal for classical scansion, we are of course putting a fluidity for a rigidity, a complex for a simple, a unitless for a unit-affording, scheme. But we are in the free and natural world of real achievement, analysing and explaining what poets do, and not what it would be highly convenient that they should do. Moreover, though more delicate, metrophrasal scansion is not more difficult

to those who have a true perception of the harmonious relations which poets preserve between sense and sound. And it is only those who have this perception that ought to be moving in the matter of scansion at all. The rest, who are in the majority, are not competent in this special point, and should seek their literary exercise in another field.

As to the names we might use for the metrophrasal divisions, the best and simplest would be names indicating the number of syllables the division contains, with the position among these syllables taken by the stressed one. Thus "palpitating" is a four-first, "meretricious" a four-third, "alone" a two-second. This terminology is very simple; there is nothing high-flown about it; but it is unmistakable, and it has no false analogies or suggestions.

As regards scansion in examination papers, the old requests to scan according to iambuses, etc., have two serious objections. One is that the exercise is mechanical and unintelligent, since it can be done by counting the syllables and marking off twos or threes. The other is that, when done, it does not indicate what the proper reading of the passage should be. A request to (1) show real stresses, (2) divide into metrophrases by single lines, (3) divide into pauses by double-lines, is the form which scansion questions should rather assume.

29. *The Pauses of Verse*

If the good reading aloud of Prose is a difficult art, and one of which it is rare to find an able exponent, the good reading of Verse is still more difficult. For, as in Prose, sound-nature, pause, pace, pitch, have to receive, all of them, full attention; and, in addition, the recognition of metre ought to be preserved. It is not unusual to find verse read only with endeavour to convey its sense. Its sound, however, is quite as important. To read rimed iambic lines—the heroic couplet, for instance—with the run-on from one line to the next, that the sense will often bear, but the metre will not, is to defeat altogether the object of writing in verse. The sense of the special form used should never desert the reader, should be persistently—but of course not painfully—conveyed

to the hearer. That even teachers of elocution, who, if any one, should most carefully guard the subject, do not understand this, which is one of the obvious and primary principles of verse-recitation, is seen in the atrocious printing, so often found in handbooks, of verse-passages in run-on prose form, as an instruction how to read them. The only canon by which any tendency to murder verse by such improper run-on reading can be successfully met is to insist on *some* pause, however slight, at the end of each line.

To combine this end-pause, which is the safeguard of the metre, with such variations of pace as shall suit the sense, is the chief problem of verse-reading; but it should be within the power of any reader of literary instinct, whose attention has seriously been called to the necessity of adjusting, in the reading of verse, sense and sound.

Punctuation, in this matter, is only of little help. For Punctuation, as remarked before, though it can indicate some amount of pause, is quite insufficient to indicate all the pause that a good reader will make. Moreover, the function of Punctuation does not touch the province of sound. Sometimes it may happen, as in end-stopped lines, that sound-pause and sense-pause coincide. But Punctuation belongs to sense-pause alone, and in the majority of well-written verses a comma cannot be placed at the end of each line, because the sense of the words would be injured. The reader of verse who is guided by, or hopes to be guided by, Punctuation, is in the position of one who thinks to reach a window ten feet high with a pole two feet long. The world he moves about in is unrealized. It is his own metrical sense, instructed by the metrical sense of some one who does not teach elocution, but feels literature, that alone can aid him.

Pause, it is well to remember, subserves, very subtly, the emphasis as well as the bare meaning, the emotional force as well as the intellectual comprehensibility, of the passage to which it is applied. In ordinary readings, it is, indeed, difficult to distinguish between pauses for mere clarity and pauses for emotional effect. A man calling to another across a breeze or across a great echoing space may, of course, pause deliberately after each word he speaks. But that is an

artificial condition that does not ordinarily prevail. Usually, the pauses made by a reader are for the purpose of putting into proper relation the manifold delicacies of subtlety or surprise that the feeling of the passage contains, apart from, or in addition to, its mere sense. And it is wonderful what differences of effect are thus producible. Not only will one reader charge with vigour, or raise into dignity, or suffuse with tenderness a passage that another reader has failed to touch with any of these, but sometimes he will even surprise the writer himself with the added attributes he reveals in the work. And Pause is, largely, the instrument of the change.

How far instruction can be given in Pause so that a competent shall direct a less competent reader how to provide it, is difficult to say. For Pause involves two elements—the place it is to occupy, and the time. Place may, of course, be indicated by some symbol—though, as we have said, the marks of Punctuation are not sufficient for such indication. But time—the amount of Pause that shall be made—is the subtler of the elements, because it may be so fractionally varied; easily relapsing into deadening over-length, or still more easily into distressing staccato syncopation. Here, there is good opportunity for reflecting the spirit of the composition dealt with—good opportunity, but in a delicate medium. Still, in reading-classes a teacher will do well to give some definite and separated attention to the matter of pause, showing, as occasion allows, how effectively this little-studied instrument of rhythm may be utilized by those who care to examine the minutiae of the arts that constitute good reading aloud.

In Verse, especially, the art of Pause in its intention and result is particularly worthy of note. We have distinguished between metre and rhythm. We have seen that one pause, that, namely, at the end of a line, is to be regarded as due to the metre, safeguarding and defining it. But all good lines—or nearly all—at all events, of the longer lines, are balanced so as to carry an in-pause, known as *Cæsura* (if not more than one), as well. And the place of this in-pause, by good rhythmists, is judiciously varied. So Milton and Shakespeare, to be properly read, exhibit this in-pause of rhythmic

incidence as variously, in consecutive lines, as the following instances show. But Pope, the sufficient metrist but incompetent rhythmist, sets up, by identical placing of the in-pause, an intolerable monotony.

Shakespeare—

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
 That, if I then had waked after long sleep
 Will make me sleep again; and then, in dreaming,
 The clouds methought would open, and show riches
 Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
 I cried to dream again.

Milton—

And now the sun, with more effectual beams
 Had cheered the face of earth and dried the wet
 From dropping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
 After a night of storm so ruinous,
 Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.

Pope—

What can atone (O ever injured shade !)
 Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier :
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned
 By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned !

30. *Kinds of Verse-pause*

From these considerations as to Pause, it appears that Pauses may be divided into three classes. First the Pause for meaning and emphasis, which is not a rhythmic pause at all. Second, the metric Pause, at the end of a line, to define the metre. This is rhythmic in its incidence, and may coincide with a meaning pause. Third, the rhythmic Pause which occurs as a balancing in-pause or cæsura in all good lines of Verse. The Prose reader is, of course, not affected by the metric pause. He has, however, to be particularly

careful of the meaning and emphasis pause, and he has to distribute, in an unteachable but most effective way, rhythmic pauses all over any Prose, especially that of moving intention and quality.

31. *Modulations in Reading Verse*

But if, in reading Verse, Pause is a difficult art, the next art we come to is one of such delicate indefinable character that to call it art at all, and not rather an instinctive intuitive response to the intelligence imparted and the emotion generated by the matter read, is perhaps a mistake. This is that ever-changing rise and fall, in pitch and in intensity, of the vibrant sensitive voice, which is modulation, and results in Cadence. This it is that touches and thrills, in prayer or in menace, in tenderness or fury, in beauty or sorrow, when the genius of oratory conveys through spoken utterance the message of the written word. Rules for Cadence there are none; for rules can help only towards mechanical effects; and we can as easily be made to feel sad or glad by a rule as made competent by it to interpret the sadness or gladness that we have not first felt. In other words, Cadence depends upon our own insight into truth, and sensibility of feeling. The fine mind is the mind that reads with fine Cadence, and without instructions this mind will reduce to adequate vocal interpretation what it has found to move it. But the stony, wooden mind that, having little to confer, finds little to perceive, will hardly be enabled, in such delicate interplay as this, to render, by rule or any external injunction, the force or grace of what it has to read.

It comes then to this, that, as part of the good reader's equipment, and of his contribution to the author's purpose, insight and sensibility, true and delicate, are to be acquired. And to acquire them there is but one way; to keep the company of wise and gracious minds, to learn their great language, catch their clear accents, submit to the influences they continually send forth; in a word, to read assiduously the best literature. This, as a general practice. But it may be specialized, with great utility, towards a definite end by selecting certain passages to read over at stated

times; just before settling down, say, to some composition of one's own. Thus the mental ear, attuned, in what it has just perused, to some fitting scale or tone of verbal harmony, may carry that on, like a guide or teacher—all in a sub-conscious way—into the sphere of one's own operation; so that the writer in whose mind still rings the delicate music of Pater, the graceful melody of Thackeray, or the triumphal reverberations of Browne, however short his prose may fall in absolute approximation to these, shall be saved at all events from degeneracy into formless, rhythmless prose. And, in like manner, a page of Milton, or a passage of Landor, will keep in some degree of security the music of his verse.

32. *Exercises in Verse-Composition*

Guidance in verse rhythms, and control in them, is usefully imparted by exercises in re-converting into verse pieces which have been broken up into prose-form. This exercise may advance from the simplest verses to the more cunning articulations which our "metaphysical" and some of our most modern poets have composed. Such exercise involves on the part of him who sets it the disagreeable task of dis-integrating the fine rhythm of a beautiful verse into the harsh and awkward form that such writing, not intended for prose, must assume in prose form. But this must be overlooked in consideration of the benefit to the pupil.

In the simplest forms of this exercise, rime words in the original will of course give clues and helps. Rime is no necessary factor of verse; although, in innumerable cases it appears and affords astonishing charm. Rime is constituted by an identity and also a disparity in two stressed syllables; an identity in the closing, a disparity in the opening sound of them. *Paul, tall; amber, clamber; clarity, charity; simulation, stimulation*, are all correct rimes; for in cases where unstressed syllables follow the stressed riming syllables, the unstressed syllables must be actually the same in both the words.

But in practice several departures from true rimes are made. First, there is the Forced rime, where the writer knowing the rime to be defective yet uses it (*house, rouse*). Second, the

Miscarried rime, the composer's ear having evidently deceived him into supposing that rime exists where it does not (*blundered, hundred*). These are very liable to appear in rimes of popular non-literary origin, such as nursery-rimes and riming proverbs. Last, there are the pure False rimes, where through ignorance a supposition is made which knowledge would have altered (*Boulogne, strong*).

Of these, the forced rime is quite literary, has been employed by the best writers, and sometimes pleases through its slight strangeness. In this class must be put those rimes to the eye and not to the ear which writers use to eke out the comparatively small number of true rimes that exist in our language—*storm, worm; neat, great*.

33. Rimes

Rime is one of the phonic devices which, like metre itself, Prose does not anywhere normally admit. But there are several phonic devices which are common to both Verse and Prose.

In the following lines we have an effective irregularity both in the number of beats in the lines and of the rime-placings.

	Far, far from here	<i>a</i>
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay		<i>b</i>
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there		<i>c</i>
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,		<i>c</i>
And by the sea, and in the brakes,		<i>d</i>
The grass is cool, the sea-side air		<i>c</i>
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain-flowers		<i>e</i>
More virginal and sweet than ours,		<i>e</i>
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,		<i>d</i>
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia		<i>b</i>
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,		<i>f</i>
In breathless quiet, after all their ills,		<i>g</i>
Nor do they see their country, nor the place		<i>h</i>
Where the Sphink lived among the frowning hills,		<i>g</i>
Nor the unhappy palace of their race,		<i>h</i>
Nor Thebes, nor the Ismenus, any more.		<i>f</i>

M. ARNOLD.

In-rime—

To robe and crown the king steep down,
To meet and greet her on her way.

TENNYSON.

May Life that's fleet be sweet I pray,
 Within your manor old.

A. LANG.

Forced or Perverse Rimes—

And left all way, by his example,
 Reduced to vict'ling of a camp well.

BUTLER.

And followed with a world of tall lads,
 That merry ditties trolled, and ballads.

BUTLER.

The beaten soldier proves most manful,
 That like his sword endures the anvil.

BUTLER.

Miscarried Rimes—

Of all the fair-cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
 None so fair thy bosom strows,
 As this modest maiden lily
 Our sins have shamed into a rose.

CRASHAW.

What woeful stuff this madrigal would be
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer or me !
 But let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens ! How the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

POPE.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
 Between the child and woman,
 And thoughts and feelings more profound
 And other years are coming.

Ride a cock-horse
 To Banbury Cross.

Imperfect Rimes—

And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
 With the cool epode of a graver note,
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of War's hoarse bird.
 Her little soul is ravished, and so pour'd
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
 Above herself, Music's Enthusiast.

CRASHAW.

I mind me in the days departed,
 How often underneath the sun
 With childish bounds I used to run
 To a garden long deserted.

E. B. BROWNING.

Who having once begirt the palace,
 As once a month they do the gallows.

BUTLER.

Imperfect rimes may be of three kinds. 1. The commencing consonant-sounds may not definitely differ, as when *hart* and *art* are rimed. 2. The vowel-sounds may not be identical, as in *girl* and *pearl*. 3. The closing consonant-sounds may not be identical, although of the same phonic class, as in *choice* and *noise*. Imperfection of these kinds is often quite deliberate, absolute perfection being sometimes apparently regarded as monotonous if too long sustained—just as absolute metrical regularity would be. Hence we find such distinguished word-musicians as Rossetti and Swinburne practising No. 3 with fair frequency. But a miscarried rime can be perpetrated only by a really false ear: *fill thee* and *lily*, *dash* and *catch*, *blundered* and *hundred*. It is astonishing to find so painstaking a metrist as Tennyson perpetrating the last pair. Swinburne's early judgment on Tennyson's ear, pronouncing it to be laboriously and artificially trained, not innate and spontaneous, receives, in this instance, a singular justification. Besides the imperfect and the miscarried, there may be the perverse rime, in which the writer purposely twists, mostly for a ludicrous effect, words into the semblance of rime.

34. Alliteration in Verse

There is alliteration, which means the approximation of syllables commencing with the same sound. This approximation must of course be such as is recognizable; that is to say, it may range from actual juxtaposition to a distance of several words. And the alliterating sounds should come on stressed syllables if they are to be emphatic.

No device of phonic character in language is more catchy, more effective, or more dangerous than alliteration. Its

very effectiveness invites to over use. It should be reserved for occasional introduction only. If chosen for short sentences of pithy striking quality, it assists their emphasis; even in these, it should not become clotted, but remain crisp. Besides this pointed variety of alliteration, there is the other, far more attractive, variety, belonging to the long flowing sentence; where it lurks about quietly, not calling sharp attention to itself, as it must do in the short sentence, but gently adding to the music in a manner hardly to be traced except upon a second and analytic reading.

Of the two varieties, the pointed is, naturally, the easier to produce. It calls for little art, and sometimes, to force it in, we rather strain the natural meaning of some of the words it includes. The subtle variety succeeds only in the hands of a skilled master in the craft of words. Between these two conscious varieties there comes a third rushing variety which seems the natural expression of certain writers keenly susceptible to the large and rapid movements of verbal rhythm; of whom Ruskin and Swinburne are types.

Alliteration—

With twice-twelve Phrygian ships I plough'd the deep,
 And made that way my mother Venus led;
 But of them all scarce seven do anchor safe,
 And they so wrack'd and welter'd by the waves,
 As every tide tilts 'twixt their oaken sides;
 And all of them, unburthen'd of their load,
 Are ballasted with billiows' watery weight.

MARLOWE.

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
 Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
 What Flame-eyed Fury means to smite, can save.

QUARLES.

To these we might add any poem of Swinburne's.

While alliteration is usually thought of and practised in connexion only with consonants, it must not be forgotten that the softer and sweeter alliteration of vowels is an instrument of extraordinary charm in the more convoluted and periodic sentences of an earlier day than ours. Given over as we are to the short businesslike sentence, we hardly offer

scope to the full effects that masterly alliteration has in its power to yield.

For a further comment on Alliteration, see chap. XVII on Literary Device.

35. *Assonance*

Assonance is a phonic device that differs from rime in demanding identity in stressed vowel-sound alone (not in closing consonant-sound as well). Thus *plate, rail, raid* are in assonance. It can hardly be said to have much application or value in English, though it forms a leading feature in Spanish verse.

Rime, Alliteration, and Assonance are clearly devices of sound-nature, though sound-position is of course involved. There are, however, devices of sound which belong to position entirely, and may considerably affect rhythm.

36. *Balance*

The first of these is Balance, or parallelism of order in placing sentence-parts. If such parts are of about equal length in two consecutive sentences, and also placed in the same order, they set up a certain balanced rhythm which is for the moment effective. If this repetition occurs too often, a mechanical sensation is induced, which is by no means attractive. Should we discover a tendency to too much balance in our prose, the remedy is to employ a different structure altogether for one of the balancing sentences. Occasionally, especially in short sentences, the definitely opposite device of Chiasmus may be effectively introduced; where instead of the order *ab* repeated in the second sentence we reverse it to *ba*. So "a feather in his cap, and a bee in his bonnet" becomes "a feather in his cap and in his bonnet a bee." "Sweet records, promises as sweet," "lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their deaths not divided," are other instances of Chiasmus.

37. *Onomatopœia*

Onomatopœia is the general name given to all sound-device where there has been a selection of single or consecutive sounds that suggest or accompany the sense as music "accom-

panies" the words of a song. Many of our simple single words have been formed on this principle—*bang, groan, patter*. But the literary art of Onomatopœia consists rather in spreading over the rhythm of a whole passage such movements of sibilancy, languor, glide, sharpness, heaviness, roughness, or rapidity as suit and reflect the general character of its meaning. This is almost as much as to say that onomatopœia is the only art of rhythm. But as usually applied the term refers rather to definite efforts towards special effects in particular places. Thus—

The moan of doves in immemorial elms
And murmur of innumerable bees !

TENNYSON.

Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings.

MILTON.

Onomatopœia depends upon a fine perception of consonant and of vowel values in words. A language like ours, which abounds in consonants, naturally leads verse-writers to make most play with these. But vowels, of course, afford the sweeter and softer music; and the poets of the finest ear like Milton, Coleridge, and Rossetti (and in a more obvious and laboured way, Tennyson), have frequently turned the capacities of the vowel to great account.

Consonant management—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the stream when Zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar,
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the plain.

POPE.

Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

W. C. BRYANT.

So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Moved on; with difficulty and labour he.

MILTON.

King Philip had vaunted his claims;
 He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
 With an army of heathenish names
 He was coming to fagot and stack us;
 Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
 And shatter our ships on the main;
 But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
 And where are the galleons of Spain?

A. DOBSON.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,
 It never was writ in the traveller's chart,
 And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
 It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
 The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
 And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;
 No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart,
 Only the song of a secret bird.

SWINBURNE.

Vowel management—

The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices.

TENNYSON.

Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons.

TENNYSON.

And like the moan of lions hurt to death
 Came the sea's hollow noise along the night.

SWINBURNE.

I played a soft and doleful air,
 I sang an old and moving story—
 An old rude song, that suited well
 That ruin wild and hoary.

COLERIDGE.

Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
 The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
 The lifted, shifted steps and all the way?—
 That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
 And in regenerate rapture turns my face
 Upon the devious coverts of dismay.

ROSSETTI.

Mind'st thou not (when June's heavy breath
 Warmed the long days in Nazareth),
 That eve thou didst go forth to give
 Thy flowers some drink that they might live
 One faint night more amid the sands?
 Far off the trees were as pale wands
 Against the fervid sky; the sea
 Sighed further off eternally
 As human sorrow sighs in sleep.
 Then suddenly the awe grew deep,
 As of a day to which all days
 Were footsteps in God's secret ways :
 Until a folding sense, like prayer,
 Which is, as God is, everywhere,
 Gathered about thee; and a voice
 Spoke to thee without any noise,
 Being of the silence :—" Hail," it said,
 " Thou that highly favoured;
 The Lord is with thee here and now;
 Blessed among all women thou? "

ROSSETTI.

And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

CAMPBELL.

There are countless opportunities for sound-effects, all of which pertain to the great principle of Onomatopœia, but are impossible to discriminate and label, as Alliteration and Rime and Assonance may be discriminated. The line " And the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home," the sentence " The greatest of these is Charity," the phrase " Of that celestial harmony I go to " are beautifully, but unclassifiably, cadenced.

38. *Modificative Exercises in Verse*

Exercises in verse composition may be Creative, Modificative, or a mixture of both. The Modificative is the easiest variety, and consists of restoring to verse order the actual words of a passage presented as prose. If this is done with a piece where rimes occur in regular places, the rimes of course afford considerable assistance. Pieces, next, where the verse is of irregular line-lengths, or where the rimes

occur in irregular places, might be employed. And, lastly, blank-verse pieces will close the varieties of this class of exercise.

Thus, in ascending order of difficulty, the following passages typify modificative exercises that may be given.

1. At even, O Lord, ere the sun was set, the sick lay around Thee ; they met—oh, with what divers pains ! they went away—oh, with what joy !

2. The Danube gave to the Severn the darkened heart that beat no more ; by the pleasant shore they laid him, and in the hearing of the wave.

3. When I am dead, come not to drop upon my grave thy foolish tears, to vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save, and trample round the head, fallen. Let the plover cry, and the wind sweep there ; but thou go by.

4. Against my head Harry Bolingbroke hath three times made power ; from sandy-bottomed Severn and the banks of Wye thrice I have sent him back weather-beaten, and home bootless.

In this exercise, not mere sense, nor even mere satisfaction to metrical requirement is to be sought, but the deeper demand for the better movements of rhythm. Pieces 3 and 4 especially illustrate the fact that a satisfying metrical setting may be achieved, but the better rhythmical sweep and clinch may be missed. And, indeed, we may regard such exercises as comparatively useless unless the great difference between mere metre and the finest—that is, the most majestic or the most delicate—rhythm is constantly inculcated. For the object of ninety-nine hundredths of all our exercises in composition is directed after all to inculcating the power of producing strong and graceful prose ; and it is by means of rhythm, as rendered by our great verse-writers, that this power can most satisfactorily be induced. First to know that rhythm is a more potent quality than is often suspected ; secondly, to watch the means by which rhythm has been attained ; thirdly, to practise its attainment by exercises leading on from recovery to creation, are points to which every teacher of composition should direct his pupils' work, and every learner direct his own.

Creative exercises in verse should begin with those where, partial data being supplied, completion is required. Rime

words, the few words leading up to rime words, the whole line containing a rime word, may be omitted for the student to insert; the different insertions offered being carefully compared, as to their satisfaction of sense, metre, and rhythm. Here, again, the satisfaction of the first two points, though something, is not all. A rime, for instance, may be both sensible in meaning and a true rime. But another rime-word in its place may have some further rhythmical advantage such as alliteration, or increased consonantal weight—or lightness. A careful and considered criticism in all these cases is much more valuable than the accomplishment of many exercises in a careless and rapid way. *Non multa sed multum* is essentially the motto here.

39. *Creative Exercises in Verse*

Purely creative exercises in verse should be regulated, to begin with, by requirements as to metre, stanza, and rime-scheme to be employed, together with the scene and subject to be versified; and by a limitation to little and good rather than encouragement to fluent commonplace. Here, as in all composition, the value of the epithet—its scope and power of elevating the ordinary to the distinguished, is to be emphasized. To teach economy, again, in syntactical compression, to decry the diffuse, to pack richness in a little room, is a department of English work to which verse composition particularly lends itself. This decrying of the fluent and diffuse, unkind as it may seem towards a beginner's efforts, is really of importance from the very first. The *power* of writing verse easily will not be robbed from those who possess it by a strict criticism of the quality of what they write. The easy verse-writer is, of course, in a minority; but he is born, not made, and the trouble is to check him in his undistinguished flow. If, from the first, he is trained in proper values, he should become a very accomplished verse-writer; and it is the teacher's duty to intercept what would otherwise be an easy glide into permanent mediocrity.

And even with the majority of students, who find it a labour to write satisfactory verse at all, and who will never err on the side of fluency, the training in finding and placing

words to satisfy both sense and sound in an excellent and not in a merely passable way, is all for the good. For it will react on their style in prose, and in that way promote what, we must repeat, is the principal end of all English teaching, namely, to produce a good prose style.

EXERCISES IN VERSE

1. Restore to rimed Verse-form—

- (1) That mild vision left me two locks—and they are wondrous fair ;
from the mother's hair is the brown, from the child is the blonde.
And the evening-red grows pale when I view the lock of gold ;
but I wish that I were dead when I behold the dark lock.
- (2) On the lips that in their bloom he has pressed, rest the mossy
marbles ; and for many a year have been carved on the tomb
the names he loved to hear.
- (3) Ye Stygian set, conveyed in one boat with Dirce, stand around
close ; or, seeing, Charon may forget that she is a shade and
he, old.
- (4) Whispering low into my ear I know not what, Death above me
stands ; all I know of his strange language is, there is of fear
not a word.
- (5) She has now no motion, no force ; neither sees she nor hears,
rolled round with trees and stones and rocks in Earth's diurnal
course.
- (6) Herself hand in hand will lead us to him round whom all souls
kneel—the unnumbered, clear-ranged heads—bowed, with their
aureoles ; and, meeting us, angels to their citoles and citherns
shall sing.
- (7) Lay me down under the starry and wide sky, and let me die ; glad
did I live, and die gladly, and with a will I laid me down.
The verse you carve for me be this :—He lies low, where he
longed to be ; Home, home from the sea, is the sailor, and home
from the hill the hunter.
- (8) I have looked where Littlejohn lies on the moorland hillside.
He sleeps sound who once made the forest ring with his welcom-
ing of Robin Hood and of Marian in the gay distant greenwood.
- (9) No more the blazing hearth will burn, nor busy housewife ply her
evening care, for them ; no children, to lisp their sire's return
run, nor, the envied kiss to share, climb his knees.
- (10) I saw at length within call, standing there, a lady, divinely
tall and most divinely fair, stiller than chiselled marble, a
daughter of the gods. Her loveliness froze my swift speech

with surprise and with shame; she, turning the starlike sorrow of eyes immortal on my face, slowly spake in her place.

- (11) Between us there is a wood and a mountain, where, eventide and noon and morning, the late bird and lone shepherd have seen us repress. The wood and the mountain seem now standing between us darker than they stood last year, and, alas, alas, say we must not cross.
- (12) Flower after flower, leaf after leaf, drops off, some in the chill hour, some in the warmer; they flourish alike and they fall alike, and them all, Earth, who nourished them, receives. Should we, her wiser sons, be less content, when life is spent, to sink into her lap.
2. Put into Blank verse—
- (1) A world of leaves, and stealing stream and rest, or solemn swoon of music, or falling boon of the hand beloved, may allure the ranging spirit of the King homeward.
- (2) Yonder in the wood there lurk three villains, and each of them is armed wholly, and one is larger-limbed than you are, and they say that while ye pass they will fall upon you.
- (3) Every icy crag and the leafless trees tinkled like iron; while into the tumult the distant hills sent an alien sound of not-unnoticed melancholy, while the stars were sparkling clear eastward, and the orange sky of evening died away in the west.
- (4) But were mine the tongue and tune of Orpheus, so that crying in hymns to Kore and her lord I might rescue thee from Hades—I would go down, and neither Charon, he whose oar sends across souls, nor Plouton's dog should stay me, till I made thee stand living, within the light again! But, failing this, await me, there where thou art, when I die; make ready, my house-mate still, our abode!
- (5) Hyperion, ere half this region whisper had come down, arose, and lifted his curved lids and kept them wide on the stars, until it ceased; and he still kept them wide: and they were still the same patient, bright stars. Then, like to a diver in the pearly sea, he stooped forward, with a slow incline of his broad breast, over the airy shore, and plunged into the deep night, all noiseless.
- (6) He spake: and his lineaments straight began to fade; and Nanna stretched out her arms towards him in her sleep, with a cry—but he shook his head mournfully, and disappeared. And as the woodman, afield, sees hang in the air and disappear, a little smoke, so Balder in the night faded away. And Nanna sank back on her bed; but then Frea, the mother of the Gods, with painless and swift stroke, set her airy soul free, which on Balder's track took the way below; and the sacred morn instantly appeared.

3. Showing how to improve, by changes in either diction or order, the following, and state whether the change effects (*a*) clearness, (*b*) poetic quality, (*c*) rhythm, (*d*) emphasis, (*e*) energy, (*f*) grace, (*g*) correctness.

- (1) Alas, for her that met me
 That heard me quietly call
 Came walking through the creepers
 At the quiet evenfall
 In the garden by the turrets
 Of the old hall.
- (2) Now three times that morning had Guinevere climbed
 The giant tower from whose high top, it is said,
 Men saw the handsome hills of Somerset,
 And white sails sailing on the yellow sea.
- (3) But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within and they have imbibed that colour
 In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
 Midway his chariot-wheel stands in the wave :
 Shake one and it awakens; then apply
 To your attentive ear its polished lips,
 And its glorious abodes it remembers,
 And as the ocean murmurs murmurs there.
- (4) When laying at the gate your burden down,
 And with long wandering dizzy you embrace
 The quiet and cool of a homespun bed
 Oh, what more pleasant than the sigh short-breathed.

4. Complete into good rimed verse—

- | | | |
|-----|---|----------|
| (1) | Is it not better at an early hour | <i>a</i> |
| | In its calm cell to rest the weary head | <i>b</i> |
| | While birds are singing, and while — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | Than sit the fire out and — — — —. | <i>b</i> |
| (2) | With none I strove for — — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | Nature I loved and next — — — | <i>b</i> |
| | I warmed both hands before the fire of life | <i>a</i> |
| | It sinks; and I am ready to depart. | <i>b</i> |
| (3) | You call it sundew; how it grows | <i>a</i> |
| | If with its colour it have breath | <i>b</i> |
| | If life taste sweet to it or death | <i>b</i> |
| | Pain its soft petal — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | Man hath no sight — — — —. | <i>b</i> |
| (4) | I came like one whose thoughts half linger | <i>a</i> |
| | — — — | <i>b</i> |
| | The youngest to the — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | — — — | <i>b</i> |

- | | | |
|-----|---|----------|
| | I found him whom I shall not find | <i>c</i> |
| | — — — — | <i>d</i> |
| | I holiest age — — — | <i>c</i> |
| | — — —. | <i>d</i> |
| (5) | When the roads are heavy with mire and rut | <i>a</i> |
| | In November fogs — — — | <i>b</i> |
| | When the North wind howls — — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | There is place and enough for the pains of prose; | <i>b</i> |
| | But whenever a scent — — — — | <i>b</i> |
| | And the jasmin-stars — — — — | <i>c</i> |
| | And a Rosalind-face — — — — | <i>b</i> |
| | Then hey !—for the ripple of laughing rime. | <i>c</i> |
| (6) | Theudas, the — apostle of the Lord | <i>a</i> |
| | Upon the anvil — — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | And left the smithy work that from a child | <i>b</i> |
| | He had — upon the mountain wild | <i>b</i> |
| | So — that all men to him went | <i>c</i> |
| | For household or for — — | <i>c</i> |
| | Yea, and he loved the art he — — | <i>d</i> |
| | No wife, no child had he; he was bereaved | <i>d</i> |
| | Of all that he held dear when he gave up | <i>e</i> |
| | The fashioning of — — — — | <i>e</i> |
| | And all the objects — or strong | <i>f</i> |
| | That to the — — — —. | <i>f</i> |
| (7) | Tintern, where the monks were merry | <i>a</i> |
| | As they fished — — — | <i>a</i> |
| | While the evening sun was bright; | <i>b</i> |
| | Where be now their creeds, epistles, | <i>c</i> |
| | Scapularies, — — — | <i>c</i> |
| | Gone, like them, — — —. | <i>b</i> |
| (8) | To my ninth lustre have I journeyed on | <i>a</i> |
| | Far from the lines where — youth is ranged | <i>b</i> |
| | Many who — with me now are gone | <i>a</i> |
| | I still am left, alas, — — —. | <i>b</i> |

Blank verse—

- (9) This is the poet whose — and — tones,
 — across the — centuries,
 Have hushed the Forum's — and the —
 Of — legions and — shouts
 For Roman — and for emperors.
 Those are not heard to-day—or — heard
 But in the hearts of all men these —
 Like — music through a — of gold
 The — melody of Vergil's —.

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5. Discuss and classify these rimes :—dawn, corn (W. Morris); her, bear (Byron); loosened, dew send (Browning); dab brick, fabric (Browning); blundered, hundred (Tennyson); sorrow, Yarrow (Wordsworth); of, love, (Rossetti); mutually, ecstasy (Rossetti); horse, cross (nursery rime); dies, obsequies (Scott); only, slowly (Clough); dudgeon, drudging (Butler); ecclesiastic, a stick (Butler); river, mirror (Tennyson).

6. Describe the metre and rime-scheme of the given verses—

- (1) Stanza of Milton's *Nativity Ode*.
- (2) Petrarchan Sonnet.
- (3) Shakespearean Sonnet.
- (4) Stanza of one of Keats' Odes.
- (5) Stanza of *Rabbi ben Ezra*.
- (6) Spenserian Stanza.
- (7) A Rondeau, etc.

7. Rearrange the lines so as to make good verse—

- (1) My lady's wedding—Lord love her !
Shake in the air, poor skeleton
I am to serve a sheep in hall
You that was my deary one
Dance and dangle, laugh and leap
Wait until they lift the cover
To-morrow, night at Squire's ball
You they hanged for stealing sheep.
- (2) Nor rise at Death's approaching stride
Though youth, where you are, long will stay
" Can I be always at your side ? "
But when my summer days are gone
No; but the hours you can, you must
And my autumnal haste away
Nor go when dust is gone to dust
Remain, ah not in youth alone.
- (3) Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me
Bordering the channel of the milky way
And rest my bones in the Mimosa's shade
I leave thee, beauteous Italy, no more
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day
Murmur to me but in the poets' song.
From the high terraces, at eventide
Weary with age but unoppressed by pain
To look supine into thy depth of sky
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses
I did believe (what have I not believed ?)

CHAPTER XI

CLASSIFICATION OF COMPOSITION BY OBJECT IN VIEW AND DIRECTION OF MENTAL APPEAL

1. *The Mental Faculties Appealed to in Composition*

A SECOND classification of composition (see chap. VIII) is based on the object mainly held in view, and depends on that part or function of the mind which is principally appealed to.

First, appeal may be made to the power the mind has of apprehending through the senses, especially through pictures presented to the eye. In this class of composition fall Narrations and Descriptions.

Then, post-sensuous powers of intellect, the understanding and reason, may be principally addressed in Expositive and Reflective work.

Or, that æsthetic faculty may be exercised by which we appreciate and enjoy all forms and aspects of the Beautiful. This is done in Poetry.

Finally, partly through sense, partly through reason, partly through æsthetic faculty, the springs of action and conduct may be appealed to, in Hortative composition.

Although these categories are theoretically distinguishable, it is of course impossible that any sustained composition can exhibit one aim to the exclusion of the rest. Exposition, for example, must be intermixed with copious Description and even Narration. Pure Narration, without intermixture of explanatory, that is, expository, kind, can hardly be imagined. Poetry mostly selects from Narration and Description such aspects as impress by beauty; and may add reflexion and even persuasion. Hortation helps itself largely by Exposition, and possibly all the rest. Only in small patches of composition taken out of wholes can we expect to find any one of these in an unalloyed condition. At the same time, the

prevailing intention and result of many compositions is unmistakably one of these alone. A History narrates, a book of Travel describes, a Sermon is hortative.

2. *Description and Narration*

Simplest, in these classes, are Description and Narration; between which the distinction is the rather technical than real one that the former is usually concerned with unvolitioned objects, the latter with volitional movement. We describe a house, a man, a river; we narrate the actions and incidents of a man's life. Of the two, Narration is the easier, since the order of the incidents recorded is largely self-suggested by canons of cause and consequence, and by chronological sequence; which, as they operate in all minds alike, are so well known to us. But when Description is taken in hand, the difficulty of selecting a satisfactory order in which to deal with the objects described, is considerable. Let the reader try it in even the simple case of the room in which he is sitting, and he will learn how hard it must be for larger and more diversified scenes.

Narrations, again, all deal with one class of objects, namely, men, or animals created like men, and move principally among concrete objects; whereas Descriptions are possible of the most abstract entities. Whether Narration and Description be serious or amusing, fact or fiction, fragmentary or sustained, their literary presentation should always be artistic—vivid, suitably arranged and emphasized, attractively phrased, and instinct with both informing and moving quality. Addressed primarily to the understanding, their literary treatment will greatly govern their effect upon emotion.

3. *Exposition*

In Exposition, the aim is to unfold to the understanding matter of which the appreciation rests on correct reasoning—tracing effects from causes, drawing inferences from comparisons, and the like. Naturally much description is often involved. But without the ratiocinative demand, this sort of writing would remain mere description. Hence, Exposition

demands sound logical process as well as accurate observation, and the highest merit of its style is clearness in consecution. It may range from the simplest popular-information type of article to the abstrusest scientific treatise. It is a class of writing so constantly in demand that much practice in it is advisable; and, as a matter of fact, it constitutes perhaps the most frequent exercise in composition given, at all events to elder, students.

4. *Persuasion*

Persuasion is the type of composition that aims at stimulating the will into attitude, conduct, and action. This is its differentiating quality, and, obviously, description and exposition may, perhaps must, largely enter into it. Its appeal is to the emotions, but it avoids as far as possible a crude appeal to them, and skilfully rests the appeal on a substratum of conviction of the reason. Speciosity, therefore, illegitimate logical process, fallacy, are easily brought into persuasive composition, and the student should carefully be trained to discover and dis sever these when they occur. It leads also to elaborate declamation, and meretricities of style which the untrained and unguarded mind may easily mistake for genuine eloquence.

This is not to say that genuine persuasive oratory of high logical as well as literary order does not, or cannot, exist. To say so, would be to declare that Chatham and Burke had never spoken in the House of Commons; and that, in the pulpit, South and Martineau and Newman had never preached. But the range of persuasive composition is exceeding wide; and as exponents of this literary *genre* we must technically include with these great and noble names the bawling quack of the market-place, and the ranting demagogue of the street-corner.

5. *Poetry*

The last of these classes is Poetry. The intention of Poetry is to please through the presentation of beauty; and the difficulty of this definition of Poetry lies in the wide and fluid connotation of the term beauty. Form, size, colour in objects visible, quality and consecution in sounds, the admir-

able in conduct and character, certain aspects of the sad, and also of the terrible—all these may be beautiful according to the manner in which they are presented and the reader's capacity to discover. From those to whom the primrose by the river's brim is only a yellow primrose, the beauty of the sensuous is sealed; they that peep and botanize upon their mother's grave are impervious to the beauty of sorrow; and the beauty of holiness does not exist for those who cannot distinguish between renunciation and selfishness. The associations, too, of the past, and especially the youthful past, create poetical attachments for some that others cannot share. And so the capacity to discern beauty is different in all of us, and the standard of beauty is shifting.

For all this, the fact that art exists, and that Poetry is written, shows that beauty is a factor in the objects for which all of us live; and even if poetical minds are in the minority, their emotions are intense, and it is for them that the poet writes.

The subject of poetry is dealt with more fully in a later chapter.

6. *Moving and Informing Composition*

We have already pointed out that, as far as literary power and opportunity are concerned, the composition that moves stands in a higher rank than the composition that merely informs. From this it follows that pure expository work will never exhibit literary faculty as all the other classes will exhibit it. It follows, too, that while expository work may easily be produced in a better or a worse way, while much difference may exist in the quality of the exposition coming from different writers, this difference will depend more on logical power than on skill in applying language; and, of literary arts, the art of Architectony, as manifested in orderly and appropriate consecution of points, is the chief art that the expositor must study. Of the qualities of style, Clearness, and Correctness, the static qualities, he must admirably exhibit. The dynamic qualities of Energy, Grace, and Rhythm, become distinctly subsidiary. And yet these dynamic qualities are not to be entirely ignored, especially the rhythm. It is

quite possible to express a conclusion, an analogy, a theory, or any strictly intellectual process of the mind, in a manner that shall, at least, not displease by flatness or by harshness of rhythm. Recasts, therefore, of expository composition, directed towards procuring a superior rhythmical form, should constitute a regular exercise in the training of the expository writer. This is where the teacher of science, which is a non-literary subject, as well as the teacher of history, which is a quasi-literary subject, may usefully add, in a literary direction, to his special task.

7. *Examples of Description*

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of that forest which we have mentioned in the beginning of the chapter. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious green-sward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copse-wood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of sylvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees, and there they illuminated in brilliant patches the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space, in the midst of this glade, seemed formerly to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for, on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.—SCOTT.

The prettiest little brick city, the pleasantest little park to ride in, the neatest comfortable people walking about, the canals not unsweet, and busy and picturesque with old-world life. Rows upon rows of houses, built with the neatest little bricks, with windows fresh painted, and tall doors polished and carved to a nicety. What a pleasant spacious garden our inn has, all sparkling with autumn flowers, and bedizened with statues! At the end is a row of trees, and a summer-

house, over the canal, where you might go and smoke a pipe with Mynheer van Dunck, and quite cheerfully catch the ague. Yesterday, as we passed, they were making hay, and stacking it in a barge which was lying by the meadow, handy. Round about Kensington Palace there are houses, roofs, chimneys, and bricks like these. I feel that a Dutchman is a man and a brother. It is very funny to read the newspaper, one can understand it somehow. Sure it is the neatest, gayest little city—scores and hundreds of mansions looking like Cheyne Walk, or the ladies' schools about Chiswick and Hackney.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Strange gray old silent town, rich in so many memories; it stands there, straggling up its rocky hill-edge, towards its old castles and edifices on the top, in a not unpicturesque manner; flanked by the river Lahn and its fertile plains; very silent, except for the delirious screech, at rare intervals, of a railway train passing that way from Frankfurt-on-Mayn to Cassel. "Church of St. Elizabeth"—high, grand Church, built by Conrad our Hochmeister, in reference of his once terrestrial Sister-in-Law—stands conspicuous in the plain below, where the town is just ending. St. Elizabeth's Shrine was once there, and pilgrims wending to it from all lands. Conrad himself is buried there, as are many Hochmeisters; their names, and shields of arms, Hermann's foremost, though Hermann's dust is not there, are carved, carefully kept legible, on the shafts of the Gothic arches—from floor to groin, long rows of them—and produce, with the other tombs, tomb-paintings by Dürer and the like, thoughts impressive almost to pain. St. Elizabeth's loculus was put into its shrine here, by Kaiser Friedrich II, and all manner of princes and grandees of the Empire, "one million two hundred thousand people looking on," say the old records, perhaps not quite exact in their arithmetic. Philip the Magnanimous, wishing to stop "pilgrimages nowhither," buried the loculus away, it was never known where; under the floor of that Church somewhere, as is likeliest. Enough now of Marburg, and of its Teutsch Ritters too.—CARLYLE: *Frederick the Great*.

About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King Frederick the Second, or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was Vater Fritz—Father Fred—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture; no crown but an old military cocked-hat—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness*, if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a

walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse "between the ears," say authors);—and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.—CARLYLE: *Frederick the Great*.

Frequent, too, are the village churches standing by the roadsides, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old King was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat and large and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"—LONGFELLOW.

8. *Examples of Narration*

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four Lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one

of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.—MACAULAY.

And David sat between the two gates : and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and beheld a man running alone.

And the watchman cried, and told the king. And the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the watchman saw another man running : and the watchman called unto the porter, and said, Behold another man running alone. And the king said, He also bringeth tidings.

And the watchman said, Me thinketh the running of the foremost is like the running of Ahimaaaz the son of Zadok. And the king said, He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings.

And Ahimaaaz called, and said unto the king, All is well. And he fell down to the earth upon his face before the king, and said, Blessed be the Lord thy God, which hath delivered up the men that lifted up their hand against my lord the king.

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Ahimaaaz answered, When Joab sent the king's servant, and me thy servant, I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was.

And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still.

And, behold, Cushy came; and Cushy said, Tidings, my lord the king : for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee.

And the king said unto Cushy, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushy answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept : and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son !—2 *Samuel*.

I will not describe the subsequent manœuvres, which would interest nobody : enough if I say that on the 16th of January, 1679, it had become of the highest moment for Friedrich Wilhelm to get from Carwe (village near Elbing) on the shore of the *Frische Haf*, where he was, through Königsberg, to Gilge on the *Curische Haf*, where the Swedes

are—in a minimum of time. Distance, as the crow flies, is about a hundred miles; road, which skirts the two *Hafs* (wide shallow *Washes* as we should name them), is of rough quality, and naturally circuitous. It is a ringing frost to-day, and for days back :—Friedrich Wilhelm hastily gathers all the sledges, all the horses of the district; mounts some four-thousand men in sledges; starts, with the speed of light, in that fashion. Scours along all day, and after the intervening bit of land, again along; awakening the ice-bound silences. Gloomy Frische Haf, wrapt in its winter coverlids, with its wastes of tumbled sand, its poor frost-bound fishing-hamlets, pine-hillocks—desolate-looking, stern as Greenland or more so, says Büsching, who travelled there in winter-time—hears unexpected human noises, and huge grinding and trampling; the Four-thousand, in long fleet of sledges, scouring across it, in that manner. All day they rush along,—out of the rimy hazes of morning into the olive-coloured clouds of evening again,—with huge loud-grinding rumble;—and do arrive in time at Gilge. A notable streak of things, shooting across those frozen solitudes, in the New Year, 1679;—little short of Karl Gustav's feat, which we heard of, in the other or Danish end of the Baltic, twenty years ago, when he took Islands without ships.—CARLYLE : *Frederick the Great*.

On the afternoon of the 14th of June, 1727, two horsemen might have been perceived galloping along the road from Chelsea to Richmond. The foremost, cased in the jackboots of the period, was a broad-faced, jolly-looking, and very corpulent cavalier; but, by the manner in which he urged his horse, you might see that he was a bold as well as a skilful rider. Indeed, no man loved sport better; and in the hunting-fields of Norfolk, no squire rode more boldly after the fox, or cheered Ringwood and Sweetlips more lustily, than he who now thundered over the Richmond Road.

He speedily reached Richmond Lodge, and asked to see the owner of the mansion. The mistress of the house and her ladies, to whom our friend was admitted, said he could not be introduced to the master, however pressing the business might be. The master was asleep after his dinner; he always slept after his dinner; and woe to the person who interrupted him! Nevertheless, our stout friend of the jackboots put the affrighted ladies aside, opened the forbidden door of the bedroom, wherein upon the bed lay a little gentleman; and here the eager messenger knelt down in his jackboots.

He on the bed started up, and with many oaths and a strong German accent asked who was there, and who dared to disturb him?

"I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert Walpole. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, King George, died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th inst."

"Dat is one big lie!" roared out his sacred Majesty King George II; but Sir Robert Walpole stated the fact, and from that day until three-and-thirty years after, George, the second of the name, ruled over England.—THACKERAY.

9. *Examples of Exposition**Weeping*

The passion opposite hereunto, whose signs are another distortion of the face with tears, called weeping, is the sudden falling out with ourselves, or sudden conception of defect; and therefore children weep often; for, seeing they think that everything ought to be given them which they desire, of necessity every repulse must be a check of their expectation, and puts them in mind of their too much weakness to make themselves masters of all they look for. For the same cause women are more apt to weep than men, as being not only more accustomed to have their wills, but also to measure their powers by the power and love of others that protect them. Men are apt to weep that prosecute revenge, when the revenge is suddenly stopped or frustrated by the repentance of their adversary; and such are the tears of reconciliation. Also revengeful men are subject to this passion upon the beholding those men they pity, and suddenly remember they cannot help. Other weeping in men proceedeth from the most part from the same cause it proceedeth from in women and children.—HOBBS.

Now therein (*i. e.* the power of at once teaching and enticing to do well)—now therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human and according to human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margent with interpretation, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue, even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste.—SIR P. SIDNEY.

Agur's prayer is sufficiently noted—"Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die; remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of God in vain." The middle station is here justly recommended as affording the fullest security for virtue; and I may also add, that it gives opportunity for the most ample exercise of it, and furnishes employment for every good quality which we can possibly be possessed of. Those who are placed among the lower ranks of men have little opportunity of exerting any other virtue besides those of patience, resignation, industry, and integrity. Those who are advanced into the higher stations, have full

employment for their generosity, humanity, affability, and charity. When a man lies between these two extremes, he can exert the former virtues towards his superiors, and the latter towards his inferiors. Every moral quality which the human soul is susceptible of may have its turn and be called up to action; a man may, after this manner, be much more certain of his progress in virtue, than where his good qualities lie dormant and without employment.—D. HUME.

It is proposed to offer helps towards the formation of a recognized Anglican theology in one of its departments. The present state of our divinity is as follows: the most vigorous, the clearest, the most fertile minds, have through God's mercy been employed in the service of our Church: minds too as reverential and holy, and as fully imbued with Ancient Truth, and as well versed in the writings of the Fathers, as they were intellectually gifted. This is God's great mercy indeed, for which we must ever be thankful. Primitive doctrine has been explored for us in every direction, and the original principles of the Gospel and the Church patiently brought to light. But one thing is still wanting: our champions and teachers have lived in stormy times: political and other influences have acted upon them variously in their day, and have since obstructed a careful consolidation of their judgments. We have a vast inheritance, but no inventory of our treasures. All is given us in profusion, it remains for us to catalogue, sort, distribute, select, harmonize, and complete. We have more than we know how to use; stores of learning, but little that is precise and serviceable; Catholic truth and individual opinion, first principles and the guesses of genius, all mingled in the same works, and requiring to be discriminated. We meet with truths overstated or misdirected, matters of detail variously taken, facts incompletely proved or applied, and rules inconsistently urged or discordantly interpreted. Such indeed is the state of every deep philosophy in its first stages, and therefore of theological knowledge. What we need at present for our Church's wellbeing, is not invention, nor originality, nor sagacity, nor even learning in our divines, at least in the first place, though all gifts of God are in a measure needed, and never can be unseasonable when used religiously; but we need peculiarly a sound judgment, patient thought, discrimination, a comprehensive mind, an abstinence from all private fancies and caprices and personal tastes; in a word, Divine Wisdom.—J. H. NEWMAN.

To say the thing that is not. Here I draw the reader's attention to the words *material* and *formal*. "Thou shalt not kill"; *murder* is the *formal* transgression of this commandment, but accidental homicide is the *material* transgression. The matter of the act is the same in both cases; but in the homicide there is nothing more than the act, whereas in murder there must be the intention, etc., which constitutes the formal sin. So, again, an executioner commits the material act, but not that formal killing which is a breach of the commandment. So a man, who, simply to save himself from starving, takes a loaf which

is not his own, commits only the material, not the formal act of stealing, that is, he does not commit a sin. And so a baptized Christian, external to the Church, who is in invincible ignorance, is a material heretic, and not a formal. And in like manner, if to say the thing which is not be in special cases lawful, it may be called a *material lie*.—J. H. NEWMAN.

“Very cowardly,” you may say; and so it was. But you must make allowance for the fact that, in the seventeenth century, not only did heresy mean possible burning, or imprisonment, but the very suspicion of it destroyed a man’s peace and rendered the calm pursuit of truth difficult or impossible. I fancy that Descartes was a man to care more about being worried or disturbed, than about being burned outright; and, like many other men, sacrificed for the sake of peace and quietness, what he would have stubbornly maintained against downright violence. However this may be, let those who are sure they would have done better throw stones at him. I have no feelings but those of gratitude and reverence for the man who did what he did, when he did; and a sort of shame that any one should repine against taking a fair share of such treatment as the world thought good enough for him.

Those who have had the patience to follow me to the end will, I trust, have become aware that my aim has been altogether different. Even the best of modern civilizations appears to me to exhibit a condition of mankind which neither embodies any worthy ideal nor even professes the merit of stability. I do not hesitate to express the opinion, that, if there is no hope of a large improvement of the condition of the greater part of the human family: if it is true that the increase of knowledge, the winning of a greater dominion over Nature which is its consequence, and the wealth which follows upon that dominion, are to make no difference in the extent and the intensity of Want, with its concomitant physical and moral degradation, among the masses of the people, I should hail the advent of some kindly comet which would sweep the whole affair away, as a desirable consummation. What profits it to the human Prometheus that he has stolen the fire of heaven to be his servant, and that the spirits of the Earth and of the air obey him, if the vulture of pauperism is eternally to tear his very vitals and keep him on the brink of destruction?—HUXLEY.

But among the sources of misjudgment, and among the causes of despotism, the busy search after men’s motives is among the most fruitful. Claims to purity, accusations against impurity of motive are dragged about in eternal processions to excuse, to justify, to laud, to repose, to reprobate, to condemn. The whole field of action is covered with pretensions on this score, indefatigably put forward, constantly appealed to and seldom grounded on anything better than the usurpation of the motive-denouncer. Why is a habit so baneful to the general well-being so constantly persisted in?

The scales of comparison by which superiority, equality, and inferiority may be measured, embrace, necessarily, a great variety of topics, and may be classified under the head of qualities which distinguish one man's situation from another, or under those situations themselves.

If age bring experience with it, a cooler and a riper judgment, if by it the intellectual faculties are strengthened, youth presents on the other hand valuable and virtuous qualities which are not, alas ! fortified by long life ; for youth is the season of generous affections, of warm and glowing sympathies, of zeal and activity. And occasions there are in which difficulties are vanquished by it, because their magnitude has not been perceived ; difficulties against which, perhaps, reflexion would have counselled a more advanced intelligence not to contend. Youth, too, has a longer period of recompense or punishment before it : its calculations of the fruitfulness of pains and pleasures are spread over a wider future field ; its susceptibilities are more intense ; its hopes are brighter ; it has more to gain and more to lose ; its destinies are not fixed, but remain to be called up, to a great extent, by the tendencies itself must give.—BENTHAM.

Declamation consists of a somewhat repeated placing of statements in high and coloured lights, with intent to exalt and magnify their intrinsic importance and appeal. Stately expression delivered *ore rotundo*, on congratulatory, dedicatory, or commemorative occasions, assumes this form. It is removed from homeliness, and, though it may be quite genuine, its elaboration tends to throw some suspicion on its sincerity.

10. *Examples of Persuasive Composition*

What preacher need moralize on this story ; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it ? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory ! " O brothers," I said to those who heard me first in America—" O brothers ! speaking the same dear mother-tongue. O comrades ! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this Royal corpse, and call a truce to battle ! Low he lies, to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest ; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain. Driven off his throne ; buffeted by rude hands ; with his children in revolt ; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely ; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries, ' Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little ! '

" Vex not his ghost—Oh ! let him pass—he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer !

“Hush! Strife and Quarrel, over the solemn grave. Sound, trumpets a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!”—THACKERAY: *The Four Georges*.

O, that we could take that simple view of things, as to feel that the one thing which lies before us is to please God! What gain is it to please the world, to please the great, nay, even to please those whom we love, compared with this? What gain is it to be applauded, admired, courted, followed, compared with this one aim, of not being disobedient to a heavenly vision? What can this world offer comparable with that insight into spiritual things, that keen faith, that heavenly peace, that high sanctity, that everlasting righteousness, that hope of glory, which they have, who in sincerity, love and faith follow our Lord Jesus Christ? Let us beg and pray Him day by day to reveal Himself to our souls more fully, to quicken our senses, to give us sight and hearing, taste and touch of the world to come, so to work within us that we may sincerely say, “Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after that receive me with glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”—NEWMAN.

Ireland stands at your bar, expectant, hopeful, almost suppliant. Her words are the words of truth and soberness. She asks a blessed oblivion of the past, and in that oblivion our interest is deeper even than hers. You have been asked to-night to abide by the traditions of which we are the heirs. What traditions? By the Irish traditions? Go into the length and breadth of the world, ransack the literature of all countries, find if you can a single voice, a single book, in which the conduct of England towards Ireland is anywhere treated except with profound and bitter condemnation. Are these the traditions by which we are exhorted to stand? No, they are a sad exception to the glory of our country. They are a broad and black blot upon the pages of its history, and what we want to do is to stand by the traditions of which we are the heirs in all matters except our relations with Ireland, and to make our relation with Ireland to conform to the other traditions of our country. So we treat our traditions; so we hail the demand of Ireland for what I call a blessed oblivion of the past. She asks also a boon for the future; and that boon for the future, unless we are much mistaken, will be a boon to us in respect of honour, no less than a boon to her in respect of happiness, prosperity and peace. Such, sir, is her prayer. Think, I beseech you; think well, think wisely, think, not for the moment, but for the years that are to come, before you reject this bill.—GLADSTONE.

There is, however, one man, who distinctly and audaciously tells the Irish people, that they are not entitled to the same privileges as Englishmen; and who pronounces them, in every particular which could enter his minute enumeration of the circumstances, by which fellow-citizenship is created, in race, in country, and religion to be

aliens;—to be aliens in race, to be aliens in country, to be aliens in religion! The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate (Lord Lyndhurst), could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight, in which we have been contributors to his renown. At Waterloo the blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country, for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?—SHIELL.

I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; but that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I have not enjoyed for thirty years, like these noble lords, the emoluments of office. I have not set my sail to every passing breeze. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly perhaps but honestly, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all, that have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war, or of an incompetent and guilty Ministry. And even if I were alone, if my voice were the solitary one, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation that I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that I have never uttered one word that could promote the squandering of my country's treasure, or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.—JOHN BRIGHT.

Examples of poetry are given in the later chapter on that subject.

CHAPTER XII

CLASSES OF PROSE COMPOSITION REACHED PARTLY BY NATURE OF SUBJECT, PARTLY BY TREATMENT

I. *History*

WE reach now classes of composition somewhat loosely but quite conveniently divided, partly according to the nature of the subject dealt with, partly to the treatment it receives.

History is fundamentally narrative, but involves a large amount of description and exposition. It ranges from bald fact set down in form of chronicle, to widely, thoughtfully, and picturesquely treated accounts of cause, course, and consequence, in complex movements as well as single incidents. One of its leading aims is to present a living picture of persons and places; the other to give adequate explanations of motives and reasons. The panoramic or pictorial historian puts the first aim highest, and his work is usually the more attractive and popular. But it is the philosophical historian who, if he does his duty well, really teaches us the useful lessons of the past, and prepares us to forecast and deal with the future. Since that which happened long ago can at best be but imperfectly reconstructed, the historian is compelled to bridge gaps and suggest details in much of his narrative from his own imagination. And though imagination is a perilous treasury to draw from, yet the historian who by study, sympathy, and understanding has well absorbed the spirit of the age, and has assimilated the situation of which he writes, will not lead us far astray in his conception of what occurred. On the contrary, he will come close to the truth, and present us with just and vivid views of men as they really lived, and situations as they actually existed. And these must finally be described and interpreted with fitting dignity, vigour, and grace of style.

As to the selection of facts which the historian with much

material before him has to make, the panoramic historian will seize those that constitute the dramatic moments of a movement or a career. But the philosophic historian will secure those facts which, without much colour, are strictly salient to the course of events.

The selective eye, to seize the events that matter, and confine attention to those; the logical judgment, that can pursue reasonably and steadily the proper links in a chain of sequence; the architectonic skill, that shapes and arranges in due proportions the various parts and branches of his theme; the literary power, to give adequate expression to all that he states—these are the gifts, the talents, that must unite to form the great historian. Measured by this conjunction of qualities, how many of our prominent writers attain the height of perfection? Too often, a sound historic sense is coupled with the inability to impart matter in masterly style. Or, a style brilliant, graceful, and distinguished, clothes a view that is prejudiced and mistaken. Or, again, if trustworthy history and adequate expression are combined, there may be a lamentable disproportion of parts to the whole.

Macaulay is unrivalled in literary ability, in panoramic pictorial presentation, but to historical thought he hardly contributes at all, and gives misleading views. Carlyle is very human, dramatic, and moving, but makes no attempt at philosophical explanation of the scenes and figures which he renders so impressive and vivid. Green appears to unite in the most admirable way most of the historic qualities. From a literary point of view, it is a pity that the small scale on which his *History of England* is written allows no scope for the exercise of his undoubted pictorial powers. Yet within its range, his work is of unrivalled value. We cannot but regret that weak health and untimely death prevented him from producing some great work on a large scale, which would probably have stood out, for true historic quality, beyond the achievement of all other historians of his century. Next to him, had he been similarly spared, might probably have come Thomas Arnold. Stubbs, Freeman, Seeley—these are all names of high historic merit. But for the greatest historical production in our literature—great in

scale, in panorama, philosophy, and style, we must go back a century earlier, to the massive and splendid history of *Rome's Decline and Fall* by Gibbon.

2. *Biography*

Biography is, of course, not essentially different from History. The scales, being smaller, give scope for the chronicle of much small beer; and it is by no means easy to decide which of the more trivial doings and utterances of a man reveal him more fully and more usefully, and which do not. In any case, the repetition of minutiae might well be avoided, and the endeavour always made to select for record such alone of smaller details as may on the one hand be really characteristic, and, on the other, have really occasioned, though insignificant in themselves, trains of incident that have deflected conduct or career. Wise selection in Biography may be pronounced a harder task than in History, where events largely select themselves through their easily seen importance at a later date. The temptations, moreover, to write petty and valueless history are not really so great as to write petty and valueless biography; where family affection, social gratification, sensational impulse, and other disproportionate motives, so frequently operate.

The best Biography will come from one who loves and admires his subject, and not from one who writes coldly and intellectually about him. This does not mean that faults will be glossed, that sins will be concealed, that, in short, a dishonest attitude is likely to be maintained. But it does mean that patience and care will be taken to discover facts, that failings will not be expatiated on, and that what there is of good and worth in the subject will be fully and earnestly brought out; and that, after all, is what will benefit the world. And the far-seeing biographer will go a step further than even this. He will place the subject in the proper relation to his age—a task demanding insight and power; for to understand a person in his character is not the same thing as to understand his relation to his age. Boswell, for example, makes no attempt to estimate Johnson's comparative worth. But what a full true picture Boswell's hero-worship has given

us of the man. Lockhart on Scott, Carlyle on Stirling, Forster on Dickens and on Landor, Stanley on Arnold, Trevelyn on Macaulay—all these are eminent examples of great biographical work.

3. *Autobiography*

Autobiographies, some few excluded, are on the whole less likely to produce true pictures than biographies written from outside. Some lives, no doubt, flow in such smooth and limpid currents that their best describers are the men who lived them. But the average man of mark is likely to have been implicated in much that, while it seriously affects his actions and his attitudes, he will, for a variety of reasons, suppress. Autobiography is valuable in proportion as it records the thoughts and feelings of its writer in a genuine way. Some men delight in self-revelation. It becomes to them almost a necessity. Many work this impulse out in ordinary literary work. Few reserve it for the sustained and ordered sequence of an autobiography. Although marred, from the point of view of a general reader, by its close adherence to one special direction of his intellectual activity, the *Apologia* of Newman is one of the most literary and interesting autobiographies we possess—simple and humble, without any pose, and written, like all Newman's work, in the most perfect beautiful style.

4. *The Memoir*

Preferable, as regards the less temptation to magnify or suppress, to the formal autobiography, and often preferable to the formal history, is that valuable and interesting type of half-history, half-biography, known as the Memoir. Veracity and intelligence postulated, the memoir is, from its less formal and more elastic nature, likely to throw very illuminating sidelights on the period and the events with which it deals. The writer, possibly, does not vouch so absolutely as the historian does, for the facts of his account. But the very absence of such vouching releases him from the strain of investigation and judgment which the historian

must undergo. The historian must pose as a judge, the memoirist merely as a witness. His freedom from responsibility, his position as a contemporary—often as a participant—in the matter related, are usually a pure gain to the value of his work. He can write more from the heart, he can intersperse and digress with a freer hand, and thus give looser rein to any purely literary facility he may possess.

5. *Literature of Travel*

Something in common with the literature of autobiography is possessed by the literature of Travel. Purely objective detached descriptions of places are somewhat jejune. They smack of the guide-book, and fall easily into that meretricious style of wooden would-be gorgeous writing that the guide-book, and books of advertisement, exhibit. Sincerity of description, record of the impressions felt, and thoughts suggested by the places described are on the other hand merits that, joined with adequate expression, lift travel-accounts into literature. For the reader to see the places as they are, is perhaps an impossibility; but to see them as the writer saw them, to know the impressions they were capable of making on the writer's mind, to undergo the emotions the writer underwent when he visited beautiful, romantic, or terrible scenes—all this, provided the writer had a worthy mind, is of much profit and delight

Books of travel fall into two classes, corresponding to different capacities in those that write, to different requirements in those that read, them. First, the practical class, which matter-of-fact people follow with interest. These give clear accounts of fact, brim with good sense, and with information. The other class, which is more really literature, feed that intelligent imagination not too wildly luxuriant, which the less prosaic mind loves to exercise when hearing about places which have not been, and probably will never be, visited in person. The distant, the strange, the wonderful places of the earth, soon touch and often thrill this class of reader into fancies, which, developed, turn into poetry of high order. For the earth is the scene of all life's experiences, and, next to his fellow-men, this common theatre where we

all play our chequered parts most strongly appeals to our imagination and our feelings. Borrow's *Bible in Spain*, Kinglake's *Eothen*, Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva*, are instances, in different kinds, of good travel-literature. The first exhibits at its best that secure mastery of the Plain style (see chap. XVI) in which Borrow was supreme. The second is more pretentious and artificial in style, but still good literature. The third is of that absolutely unvarnished order which depends entirely upon the interest of its matter, and which, in books like Shackleton's Antarctic and Kane's Arctic expeditions, is becoming more and more the mode of travellers who write. The old days, when travellers, however unliterary they were, thought it incumbent upon them to present their experiences in high-flown dressed-up language, are over.

History and its congeners discussed above belong, broadly, to the Narrative and Descriptive department of literature. To the Expositive belong several other types.

6. *The Essay*

First, there is the Essay. This is a wholly delightful species of composition, which, on a basis of loose irresponsible exposition, builds comment, autobiography, suggestion—almost what you will, in serious or in playful, in poetical or pedestrian, mode. The individual characteristics of a writer, his preferences, his powers, his knowledge, his feeling, have ample room for display; and what he writes here is, both in form and in fact, the spontaneous expression of what he really is. Nominally, of course, he has a theme, and ostensibly he unfolds it. But the theme is easily left, and the various intermixtures indicated above so occupy the field, that the author writes on, and the reader reads on, forgetting the theme and careless about recovering it, in pleasure afforded by the self-expression that has taken its place.

No wonder, then, that of all literary forms the Essay is probably the most delightful. For, with all the elasticity it presents, of subject and of range, there is one supreme literary quality which the artist is careful to retain in it, and which is actually one feature of his conscious self-revelation, and that is Style. In no branch of literary production has

more care been displayed in Style than in the Essay. Release from the severity demanded in other regards—fidelity to fact or to logical process or to metrical shape—by other forms of literature, has left more opportunity and more desire to excel, in the Essay, in Style.

7. *The Treatise*

What has been described, is the Essay in its true nature, as a literary genre. But the name is of fluid application; and many sustained pieces of quasi-scientific exposition have received it as a label. There are, for instance, Macaulay's Essays, which are in reality close and careful instalments of historical and literary exposition, having about as much in common with the true *Essays of Elia*, as the "obedient servant" of a high-placed official's letter has with that term from the pen of a daily drudge of all-work. These writings of Macaulay's, and all writings of short but systematic exposition, are properly Treatises. Their merits of clear and orderly advance along progressive lines of reasoning and of thought are well-nigh the antithesis of the large and easy divagations through which the Essay proper meanders. And while the Essay sedulously strives after literary charm, the Treatise, comparatively careless of that, is bent upon the coherence and completeness of its presentation of its theme.

The Essay that concerns itself purely with literature is the Appreciation; more formally, the Critical Essay. The latter is expositive in intention, while the former is expositive rather through exigency, since it is hard to praise without some measure of explanation. This Essay is sometimes marred by the tone of superiority which is the inevitable pose that a critic must assume. But the honest, instructed, and large-minded critic renders invaluable service to the cause of letters; and his fine vision often detects and reveals qualities in his subject which, without him, many would fail to see. If he writes, moreover, with that certain one-sided enthusiasm which Goethe declared that the best criticism must exhibit, he rises to well-nigh creative levels of production, when warmed and kindled by the same fires as the author he admires.

8. *The "Leader"*

A sort of Essay, more journalism than literature, which is, and no doubt will remain, a leading feature of our periodical press, is the Leader, or Editorial. The rapidity with which a series of sensible remarks, couched in respectable style, is produced on any subject, grave or gay (as though merely a button had to be touched for it on some machine), is an art in itself, and of its kind a remarkable art. But, in its nature, the limitations of the Editorial are too numerous to permit to it much literary value. It must be dashed off at lightning speed, it must brief a given cause, it must be non-committal enough to allow for unforeseen eventualities which may altogether shift the basis of its truth; and yet it must be trenchant, authoritative, omniscient in its pose. The marvel is that such a high level of respectability in style is so unvaryingly maintained. That style is the firm, steady, metallic march of Macaulay, which eminently suits the occasion, and which, though it cannot attain grace or calm, never loses precision and vigour.

The difference between journalism and literature is simply the difference between work for which the only reward is money payment and that for which the chief reward is the satisfaction of creative aspirations. The journalist cannot hope for, the author always hopes for (however foolishly), survival in permanent form. The journalist's work is juxtaposed to, and smothered up by, printed matter of most incongruous sorts. The author's work has a clear field to itself. The journalist has to snap at his subjects like a cat at a fly. The author feasts upon his subject in a steady chew and a rumination. He enjoys his subject. The journalist thinks himself lucky even to reach it. The author's anxiety is to find time for the thorough exploration of his theme; the journalist's anxiety is to find time for the next theme.

9. *The Letter*

Epistolary literature, the letter written to a friend, is the Essay in its most intimate, least formal, shape; and though

often very trivial in character, contains, irregularly, and by fits and starts, touches of all the qualities that charm us in the Essay. Acute insight, playful humour, solemn feeling—qualities the most disparate, meet and mingle there in a juxtapose all the more attractive because it is so unforeseen. Moreover, the genuine letter is unlike all other literature in this, that publication, with its attendant hopes and fears, often with its unconscious pose, is out of view; and the real full unfettered self comes forth in all its truth.

Letters, however, of eminent persons who in their contributions to literature have displayed all manner of gifts, are sometimes, when published, of very disappointing character. Among such are the letters of M. Arnold and of Stevenson. On the other hand, the letters of Lamb, of Carlyle, of Fitzgerald, of Cowper, are delightful and valuable supplements to the real history of their lives and the real picture of their minds.

10. *The Speech*

Somewhat akin to the Editorial though not generated under so rapid a pressure and therefore yielding much more scope for individual characteristic, is the Platform Speech. It, too, is usually expository and utilitarian in aim, but the note of Persuasion is frequently present, and the graces of style, ancillary to the persuasive intention, are considerably employed. Platform oratory at its best, when not too designedly political or unscrupulously one-sided—when, in short, the subject is one on which men do not so much make parties as unite to consider with impartiality, has constituted much excellent literature. Nay, even political and forensic oratory, in the charge of high-souled and able men, have contributed to literature some of its most telling triumphs. And if the circumstances of such oratory endanger to some degree the sanity and *justesse* that belong to the compositions of the silent study, yet on the other hand they convey the glow and inspiration which are transmitted from the audience hearing the orator face to face. For some characteristics of spoken as compared with written composition (see chap. I).

II. *The Sermon*

The note of Persuasion rises louder and richer in the oratory of the Pulpit. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" was the passionate refrain in the sermon of an earlier day. The indignation and denunciation of the Hebrew orator are dead and gone. But the pleading and gentle persuasion, addressed to the "reason calm and temperate will" of our quieter age, are with us still. They characterize the eloquence of divines so widely dissimilar as Newman and Martineau. And it is doubtful whether in any department of our varied prose, there can be found a richer field of literary eloquence than that displayed by pulpit oratory, from far-away, fiery Wulfstan and placid Ælfric, to many a simple village sermon of to-day.

Hortation is closely allied to Persuasion, and is indeed merely that kind of Persuasion in which the motive is more altruistic and detached from the adviser's personal point of view. There is about hortative writing a high moral appeal of somewhat abstract nature, such as that which belongs to a discourse from the pulpit.

The distinction between spoken oratory and written literature tends, in these days of the rapid and ubiquitous newspaper, to disappear. For speakers now know that they are not addressing so much the audience before them as the larger audience of the whole country who will be in possession of their words the next morning. Hence the carefully prepared and written speech is the order of the day; and this is nothing more than the Essay or Treatise. Traces that this is so are to be seen in the reported speeches of nearly all the luminaries of our Parliament, pulpit, and platform.

12. *The Romance*

Under the common name of Fiction there are grouped those writings of Narrative character, in which both the story and the details are wrought out of the author's own invention. These tales, if the character and incident introduced into them are of a natural and ordinary kind, are called Novels; if of extraordinary or impossible kind, Romances.

The Romance is a simple and homogeneous type. The atmosphere of wonder and strangeness into which readers

are at once plunged, has the effect of removing the work from that half-unconscious sifting, criticism, and comparison with our own experience and knowledge of human nature, which the Novel inevitably awakes; and so, this critical faculty suspended, a sheerer and more passive pleasure arises from the perusal of the romance.

In its humblest aspect the Romance is the child's fairy-tale. It is most ambitious in the prose epic, based on legendary facts, like Malory's *Arthurian* or the cycle-stories about Charlemagne, Alexander, and Troy. Our modern counterparts, consisting of moving accidents by flood and field in Central Africa and the North Pole, or wild forecasts of aerial traffic in the year A.D. 3000, tend to become very foolish; principally because in them there are large incongruous mixtures of the marvellous and the technical.

The Romance, again, depends for its interest much more on incident than on character. Elaboration or subtlety in character-delineation is, indeed, out of place. If the wonderful or startling events occur, it is comparatively immaterial to whom they occur; nor do we note how much the previous conduct of the character contributed to his experience, or effected the result. A glorious time and chance happen to all engaged. There is no interaction between character and circumstance. Romances of this description, if dealing with no great theme, are known as the picaresque novel.

13. *The Novel*

In the Novel, however, which affects to depict life as it more or less really is, interactions between character and circumstance are closely watched. Deflexions of career, important events, success, failure, sorrow, and joy, are traced as proceeding from defects of doubt and taints of blood; as being life's logical sequel or inexorable corollary to these. Hence, the good Novel, in which the figures and facts are balanced in a natural and interesting way, to be followed by the reader both with profit and delight, is a rare production. And though novels are poured forth in thousands from our press, it is doubtful whether in any other branch of literary production the proportion of the excellent to the poor is so small.

And though the Novel, in its strictest form, consists purely of narrative-descriptive work, its continual touch with real life provides its author with a constant invitation to throw into it, at the least touches, and at the most large surcharges, of the expositive, the persuasive, or the poetical. So the novel of purpose, besides shaping its tale to a special moral lesson, is liable to admit a great deal of philosophical, reflective, explanatory disquisition—which may very well constitute exceedingly capable and valuable literature, but intercept the story which is the Novel's essential feature. So, too, in the description that all story demands, large insertions of poetical matter, possibly of high beauty in themselves, but equally alien to the onward movement of the tale, are apt to occur. The Novel, in fact, becomes, in these circumstances, a somewhat amorphous production of the Essay order, occasionally, and at its worst, degenerating into a modified treatise, sometimes soaring away into a prose-poem, at others assuming the character of a passionate plea for some opinion or reform.

Novels have the very important non-literary but historical function of stereotyping for a later generation the social habits, the interests, the attitudes of generations passed. Minutiæ which the historian proper either ignores or merely mentions in passing, form the background of the novelist's work, and appear in full and clear description. Without Jane Austen's, Thackeray's, George Eliot's, Anthony Trollope's stories, how dimly we would picture the early and middle years of the nineteenth century. With them, we know that century well. Similarly, novels introduce us to, give us clear pictures of, circles of society and fields of activity which personally we never touch. Spheres so different as the race-course and the factory, Mayfair and the Scottish village, life in an Indian cantonment and life in the Arctic seas, are brought, by capable and sympathetic writers, to the very doors of our understanding, and our knowledge of the world, with its varied and contrasting occupations and interests, is widely increased, in a pleasant easy way, not through the careful study that a professed description would entail, and that the great majority of us would never devote.

CHAPTER XIII

METHOD AND EVALUATION OF THE ESSAY

I. *The Essay*

ELABORATE and sustained compositions run to the length, and take the form, of books. As books are, however, so various, and so rare, compared with the number of people, students or otherwise, who write at all, it would be obviously impossible to answer satisfactorily the large question—how to write a book. On the other hand, the Essay is a form of writing that is simple, easy, and very prevalent. Also, the question how to write an essay is answerable enough. We will, therefore, here consider the full method which should obtain in this form of composition.

An Essay is a series of connected thoughts arising out of, and more or less pertinent to, a given theme. The more pertinent the series is, the closer it follows a method; although, as we have previously seen (see chap. XII), pertinency is by no means a strict condition, and some of the most delightful Essays in our literature (like the *Roundabout Papers*) have very little consecutive pertinency in them.

The Essay, then, that pretends to follow its theme, has a method involving what we may distinguish as five distinct processes. Of these, three are process of Preparation, two of Presentation.

2. *Its Preparative Processes*

First, there is the mere excogitation, or Collection of thoughts—all thoughts ready to hand, or recoverable, that have at first glance any reasonable bearing whatever on the theme. As these are liable to be very elusive, darting into the mind and out again by a flash, and since, once gone, they may never, however good they are, be recaptured, they should at once be jotted down, as they come, without any attempt to arrange

or connect them; nor should any attempt be made, at this stage, to phrase them into any perfect or even improved form. Simply, they are to be recorded so as to be recognized later. To this process may profitably be given one-sixth of the whole time at our disposal (supposing that we are in a position to parcel time out in this way).

The second process now begins. It is that of Selection. We review all the jottings of our first process, in order to reject the unworthy and the unsuitable thoughts, and combine such as are really alike though entered under different names. We shall probably find our first list considerably reduced. Possibly, too, certain whole sections or aspects will be jettisoned here as impossible to develop through want of time, absence of knowledge, or distance from the theme.

Next comes the third process, of Architectony; that is, of shaping the order in which the heads or sub-heads now remaining shall be developed and appear in the final draft. Here there is great room for skill. Several natural openings may have to be compared, and one chosen. The sequences—natural, logical, suggestive, or contrastive—a climactic progression if feasible, a beginning, middle, and end, an appropriate close—all these and similar considerations may create, in this process, a real difficulty of selection; and to conquer this difficulty is to advance a long step towards the success of the Essay as a satisfactorily balanced piece of work.

3. *Its Presentive Processes*

Three processes, all Preparative, have now been gone through, and still not a line of the finished essay has yet been written. The Presentive process of actual Expression now occurs. All is ready, and each section or paragraph can be developed straight away, the mind undistracted by considering what points are to come in or be omitted, since all this has been decided before. The matter for each paragraph is ready. Only the shape the paragraph shall take, as to the position of its central thought (see chap. V), and the actual sentences and words of the final expression, remain. That is, from this point, clear verbal composition takes the place of the meditative and deliberative action previously performed.

Should ample leisure be still at command, a farther process of Revision can of course be usefully performed; generally concerned with improvements of diction, emphasis (whether for energy or grace), rhythm, rather than with architectony or selection of points to press. Such revision, however, must be manly, workmanlike, and direct. It easily becomes flabby and hesitant; and the student must be warned against encouraging in himself a meticulous habit of dalliance in this regard. Moreover, it is undoubted that over-revision tends to subtract from a certain force and fire that the first attack of a composition usually contains. To play about too long with a piece of composition means, as a rule, that it is delivered weakly at last. One must hit the happy medium. While it is quite true that sometimes the first word, rising spontaneously as it does, in the initial spring of the mind towards the subject, remains the best word, and later disturbances of it succeed only in enfeebling it, it is also true that sometimes the absence of revisionary opportunity keeps the examination-essay, as well as similar time-pressed writing—editorials, letters, sermons and the like—however respectable in style, still always below the highest class of literature; and that in all these a careful, even a fastidious, review of the phraseology first accepted, would be a measure of utility.

One piece of decision, in reference to the Essay, may sometimes be definitely made, and, in such a case, may rank as an Essay-process. It may occur that one suddenly perceives, while excogitating the theme or selecting its points (or one may slowly veer to the conclusion), that a special tone or level of treatment would be well; such as serious, humorous, pedestrian, poetical, profound, superficial, or the like. On the other hand, this is a determination that need never be imposed on the Essay, as a whole, at the outset; for variations of treatment may suggest themselves, and be effectively introduced, at different points along the course of the work as the paragraphs are being developed.

The Essay-method here outlined is of general utility, if not of absolute necessity, for all sustained and complete work in composition, whether running to only a few pages, or to a large book. Its application to an examination-essay of from

one to three hours should be strictly imposed on all young students. Its regular practice speedily eliminates that painful don't-know-what-to-say attitude which the young scholar invariably (and naturally) assumes towards essay-writing, and which, without method, he keeps up so long. But this method is so rational, so satisfying and gratifying to the student himself, that his essays soon become a delightful and a looked-for task. And apart from actual writing, his whole capacities for concentrating thought, envisaging a theme, comparing points that are connected, detecting relations, appreciating sequences, are strengthened. In fact, exercises in the preparative process of the Essay-method might very well be given, sometimes, without demand for the succeeding presentive development of them. The method, in a word, is educative of general mental power, as well as of the special power of composition.

Tabulating and grouping the processes of the full Essay-method, we have—

I. *Preparative Processes*

1. Collecting thoughts, facts, suggestive, etc. Excogitation.
 2. Selecting for actual treatment Selection.
 3. Arranging in suitable sequence Architectony.
- (Here comes, if recognized, setting the tone or level).

II. *Presentive Processes*

1. Writing in sentences Expression.
2. Revising for phrasing, emphasis and rhythm Revision.

Unconsciously, perhaps, we all go through this method, or something like it, when we write an Essay. To make the method reasoned and conscious is much more satisfactory, and will lead to better results. It is not power alone, but sense of power, that makes effective work. *Possumus, quia posse videmur.*

4. *The Four Elements to evaluate in the Essay*

Composition is an exercise universally demanded in all places of learning, and in every type of examination, com-

petitive, qualifying, or experimental; and of the exercises set the Essay is naturally the chief. Hence, those who are engaged in teaching composition ought to give careful study to the evaluation of the Essay, so as to be trustworthy guides or judges as to the respective merits of essays when compared together. Many teachers and examiners, it is to be feared, hardly regard the marking of an essay as an art at all, or even as capable of receiving help and definition from a system. They trust to, at any rate they practise, a vague impressionist estimate in which instinct rather than rational comparison guides their classification of the Essays on which they pronounce judgment.

That the accomplished and rightly appreciative examiner can come to satisfactory conclusions in such a way is possible enough. But it is, perhaps, better for him, and it is certainly better for all teachers who are not of distinctly literary turn, to consider essay-valuation as capable of method, and as being, in the majority of cases, rendered more satisfactory by the practice of a method like the one now to be outlined.

Suppose, that 100 is the maximum mark to be given. It is undisputed that quality is more to be regarded in the work than quantity. Yet Quantity is an element worth something. If, then, a cursory glance over the work as a whole shows that the matter is reasonably germane and respectably sound, a quantity mark may be assigned at once out of a maximum of 25 per cent. Thus if four foolscap of *prima facie* good matter be regarded as the utmost that could be expected in the given time, then essay A which runs to three pages has assigned to it, say 20 marks, essay B which shows only one page, 8 or 10, and so on.

Quality is much harder to judge. But it may be analysed, for present purposes, into three departments. The first is Correctness—conformity with the accepted canons of the language, in grammar, spelling, idiom, punctuation, and the like. Twenty-five per cent. of the marks go again to this element. In the case of younger pupils, whose correctness it is so necessary to establish against the time when thought and style are in serious demand, this proportion of marks might be increased.

Next comes what is still harder to decide—the quality of the Thoughts presented. It may well happen that essay A, in spite of its three pages of respectable, contains no profound, clever, suggestive, or beautiful thought; while B in its one page contains gleams of one or all of these; or moves, in its thought, on altogether a higher plane. B receives then a high, A a low, mark out of the 25 per cent. allotted for this feature. Thought, of course, here does not necessarily mean original contribution alone, but correct inference, correct fact, reference, illustration, imagination, and whatever the nature of the composition fairly demands or admits.

Last, and most difficult to judge of all, comes the element of Style; the shape of the whole, its architectony, the shape of the paragraphs, the balances, the diction, the emphases, the rhythms. A final 25 per cent. goes to this, and the sum of the four groups of marks now reflects the relative value of the Essay.

Set down in this crude way, our method must appear rigid, and hardly inclusive of all factors in so complex and intricate a production as an Essay. It points, however, a way. And its application, or the application of one on similar lines, is strongly to be advocated as superior to a loose impressionist marking; which, on challenge, shows nothing tangible to either supervisor or writer, and which when investigated so often shows that real merits have been overlooked, real defects disregarded, and differences of merit unrecognized, or, if recognized, that proper balance has not been preserved between them. Moreover, practice in our system brings to a teacher a power of keeping all four points present to his mind at once, so that a laborious setting-down of four separate figures and then adding becomes unnecessary—at all events for ordinary non-competitive weekly essays; though a recurrence to the reasoned plan ought to ensue when special adjudication, as for a prize or a scholarship, is needed.

CHAPTER XIV

POETRY

I. *Imagination in Poetry*

POETRY is not the object, or description of object, the experience or description of experience, as it is, but as transmuted by the emotional imagination. It is a certain interpretation of earthly facts and existences, that brings them into connexion with human emotion.

The power to make this interpretation is Imagination—the poetic imagination, as distinguished from the scientific imagination. If, for example, we exercise this creative faculty in hypotheses regarding number and quantity, in order to proceed to a mathematical demonstration, or in suppositions of certain circumstances in order to be prepared with a line of action, then we are using scientific imagination: for these suppositions do not, in their first intention at all events, bring the facts they create into connexion with human emotion.

But the facts we do bring into that connexion, the facts of poetic material, are innumerable. A deathbed is merely the first scene in a dissolution of atoms. It is the mind that transmutes it into the scene of a tragic separation and thus sets up the emotion of grief. A theft is merely the more or less violent appropriation of that which we did not possess before. It is the mind, again, that makes of it something regrettable and shameful; or, on occasion, something even glorious.

As soon, however, as the mind has exercised this transmuting power, the separation, or the shame, becomes a fact just as forcibly as it was a mere fact of incident before—a fact of mind, in every way, to us, of more importance than whatever kind of fact it was before—“Nothing is, but thinking makes it so.” As long as we agree to regret death and condemn theft, death and theft are regrettable and condemnable facts.

Imagination, then, in poetry, is the power of putting into a certain light, of endowing with a certain aspect, that which had no light, or a different light, before. The primrose is no longer the yellow primrose, occupying a certain place among botanical species; it is something more—a token, a promise, a regret. A chair is no longer a wooden article of special shape; it is a dear, a memorable, a cherished, or a glorious and symbolic, thing.

2. Nature of Poetic Thought

Always, Poetry makes its appeal to the emotions, and not to the understanding—except in so far as the understanding must comprehend the words. Poetry must take the shape of a thought, and in that it differs from mere music. And this thought receives expression in words. It is in the nature of the thought, and in the nature of its expression also, that Poetry differs from what is not Poetry. What are these natures? That is the question which he who seeks to describe Poetry must answer.

In its subjective aspect, Poetry is an attitude of mind; the attitude that desires to exert the imagination in order to arouse emotion, and at the same time seeks in doing so a method of presenting its thought in a beautiful way. Poetry is therefore to the poet something to be selected; not only because not all things are capable of being transmuted into emotional suggestiveness, but because they are not capable of receiving a beautiful treatment. For example, to come again to the supreme fact of life, which is Death. How variously may Death present itself to our apprehension. It may be tranquil or agonized, glorious or craven, graceful or ghastly. Clearly, the acceptable deaths and not the shocking ones better lend themselves to poetical purpose. And in any case, whatever death the poet selects for presentation, in what various manners he may present it; how much the little more may be, what worlds away the little less!

And, as with death, so with all the simpler and lesser experiences of an existence. They are matter for the poet's careful selection and careful treatment. Even in questions

of what we call fact, it is through his interposing imagination that he is about to make us view the fact—heightened, coloured, shaded, as may be. By judicious selection and arrangement he makes a poem out of well-nigh all materials of our thought. The poetic attributes are extracted by him from a wooden shoe as from a royal crown, from the children's toy as from the soldier's sword; from very dissimilar things, arrested by his poetic vision, remoulded by his poetic imagination; but everywhere on the same principle of presentation, that his thought shall, in its expression, take a beautiful shape.

Let us consider a few examples—

3. *Examples of Poetic Treatment*

O mother, praying God would save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

See what the poet has selected—the vast sad fluidity of ocean, the dear relation of a mother, her unconsciousness, the helplessness of the weighted body, the futile appeal to Heaven; and, in expression, the metre, the rime, the compound-words, the apostrophe.

Ah, not the nectarous poppy lovers use
Nor daily labour's dull, Lethean spring
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soil'd glory, and the trailing wing.

Here the two anodynes, so dissimilar, so equally futile—the intoxication of passion, the gospel of work; the happy angelic state recalled by the abstract quality of glory, the concrete triumph of the soaring wing; and the contrasts of the “world's slow stain”—and as it were the broken machinery.

I suppose there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry or nobleness but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and house, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it.

And yet Time hath his revolution; there must be a period and an end to all things temporal—*finis rerum*; an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer?

Nay, which is most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality.

This is Lord Chief Justice Crews, of the seventeenth century, pronouncing on a claim to an earldom. It is no part of his official duty to extract and express the poetical aspects of his finding. Yet he is a poet, and his imagination seizes and presents the emotional attachments that belong to a dry case of legal extinction. He has become, for the moment, Sir Thomas Browne, and is uttering the poetry of the *Urn-Burial*.

If this extract shows us that poetry is no exclusive possession of the professed poet, but resides in all of us (in different degrees and subject to different delicacies of provocation) it shows, too, that the verse-form is by no means necessary to poetic expression.

4. *Beauty in Poetry*

The emotion aroused by poetry must on the whole be pleasurable. It may range from a slight and quiet pleasure to ecstasy and rapture—from the description of a meadow to an “emphasis of passionate love repeated.” It may be again, deep, sad, intense, and so not pleasurable in the lighter sense. Such is the emotion aroused by a tragedy like *Othello*. And yet this is strictly pleasurable, too. But the pleasure comes of our being put in view of, in contact with, true and abiding interests of life in a controlled and instructed way; and because the contact is, after all, one of imagination, not of reality. We should have no enjoyment, no pleasure, nothing but deep terrible grief, were *Othello*’s tragedy to take place in our own, or in our friends’ lives. But its separation from ourselves by that mist or veil of the poet’s imagination through which we view it, and its depiction in an artistic manner, render it not only tolerable, but in the deeper sense pleasurable. That is why it makes Poetry.

The whole of life and experience does not make Poetry. Those sections of life that cannot touch emotion through beauty stand outside. So the Poet must be in the first place a selector of chosen aspects. And these aspects may not always be Poetry for us, though they have been so for him. We do not all feel quite alike nor are our perceptions of beauty

quite the same. There is the beauty of grandeur, of homeliness, of agitation, of calm, of simplicity, of elaboration, of holiness, of sin—there are many kinds of beauty, and one of these may well appeal to some of us and yet fall cold on others.

To learn my lore at Chaucer's knee,
I left much prouder company ;
Thee gentle Spenser fondly led,
But me he mostly sent to bed.

says Landor to Wordsworth; in prose he elaborates this expression of indifference to Spenser's work. And yet Spenser has been called the poet of poets. We know, too, how Johnson, who could so deeply appreciate some poetry, spoke slightly of Milton's sonnets—

So it happens with the poets :
Every province has its own ;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown—

and where even if known he would probably remain not famous.

Then there is beauty of expression, in fitness and music of phrase.

5. Analysis of Beauty in Poetry

If we analyse Beauty, as far as it belongs to Poetry, we shall discover that there are five beauties that poetical expression will admit.

1. Beauty of the pure thought, the idea. This is what the imagination makes and gives.

2. Beauty of illustrative images to enforce and supplement the pure thought. This is also the work of imagination, operating on the outskirts of its principal field.

3. Beauty of the fit word.

4. Beauty of the fit positions of word as well as of thought.

These are the intellectual contribution of mind to the Poet's work. They are the architectonic and rhetorical arts shaping the expression—the Poet's literary gift.

5. Beauty of music, that is, rhythm.

This is partly, perhaps, involved in 3 and 4. But it seems to arise from a musical ear, perception, or sense, that has nothing to do with the intellectual apprehensions of meaning, grammar, and so on, which 3 and 4 demand. So it may have a separate place.

We may illustrate this analysis by a few examples—

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

The pure thought is that Life, with its pains and sorrows, is something that mars the equable existence of the universe. The illustrative image is that of what corresponds to a prism breaking up "white light." Fit words, fit positions of word and of the two thoughts are obviously good. *Prism*; *parti-coloured*; *soils*; *bright*, *clear*, *sheer*, are alternatives which can only be rejected. Finally, the music of the lines is superb.

For shapes that come not at an earthly call
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall.

The pure thought seems to be that hauntings and hallucinations are beyond our control. The supporting image is that of a man seeing a spectre. As to words it is a question whether more effect would not have been gained by using either *earthly* or *mortal* in both places instead of varying. *Accents* would be worse than *voices*. The music is good.

Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood.

The pure thought, of darkness coming on, is poetical because there is always an immediate emotional connexion in our minds between the departure of light and of life. The collateral picture of the homing bird is poetical also. *Crow*, though hardly so poetical a word as *rook*, must be used on account of the good epithet *rooky* that is in reserve. *Bird* is of course inferior to *crow*, as being a general term. *Darkens* is not so good as *thickens*. The music is in excellent keeping.

We might compare here Tennyson's—

And the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

Our last example will be the well known—

And now I view, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine.

The sheer thought is that Wordsworth knows the person he is talking about thoroughly—which is not a very poetical thought. The image is that of looking into the works of some locomotive—which is rather anti-poetically distressing; or, that of a doctor examining a pulse. The terms *pulse* and *machine*, belonging to mixed spheres of application, render it difficult to enunciate what the image-thought is. The metre is correct.

Poetry as a product objectively regarded, is of course the language in which are incorporated the thoughts which the imagination has woven and selected for awaking emotion through beauty. From its origin, purpose, and impulse, this language will show certain special characteristics.

6. Poetic Language

1. The vocabulary will be selected so as to assist the intention to move. Commonplace will give way to more unusual terms, which retain associations of more appealing kind. *Steed, casement, ambient, azure, lief*, and words like these—poetical words they may be styled—will be preferred. *Upholstery, dustbin, sausage*, are words of prosaic pedestrian character which will be avoided. Not absolute meaning, we may observe, but association and atmosphere (see chap. II) govern the choice. As regards absolute meaning, Poetry will naturally eliminate as far as possible words that do not present beautiful ideas.

Therefore, that there is a poetic diction as opposed to ordinary diction is a conclusion that is impossible to escape. It has nothing to do with the poetical selection of thoughts. That selection, as we have seen, is fundamental to poetry, and

constitutes the kernel of poetry. As soon as it receives expression, it becomes objective poetry, and it is in this stage of its evolution that the poet is compelled to preserve the fine flavour of his thought in the terms to which he commits it. That is why he chooses *casement* before *window*, *wraith* before *spook*, *erst* before *formerly*. He judges the former of these pairs to be less adulterated by the commonplace, or worse, associations which will conflict with, or even impede, the impressions of beauty that he is so careful to guard. Whether his judgment always operates soundly is another matter. What we call, and rightly decry as, "fine writing," is due purely to the anxiety, felt in the wrong place, to combat associations that intercept beauty. That the anxiety is laudable, in prose as in verse, is undoubted. But it must be kept for the right places, and not overspread the whole use of vocabulary at every point.

2. Where opportunity arises, words will be employed in forms, that is, spellings (see chap. II), which will similarly displace ordinary associations in favour of beautiful or poetical associations. So *'neath*, *faery*, and similar archaic forms find, especially in poems that deal with bygone times, a large place.

3. Grammatical constructions and arrangements will follow suit, and often depart from ordinary methods; adjectives following their nouns, objects preceding their predicates, convolutions of syntax that ordinary speech will hardly bear, and that sometimes obscure the meaning of a passage. (This explains the frequent employment of poetry as material for grammatical exercise.)

7. Poetic Rhythm

4. Special care will be taken of sounds, both singly and in sequence. Again, this is departure from ordinary practice, since in ordinary speech we do not study sound-values. It will naturally have its effect upon word-selection, and so, although a separate, unites with our first characteristic. And in order to get at once into a region of sound apart from the region which we habitually inhabit in common life, a

metrical shape is almost invariably adopted. We have seen that the metrical shape is by no means necessary to poetical expression. Its genesis, however, and its prevalence, are clear.

The reason that Verse has come into existence at all, and is sometimes preferred to Prose, is evidently that the writer judges that some initial advantage belongs to it. This initial advantage is a certain pleasure that metre imparts—the pleasure of all ordered rhythmical movement, which appears also in dancing, marching, music, singing, gestures of the body and the like. There may be—though this question has not been explored—a connexion between these ordered rhythms that delight us and the ordered rhythms of periodicity in nature, the recurrence of seasons, the ebb and flow of tides, the paths of planets in their orbits.

So the very choice of Verse as a form for his expression shows that the author places the emotional or moving quality of literature (see chap. I) before the intellectual or informing quality. Before he presents whatever intellectual demand he is about to make upon the understanding, he pre-engages emotional sympathy upon his side.

Having so done, he may further proceed to subordinate the intellectual element (he cannot, from the nature and constitution of mind, eliminate it altogether) as much as possible; or, he may introduce the intellectual element with great freedom, regarding the initial emotional advantage that his verse-form gives as some gain for the intellectual demand he will make.

8. *Classes of Poetry*

Should he proceed on the first of these lines, that is, seek to please alone by his matter all along, we get from him pure poetry—Narrative, in verse, purely to be enjoyed, like Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, or Narrative in dramatic setting, like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; or descriptions of nature or art, objects or men.

But if the writer is not content with pure poetry, pure pleasing in his verse, he may develop his narrative into perhaps the moral tale, or the Allegory, with some lesson

attached; making instruction, information, or teaching an ulterior object of his work.

Or, again, the ulterior object may be to secure approval or disapproval from the reader for one or for one set of the figures or objects exhibited. In this way we find "Satires" like *Absalom and Achitophel* and *Hudibras* filling a considerable space in verse-literature. Much, too, of the drama contains a purpose like this.

Further, this pseudo-poetical verse is largely used to embody explanations of distinctly intellectual character; forming what is called Reflective poetry, when the writer is busy reviewing to himself his own thoughts, and Didactic poetry when he is more directly aiming at the edification of his readers.

And another variety of verse which is employed for extra-poetical purpose is that in which the writer manifestly tries to urge his readers to adopt some attitude of mind or follow some definite course of action. This Hortative poetry is nearly related to the Didactic poetry mentioned above; but is concerned with practice, while the former remains concerned with theory.

We call all these Poetry, because in the adoption of the verse-form which is so naturally the appropriate vehicle for poetry proper, and in the invariable admission, into these kinds, of images, figures, and pictures which in themselves are purely poetic, these further-aiming productions contain distinctly poetical appeal. But they contain these poetic elements and this poetic appeal in varying degrees. Clearly, some productions may contain them abundantly, as in the case of Wordsworth, and some much more sparingly, as in the case of Pope. None would deny to Wordsworth's didactic production the name of poetry. But some are unwilling to concede that name to the work of Pope. This question of degree is one into which we cannot here penetrate. It is sufficient if we recognize that our verse-literature comprises, besides much true poetry, much also of what we may technically, for the reasons given, call pseudo- or secondary-poetry; and if we understand that each piece of this character deserves to be studied on its own merits, and that only through such

study can the decision be properly reached as to the category in which it ought to fall.

9. *Poetic Description*

Poor man, he lived another kind of life
 In that new stuccoed third house by the bridge,
 Fresh-painted, rather smart than otherwise !
 The whole street might o'erlook him as he sat,
 Leg crossing leg, one foot on the dog's back,
 Playing a decent cribbage with his maid
 (Jacynth, you're sure her name was) o'er the cheese
 And fruit, three red halves of starved winter-pears,
 Or treat of radishes in April. Nine,
 Ten, struck the church clock,—straight to bed went he.
R. BROWNING.

Hurrah ! for the great triumph
 That stretches many a mile :
 Hurrah ! for the rich dye of Tyre,
 And the fine web of Nile,
 The helmets gay with plumage
 Torn from the pheasant's wings,
 The belts set thick with starry gems
 That shone on Indian kings,
 The urns of massy silver,
 The goblets rough with gold,
 The many-coloured tablets bright
 With loves and wars of old,
 The stone that breathes and struggles,
 The brass that seems to speak—
 Such cunning they that dwell on high
 Have given to the Greek.

MACAULAY.

By night we lingered on the lawn,
 For underfoot the herb was dry ;
 And genial warmth ; and o'er the sky
 The silvery haze of summer drawn ;
 And calm that let the tapers burn
 Unwavering ; not a cricket chirr'd ;
 The brook alone far off was heard,
 And on the board the fluttering urn ;
 And bats went round in fragrant skies,
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes
 That haunt the dusk with ermine capes
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes ;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,
 The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
 Laid their dark arms about the field.

TENNYSON.

O'er the sad threshold, where the cypress bough
 Supplants the rose that should adorn thy house
 On the last pilgrimage on earth that now
 Awaits thee, wanderer to Cocytus, come !
 No more for thee the laughter and the song,
 The jocund night, the glory of the day—
 The Argive daughters at their labour long ;
 The hell-bird swooping on its Titan prey ;
 The false Æolides upheaving slow
 O'er the eternal hill the eternal stone ;
 The crowned Lydian in his parching woe,
 And green Callirrhoe's monster-headed son—
 These shalt thou see, dim-shadowed through the dark,
 Which makes the sky of Pluto's dreary shore ;
 Lo ! where thou stand'st, pale-gazing on the bark,
 That waits our rite to bear thee trembling o'er.

BULWER.

No fish stir in our heaving net,
 The sky is dark and the night is wet,
 And we must ply the lusty oar
 For the tide is ebbing from the shore ;
 And sad are they whose faggots burn
 So kindly stored for our return.
 Our boat is small and the tempest raves ;
 And nought is heard but the lashing waves,
 And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
 And the wild winds piping drearily ;
 Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
 We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates ; our guiding star
 Now from its turret streameth far ;
 And now along the nearing strand
 See swiftly move yon flaming brand ;
 Before the midnight hour is past,
 We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Red fiery streaks
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey ; while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-coloured east the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.

Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze :
 Snatch'd in short eddies plays the withered leaf
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

THOMSON.

The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides
 Forced back and forwards, in a circle rides,
 Stunned with the different blows; then shoots amain,
 Till counterbuffed she stops and sleeps again.

DRYDEN.

So fair a church as this had Venus none;
 The walls were of discoloured jasper-stone,
 Wherein was Proteus carved; and overhead
 A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
 Where by one hand light-handed Bacchus hung,
 And with the other wine from grapes outwung.
 Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
 The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass.

MARLOWE.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
 Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
 Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
 And sometimes like a gleaner dost thou keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook;
 Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

KEATS.

10. *Didactic Verse*

For woman is not undevelop't man
 But diverse; could we make her as man,
 Sweet love were slain; his dearest bond is this,
 Not like to like but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man.

TENNYSON.

II. *Reflective Verse*

Goe find some whispering shade near Arne or Poe
 And gently 'mong their violets throw
 Your wearied limbs, and see if all those faire
 Enchantments can charm grief or care.
 Our sorrows still pursue us, and when you
 The ruined capitoll shall view
 And statues, a disordered heape; you can
 Not cure yet the disease of man,
 And banish your owne thoughts. Goe travaile where
 Another sun and starres appeare,
 And land not toucht by any covetous fleet,
 And yet even there youre selfe youle meeete.
 Stay here then, and while curious exiles find
 New toyes for a fantastique mind;
 Enjoy at home what's reall: here the Spring
 By her aeriall quires doth sing
 As sweetly to you as if you were laid
 Under the learned Thessalian shade.

W. HABINGTON.

He that of such a height has built his mind,
 And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
 As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
 Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
 Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
 His settled peace or to disturb the same:
 What a fair seat hath he from whence he may
 O'er boundless wastes and wilds of men survey.

And with how free an eye doth he look down
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
 Of flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
 As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
 To little minds who do it so esteem.

DANIEL.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity;
 The north cannot undo them
 With a sleety whistle through them,
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer-look;
 But with a sweet forgetting
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never petting,
 About the frozen time.

Ah, would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy:
 But were there ever any,
 Writhed not at passed joy?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it,
 Nor numbed sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

Wherefore I choose my portion. If at whiles
 My heart sinks, as monotonous I paint
 These endless cloisters and eternal aisles
 With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,
 With the same cold calm beautiful regard—
 At least no merchant traffics in my heart;
 The sanctuary's gloom at least shall ward
 Vain tongues from where my pictures stand apart:
 Only prayer breaks the silence of the shrine
 While, blackening in the daily candle-smoke,
 They moulder on the damp wall's travertine,
 'Mid echoes the light footstep never woke.
 So, die my pictures! surely, gently die!
 O youth, men praise so,—holds their praise its worth?
 Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
 Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?

R. BROWNING.

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm or oak or bays,
 And their incessant labours see
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,

Whose short and narrow-verged shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid,
 While all the flowers, and trees, do close
 To weave the garlands of repose.
 Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
 And Innocence, thy sister dear?
 Mistaken long, I sought you then
 In busy companies of men;
 Your sacred plants, if here below,
 Only among the plants will grow:
 Society is all but rude
 To this delicious solitude.

A. MARVELL.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
 Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
 Trust on and think to-morrow will repay:
 To-morrow's falser than the present day;
 Lies worse; and while it says, We shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
 Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
 And, from the dregs of life, think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

DRYDEN.

That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Nor for this
 Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
 Have follow'd, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

WORDSWORTH.

12. *Unpoetical Diction in Verse*

Such wondrous powers as these must sure be given
For most important purposes by Heaven.

S. JENYNS.

The rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed.

COWPER.

No glory I covet, no riches I want
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove:
That it ever attended the bold
And she called it the sister of love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

SHENSTONE.

13. *The Epic*

Poetical literature assumes, according to the mode preferred, three main forms—the Epic, the Dramatic, and the Lyric. The Epic is Narrative poetically viewed, and heightened from the level of everyday experience. Hence, it deals with large figures, and great issues, the deeds of heroes, the overthrow of hosts. Its heroes are the heroes of a nation; its incidents the history of a people. Its men are magnificent in their doings and misdoings; its women nobly nurtured, and, if ashamed, ashamed for splendid sins. Its style must move with majesty and dignity, rather than with grace; its smoothness may be broken by a noble ruggedness, but to the merely pretty it gives no room. The large area of the Epic admits considerable insertion of Dramatic and Lyric elements. The temptation is to interrupt too often the narrative and descriptive flow by dialogue, and thus incorporate in it acts and

scenes of pure drama. Opportunities for pure lyric are equally abundant, but do not seem to be so readily taken.

The Epic, when the name is applied to a special poem, and not generically, means of course a long poem, on a large scale, and dealing with great issues. There are, however, several sub-classes, of epic character, but much smaller in scale.

14. *The Lay*

There is the Lay, of which the distinctive feature is that it deals rather with tribal achievement celebrating the glory or the prowess of some clan and its heroes. The purpose underlying its composition was that it should be periodically said or sung at tribal assemblies, in order to keep alive the sentiments of honourable pride in the past, and resolve for the future. It is probable that Lays were seldom, if ever, the work of a single hand, but rather the gradual aggregation of fragmentary songs about single incidents, which some minstrel of literary and architectonic ability united and arranged in a continuous form. This is the theory put forward with regard to the Homeric epic. Since, in such cases, the composing minstrel would probably modify all the original pieces, not only into shape, but also into verbal, grammatical, and rhythmical improvement, effecting thereby a marked superiority in the literary expression of the poem, and thus giving it a permanent form, it is easy to suppose that future times would couple the production with that minstrel's name, and regard it as having been written by him.

15. *The Ballad*

The Ballad is a short poem, of Epic cast, but relating only a single incident of striking character—some episode in a campaign, or some adventure in a hero's life. The metre of such a poem, intended for frequent recitation or song, would naturally be of a simple type, and its literary expression quite homely, even rough. Unlike the Epic proper, its audience would not be the greatest and wisest in the nation, but the simple people, who would understand its colloquial unelaborated setting. So we find that certain phrases and lines expressive of ideas that would be common to all narra-

tives of this class become stereotyped, and are repeated in ballads of quite different incidents. At the same time, the Ballad, though guiltless of all literary artifice, is full of those direct vivid pictures of simple thought and feeling which appeal to all classes of readers alike, because they are at the foundation of all human nature. To modern readers there is an added charm in the quaint, archaic diction of the older Ballads.

Ballad (modern).

The river ran between them,
 And she looked upon the stream,
 And the soldier looked upon her
 As a dreamer on a dream.

“ Believe me—oh ! believe,”
 He sighed, “ you peerless maid ;
 My honour is pure,
 And my true love sure,
 Like the white plume in my hat,
 And my shining blade.”

The river ran between them,
 And she looked upon the stream,
 Like one that smiles at folly—
 A dreamer on a dream.

“ I do not trust your promise,
 I will not be betrayed ;
 For your faith is light
 And your cold wit bright,
 Like the white plume in your hat,
 And your shining blade.”

The river ran between them,
 And he rode beside the stream,
 And he turned away and parted,
 As a dreamer from his dream.
 And his comrade brought his message,
 From the field where he was laid—
 Just his name to repeat,
 And to lay at her feet
 The white plume from his hat,
 And his shining blade.

J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

16. *The Idyll and the Pastoral*

While the Epic, the Lay, and the Ballad are all connected with action of a stirring character, the Idyll is a poem in which description rather than narrative, and description of

what is rather placid and beautiful than stimulating and exciting, is given. So the word idyllic as adjective has come to mean what is beautiful, attractive, and fair. The literary treatment of the Idyll is usually careful, and worked up often to a degree of great delicacy. Country life is often its theme. And so it shades into that other distinctive poem of country life, known as the Pastoral; the difference being that the Pastoral is more a set and formulated eulogy of country people and conditions, while the Idyll, so long as it presents a quiet pretty picture, need not praise at all. The Pastoral, moreover, got into a special groove, that, namely, of dialogue conducted between two rival singers, each upholding the superiority of his own theme, with an arbiter to listen, and to award to the better eulogist some simple prize—a maple bowl, a shepherd's crook—which the singers had arranged to stake against each other for reward. The Idyll has nothing of this dialogic framework. On the other hand, it may well be that each of the descriptions in the Pastoral may be a little idyll in itself, since the singer would often draw a picture of the subject he was celebrating.

While the Pastoral, written in this way, is a dead and gone mode, of which there can be no resuscitation, the Idyll, from its nature, can never die, though it may not, in any special piece, receive that label. Wherever we have a pleasant picture drawn of what appeals to us mainly through quietness and beauty, there we have the Idyll; and such pictures often occur in the body of poems which have in their entirety no idyllic intention. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* contain, for example, several such little insets, which, taken out, and a little more extended and elaborated, would well be separate Idylls. These poems in themselves, though called Idylls, are much more of epic character. They are canvases on a comparatively large scale, whereas the Idyll is a miniature, or a cameo.

17. *The Drama—Tragedy and Comedy*

Drama, as a literary form, is that dialogue and conversation that intersects and explains action which is meanwhile performed by the speakers themselves. Clearly, Drama is

an outgrowth of the Epic, generated by the desire to isolate and thus emphasize the strictly active portion of that mixture of Narrative and Description of which the Epic, as we have seen, consists. Deprived, therefore, of the rich Epic scope for beauty, languor, and delay, and hurried into a rapid presentation of tense critical moments, the Drama is forced to seek compensation in the intensity and passion of the scenes it exhibits. This at all events is true of those loftier flights of the dramatic muse known as Tragedy. Tragedy, always, depicts the worsening of the individual by the calamity of circumstance. Its presentations are the most poignant that literature has to give.

But to be so powerfully moving, Tragedy demands to be wrought by a master as well of psychology as of art. We are ennobled by his pity and his terror, we preserve sanity in his darkest sorrow, and balance in his deepest despair. What Shakespeare and Webster attained has been attempted by hundreds who mistake the merely violent for the tragic, and whose disposition of dramatic moments is crudely dissimilar to the slow sad workings of tragic issues in real life. Such melodrama, to those who are educated in life's sorrow, makes small appeal; but it thrills the less instructed, and maintains its hold of the popular stage.

Drama, however, although in Tragedy it rises to its loftiest levels, operates with fine result in its other domain of Comedy, where the spectacle of the individual not worsted by circumstance gives room for laughter, and poetry, and much delight. Here, again, as in Tragedy, psychology and art must wed to work a masterpiece of joyous charm; in which either poetry, as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or wit, as in *The Rivals*, irradiates the play. If on the contrary we have violent fun with neglect of art in the piecing of the scenes, the play turns into the Farce.

In good Drama, whether of Tragedy or Comedy, the desiderata are the same. First, a coherent and well-balanced plot; second, a seizure of the best dramatic moments for the actual scenes presented; third, an adequate and appropriate depiction of character, in correspondence with the incidents assigned to each; fourth, a fitting literary expression.

18. *The Lyric*

We have not yet spoken of the Lyric. Lyrical poetry is true poetry, but is more subjective in its nature than the largely objective poetry of epic and drama. In the Lyric we have relief, outlet, to a strongly-felt single emotion. Altogether simpler, sincerer, intenser, and briefer than these other forms, the Lyric is less able to bear artistic polish, and art easily becomes in it meretricious. From the fine poet the Lyric breaks forth in a throb or distils into a drop of song, according to the strength or the gentleness of the passion it relieves, but always with spontaneity and truth, not unwieldy, or forced. It has impulse but no current, for it is not a consecution of emotions, but a single emotion. Any attempt to combine and co-ordinate a series of lyrics, results, as with *In Memoriam*, in departure of the lyrical quality before narrative, reflective, didactic, or other different quality.

The Lyric (which is the poetic expression of emotion) is, both in quality and in range, the simplest of poetic forms. How glad I am ! how sad I am !—these fundamental utterances of every human soul, at different periods of its existence, are the keynote to which all lyric song is set. As these emotions vary in degree, the Lyric may be playful or passionate, casual or profound. But in every case brevity and singleness of theme belong by nature to it; and the pure Lyric cannot be a long poem. But often a poem of lyric intention is pleasingly enlarged by description, or even by narration, of the cause and the consequence of the emotion felt, and by general comment upon it. Especially in poetic records of personal experience like *The Prelude*, do we find imbedded in long passages of description those sudden eager visitings of impulse to speak out the feelings of the heart. In *In Memoriam*, too, amid the musings of the Poet's intellect, as he probes the problems of our existence, these visitings come thick and fast.

Typical Lyric lines—

O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
 Dear Mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
 For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
 The grasshopper is silent in the grass;

The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
 Rests like a shadow, and the cicala sleeps.
 The purple flowers droop : the golden bee
 Is lily-cradled ; I alone awake,
 My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
 My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
 And I am all awearry of my life.

TENNYSON.

Alas ! I have no hope nor health,
 Nor peace within nor calm around,
 Nor that content surpassing wealth
 The sage in meditation found,
 And walked with inward glory crowned ;
 Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
 Others I see whom these surround ;
 Smiling they live and call life pleasure ;
 To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
 Even as the winds and waters are ;
 I could lie down like a tired child,
 And weep away the life of care
 Which I have borne and yet must bear
 Till death like sleep might steal on me,
 And I might feel in the warm air
 My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
 Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

SHELLEY.

19. *The Ode*

An elaborate poetic form, of lyric character, but where a chastened passion speaks in tones of dignity, is the Ode. The emotion that in the Lyric is a sharp and poignant personal cry, uttered in the very moment of feeling, has been restrained, has gathered weight from the restraint, and comes forth at length after an interval in which it has received all the sobriety, the co-ordination, the adjustment which the intellect has had the time to impart to its expression. Hence, in the Ode, the literary quality is very high—of the grandiose, not the graceful, order. Not only is the diction carefully selected for qualities of magnificence and sonority, but the metre is highly elaborated, each section, or strophe, usually exhibiting an irregular scheme of line-lengths and of rimes, and one different from the schemes of the other strophes. Since there are some ten to thirty lines in a strophe, and as the

strophes may number some twenty, there is ample room in the Ode for more than purely lyrical expression. Narrative, description, reflexion, all on the same stately level, and all sententiously compressed, occupy the attention in turns. And as each strophe is, in a sense, self-contained, the appropriate sequence of the strophes, the architectony of the Ode, is a matter of extraordinary difficulty. Though it has been frequently attempted, no form in our literature exhibits so few absolute triumphs as the Ode. Its perfection is to be seen in *The Bard*. If that poem is regarded as the model, a comparison of other odes with it will show how singularly the narrow, but real, genius of Gray was fitted to cope with the stringent demands of this difficult form.

The dignity, the emotion, the intellectual opportunities afforded by the Ode, combine to render it an appropriate form for lofty gratulations of the living and commemorations of the dead. No private friendship or incident, simple, intimate, and dear, could easily be celebrated in its large and elaborate movements; but a people's deliberate tribute to the worth of a hero, to the importance of an event, receives, in the Ode, a natural and adequate expression.

20. *The Dirge, Elegy, Epitaph*

The Dirge is a song of mourning over death, intended to be recited by the mourners in the act of burial. It is short, simple, purely lyrical, and admits no insertion of reflective or quasi-narrative character. The Elegy, on the other hand, is like the Ode, a remoter lyric, emotion "recollected in tranquillity," and supplemented by reflexions of a more or less generalized kind. It has, therefore, the advantage that intellectual oversight gives to all emotional expression. But the Elegy is altogether simpler in scope, aim, and structure. From its nature, the Ode enshrines a true, indeed, but a somewhat distant emotion; while the Elegy is warm and close, and deep, the language of sincere personal sorrow for the friend that is gone—not the cry of anguish that rises at the moment of his departure, but the lament that comes when grief has—

run on and passed itself along
Into near Memory's more quiet shade.

Therefore, as may be imagined, because the emotion that generates it is of the deepest and sincerest, and because the literary powers have been given time to work upon the expression of it, the Elegy becomes one of the most successful forms of verse in literature. Glibness is kept away from it, since glibness is incompatible with the depth of its feeling. On the other hand, tortured and heavy workmanship is not likely to disfigure it, since it is not so ambitious in its scope, or so dignified in its march, or so diversified in its admissions, as the Ode. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, magnificently as it enshrines the universality of our sadness and of death, is not simple enough, short enough, or direct enough, to typify Elegy. It partakes more of the nature, though not of the form, of the Ode. Johnson, not unlike Gray in the severe and lugubrious mental habit, is still much nearer to elegiac achievement, in his sincere and simple verses on the death of Levett.

The Epitaph is that very slight and simple lyric or elegy which actually appears on the tomb. It has the literary interest that it requires a delicate literary taste. For while we may be sure that the feeling which prompts it is in most cases sincere, yet the publicity it immediately gains and the extreme brevity allowed to it, are a temptation to deal with it in too clever a way. Hence, the Epitaph tends to oscillate between the absolute flatness of the well-known verses that are to be found in every graveyard, and the epigram—sincere but unliterary in the first case, clever but insincere in the second. The art of the Epitaph, so delicately exhibited in the Greek Anthology, seems to be lost.

Elegy.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould.
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
Where Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;

And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

COLLINS.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave !
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead ;
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid
And the last words, that dust to dust conveyed.

TICKELL.

Epitaph.

Beneath this stone an infant lies,
To earth whose body lent
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.

(Slightly altered from a stone in Prittlewell Churchyard
Southend.)

White soul, in lands of purest white
That caught the secrets of the snow,
For you no priest prepared the rite,
No hireling led the funeral show,
Lost on the far Caucasian height !
We know not how—We only know
The frosty stars their vigil keep,
The mountain walls their wards extend,
Where Nature holds in quiet sleep
Her own interpreter and friend.

(These beautiful lines, on the death of a mountain-climber, appeared in a book describing adventures on the Caucasian mountains. I call them an epitaph, though it is obvious that they can be only an epicenotaph.)

20. *The Hymn*

Hymns are religious lyrics in which the emotions are recorded which proceed from man's recognition and experience of his Creator. Profound and uplifting as these emotions undoubtedly are, widely as they have touched the hearts of men, they would have received, we might well suppose, much expression of high literary quality. Strangely, the contrary has been the case. Hymns of real merit are few enough. Hymns of the superlative merit that religious

feeling should inspire, hardly exist. In no department of literature is the disproportion so great between provocation and achievement. One reason may be that the sensation of sublimity which must accompany our conceptions and considerations of God somewhat checks and freezes the capacity to put them into words. On the side of praise or adoration our utterances are likely to be inadequate or *banal*—a repetition of superlatives or mixtures of commonplace.

The Psalmist, it is true, the Semitic mind in general, was stirred by its consciousness of sublimity into the noblest of expression. The power and the majesty of God are the constant themes of David's and of the Prophets' songs. But with the cessation of a purely Deistic belief, the inspiration of sublimity ceases. With Christianity, a different impulse operates, a gentler and sweeter, from which not adoration but prayer and pleading are evoked. The consciousness of our brotherhood, our individual weakness, the frailty of our mortal nature, loom large in our religious views; and it is on the side of these that hymns are chiefly composed—

Eyes that the preacher could not school
 By wayside graves are raised,
 And lips say, "God be pitiful!"
 That ne'er said, "God be praised!"

The hymns, then, of adoration, the great and noble hymns of the Psalms, do not—except sporadically from a Milton or a Coleridge—appear in our literature. Of the quieter hymns of prayer, there is a large body, but of ineffective quality. Simplicity, sincerity, and dignity should unite in a good hymn. Ken's Morning and Evening hymns, Addison's "The Spacious Firmament on high," Watts' "O God, our help in ages past," Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way," are among our classic examples. Some more modern ones there are, like "Eternal Father, strong to save," "Lead, kindly Light," "The radiant morn hath passed away," "The Church's one Foundation," and Mrs. Alexander's simple poetry for children. Mrs. Browning's *He giveth His Beloved Sleep* and Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, some of Crashaw's and of Francis Thompson's work, are examples of finished and even fervid hymns from literary pens.

CHAPTER XV

RAPID REVIEW OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF PROSE STYLE

I. *Early Simple and Inchoate Prose*

FOR the student of prose style, the knowledge is necessary of certain authors who mark the arrival of a stage or a turn in its development. First, there is Ælfred, as type of our earliest accessible literary prose, and showing its native simplicity of form. From his day to the time of Elizabeth, prose was principally the vehicle for religious and expository utterance. Literary and imaginative work was left to verse. But in Malory, and in Berner's *Froissart*, there occur good instances of the growing facility with which prose was being applied to poetical matter. The prose of these authors, still simple in its construction, approximates more to later Biblical prose than does the prose of mid-Elizabethan years, in which the surging influences of the Renaissance find a vehicle that cannot yet bear the complexity and the range of the thoughts it presents. Ascham, a typical author of this time, shows how formless and rambling our prose still was.

2. *The Preciosity of Lyly*

How long prose style would have remained thus imperfect, had it not been for Lyly's copious introduction of a new style, it is impossible to say. He, however, struck by the sprawling shape and jejune character of Ascham's and contemporary work, sharply turned style into the direction of an overloaded and artificial polish, modelled on a certain contemporary continental manner. His reaction went so far that, in spite of universal and immediate imitation, it had to shed the superfluity of refinement that formed its chief characteristic, before it became a fit and useful instrument. Yet its preciosity arrived at an appropriate moment, and it served the purpose of largely destroying the nerveless and shapeless prose against which it had collided.

3. *The Dignity of Hooker*

To literary service done to our prose by Lyly, there was added a still greater service by Richard Hooker. He gathered up and exhibited the complementary excellences of a stately and impressive style, in which thoughts are marshalled and sentences moulded in a well-planned and coherent structure.

4. *The Bible*

The grandest monument of our prose during this grand Elizabethan epoch is, however, a composite work, whose origin was laid in the distant times of Wyclif and of Tyndale—the Authorized Version of the Bible. While none of the thought in this production is original, the deep and rich emotional quality of its thought, passing into the very fibre of the translators' minds, has elicited from them an achievement of English prose unmatchable in literature for the united qualities of majesty, simplicity, and rhythm. For the nonce, the features of convolution and length, so prevalent in the Elizabethan prose-sentence, disappear; the simple constructions of the original have been faithfully followed; and yet, though moving in this respect counter to the genius of their age, the translators, filled with that genius, have produced a work whose literary greatness surpasses all the other splendid achievements of that, or of any other, epoch.

Hooker having imparted majesty, magnificence, and order, and Lyly polish and artifice into the style of prose, the lessons given by them were never wholly lost. By them there entered into prose, as through two opposite poles, all gifts of force and of fancy that the Renaissance had to give. For the perfection of prose, one gift alone remained, and that was on its way. This was the gift of ease.

5. *Rich Prose*

Neither Hooker, however stately and harmonious, nor Lyly, however skilled in refinement, had written a style of ease. Theirs was not the age for which such a style was an imperative need. For theirs was the age of the Renaissance: the age of poetry, and wonder and delight at travelling untrammelled

through strange vast worlds of knowledge and imagination. Their qualities, commingled, gave to the prose of Jeremy Taylor, Browne, and, less powerfully, Clarendon, the glow and fulness of a style in which men wrote more for poetic pleasure than for a profession or a business.

6. *Easy Prose*

The coming of an easy and simple prose, suited to the needs of men who wrote for practical and pedestrian purpose, is heralded in the style of the most practical-minded of the poetical Elizabethans—Bacon. There is difficulty in some of his Essays, owing to the turn of his thought; but there is not obscurity, if by this term we understand that which the manner of expression, as distinguished from the matter expressed, has made hard.

By 1660, the intellectual excitement of the Elizabethan epoch had given place to a comparative coolness of mind, which was ready to deal in a sober unemotional way with all matters of literary interest. The influence of the Restoration also familiarized our literary men with the easy and simple prose structure of the French, which the capable pen of Dryden at once turned to account and established as the dominant form of our prose from his day to our own. He is in truth the founder of our modern prose style.

7. *Graceful Prose*

The native vigour of Dryden's mind, and the polemical attitude into which his literary and political circumstances perpetually threw him, rendered his prose forcible rather than graceful; and the same remark is true of his successor, Swift. Grace was, however, soon to be infused into the easy simple style, and is found as the prevailing characteristic in Addison; whose prose production, partly through its publication in cheap periodical form, partly through its wide range of popular and general theme, reached and influenced a wider circle of readers than the work of any preceding prose writer. His mantle descended, in the next generation, upon Goldsmith. Goldsmith's prose probably combines and con-

nects the excellences of the easy simple style more comprehensively than any other author's of that century; and is surpassed, in that genre, only by the inimitable excellence of the later style of Thackeray

8. Brilliant Prose

But the greatest prose of the eighteenth century, proceeding from a mind trained in philosophy, glowing with imagination, and learned in literature, came from the able pen of Burke. In his prose we behold the prime product of Dryden's ease grafted upon the rich and powerful style of Hooker and Taylor, and aided by the comprehensive classical scholarship which appears to be an essential accompaniment in great style of the first rank. All the qualities of eminent prose are exhibited and maintained by Burke in an unsurpassed degree.

Contemporary with Burke is a master of prose who as a manipulator of words comes very near to Burke himself, and as an architect of sentences goes almost beyond him. This is Dr. Johnson. For pedestrian and poetical, as distinguished from poetical and rhetorical purpose, Johnson's style is of extraordinary merit. Kept always weighty by the preponderance of his Latinized vocabulary, and the serious, even gloomy, cast of his thought, his prose is yet more flexible than that of many a more sprightly writer; principally because of the absolute mastery he exhibits over all the shapes and varieties that may be assumed by the sentence. Short or long or middle sized, straight or winding, normal or inverted in part-order, Johnson's sentences are invariably constructed with a sureness of touch that never falters, and leave behind them a sense of perfect satisfaction with both their emphasis and rhythm. The virtues of prose as a workmanlike instrument for the conveyance of good, and even great, thought—clearness, precision, correctness, vigour—were combined by Macaulay with such sweep and power that his style has become the accepted model of all that semi-literary business-like and efficient writing known as journalism. His stamp is printed, besides, on all the ordinary writing of our day. And hardly a better model could have been found. For it

possesses, practically, all the high merits of prose, except charm; and charm is a quality which in the ordinary transactions of prose we neither seek nor desire.

9. *The Prose of Virtuosity*

The glory of prose as an outlet for rich imagination having been exhausted by Burke, its adaptation to the services of pedestrian expression having been perfected by Johnson and popularized by Macaulay, the only development left for the nineteenth century was in the direction of virtuosity; as when Nature has brought forth her robust and splendid flowers, man takes in hand to refine and attenuate her product into the hectic and ethereal. This latest prose is full of self-conscious quality, in which the original thought is played upon and overlaid with tinges and half-tones of colour and shade. In preciousness, the treatment is marked by indirectness and extravagance, and is developed, usually, in trick and tenderness. Ceasing to be merely a vehicle for the carriage of thought, style becomes a pursuit, almost a plaything in itself, and expression is fondled and nursed, often to the verge of torture. Instead of the glorious burnished fire and roseate richness of the great Elizabethan and Caroline authors, we get a mellow iridescence as of mother-of-pearl and of opal, induced by delicate touches of curious epithet, and unexpected turns, and much play with stops. These subtleties of style are seen, in their beginnings, in the imaginative pieces of De Quincey and of Lamb; and they are with us almost to-day in the exquisite mouldings of Walter Pater.

10. *Summary of Prose-types*

<i>Elfred</i>	Simple.
<i>Ascham</i>	Formless.
<i>Lyly</i>	Over-refined.
<i>Hooker</i>	Majestic.
<i>Dryden</i>	Plain.
<i>Addison</i>	Graceful.
<i>Burke</i>	Perfect.
<i>Macaulay</i>	Workmanlike.
<i>De Quincey</i>	Exquisite.

In this list we have placed a representative author and a descriptive adjective to mark each of the turns taken in the development of our Prose style.

In this rapid review of the course of Style in our prose literature, writers principally have been noted whose work appears to mark the ways at which distinct developments or departures have occurred. Many of the greatest writers occupy intervening spaces between these points. Especially distinguished among these are the splendid Jacobean and Carolines, whose rich, harmonious, convoluted eloquence has well been said to constitute the Golden Age of our prose. In Sir Thomas Browne it is curious to note a slight anticipation of the preciousness which was more fully and consciously developed in the Victorian age. Again, the nineteenth century produced two of the greatest masters of prose in Ruskin and Carlyle. Their merits are of the same order as the merits of the "Golden Age"; it is a part of their modernity that they are on the whole more correct and compact in structure.

II. *The Author's Full Equipment*

The full study of an author will comprise—

First, his Mind—that which he really is in himself—the feelings that move him and the depth of those feelings; the thoughts that proceed from him, and the value of those thoughts in terms of wisdom, beauty, and the like. Nor will the study of all this be complete, unless we consider, too, the circumstances of his heredity and environment; and, in addition, that native motion of his nature which we call effort or will, and which sometimes blends with and supports the influences of his birth and fortunes, and sometimes opposes and conquers them.

Next we study the Fabric out of which he builds his literary achievement; the materials he has chosen, or has been able, to employ—principally, his words. This is the cardinal feature in literary work; as vital to the goodness of it as the quality of cloth in a coat, of wood in a table, of brick in a house. A comprehensive exact, rich, delicate, rhythmical vocabulary is the finest asset of literary worth.

And with the fabric, we must study the Structure which that fabric undergoes—the distribution of his vocabulary as evinced by sequence, length, variety, sound of sentence and of paragraph. Here is where the true *art* of composition lies—not so much in the word used, but in the disposition of that word, cunningly or forcibly, to emphasize and enhance its literary value. Labour here is somewhat alien to the greatest and worthiest minds—the Shakespeares, Carlyles, Brownings. They grow impatient of touch and polish; they sweep and soar in large and massive flights. They differ from the artist-race as genius differs from talent.

But art and method form the staple of excellence in all but the supreme and sovereign men. In the vast bulk of writers who survive, in personalities so diverse as Macaulay and Stevenson, as Tennyson and Herrick, the common factor is successful care for style.

In prose, it was Lyly who first raised style from a neglected to a nurtured element in composition. He tricked and trimmed the trunk of language into an interminable intricacy of bright and brittle branches, which clouded more than cleared the sky of thought behind.

12. *The Analytic Sieve*

To secure a thorough knowledge of an author's production and his characteristics, we must give to his work a systematic study of the following kind.

I. A general reading to determine nature and quality of the writer's mind. In this we note the subjects preferred, the originality or derivative character of the work, the writer's serious or playful, pedestrian or poetical, lofty or trivial, wide or narrow cast of mind.

II. Next we examine the literary treatment he has given to the work, and how he has produced the literary qualities of clearness and effectiveness in it. We take the details in five aspects.

1. Vocabularic compass and method—

- (a) Simple or recondite terms.
- (b) Literal or figurative habit.

- (*c*) Native or foreign words.
 - (*d*) Spellings.
 - (*e*) Grammatical forms.
 - (*f*) Part-of-speech preferences.
 - (*g*) Coinages.
 - (*h*) Poetic or pedestrian words.
 - (*i*) Euphonic or non-euphonic words.
 - (*j*) Otiose or economical in distribution.
 - (*k*) Exact or loose terms.
 - (*l*) Concrete or abstract terms.
2. Sentential method—
- (*a*) Length of sentences.
 - (*b*) Sentence-part orders.
 - (*c*) Simple or convoluted.
 - (*d*) Syntactical method.
 - (*e*) Rhythms.
 - (*f*) Punctuations.
 - (*g*) Running or broken movement.
 - (*h*) Phrasal segmentation—grammatical and rhythmical
(= metrophrasic).
 - (*i*) Nexus and articulations (logical or transitional).
 - (*j*) Loose or periodic or compact.
3. Paragraphic method—
- (*a*) Completeness and fitness of topics chosen for paragraph divisions.
 - (*b*) Central-thought position.
 - (*c*) Lengths of paragraphs.
 - (*d*) Nature and position of subsidiary thoughts.
 - (*e*) Juxtaposition of sentences (whether varied or similar in construction).
 - (*f*) Nexus.
 - (*g*) Rhythms.
 - (*h*) Closes and introductions.
4. Architectonic method of the whole—
- (*a*) Theme's approach.

(b) Manner, fitness, and degree of consecutional development.

(c) Character of the close.

(d) Digressional management.

5. General rhythmical value—

(a) Musical, and in what kind, and how effected.

(b) Indifferent.

(c) Harsh.

(d) Onomatopœia.

13. *Literary Criticism*

Closely allied to analytic work, and a development of it, is critical work. Largely this will consist of a descriptive account of the passage or author in question, and a statement of not only the literary methods practised, but also his mental characteristics shown. With this comes a comparison of different writers, a grouping of these according to their preferences and characteristics, and finally a pronouncement of opinion as to their merits. This last demand is decried by some, on the ground that it is the student's part to know and understand, not to criticize or judge. The objection is foolish. The acts of understanding and judging, in literature, are simultaneous. One cannot understand the rhythms of Milton without judging them to be superior to Pope's; nor understand the language of Lamb without judging him to be more harmonious than Harrison Ainsworth. What is meant by the objectors is, no doubt, leaps into the pose of criticism before the matter criticized is sufficiently explored. But the points that arise for criticism, and the degrees to which they may be explored, are numerous. And as long as a student is within his range he should rather be encouraged to criticize, in that limited way, than dissuaded from doing so. A word may be said, too, for that most valuable and interesting literary effort known as "appreciation." Even the youngest people have unsuspected and definite likes and dislikes which they cannot quite phrase, but which, if they are encouraged to mention them, can be usefully developed in right directions and checked in wrong. The beginnings of

appreciation as a literary exercise consist in merely specifying passages or even lines that appeal or repel; then some simple encouragement given to explain the reason for the choice. Of course, no labouring or pressing on the teacher's part should take place. Not every pupil will have the capacity to respond; but with those that have, much serviceable work may be done.

The student's criticism should advance from small definite areas into comprehensive appreciations, only by degrees. Single passages studied in reference to single features must form the first stages of critical work. One sentence examined as to sentence-part order, one paragraph examined as to sentence-sequence, one stanza examined as to metre, a short poem, as to epithet-selection—these and tasks like these will constitute the early approaches to critical study. Extension on these lines, with record kept of the judgments made, will gradually bring into being something like a critical standard or apparatus which will give the student a security in method and a firmness in critical attack. Of course, one student's method need not be identified with another's. But all methods might be based on a common series of starting-points, such as the vocabularic, sentential, architectonic, rhythmical aspects which are fully detailed in our "analytic sieve."

CHAPTER XVI

CATEGORIES OF STYLE

1. *The Discrimination of Styles*

WHEN we endeavour to discriminate between styles for the purpose of discovering well-defined classes, we are at first bewildered by the varieties and differences that emerge; also by the fact that a single style may present combinations, in greater or lesser proportions, of differing qualities. A style again, may be viewed in different aspects, or, it might be said, at different distances; we may stand as far away from it as possible, so as to view it as it were on the whole, or in mass only. Or it may be examined from the Vocabularic side, referring to the nature of the words that the writer principally employs; or from the Structural side, when attention will be chiefly paid to word-order, and the length and build of sentences; or, from the Architectonic side, that is to say, the writer's method in approaching his subject and the relative positions he assigns to topics in his development of it, which will mean his paragraph-distribution; or from the side of Rhythm, when, sound being isolated as far as possible, the run and flow of his periods receive our chief attention. Thus, from one point of view or another, or from several points of view combined, a variety of classes in style may appear.

2. *Attitude towards Instrument*

In considering Style, we are considering the manner in which a certain instrument—the instrument language—is used in the effort to produce the result composition. The manner in which such a result may be produced is conditioned by two factors.

One of these factors, and perhaps the more important, is the attitude that the user maintains towards his instrument; the respect he has for it, his understanding and appreciation

of its powers, his care to make much or his disposition to make little of it. Obviously, in the case of the instrument language, as in the case of implements for cricket, painting, building, or any other pursuit, this attitude, the poise of the craftsman, vitally affects the Style in which he operates.

3. *Mental Tendency*

But, whatever the craftsman's attitude, which is an intelligent, reasoned, and conscious element in his work, that attitude may be strongly modified by qualities belonging to the very nature and constitution of the craftsman's mind; qualities which are not reasoned and conscious but are part and parcel of his individuality. Such a natural mental tendency, say towards ponderosity or floridity, will certainly affect style, whether the writer does or does not know well, and try to use well, his language.

And, reciprocally, the deliberate attitude maintained towards the instrument will react on the constitutional mental tendency, and the naturally ponderous, florid, or graceful mind will in some degree moderate the exhibition of these qualities by its recognition and employment of the opportunities or limitations of its instrument.

That is to say, Style is the outcome of the art of composition modified by a nature of mind, or, conversely, of a nature modified by an art. The conscious and unconscious, endowed and derived, native and cultivated elements thus recognizable in Style afford the basis of a useful classification of Styles.

In dealing with the conscious element that contributes to Style, we may distinguish four attitudes habitually maintained towards language and its materials as the instrument of composition, and sufficiently distinct to be considered separately. These four depend upon the degree of value attached to the instrument, and the amount of care with which the resources of that instrument are utilized.

4. *The Careless Style*

There may be, first, a minimum of regard for the language, resulting in a *Careless* or *Loose Style*. The language, in this

case, is merely the absolutely necessary medium for the work. It has to be used, nothing else can be used, but the writer is not concerned with it for its own sake, does not look for, does not find in it, any intrinsic delicacy, beauty, or resource, cultivates none of its additional possibilities; and through such neglect the style becomes negatively bad style, undistinguished, inexact, and unrhythmical. Or, disregard for the language, impatience of its vocabularic, syntactical, and other limitations, may produce a style positively bad, exhibiting harshness and obscurity.

Instances of the former sort of poor style are copiously afforded by our literature. Naturally, the earlier writers, not only the Tudor and pre-Tudor authors, but the splendid Jacobeans and Carolines, abound in careless prose; the close study of language had not in their day been sufficiently developed, nor did they possess models on which to mould their work. Much later, Scott, absorbed in the unresting creative activity of his novels, displays similar looseness of style. But Pepys' Diary is probably the purest example of Careless Style. The very fact that his work was written in a cypher shows how small a part colour, fragrance, physiognomy of words may play in composition when sheer record only is desired, and language is nothing more than the unavoidable instrument of that record.

5. *The Workmanlike Style*

Our second class of Style displays an attitude of responsibility, understanding, and sufficient care to keep Style always free from looseness, always correct, consistent, and good. This *Workmanlike* Style does not exhibit in Energy, Grace, and Rhythm the highest charms of which Style is capable; but it never degenerates, never falls below a high level of thoroughly sound quality. Typical in this kind, and easily its most admirable exponent, is Macaulay. He is followed by the whole school of the better journalists since his day, whose vigour and correctness, as displayed in the leading articles of our press, are praiseworthy. Macaulay himself, of course, through scholarship, panoramic instinct, and wide historical

knowledge, rises so high in this class as frequently to reach into the next. But he is, fundamentally, of this group.

6. *The Artistic Style*

Our third class, in this view of Style, comprises those whose achievement, through habitual care and effort in language, rises still a step higher, and may be described as the *Artistic* group. They are not content with respectability, soundness, and correctness in composition, but seek to engage by a certain finish and concinnity of expression, which the Workmanlike stylist would somewhat despise; but which if executed with sound taste certainly place their prose in a superior rank. In the one quality of Energy they are perhaps neither potentially nor actually before the Workmanlike writer. But they discriminate much more in their distributions of it, and so secure better effects; while of Grace and Rhythm they are constantly conscious, and produce results in them that the Workmanlike writer does not essay. And when these Artistic writers are as jealous of correctness as the Workmanlike writer is, then the Artistic Style is on the whole the best and the most moving style a literature can exhibit.

It is, however, only just to the Workmanlike writers to point out that their sterling merits of correctness and vigour run some risk of dilution in the hands of the Artistic writers. The latter are alive to possibilities of a wider range, and, while securing most of these, are liable to defect in the firmer, more solid, parts of style.

Examples of Artistic prose appear in Newman, Washington Irving, and Thackeray. The last-named is flecked with a good deal of carelessness, but his natural endowments in grace and rhythm are unsurpassed, and so keep his prose very distinctly in the Artistic class.

7. *The Æsthetic Style*

If the Artistic attitude towards expression is pushed to an extreme degree, and the composition is overcharged with curious refinements and highly artificial devices, then a fourth class of Style occurs, which may be called the Æsthetic. The

connexion between this and the Artistic Style is obvious; the one is but the exaggerated degree of the other.

And this Æsthetic Style is the swing of the pendulum away, to the opposite extreme, from the Careless Style; just as the latter comes from an insufficient, so the former comes from an excessive care for language, and a too sedulous nursing of manner. In every literature, and in almost every age, the tendency to Æstheticism appears in a few. No doubt it is wholesome for style that this should be the case. For the Æsthetic writers, though passing perhaps over the mark themselves, serve a good purpose by setting a standard and encouraging a fault on the right side. For the most hateful habit in style, as in life, is slipshodness—the inexact word, the anacoluthon in syntax, the disregard of rhythm. From these faults the Æsthetics are exempt. And if only on that ground they are to be welcomed as a valuable group among the motley groups into which writers fall. Lyly refining the rough gold of the Elizabethans, Pater and Stevenson rarefying the too brisk atmosphere of our leader-writers, are authors we could ill spare.

We reach now the consideration of styles from the point of view that they may exhibit some predominating mental characteristic of their possessors. In composition, six such mental characteristics appear.

8. *The Plain Style*

First, the quality of Plainness, where there is no love of ornament, circumlocution, or fancifulness, but where language is used correctly and simply, adequate to the thought presented by it, and travelling no further, either in design or in execution, than plain expression demands. The *Plain Style* seeks simply to get its meaning out, clearly, unaffectedly, using no tricks or devices of language for the purpose of adding charm or point to the mere meaning of the words.

Though it might seem, at first blush, that to write in this Plain Style is one of the easiest, it is, in reality, one of the most difficult tasks of literary achievement. For the user of it must continually be escaping from the stress (or the lure) of the two strongest temptations that can invade our minds in

all our human activities—the temptation to be accounted charming by other minds, or to dominate them. So actuated are we by the consciousness of others, by the wish for their praise or their submission, that in style, as in all other matters, we tend to infect plainness by the importation of a grace which may easily become meretricious, or a force which easily grows violent. Instances, in fact, of each extreme are to be seen in the styles of certain namby-pamby and certain repellent writers of the present day. In a book on composition, these styles should be red-lighted, as danger-signals to him who would learn.

Masters, and therefore models, of the Plain Style in our literature are not numerous. Many writers try hard to use this manner, and, in fragments, succeed. It is, no doubt, in every one's power to compose short passages in this style—perhaps to compose short passages in any given style. But to keep steadily in the Plain Style, from their first piece of writing to their last, and that without apparent effort, but as the natural and inevitable outcome of their personality, is given to very few. Four authors may be mentioned, with some comment on their production.

9. *Borrow's Style*

First, and perhaps the most remarkable of all, is that curious writer and curious man, George Borrow. His mastery of words was great, his eye for what is telling in narrative or description vivid, his feeling strong, uncomplex, and sound. Very limited and bigoted in outlook, detesting Scott and Roman Catholicism, adoring gipsies and ale, the purport of what he is going to say is often, the manner of saying it is always, to be forecasted. To get a proper idea of his unvarying literary method, and of the simple robust texture of his mind, one has no need to read all or even much of his work. An extract samples him as completely as a book.

Borrow's forte lay in Narrative and Descriptive Prose. Intermixed with these is a frequent vein of lyrical feeling, marked by exclamatory and apostrophic expression, not a little pleasing, as relief, in a style so downright and unadorned.

His principal stylistic device (if device it may be called, rather

than, in his case, a natural turn of his Plain Style) is Repetition. Now and then, this Repetition rings artificial; as though he purposely forced it a little, not for clearness but for effect. Take away this one doubtful instance, and Borrow's style remains the perfection of a homogeneously unadorned, unaffected Plain Style.

10. *Paley*

Another Plain Stylist, in a different field, the field of Exposition, is Paley. Paley's mind, without being subtle or shrewd, moved pedestrianly along the consecutive levels of logical process, like an easy heavy roller, smoothing down and comfortably settling one area before advancing, to repeat the process, to the next. His vocabulary, determined by the argumentative nature of his subjects, is more Latinized than that of Borrow; but he is equally destitute of literary artifice. As becomes a controversialist, his mind is always open to the possibility of objections to this point, or to that, of his propositions. Unlike Borrow, whose advocacy of a view confines itself to statement combined with vituperation of his opponent, Paley patiently and sedulously examines, compares, and concludes, and never gives way to the temptation to call names. Yet his style is as plain as a Polemical style can possibly be; how different, for example, from the glowing, emotion-laden, argumentative outbursts of Ruskin, and from the delicate sneering persiflage of Matthew Arnold.

11. *Defoe*

A third excellent example of consistent dependence upon the Plain Style is found in the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. The atmosphere of absolute veracity which Defoe so marvelously throws round the imaginative records of his hero's actions, is due not more to the wealth of small detail which he inserts, than to the plain unvarnished expression which he unvaryingly employs. And though much art is displayed by Defoe in those processes of collection, selection, and arrangement of thoughts, which (as we have explained in chap. XIII) constitute a necessary step in all composition, and precede the processes of actual expression, yet art in

expression he certainly does not display. We can indeed point to Defoe as a warning not to trust too much to the Plain Style; for it is clear that he is perilously close to a bad style, tottering frequently enough on the verge of the slipshod.

A mannerism which we detect in him, is the awkward "I say" by which he recovers himself in his wandering and prolonged periods.

12. *Bunyan*

Fourthly, and last, let us mention the magnificent Plain Style of Bunyan. Here is a vocabulary noble as well as simple, based on the grand diction of the Bible, and a style which never seeks by tricks or poses to enhance the sufficiently impressive effect which that diction gives. Nor does Bunyan fall into the temptation of trickling on and on, which so continually besets Defoe. His control over the period is firmer, his judgment as to the pause is sure.

13. *The Plain Style reviewed*

We come to the conclusion, on reviewing all these Plain Styles, that the Plain Style, of itself, tends to rather vapid and unimpressive writing, unless redemption is brought to it by richness, or delicacy, or beauty of theme and therefore of vocabulary. Bunyan is the most striking of the good Plain stylists, Defoe the worst of them; not because Defoe employs more device than Bunyan, not alone because his control over the period is looser than Bunyan's, but because the nature of his subject does not give him the vocabularic opportunity which Bunyan enjoys; nor, indeed, would Defoe's mental texture have utilized such an opportunity well. Borrow, by his subjects and his mind, approximates to Bunyan, as Paley by both approximates to Defoe. Yet Paley and Borrow handle their periods with excellent firmness, place their words in strong and flexible structures, and in that respect are far superior to Defoe. Paley is severely intellectual in subject and method, Bunyan is always and Borrow is sometimes poetical, while Defoe is remarkably pedestrian through-

out. But all are, in their respective ways, models of the Plain Style in prose literature. Among them, they cover the whole range of that style.

If Defoe shows the ineffectiveness of the Plain Style, when not elevated by the theme, its majesty, dignity, and power, when the theme is high, are magnificently exhibited in the Authorized Version of our Bible. The writers of this did not feel after style as a vehicle for effect; they wrote in the simple and natural prose harmonies of their epoch; but the thoughts which were reproduced were so grand and impressive that the Plain Style, which sought not to adorn them, really fitted them best.

14. *The Corinthian Style*

The antithesis of the Plain Style is naturally to be found in a style which reveals in every line an anxious attempt to haunt, to startle, and waylay. This we may call the Corinthian or Precious Style. Whatever be the force or the charm of the naked thought, the Corinthian Stylist is conscious of a chance to secure some effect which may be superadded by the manner of its presentation. He misses always—he must miss—the great advantage of directness; except indeed where his art is so good that directness itself becomes one of his devices, dexterously juxtaposed with indirectness in order that it may appear in full contrast and relief. But directness is not, as in the Plain Style, the fabric of his work.

15. *Pater*

To see this, let us consider extracts from the most typical artist in the Corinthian Style—Walter Pater.

Corinthian or Æsthetic Style—

Its scenery is such as in England we call "park scenery," with some elusive refinement felt about the rustic buildings, the choice grass, the grouped trees, the undulations deftly economized for graceful effect. Only, in Italy all natural things are as it were woven through and through with gold thread, even the cypress revealing it among the folds of its blackness. And it is with gold dust, or gold thread, that these Venetian painters seem to work, spinning its fine filaments, through the solemn human flesh, away into the white plastered walls of the thatched huts. The harsher details of the mountains recede to a harmonious

distance, the one peak of rich blue above the horizon remaining but as the sensible warrant of that due coolness which is all we need ask here of the Alps, with their dark rains and streams. Yet what real airy space, as the eye passes from level to level, through the long-drawn valley in which Jacob embraces Rachel among the flocks! Nowhere is there a truer instance of that balance, that modulated union of landscape and persons—of the human image and its accessories—already noticed as characteristic of the Venetian school, so that, in it, neither personage nor scenery is ever a mere pretext for the other.—W. PATER.

The presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the mysticism of the middle ages with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.—W. PATER.

He would have found it, this youthful Anarcharsis, hard to get there, partly through the nature of the country, in part because the people of Lacedæmon (it was a point of system with them, as we heard just now) were suspicious of foreigners. Romantic dealers in political theory at Athens were safe in saying pretty much what they pleased about its domestic doings. Still, not so far away, made, not in idea and by the movements of an abstract argument, the mere strokes of a philosophic pen, but solidified by constancy of character, fortified anew on emergency by heroic deeds, for itself, for the whole of Greece, though with such persistent hold throughout on an idea, or system of ideas, that it might seem actually to have come ready-made from the mind of some half-divine Lycurgus, or through him from Apollo himself, creator of that music of which it was an example:—there, in the hidden valley of the Eurotas, it was to be found, as a visible centre of actual human life, the place which was alleged to have come, harsh paradox as it might

sound to Athenian ears, within measurable distance of civic perfection, of the political and social ideal.

Our youthful academic adventurer then, making his way along those difficult roads, between the ridges of the Eastern Arcadian Mountains, and emerging at last into "hollow" Laconia, would have found himself in a country carefully made the most of by labour of serfs; a land of slavery, far more relentlessly organized according to law than anywhere else in Greece, where, in truth, for the most part slavery was a kind of accident. But whatever rigours these slaves of Laconia were otherwise subjected to, they enjoyed certainly that kind of well-being which does come of organisation, from the order and regularity of system, living under central military authority, and bound themselves to military service; to furnish (as under later feudal institutions) so many efficient men-at-arms on demand, and maintain themselves in readiness for war as they laboured in those distantly-scattered farms, seldom visited by their true masters from Lacedæmon, whither year by year they sent in kind their heavy tribute of oil, barley and wine. The very genius of conservatism here enthroned secured, we may be sure, to this old-fashioned country life something of the personal dignity, of the enjoyments also, natural to it; somewhat livelier religious feasts, for example, than their lords allowed themselves. Stray echoes of their boisterous plebeian mirth on such occasions have reached us in Greek literature.—W. PATER.

16. *Characteristics of Pater's Style*

Entirely original! and in so many directions; this is the striking feature of Pater's style. He has discovered independent avenues to the mastery of prose, and uses them in all, and in every page of, his books. For originality, Pater stands, amid the innumerable authors who have made prose fair and famous, uniquely alone.

There is, first, the intricate and minute segmentation of phrases, so different from the rushing sweep of Ruskin, the long involutions of De Quincey, the firm tread of Macaulay, or the musical simplicity of Thackeray. It is not length of sentence alone that differentiates Pater, but the numerous broken phrases disposed within the sentence, in effect like Hungarian Gipsy music, or the syncopated movements in Grieg.

No writer so frequently utilizes the exclamation. He weaves it into the texture of his prose as a living, working factor, not to arrest merely, but to say, with economy and force,

what others more fluidly and more flatly spread over sentences.

He established the vogue of the curiously-chosen epithet; flashing his thought, by that means, into strange, not natural places, without pursuing these suggestions into more expanded form.

Other writers have followed him in this. Stevenson notably, and Lafcadio Hearne; but none has been so natural in the unnaturalness of it, and merged the peculiarity into a mode of self-expression from which there is no release. In others, it is well done, it is effective yet it is artifice, a paint that may be removed; but in Pater a hue that has passed into the blood.

There is in Pater that rarest union, observable in him and in Rossetti partly, of the severest background of logical thought, underlying, bearing up, all the rich and delicate ornament of fancy that is superimposed. He is first the scholar, the philosopher, seeking meaning, tracing consequence from cause, not disconnected or random in the even shaping, the orderly advance of gyration from a centre as a start. "Fundamental brainwork," the phrase used of Rossetti, has for Pater more cogency still; in that the pure and energizing imagination belongs more to the poet, is more the stuff of his workmanship than the severe expository prose-writer would desire or could admit.

Pater's style, though of a quite singular and unequalled attractiveness, overcoming its votaries with an intoxication that renders them unable to be content with others, is not a good style. It is harsh almost to the point of pain, tortured, uneasy, its articulations moving with no smooth natural grace, but like the jerked limbs of a marionette. The quick deft touches, little bit on little bit, the long sentences required for this kind of building, bring fulness indeed and a comprehensive utterance of his thought, but by no means assist clarity. No writer is more packed than he, no one is quite so crowded, so sententious. Nor is any one so quick with beauty, so heavy with the carriage of delicate beautiful things.

Last among these distinctive methods of Pater's wholly distinctive style, we may observe his great love for the absolute

participial phrase, placed after and not before or within the principal statements. This construction we learn to wait for, and discover in it his most consistent, though not perhaps his most arresting, mannerism. It is not with him, what it usually is in prose, so much an adverbial qualification as a means of statement, comparable in some degree with that other means of economical statement we have observed in his exclamations. Thus there is in him a certain indirectness of affirmation, in form, although in fact the exclamations and the participial adjuncts convey as much as the more uncompromising sentence-forms. Connected with this sententious method is his fondness for the slight catalogue of typical instances that frequently follows a statement; by three or four such touches, delicately and yet embracingly placed, he gives concrete and definite idea to a generality.

One or two mere tricks of style from which he might have parted without losing individuality and effectiveness, are to be noticed. His odd placing of adverbs, and phrases of adverbial function; often retained for the last word and thus imparting a backward-working check on the previous statement, felt all along the line of it, like those little shocks of arrest that are transmitted in quick succession to all the trucks of a goods train when its engine has pulled up sharply. In the body of sentences, too, his adverbs often strike suddenly in at unexpected points.

Pater's real charm, it has to be said, is found in those excursions of delicate sympathetic imagination which are displayed in his longer books, and not in his shorter and more purely expository essays. Here, he does not move with the slightest comfort. His style, always difficult, always pained, finds in his fuller themes a certain comparative ease peculiar to himself, but in a confined field he is harsh, unfinished, and obscure.

17. *The Four Other Categories of Style*

Between the extremes of the Plain and the Corinthian Styles, we may detect styles which, emerging from the Plain, are, as it were temperamentally, turned in directions distinct enough to rank as classes. Some minds, for instance, like

Thackeray's or Goldsmith's, possess a certain natural ease which passes into all their literary expression and establishes it as the *Graceful Style*. Or, a blunter, somewhat rougher, cast of mind, produces, in Dryden, in Macaulay, the *Vigorous Style*. If the writer's mental constitution is, on the other hand, poetical and imaginative, as with Jeremy Taylor or Ruskin, we get the *Rich Style*. A certain gravity and reflective tendency expressed in much balance produces again the *Ponderous Style* of Johnson or Gibbon.

In this sixfold category and classification of styles we are working of course upon the basis of discovery in each writer of a prevailing mental tendency, and consequently a certain result or effect in the production. It is needless to say that the categories overlap, and often are, considerably, and in varying proportions, blended in the same individual. For instance, Scott, who has been instanced as exponential of the Loose, is also distinctly typical of the Ponderous Style. As clearly he is, in prose, neither Graceful nor Corinthian. Sir T. Browne is wonderfully Rich, and largely Corinthian. In Stevenson, a certain frigidity and repression of natural instinct, a too-guarded experimental habit in composition, removes his work from clear categorization, but indicates a decided tendency towards the Corinthian Style.

But when all is said and done in this difficult matter, when analysis has expended its full strength on it, the probability is that these classes of style are as securely and as usefully differentiated as any classes could be; especially if, as has been suggested, they are regarded as guiding and suggesting, not as uncompromisingly dividing into water-tight compartments, or stupidly pressed in the numerous and complicated cases afforded by special instances.

With this division, then, as a general basis of reference, much profitable exercise may be given to a student in the work of detecting and describing the characteristics of style, and discovering, comparatively, likenesses and dissimilarities, in the method and the complexion of authors. This is delightful and valuable work. It should have a distinct place in all literary teaching. Properly adjusted, it may be begun, in a simple way, with quite young pupils. They read, say, in one

term, *Rip van Winkle*, in a second *The Christmas Carol*, in a third *The Heroics*. Here is material at once. Heuristically, the obvious and simple characteristics may be recorded: of mental quality, such as humour; of vocabulary; of sentence-structure; of architectony; of rhythm. Thus the way is paved to a truly literary habit. Power, ease, and correctness come with practice. A large fraction of the "English" trouble in schools disappears—*solutum est ambulando*.

Indeed, the "English" problem is largely a faked one; faked by the clamant sciolist. He makes out, for unworthy purposes of sensation and advertisement, that this is amiss, and that is awry. His panaceas are novel, but childish, and they take up a good deal of time. Closer examination of great writers, a limited return to the old study of Rhetoric, that is, the methods of Style in itself, are the real need of our present hurried age. Because we have departed from Grammar and Rhetoric, the writing of our young people has become loose and ineffective. Not in new, but in old methods lies the cure.

18. *The Styles Compared*

Of all the styles, the one to be preferred is of course a matter of individual taste. It is quite certain, however, that the Corinthian Style will come last on the list; not only as gaining the smallest number of votaries, but as being appreciated only later in life. And it is nearly as certain that the majority of admirers will be found for the Vigorous, or the Graceful Style, or both. The Rich Style requires for appreciative response a decidedly poetical nature, or else it will appear merely high-flown; high-flownness, in fact, and a certain turgidity, being its actual dangers in the hands of an imperfect executant.

(a) *The Plain.*

As to the pure Plain Style, its merits, precisely on account of the absence of that *secundum quid* which would make it some other style, are apt to be overlooked. The extraordinary merit of Borrow's style, clothing his thought as fitly as the skin over the biceps of a perfectly trained, but not overtrained, athlete, has hardly, in spite of an active Borrowian cult, been estimated at its true value. Borrow was a pugilist, in mind

as well as body, and, in matter, his production is broadly streaked with bands of prejudiced puerility. No one likes to hear a man of worth depreciated. When that man is Scott, we rise in revolt against the utterer of the dishonouring word. But such feelings cannot blind us to style. And if Borrow's derogatory remarks on Scott (in the supplementary pages to *Lavengro*) are among the most unpleasant passages of our literature, they are at the same time a wonderful specimen of ease in the art of scorn. But it is in pure Narrative and Description that Borrow excels. *The Bible in Spain* is, in that kind, one of the most perfect books in our literature. Borrow's humour, simple and ironical, must not be overlooked. It abounds in *The Bible* and is deliciously sustained in *Wild Wales*, in the excursus on the ecclesiastical cat.

(b) *The Ponderous.*

The Ponderous Style, besides carrying a good deal of polysyllabic energy, usually attains a full and satisfying rhythm. When Johnson is instanced as its exemplar, it is of course the earlier Johnson of *Rasselas* and *The Rambler*, not the later Johnson of the *Lives of the Poets*. The much talking that he indulged in after he became the acknowledged dictator of letters in his age, serviceably influenced his native heaviness of style. But whether we examine his ponderous or his easier work, his marvellous mastery over the sentence, the magnificent ease with which all the parts are marshalled in the best positions, his unrivalled union of flexibility and weight, are always present. Age could not wither, or repetition stale, that wonderful gift. In fact, had the *Lives* been his only contribution to prose, it would have been hard to exclude him from the Graceful class.

(c) *The Rich.*

The Rich Style is found at its best in the older age of the Caroline prose-writers. We are a little nervous about expressing ourselves in poetry and rhythm at the present day, and the deadening respectability of the daily newspaper style naturally dominates and stereotypes our modern prose. But

in Jeremy Taylor we reach those soaring harmonies of passion and rich colours of imagination that seem to render other styles, however exquisite, however strong, a little thin and pallid. Probably because the true impulses of this style are dead, the fashion of it, even when attempted, as occasionally it is attempted, by æsthetically touched spirits of to-day, does not recapture the first fine careless rapture of the older day. Writers like Symonds and Wilde do their work against the grain of the environment in which they are set. They are not supple, mellow, and easy, like the ancient masters of the Rich Style. But they do, in some sense, hold the fort for us. They make some stand against the flat glib machine-made manner that is gradually monopolizing our prose. As a protection against ignorant ebullitions and chaotic idiosyncrasies in writing, this business-like correctness of style is all very well. But, having done its work, it should not choke and hamper the free individuality of the finer minds. The cult, in prose-writing, should be restored of the longer sentence and a more intricate segmentation. This can be done without proceeding to extremes. There is surely an obtainable mean between the exaggerated segmentation of Pater and the hammering snaps of the leading article.

(d) *The Loose.*

The Loose Style proceeds either from a mind too intent upon the matter of its production to pay close attention to form, or from a mind imperfectly aware of the scope and the laws of literary form. That the sense of form is a faculty belonging to some minds, and not to others, it is impossible to deny. That sense appears in other directions than language—in dress, in carriage, in art generally. Probably, it is a sense inborn; but probably it may be induced also by inculcation through intelligent exposition. At its minimum it should exist in every one who has had a decent education. At its maximum, it exists only in a select number. In certain older writers—Pepys, Ascham, Elyot, the Middle English Homilists, it appears to be absent. Nor does it show distinctly in Cobbett and Defoe. These writers would fall in the second of the two classes of mind we have referred to above. But

Scott, who reveals this sense in a particularly fine degree in verse (comparable in this respect to Landor and Herrick), in prose is of those who neglect to exercise it through sheer preoccupation of the more creative powers. He was far too able a man to write bad prose. But he might often have trimmed and shaped that which he has been content to leave sprawling and confused. We know, of course, that in many cases this is explained by absolute ill-health. But even in those last days when the poor broken brain was labouring over the daily instalment, it is wonderful how little difference there is in the fabric and the structure of his habitual expression.

(e) *The Vigorous.*

The Vigorous Style is that which has made most impression on the general mind, and which is to-day in the most general vogue. It admirably suits clear and clean-cut thought; and of course that thought should be clear and clean-cut is an excellent attainment for the age—an attainment which the spread of education has secured. Macaulay's style is the basis of most of our ordinary literature and of all our journalism. In Macaulay's own case, the vigorous clearness that is its principal feature is enriched by the scholarship, the panoramic instinct, the literary taste, which he possessed in so striking a degree. Macaulay had so much to be vigorously clear about that we read him more for his knowledge than his style. Straight through that style we look into his thought. No one by his presentation less intercepts the images of his mind. And in that way Macaulay touches the class of Plain Stylists; though his literary and scholarly dexterities remove him from the pure exponents of that class, and put him into some alliance with the Rich Stylists.

It is fairly evident that clean-cut thought is not possible on many deep, complex, and subtle subjects that engage our minds. The Vigorous Style, then, is unsuitable for these. Its short sentences, its direct forthright assertions, its high lights, its crispness, are all against it. But for vivid Narrative and uncomplex Descriptions and the forcible presentation of simple aspects in argument, it serves well. It is at once the

easiest and the most suitable extension of the Plain Style for the average writer to acquire.

(f) *The Graceful.*

But the most generally charming of our styles is the Graceful Style. Its easy flow, its attractive quality, its poetical suggestiveness and humorous opportunity, all appear in the delightful, musical prose of Thackeray. It is a style, too, in kind, quite within the possibility of inculcation into a considerable number of young students. The Rich, the Ponderous, the Corinthian styles are born, not made; the Vigorous and Graceful styles are more or less producible by training. While only the few of any class or circle of students will be brought to the level of capacity to turn out a Rich (that is, a poetical) or a Corinthian (that is, an æsthetic) recast of given matter, the majority of such a class, may, by practice, be trained to give of it an adequately Vigorous or Graceful recast.

19. *Exercise in Prose*

Appreciation of the styles, true understanding of their characteristics and models, are to be obtained, to some degree, by mere study of authors and analysis of features of style. But everything connected with style comes home far more thoroughly to those who, in addition to contemplation, frequently and regularly practise execution. Nothing can dispense with the need for exercises in recasting, sometimes one's own, oftener another's, expression of thought. Such exercise is a delight to those who go about it in the right way. The mere performance of it becomes a pleasure; and the speedy consciousness of a gradually increasing power over expression, derived through it, is its greatest reward. To be able to put the same thought in different ways and each a good way—that is the fine art of the master of composition, as distinguished from the master of thought, feeling, or fancy. Not in origination but adaptation, not in idea but in phrase, lies his skill.

20. *Affinities between the Two Aspects of Style*

The two aspects of style—that presented by the writer's attitude towards language, and that presented by the writer's

dominant mental quality—may of course blend, in some degree, in the same style.

Obviously, there are affinities between the Workmanlike attitude and the Plain and the Energetic casts of mind; and the Workmanlike Style may also be Ponderous. Seldom does the Workmanlike Style travel into the realms of Grace, Richness, or Preciosity. On the other hand, these qualities may be, and usually are, copiously diffused over styles revealing the Artistic and Æsthetic attitudes. It is in fact the grace and delicacy of mind that largely determine the Artistic and Æsthetic attitudes towards the medium in which effects are worked; though it is true that Richness alone often results in carelessness, wealthy men "caring not how they give." And occasionally there may be permutations and combinations of style that surprise. But in general the obvious affinities between the two classes of style work themselves into the unions anticipated.

21. *The Elements of a Good Style*

Besides the epithets which our *catalogue raisonné* of ten distinguishable styles considered in two aspects, has provided us for Style, other epithets are applicable. There are, for instance, the inevitable epithets *good* and *bad*, with such variants of them as excellent, indifferent, and execrable. Let us ask ourselves what makes a good style.

The first element in a good style is absence of obscurity. The obscure style is not the same as a difficult one. The difficulty of a style may be due to the difficulty of the thought expressed, or the unfamiliar way in which the writer puts his thought. But there is vocabularic obscurity when the same term is used, without notice, in different senses. And there is syntactical obscurity when referential terms, especially pronouns, do not easily point back to their antecedents, or when any sentence-part, whether noun, epithet, adverb, or verb, cannot be clearly attached. These are faults that, while they are apt to occur in the Careless Style, may occur in any style, and must vitiate, whatever be the other merits of the composition.

The second element in a good style is appropriateness of the

general style-quality to the general cast of thought presented. Thus a Ponderous style may suit deep elaborate thought, but would be inappropriate to simple childish thought; a Rich style does not suit close logical exposition; the Energetic style fitly describes rapid action; the Graceful style will hardly do for severe tragedy. And, without farther tabulation of styles and thought, we may be confident that a style to be good must hold a proper relation to its matter.

The third element in a good style is that of Rhythm. At all events, the Rhythm, though it may fall short of the positive qualities that make great Rhythm, must possess the negative quality of not being harsh and jarring; and must perhaps even not be flat and washy. It will sometimes be found that although we can point to no definite defect in a style, we hesitate to pronounce it a good style; and in such a case it is the absence of satisfactory Rhythm that probably turns the scale.

To make an excellent style there is needed only one addition to the elements of Clarity, Appropriateness to matter, and Rhythm. This is the last ingenuity of noble expression, a proper handling of Emphases, whether in energy, grace, or rhythm. To handle emphases well—not to overspread energy and grace so copiously that they cease to be emphases, but again to profit from all opportunities for their insertion, and so to apply device as to render these insertions in the best out of several possible ways—this is the mark of the greatest masters of style—Newman, De Quincey, Macaulay, Burke. Masters of style, we advisedly say, not necessarily the greatest authors—meaning by this phrase writers who study and felicitously select among the arts of expression.

22. *Passages in Slipshod Style*

On the conclusion of his term at Eton, where he was captain of the Prince of Wales, the third of the Upper Boats, the deceased matriculated at Oxford, owning several steeplechases, one of which, the Colonel, carried off many races.—*Daily Telegraph*.

The adept in the knowledge of Art and gifted with discriminating power traces the hand of the young and perfect artist in the conception and drawing of the individual figures, and the delicate disposition of the grouping.—*A Magazine*.

It is constructed of white marble, some rough, some polished, there is no casing like St. Peter's or St. Maria del Fiore at Florence, no imitation, even to the roofing which is incredible, except to a traveller who will ascend, according to our counting 460 steps, but perhaps 194 inside and 300 outside, and actually survey the perfect masonry where every slab of marble is grained with lead, like the inscription on our tombs, and in combination forms a massive covering on which time can have little effect.—*A Magazine.*

I trust the time is not far distant when that noble structure of which, as I learn from your Recorder, the box with which you have honoured me, through his hands, formed a part, that gigantic barrier against the fury of the waves that roll into your harbour, will protect a commercial marine not less considerable in its kind, than the warlike marine of which your port has been so long so distinguished an asylum, when the town of Plymouth will participate in the commercial prosperity as largely as it has hitherto done in the naval glories of England.—CANNING.

23. *Examples of the Plain Style*

This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill" meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore, the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big and four or five times as high! The post-boy going downhill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.—COBBETT.

And here I may as well relate the history of this cat previous to our arrival which I subsequently learned by bits and snatches. It had belonged to a previous vicar of Llangollen, and had been left

behind at his departure. His successor brought with him dogs and cats, who conceiving that the late vicar's cat had no business at the vicarage, drove it forth to seek another home, which, however, it could not find. Almost all the people of the suburb were dissenters, as indeed were the generality of the people of Llangollen, and knowing the cat to be a church cat, not only would not harbour it, but did all they could to make it miserable; whilst the few who were not dissenters, would not receive it into their houses, either because they had cats of their own, or dogs, or did not want a cat, so that the cat had no home and was dreadfully persecuted by nine-tenths of the suburb. O, there never was a cat so persecuted as that poor Church of England animal, and solely on account of the opinions which it was supposed to have imbibed in the house of its late master, for I never could learn that the dissenters of the suburb, nor indeed of Llangollen in general, were in the habit of persecuting other cats; the cat was a Church of England cat, and that was enough: stone it, hang it, drown it! were the cries of almost everybody.—G. BORROW.

24. *Examples of Vigorous or Animated Style*

We must keep Bonaparte for some time longer at war, as a state of probation! Gracious God, sir, is war a state of probation? Is peace a rash system? Is it dangerous for nations to live in amity with each other? Is your vigilance, your policy, your common powers of observation to be extinguished by putting an end to the horrors of war? Cannot this state of probation be as well undergone without adding to the catalogue of human sufferings?—C. J. FOX.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark.
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

COLERIDGE.

Thus it is that while ignorance of a man's special business is instantly detected, ignorance of his great business as a man and a citizen is scarcely noticed, because there are so many that share in it. Thus we see every one ready to give an opinion about politics or about religion, or about morals, because it is said that these are every man's business. And so they are, and if people would learn them as they do their own particular business, all would do well; but never was the proverb more fulfilled which says that every man's business is no man's. It is worse indeed than if it were no man's: for now it is every man's business to meddle in, but no man's to learn.—T. ARNOLD.

The houses were full of dying women and children, the streets with old men gasping out their last breath. The bodies remained unburied, for either the emaciated relatives had not strength for the melancholy duty, or in the uncertainty of their own lives neglected every office of kindness or charity. Some indeed died in the act of burying their

friends, others crept into the cemeteries, lay down on a bier and expired. There was no sorrow, no wailing; they had not strength to moan; they sat with dry eyes and mouths drawn up into a kind of bitter smile. Those who were more hardy looked with envy on those who had already breathed their last. Many died, says the historian, with their eyes steadily fixed on the Temple. There was a deep and heavy silence over the whole city, broken only by the robbers as they forced open houses to plunder the dead, and in licentious sport dragged away the last decent covering from their bodies; they would even try the edge of their swords on the dead. The soldiers, dreading the stench of the bodies, at first ordered them to be buried at the expense of the public treasury; as they grew more numerous, they were thrown over the walls into the room below.—H. H. MILMAN.

Let me now appeal to you, sir. Are these designs which any man who is born a Briton, in any circumstances, in any situation, ought to be ashamed or afraid to avow? You cannot think it. You will not say it. That never can be the case, until we cease to think like freemen, as well as to be free. Are these designs in favour of the Pretender? I appeal to the whole world; and I scorn with a just indignation to give any other answer to so shameless and so senseless an objection. No; they are designs in favour of the constitution; designs to secure, to fortify, to perpetuate that excellent system of government. I court no other cause; I claim no other merit.—BOLINGBROKE.

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote,
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go;
 For the journey is done and the summit attained
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes and forbore
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

R. BROWNING.

The advance of towns which had grown up not on the royal domain but around abbey or castle was slower and more difficult. The story of St. Edmundsbury shows how gradual was the transition from pure serfage to an imperfect freedom. Much that had been plough-land in the time of the Confessor was covered with houses under the Norman rule. The building of the great abbey-church drew its craftsmen and masons to mingle with the ploughmen and reapers of the Abbot's domain. The troubles of the time helped here as elsewhere the progress of the town; serfs, fugitives from justice or their lord, the trader, the Jew, naturally sought shelter under the strong hand of St. Edmund. But the settlers were wholly at the Abbot's mercy. Not a settler but was bound to pay his pence to the Abbot's treasury, to plough a rood of his land, to reap in his harvest-field, to fold his sheep in the Abbey folds, to help bring the annual catch of eels from the Abbey waters. Within the four crosses that bounded the Abbot's domain land and water were his; the cattle of the townsmen paid for their pasture on the common; if the fullers refused the loan of their cloth, the cellarer would refuse the use of the stream, and seize their cloths wherever he found them. No toll might be levied from tenants of the Abbey farms, and customers had to wait before shop and stall till the buyers of the Abbot had had the pick of the market. There was little chance of redress, for if burghers complained in folk-mote, it was before the Abbot's officers that its meeting was held; if they appealed to the alderman, he was the Abbot's nominee, and received the horn, the symbol of his office, at the Abbot's hand.—J. R. GREEN.

25. *Examples of the Graceful Style*

It is the greatest boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our woods and our innocence again instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body; it is true, they have done so, they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder, one another; they found them hunters and fishers of wild creatures, they have made them hunters and fishers of their brethren; they boast to have reduced them to a state of peace, when the truth is they have only taught them an art of war. But the men who praise Philosophy from this topic are much deceived; let oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm; it never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make

the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again.—A. COWLEY.

A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village, where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of fierce struggle, and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollection and feelings of home—he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change: as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air-castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style, and humour? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapons save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in the tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the *Vicar of Wakefield* he has found entry into every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy or hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.—THACKERAY.

Fair is her cottage in its place
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides;
It sees itself from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but, ah, how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease,
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace.

TENNYSON.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

So, turning his back upon the fiddles and tambourine, Gipsy Devereux sauntered down to the river-bank, and to the osiers, where the ladies are looking down the river, and the bluebell, not half so blue as her own deep eyes, in Liliás' fingers; and the sound of their gay talk came mixed with the twitter and clear evening songs of the small birds. By those same osiers, that see so many things, and tell no tales, there will yet be a parting. But its own sorrow suffices to the day. And now it is a summer sunset, and all around dappled gold and azure, and sweet, dreamy sounds; and Liliás turns her pretty head, and sees him—and oh! was it fancy, or did he see just a little flushing of the colour on her cheek—and her lashes seemed to drop a little, and out came her frank little hand. And Devereux leaned on the paling there, and chatted his best sense and nonsense, I dare say; and they laughed and talked about all sorts of things; and he sang for them a queer little snatch of a ballad, of an enamoured captain, the course of whose true love ran not smooth.—J. S. LE FANU.

O Christ of God! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly,
Take home thy star-named child

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
Who hears its mother's call:
The lilies of thy perfect peace
About her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in Thine;
Alone to Thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign.

O, less for her than for ourselves,
We bow our heads and pray:
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To Thee shall point the way.

J. G. WHITTIER.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now

my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections outwent my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly, the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest: the lights were out in every cottage; no sounds were heard but the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and, before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.—GOLDSMITH.

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty—ADDISON.

26. *Examples of Ponderous Style*

The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendour cannot gild and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions and throws aside the ornaments or disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labour tends and of which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence.—JOHNSON.

The master of the Roman world, who aspired to erect an eternal monument of the glories of his reign, could employ in the prosecution of that great work the wealth, the labour, and all that yet remained of the genius of obedient millions. Some estimate may be formed of the expense bestowed with Imperial liberality on the foundation of Constantinople, by the allowance of about two million five hundred

thousand pounds for the construction of the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts. The forests that overshadowed the shores of the Euxine, and the celebrated quarries of white marble in the little island of Proconnesus, supplied an inexhaustible stock of materials, ready to be conveyed, by the convenience of a short water-carriage, to the harbour of Byzantium. A multitude of labourers and artificers urged the conclusion of the work with incessant toil: but the impatience of Constantine soon discovered that, in the decline of the arts, the skill as well as numbers of his architects bore a very unequal proportion to the greatness of his designs. . . . The buildings of the new city were executed by such artificers as the reign of Constantine could afford; but they were decorated by the hands of the most celebrated masters of the age of Pericles and Alexander. To revive the genius of Phidias and Lysippus surpassed indeed the power of a Roman emperor; but the immortal productions which they had bequeathed to posterity, were exposed without defence to the rapacious vanity of a despot. By his commands the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their most valuable ornaments. The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes, of the sages and poets, of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople; and gave occasion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes, with some enthusiasm, that nothing seemed wanting except the souls of the illustrious men whom those admirable monuments were intended to represent.—GIBBON.

27. *Examples of Artistic Style*

In my garden I spend my days; in my library I spend my nights. My interests are divided between my geraniums and my books. With the flower I am in the present; with the book I am in the past. I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingered in it, while it vibrated only to the world's first brood of nightingales, and to the laugh of Eve. I see the Pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theatre—the stage is time, the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot-wheels of conquerors! I hiss, or cry "Bravo," when the great actors come on the shaking stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Syrian plains, the out-comings and in-goings of the patriarchs, Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun-heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a halt-peopled world; what bleating of flocks; what green pastoral rest;

what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flank-part, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel-boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish; till I longed to give up, and lie thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. But there came a shrill whistle from up the home-hill, where the people had hurried to watch us; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I had never dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and at last, as she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.—R. D. BLACKMORE.

28. *Examples of Rich Style*

As long as the well-compacted structure of our Church and State, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple, shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Zion; as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the State, shall, like the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers—as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land, so long the mounds and dykes of the low flat Bedford level will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France.—BURKE.

O here

Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

SHAKESPEARE.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance: the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not

without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—LORD BACON.

Tell,
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dread corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

SHAKESPEARE.

Be cheerful, sir;
 Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a wrack behind.

SHAKESPEARE.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and, in their envious gabble, would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—MILTON.

Silence as of death, for Midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold: yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak,

or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp.—CARLYLE.

Who would have been before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in idleness on a cliff of Rhodes, eyed the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens, or his image as it overstrode the sea? I have it before me; and, though it seems falling on me, I can smile on it—just as I did from my little favourite skiff, painted round with the marriage of Thetis, when the sailors drew their long shaggy hair across their eyes, many a stadium away from it, to mitigate its effulgence.—LANDOR.

The flowers in an instant lost their light, the river its music; the hills became oppressively desolate; a heaviness in the boughs of the darkened forest showed how much of their former power had been dependent on a light which was not theirs, how much of the glory of the imperishable, or continually renewed, creation, is reflected from things more precious in their memories of it than its renewing. Those ever-springing flowers and ever-flowing streams had been dyed by the deep colours of human endurance, valour, and virtue; and the crests of sable hills that rose against the evening sky received a deeper worship, because their far shadows fell eastward over the iron wall of Joux and the four-square keep of Granson.—RUSKIN.

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him who walked the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the inexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love;
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

MILTON.

So say all fathers, so say all husbands. Look at any old mansion-house, and let the sun shine as gloriously as it may on the golden vanes, or the arms recently quartered over the gateway or the embayed window, and on the happy pair that haply is toying at it: nevertheless, thou mayst say that of a certainty the same fabric hath seen much sorrow within its chambers, and heard many wailings; and each time this was the heaviest stroke of all. Funerals have passed along through the stout-hearted knights upon the wainscot, and amid the laughing nymphs upon the arras. Old servants have shaken their heads, as if somebody had deceived them, when they found that beauty and nobility could perish.—LANDOR.

In the tomb of his fathers, in a gloomy vault, where a light is constantly kept burning, sleeps Victor de Rohan, my boyhood's friend,

my more than brother. Many a stout and warlike ancestor lies about him; many a bold Crusader, whose marble effigy, with folded hands and crossed legs, makes silent boast that he had struck for the good cause in the Holy Land, rests there, to shout and strike no more. Not one amongst them all that had a nobler heart than he who joined them in the flower of manhood—the last of his long and stainless line. As the old white-haired sexton opens the door of the vault to trim and replenish the glimmering death-lamp, a balmy breeze steals in and stirs the heavy silver fringe on the pall of Victor's coffin—a balmy breeze that plays round the statue of the Virgin on the chapel roof, and sweeps across many a level mile of plain, and many a fair expanse of wood and water, till it reaches the fragrant terraces and the frowning towers of distant Sieben-bürgen—a balmy breeze that cools the brow of yon pale drooping lady, who turns an eager, wistful face towards its breath.—G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been, to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life, and even pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die; since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementoes, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration, diuturnity is but a dream and folly of expectation.—SIR T. BROWNE.

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women shall there appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one Kingdom, the men of one age in a single province, are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates; all these and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers of every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God and the terrors of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude.—J. TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XVII

LITERARY UTILITIES OF DEVICE

DEVICES are single acts or turns in expression, designed to produce some sort of improvement in the general effect. They affect either: (1) Meaning, (2) Emphasis (*a*) of Energy, (*b*) of Grace, (3) Rhythm, and they may be studied in application to the Word, the Sentence, or the Paragraph. Of course every one of these affects the other, but for the sake of clearness they may be considered apart. The term Emphasis is here extended to connote any addition to Energy, Beauty, or (what Emphasis in its general application usually means) Point.

In all Devices we modify either the Fabric of the composition, *i. e.* its actual words, or the Structure—as when we alter the order of words in a sentence.

I. *Devices affecting Meaning*

A. *In the Word*—

Synonyms of all kinds—

Foreign words

Dialectals

Colloquials

Coinages

Scholarly hark-backs to older meanings

Technical words

Equivocals (Puns)

Oxymorons

Nexus

Transferred epithets

Zeugmas.

B. *In the Sentence*—

Punctuation

Nexus

Repetition *vice* Pronouns

Order changes.

C. *In the Paragraph*—
Nexus

D. *General*—
Simile, Innuendo, Irony, Paradox, Sarcasm, Enthymeme.

2. *Devices affecting Emphasis of Energy, Grace, or Point*

A. *In the Word*—

Synonyms of all kinds, as above
Spellings and abbreviations
Figure of all kinds
Phrase-substitutions
Archaic words
Decorative and packed epithets

B. *In the Sentence*—

Besides the devices named above in connexion with meaning,
we have—
Exclamation
Interrogation
Omission
Climax and anti-climax
Parallelism and chiasmus
Inversion
Adaptation of lengths.

C. *In the Paragraph*—

Nexus
Moving the position of the central thought.

D. *General*—

As above, named under devices of meaning, with—
Allegory, Personification, Apostrophe, Vision, Parenthesis.

3. *Devices affecting Rhythm*

A. *In the Word*—

Sound-natures, Phrase-substitutions.

B. *In the Sentence*—

Sound-sequences, especially clausulæ; and order of words
Onomatopœia generally
Alliteration
Rime
Assonance
Climax
Punctuative segmentation (as affecting Pause)
Variety in lengths.

C. *In the Paragraph*—

Sentence-sequences
Lengths.

4. *Devices differing in Character*

Devices in composition may again be ranged under three heads, according to their character. These are: (1) Organic, (2) Mechanical, (3) Rhythmic.

(1) The Organic devices modify the actual fabric of composition and affect the quality or colour of the thought expressed. Thus if Figure is adopted, the thought it clothes acquires a richer quality through the picture it presents. If statement is presented as Interrogation, emotional quality is blended with the meaning conveyed. If an Archaic form is used, a poetical quality is induced.

(2) The Mechanical devices modify not fabric but structure of composition by a different arrangement or shape of the thoughts or concepts conveyed. Not a different quality comes into the meaning, but different energy, neatness, or point. This is clearly exhibited in Climax, Balance, Chiasmus.

(3) The Rhythmic devices may have secondary influence on quality and energy, because they must be effected through both organic and mechanical means. But their intention and their primary result are to improve sound alone. Such are Alliteration, and all adaptations of Onomatopœic character.

The Organic devices include—

Word-form changes
 Figure
 Synonyms, as named above
 Oxymoron
 Zeugma
 Decorative and packed epithets
 Exclamation
 Interrogation
 Simile and Allegory
 Innuendo
 Irony, Sarcasm, Paradox
 Personification
 Vision
 Apostrophe
 Nexus
 Repetition
 Proper names

The Mechanical devices are—

Italics
 Capitals
 Repetition
 Omission
 Climax and anti-climax
 Balance and chiasmus
 Inversion
 Parenthesis
 Punctuation
 Architectony

The Rhythmic devices are—

Alliteration
 Assonance
 Rime
 Metrophrasal segmentation (see Chap. X, § 26).
 Onomatopœia generally, in study of sound-natures and sound-sequences.

5. *Technical, Foreign, Provincial, Colloquial terms.*

Devices affecting Meaning in the Word.

The literary utilities of Figures have already been discussed (see chap. II).

Technical terms. These naturally add exactness to the concept, but they limit the audience which will understand them. Much depends upon the sphere of technicality from which they are drawn. Spheres that bulk largely in what may be called general knowledge, such as politics, commerce, art, and literature, may provide technical terms which general readers will appreciate—words like *asset*, *high lights*. But the technical vocabulary of iron-smelting, glass-manufacture, and so on, would be quite incomprehensible.

Foreign words, in themselves, give an initial air of artificiality, of would-be refinement and cleverness. They take time to sink into the general consciousness. They are constantly appearing in the ephemeral literature of newspapers and magazines, whose chief virtue is up-to-dateness; and, according to the extensive or the prolonged interest in the subject with which they are connected, is their chance of survival and general employment; Literary terms like *critique*, political terms like *communiqué*, are instances that suggest themselves.

Sometimes, it is interesting to notice, and on no principle, but erratically, our purveyors of foreign diction decline to admit a convenient foreign word, and resolutely force on the reading public a native substitute. "Conversations" is perhaps an example. This practice obtains also in regard to spellings. An editor conceives some spite against an accepted word like *programme*, and, professedly to bring it into line with *telegram*, jettisons the two final letters from the word. Such affectations are a good deal worse than the honest borrowing of the foreign word intact. They are only a shade better than the ruthless patriotism that would reject a term altogether and set in its room some fearsome invention like *love-word*.

Provincialisms may be used for local audiences to clarify ideas the literary dress of which may be strange; "ben the house" and "a souisy lass" possibly clarify in this way. If literary English has no equivalent for *souisy*, then the provincialism is a gain.

Equivocal terms, when the design is to mystify, or to leave a loophole for a second explanation, are a legitimate device. Humorous intention sometimes governs their use. The pun would fall under this class.

The Equivocal term which unintentionally causes ambiguity is of course a defect. It is especially likely to occur with pronouns.

6. Punctuation, Italics, Capitals

Devices affecting Meaning in Sentences

That Punctuation alters meaning, is clearly seen in the sentence "The Inspector says the Head Master is a fool," so written, and then furnished with commas after the first and second nouns. The sustained example usually given from *Ralph Roister Doister* is laboured and prolonged.

Italics make an important meaning stand prominently out, and so lessen the risk of its misconception or neglect. De Quincey and Newman use them abundantly, Carlyle fairly often.

The Italics of feminine gush are of course a bad literary fault. But Italics, useful enough occasionally, are not to be encouraged. They excite a suspicion of inability to handle

language convincingly and at the same time easily; they can always be avoided by a recast of the sentence, and there is no practice that more swiftly becomes a habit.

The use of capital initial letters is always a matter of convention. Nouns, as naming the concepts which are the counters and material of all thought, have, very naturally, been distinguished, in some languages, by regular presentation in capitals. This fashion, used by Addison in the *Spectator* papers, and by Fitzgerald in his Omar quatrains, imparts a certain large picturesqueness to their composition; but it has, no doubt partly for printers' reasons, fallen out of use, and capital initials are now employed only for very leading concepts, especially abstractions when they are the definite subject of discussion.

Italicizing.

Of course, when I have given fourteen thousand pounds away in a year, everybody who wants some money thinks I have plenty for *them*. But my having given fourteen thousand pounds is just the reason I have *not* plenty for them.—RUSKIN.

The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad flowing, but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it.—CANBYE.

At this time, half a century after his last sigh, Burke *is* popular, — a thing, let me tell you, Schlosser, which never happened before, in island or in continent, among Christians or Pagans, to a writer steeped to his lips in *personal* politics.—DE QUINCY.

My own convictions are as strong as I suppose they can become, only it is so difficult to know whether it is a call of *reason* or of *conscience*. I cannot make out if I am impelled by what seems *clear*, or by a sense of *duty*.—J. H. NEWMAN.

I would be calm, I would be free
From thoughts and images of thee;
But Nature and thy will conspire
To bar me from my fair desire,
The trees are moving with thy grace,
The water *will* reflect thy face.

Lord Houghton.

7. *Nexus words, Repetition, Simile*

Nexus words of logical force should be introduced whenever there is danger that the logical connexion between sentences may not be recognized.

In argumentative and expository writing generally, they promote security in the progress of comprehension from step to step. But they are a drag on animation in style, and in narrative passages are usually avoided.

Transitional words of not strictly inferential but of continuative or contrastive character, like *also*, *however*, impart a smoothness to Style, which in passages of not distinctly vigorous quality is a merit.

Repetition of words obviously clarifies a meaning which a referential pronoun might imperil. This was so keenly appreciated by Freeman and Herbert Spencer that, going to the other extreme, they overloaded their work with Repetition. Here, too, a recast often helps.

That a Simile may powerfully clarify a thought, is again obvious. But its use for clarification (as distinguished from Emphasis) must be carefully thought out. For a Simile cannot tally in all its parts; as a rule, only one section or aspect of a whole thought forms the incidence of the Simile; and unless it is clearly seen what this particular aspect is, confusion instead of clarification may ensue.

8. *Alternative Spellings*

Devices for Emphasis in Words—

The Devices for Meaning are few and unimportant. But for Emphasis they are numerous, important, and contain nearly all the secrets of style.

By merely changing the spelling of a word, we get a different effect. *Fairy* and *faery*, *ecstasy* and *extacy*, *fantasy*, *phantasy*, exemplify this. Though Form and Atmosphere are not the same, Form carries with it Atmosphere. Misspellings to some extent, abbreviations odiously, affect style.

As admissible alternatives in spelling are very few, this field of Device does not offer much scope. Its most prolific plot is undoubtedly the plot so actively tended by the scholar. He will not let spelling alone. First, he destroys old Virgil and (*horresco referens*) old Olympus. Then he runs off to India and transmogrifies the appellations of its map. Back in England again, he gives an extra pad to the size of Alfred

and of Edward. We never know where to secure him, or in what fresh place he will break out.

Up to recent days, however, he had never organized, never incited peaceful and simple people to a systematic onslaught upon the amenities of speech. Now he has been infected by that last infirmity of iconoclastic irritability. He has a Society for the deliteration of English, and is making sensation by the obliteration of her vocabulary.

How he will get on remains to be seen. Meanwhile, those who respect English, and care for style, will pass him by on the other side.

9. *Metaphor*

Of all devices that affect Emphasis in words, far the most important is Figure. As already shown, Figure works, principally, on either analogy—in what we call Metaphor, or association—in what we call Metonymy.

The Metaphor is the most intellectual Figure we possess. It involves comparison and reasoning, and is very satisfactory to the mind. It is capable, also, of clarifying an idea considerably, as well as of energizing and beautifying one. So its range is wide, and its operation very effective. But certain conditions must be observed.

First, it must be taken from a sphere that the reader is familiar with, and clearly appreciates. Metaphors taken from the art of millinery will hardly clarify, energize, or beautify ideas presented to young men; nor will those taken from the game of football be very convincing to an audience of old ladies. Even in using literal terms we have to study the understanding of the people we address; in metaphors the study of their understanding becomes still more necessary.

Next, supposing that understanding will follow our use of a metaphor, still the reader's taste may not approve of it. It may offend his sense of congruity. When Bright expressed the fact that many people had recently died, by referring to Death as an angel, and declaring that we had heard the beating of his wings, his metaphor was in good taste, was appropriate. The idea would have been as clear, if he had used the figure of a Juggernaut car. But it would have been entirely different

in atmosphere. For it was the silence and sorrow of Death that the orator wished his hearers to feel, not its confounding quality—the arrow that flieth by night, rather than the terror that cometh in the noonday.

Lastly, the Figure must not be far-fetched : that is to say, the point of resemblance or analogy through which the Figure works should be really illuminating and useful to the purpose. For some points of analogy no doubt exist between any two objects of thought whatsoever. A man might be called an ant, a drop of water, or a ribbon, in *some* sense. But we have to decide which of these, or of any, substitutes for man, is, on any given occasion, appropriate and enlightening. It will be found that comparatively few such figures would be justified by their applicability and point.

But these three precautions as to recognition, good taste, and aptness observed, Metaphor brings such sharpness and fineness into the conveyance of meaning, that it is to be freely used, as well in pedestrian as in poetical connexions. It affords colour, vigour, thrill—every quality save deadness and dulness. Exercise in Metaphor is particularly useful for the production of real power in expression ; and study of Metaphor, as employed by the masters of style, is a masterly education in itself.

10. *Examples of Metaphor*

Far off the torrent call'd me from the cleft,
Far up the solitary morning smote
The streaks of virgin snow.

TENNYSON.

Our course by Milton's star was led,
With Shakespeare shining overhead ;
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,
The Bacon of that riming crew ;
None ever crossed our mystic sea,
More richly stored with thought than he ;
Though never tender nor sublime,
He wrestles with, and conquers, Time.

W. S. LANDOR.

Will men of the future have nothing better to do than to unswathe and interpret that Royal old mummy? I own I once used to think it would be good sport to pursue him, fasten on him, and pull him

down. But now I am ashamed to mount and lay good dogs on, to summon a full field, and then to hunt the poor game.—THACKERAY.

For even then, sir, even before this splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary, and, for his hour, became lord of the ascendant. That light too is passed and set for ever.—BURKE.

Every Quakeress is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the Metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of shining ones.—LAMB.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 While, proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm,
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.
GRAY.

Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud and danger were at hand;
 By thee, as by the beacon-light,
 Our pilots had kept course aright;
 As some proud column, though alone,
 Thy strength had propped the tottering throne.
 Now is the stately column broke,
 The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
 The trumpet's silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill!

SCOTT.

The danger is for the most part that the very violence of public feeling should rock it asleep—the tempest exhaust itself by its own excess; and the thunder of one or two immediate explosions, by satisfying the first clamours of human justice and indignation, is too apt to intercept that sustained roll of artillery which is requisite for the effectual assault of long established abuses.—DE QUINCEY.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters I went to the university, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm which would suffer nothing to stand but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop.—COWLEY.

II. *Metonymy*

Metaphor, we have said, makes its appeal through the reason. Metonymy is very different. It depends altogether

upon association. And though we all reason in the same way, and therefore get the same meaning and appreciation out of metaphors, no two of us have had exactly the same environment or have got out of that environment exactly the same clusters of association. Hence a metonym that appeals with extraordinary emphasis to one man, may leave another cold. There is no guarantee that from any given metonym the same set of attachments is being made by different individuals.

Thus, when the pen is said to be mightier than the sword, the figure is working by association. What I associate with the pen is mightier than what I associate with the sword. But though I mean that writing is more efficacious than fighting, because these are the respective associations I am making, how can I say that another mind is not associating pen with ink, and sword with iron, and is taking my meaning to be that ink is stronger than iron, and is consequently thinking me very stupid? It is impossible here to reason back as one could in a metaphor and ask what the analogous points may be; for there are none. A purely arbitrary association is being selected; and we must trust to a certain common antecedency of environment to use the metonymy with any effect.

There is therefore more danger in the use of the associative Metonymy than there is in the use of the analogical Metaphor, for all purposes in which exactness of thought is the paramount consideration. On the other hand, the associative link is far more closely and finely connected with our feelings, and calls up emotions, and thoughts connected with emotion, in a more appealing way. In Metaphor, the mind is subconsciously gauging, testing, appraising the relevancy and justice of an analogy. In Metonymy there is only the sharp direct recollection—vivid, rich, and deep. The *vale of years* and *grey hairs* are figures for *old age*; *mirror of manners* and *the foot-lights* for the drama; *pastors* and *the cloth* for clergymen; and in each case the second term, which is the metonym for the notion, is more picturesque than the first, which is the metaphor.

And, further, Metaphors are added to every day, as the

circle of knowledge widens, and as ingenuity prompts. But Metonyms rely for their potency on the common stock of associations, experiences, and traditions which bind together the hearts of men as no logic will ever bind them, and no cleverness ever compel. Association follows us from the very cradle, forging its secret and powerful links without our consciousness and beyond our control. Our affections and desires are guided little by reason, and greatly by association. No wonder, then, that Metonymy, when literal language ceases to suffice, becomes the eloquent language of poetry, persuasion, and appeal.

12. *Examples of Metonymy*

Those just spirits that wear victorious palms.—MILTON.

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is often mightier than the sword.

LYTTON.

My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye shall go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.—GENESIS 42.

Bluff Harry broke into the spence,
And turned the cowls adrift.

TENNYSON.

From all this gay minstrelsy, Harry marched away, to follow the drum, and give his life, it might be, for the flag.

Some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—SHAKESPEARE.

Clarinda was clever with the needle; and her husband kept a better table than any other squire in the county.

13. *Synecdoche*

Synecdoche is a form of Figure which may be regarded as a half-way approach to Metonymy; since not merely what is associated with, but what is comprised in, the object, is put for it, as *keel* for *ship*. The mind receives a more vivid

picture if attention is concentrated on a definite portion rather than on the whole. Synecdoche is of course not so bold a move in expression as the Metonym. For the Metonym judged from literary standpoint, is like the Metaphor, a distinct untruth. A man is *not* a lion in a fight, the pen has *no* power over the sword, an actor does *not* play for the applause of the gallery. Whereas we do want the keel to row well (as well as the whole ship) and we do work for our bread and cheese (as well as other viands). But Synecdoche is very pictorial. It seizes sharply a striking feature and makes that the instrument of a wider comprehension.

14. *Meiosis*

Meiosis acts in an opposite way. It understates, in order to awaken a reactive inclusion of much more than itself. It recoils to jump better, and is a kind of *lucus a non lucendo*. To say a man is *no fool*, is a citizen of *no mean city*, is to use phrases mild in form but mighty in meaning, which suit a gentle, not a violent style. The effect of Meiosis is by glide, and not by crash.

The question arises, is Meiosis a figure at all? We tell no untruth. A city that is great is certainly *no mean city*. Like Synecdoche, Meiosis is not contrary to truth, but an undertruth. We count these, however, as figures, because their literal sense is not the full sense in which the expressions are intended to be taken.

In connexion with Meiosis we have to remember that its form belongs equally to literal expression; as in the sentences "Simile is no figure," "We see in his character no mean features." Not, then, what is said, but what is intended, governs the meiotic quality of the phrase.

15. *Euphemism*

Euphemism is merely a meiosis of special character—bearing the purpose, namely, of softening what is harsh, crude, or repellent. It has a serious and a humorous use. The former arises from our feelings of delicacy and pity. "Death" is softened into "leaving us," "passing away," "joining the

majority." "Thief," "liar," and similar words of reprobation are commonly subjected to euphemistic treatment. "I shall have to *speak to him* about it," is a common way of referring to some unpleasant duty of reproof or accusation.

The humorous Euphemism has a different origin. It seeks to impart, without putting it too crudely, our own sly appreciation of some humorous fact or situation. A man hurrying across the Channel one rough afternoon in order to speak at a dinner in London, apologized for imperfect preparation of his speech by remarking that he had fully intended to prepare it on the voyage, but found himself, at the time, "otherwise engaged."

Meiosis or Litotes

1. He is in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest.—SHAKESPEARE : *Tempest*.
2. I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city.—ST. PAUL.
3. Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom, evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.
WORDSWORTH.
4. I've lived of late the girls' effective soldier, and not inglorious has been my warfare.—HORACE : *Odes*.
5. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect, and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity.—LAMB.

We may notice, too, the Meiosic effect that a negative has in a sentence like : "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were *not divided*."

Euphemism—

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of the reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he chose to *say anything*. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but, upon an explanation, with less importance he made answer that it was not a custom known in his church.—LAMB ; *Grace Before Meat*.

16. *Synonyms*

The big subject of *Synonym* is of course partly covered by *Figure*; for figures are synonyms though not true ones. They become synonyms by special application.

True *Synonyms* are words which have practically the same meaning—like *big*, *large*, *great*. It is impossible to distinguish between the significations of these words; as it is to distinguish between *bravery* and *courage*, *little* and *small*, *ancient* and *old*.

But, through arbitrary convention, these true *Synonyms* become parcelled off, sometimes, into certain attachments, which no one but a foreigner would ignore. Though we say *big house*, *large house*, *great house*, indifferently, we do not say *big* or *large courage*, for *great courage*. These regular attachments we get to know insensibly, as far as the more usual phrases are concerned, and an occasional deviation from them, with the little surprise it would give, might be regarded as a legitimate form of device.

There are cases, however, when, guided by no conventional plan we are seriously at a loss to decide which of two or three expressions is to be preferred. In such cases, it is meaning, undoubtedly, that we must consider first; variety and sound come in later. For instance, when we speak of sounds that differ as the sonorous *o* differs from the light thin *i*, shall we use the term *sound-quality* or *sound-nature*, to express that in which the difference lies? Is *disposition* or *distribution* the better word to express the arranging of paragraphs in an essay? What is the distinction between *curriculum* and *syllabus*, *nomenclature* and *terminology*? When we speak of a man, what differences are there between his *character*, *nature*, *disposition*, *temperament*?

In some of these cases, *e. g.* the first and second, both terms seem so identical in what they will convey that their intermixture may be advised. The concept being once named by the one word, the next reference to it may be made by the other. This little plan gives a slight variety, and there is no occasion for the writer to say explicitly that by the two terms he names the same idea. Indeed, if the notion is re-named by a third term, perhaps the limits of legitimate

variation will not be overstepped. In the last few sentences *concept*, *idea*, *notion*, have been intermixed. Would it have been safer, from the point of view of either thought or style, to have repeated *concept* in the later sentences? These are the questions that are to be answered where true synonyms are concerned. Repetition and variation, each has its effect. Time, place, context, must help to decide between them.

But *syllabus* and *curriculum*, *terminology* and *nomenclature*, are not strict synonyms. Each word has a different signification. In attempting safety, we sometimes use both together. In this way, we evade the difficulty of differentiation, though of course we run risk of not saying what we really mean. That a Head Master has in his hands the settlement of all questions relating to syllabus and curriculum, may or may not be true. Probably it is in most cases not true as regards the second term.

Besides these words, which, because they refer to the same or similar spheres of subject, are wrongly supposed to be synonymous, there are incorrect ascriptions of synonymity to words which, though referring to an identical idea, refer to it in differing intensities, or with differing implications of contrast. Such are *courageous*, *audacious*—*liberal*, *generous*. These must be kept distinct.

It is easy to see that looseness of thought and impatience of attention constantly tend to weaken the differentiation of synonyms; but that it is of great importance to exactness of thought that this differentiation should be jealously maintained. Frequent demand, therefore, for the definition of similar terms should be made from students of composition.

17. *Hyperbole*

Hyperbole is the figure of exaggeration. It is psychologically a weak method, it is a cheap way of trying to be impressive, and it easily becomes a habit. In conversation it appears in the *awfully*, *always*, *never*, and the underlined phrases which gushing people so often employ. It has also taken its place in well-known and proverbial sayings, like "It never rains but it pours," "It is always the unexpected that happens." But these are sufficiently discounted by common-sense.

But though Hyperbole is dragged into colloquial and unworthy applications, which tend to degrade it, good poetical effect belongs to it in proper places. Of all Figures it most naturally offers itself for the sublime. For sublimity is a quality that belongs to great extents, whether of feeling, place, or time; and these great extents are most easily expressed by hyperbolic terms. The impressive grandeur of Milton's Satan, the poetry of the Old Testament, many of Shakespeare's and Marlowe's fine images, are couched in hyperbole. Donne, and all the Jacobean and Caroline writers, constantly reach after it. Modern taste rather leaves it alone.

All Figure is, in a sense, Hyperbole, for it is beyond the literal. But we reserve the name for a specific exaggeration in set terms, not arising out of analogy like Metaphor, or association like Metonymy. Any Hyperbole arising out of them is merely accompanying and derivative, accidental not designed.

Hyperbole.

In sorrow and disgust, you wander over those multitudinous Books : you dwell in endless regions of the superficial, of the nugatory : to your bewildered sense it is as if no insight into the real heart of Friedrich and his affairs were anywhere to be had. Truth is, the Prussian Dryasdust, otherwise an honest fellow and not afraid of labour, excels all other Dryasdusts yet known ; I have often sorrowfully felt as if there were not in Nature, for darkness, dreariness, immethodic platitude, anything comparable to him. He had made of Friedrich's History a wide-spread, inorganic, trackless matter ; dismal to your mind, and barren as a continent of Brandenburg sand !—CARLYLE : *Frederick the Great.*

The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface ; the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book ; and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. . . . Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour, the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar-plantations, is an agreeable recreation.—MACAULAY.

Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke
 And scarred the moon with splinters.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear them. At a State christening the lady who held the infant was tired and looked unwell, and the Princess of Wales asked permission for her to sit down. "Let her stand," said the Queen, flicking the snuff off her sleeve. *She* would have stood, the resolute old woman, if she had had to hold the child till his beard was grown.—THACKERAY.

18. Phrases

Phrase-substitutions for words are used for point and for variety. Words like *and* and *but* have to be used over and over again; so we vary by *in addition to this, as well as, be this as it may, on the other hand*. This last phrase shows how point may be sharpened.

Also, the phrase pleasingly varies other than connective and transitional words. Examples are *in vain, rough and tumble, go as you please, in regard to*. There is a tendency, too, for phrases to be caught up into topical use, like our politicians' "half sheet of note-paper," "wait and see," when they are forced into all sorts of parts of speech, *e. g.* "a wait and see policy." So they give opportunity for a certain subtlety of referential atmosphere, often of sub-humorous character.

19. Equivocal terms

The Pun, inviting a double interpretation for a single word, aims chiefly at causing amusement coupled with admiration for the perpetrator's cleverness. Though it is a trivial feature of composition, our greatest writer has, curiously, admitted it very freely into his dramas. What is the reason of so many quibbles in Shakespeare's dialogue? Are we to think that he was himself addicted to this flimsy form of wit? Or was he, in these punning passages, more of manager than of dramatist, tickling the ears of the groundlings, letting them fancy that they, for the nonce, were participants in the relish, on one side at least, of the fashionable Euphuistic mode? A third suggestion, that Shakespeare reckoned his word-play to be artistic relief is (considering its amount) hardly complimentary to his dramatic judgment. A fourth theory, that in these passages he merely reflected a contemporary fashion, would seem to require proof.

Cleverness and risibility are not in themselves sufficient to ensure literary rank for the Pun. There must be added a graceful prettiness, such as a pun in a rondeau, triolet, or other dainty form, might possess; or sheer exultation of the joy of life; or bitterness, and the under-current of deep feeling, as when sick men play nicely with their names. Then, puns become memorable, quotable, with rich recollections to know them by. But the clever pun is merely a flash in the pan, forgotten as soon as passed.

The best punster is he who can shed them along the ordinary track of his speech so unobtrusively that they may be passed over without suspicion of their presence. In this smoothness of delivery, no writer surpasses Hood. Many readers must, for example, have overlooked the poignancy of double meaning that lies imbedded in the last two lines of this quatrain—

Even our bright extremes of joy
Bring on conclusions of disgust,
Like the sweet promise of the May,
Whose fragrance ends in must.

In the self-sufficient pun, perpetrated for its own sake, Hood was capable of the most diverting drolleries. The list of fifty books which he drew up for a library includes—

Lamb on the death of Wolfe.

Kosciusko on the right of the Poles to stick up for themselves.

Plurality of livings, with regard to the common cat.

Lamb, who loves this pleasant form of fooling, has pounded—If you saw a porter in Oxford carrying home a hare for his master's supper, would you ask him whether it was his own hare or a wig?

We are reminded of dear England by the noble prices which we pay for wines.

I confess, I say, that my fine temper was ruffled when the bottle of pale ale turned out to be a pint bottle. . . . It was too much. I intended not to say anything about it, but I must speak. A florin a bottle, and that bottle a pint! Oh, for shame! for shame! I can't cork down my indignation; I froth up with fury; I am pale with wrath; and bitter with scorn.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastened on his term . . .
 And lack of load made his life burdensome . . .
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.

(These are solemn Milton, waxing sportive over the death of Hobson, the University carrier, who died at a time when the authorities forbad him to carry on his work.)

Italics and Capitals have been sufficiently dealt with in a preceding section.

20. *Technical terms*

Technical terms give the emphasis of Point, by sharpening very much, to the instructed reader, the idea they illustrate, Occasionally they may procure the Emphasis of Beauty, but on the whole it is some quality of Energy that they impart. But apart from the individual effect of each technical word introduced, their cumulative effect in any whole composition is important, since they streak it with the colour of culture, and in that way rarify and refine its atmosphere. Emerson is particularly an author who exemplifies this effect. It is necessary to add that such effect can hardly be produced except by a writer who is really instructed in the arts or techniques from which he borrows his terms, and to whom their introduction is easy and natural. The endeavour to produce it artificially will result, if not in positive error, in awkward and laboured work. And if they cannot be dove-tailed neatly and spontaneously into any piece of writing, the attempt to incorporate them were better abandoned altogether.

21. *Archaisms*

The Archaic term is full of the poetry of the past. Why the past is nearly always so poetical in its suggestion and atmosphere it would be hard to explain. Our non-experience of it, our certainty of its comparative freedom from modern complexity and stress, our inability to be hurt by it, our sympathy with all that fades and dies—are among the manifold causes that contribute to the fact. And at the breath, the touch, of the archaic word, all this is before us; not consciously indeed, not even recognizably, except by afterthought, but there. Part of the pleasure in reading a historical novel

dealing with the past is derived from the archaic diction placed in the mouths of the interlocutors. Absolute correctness in the allocation of the language to the epoch, is, from the literary or æsthetic point of view, not required. That is matter for the purely linguistic scholar to enjoy, or be shocked at, as the case may be. We demand merely a certain naturalness and consistency in the use of the archaic language. An occasional throwing in of terms like "gadzoos" and "oddsbodikins" will not suffice.

Good instances of a generally pleasing archaic atmosphere introduced by diction in continuous narrative occur in *Ivanhoe*, all Scott's work, and *Esmond*. In *Esmond*, the atmosphere is hardly poetic, though it is archaic: for that was not a poetic age. Where the setting of a tale is intrinsically poetic, the archaism of diction considerably reinforces the poetic quality. This is well exemplified in the *Ancient Mariner*, and in Rossetti's ballad-poems. And the principle has always been recognized, and acted on, though with varying success. An essentially modern-minded writer, like Byron, cannot secure poetry through archaism as Byron attempted to secure it in the sporadic insertions of archaism that he introduced into *Childe Harold*. Nor is the meretricious practice of merely spelling modern words with doubled consonants and final e's of any avail. Archaism is a feeling, not a form. When the feeling is, the form convinces. As a device, therefore, archaism in form must be a real reflexion of archaic feeling.

22. *Dialectal terms*

The device of the Dialectal term is, again, one to be regulated by sincere sympathy with the dialectal mood. One who has lived in a particular province, has shared the life and the common sorrows and joys of its dwellers, in whom the spirit of the place—the *genius loci*—has been incorporated or inbred, may produce, through dialect, literature of moving quality. Such is the work of Barnes the Dorsetshire poet, and, conspicuously, the work of Burns. False dialectalism—the ingraft of Indian terms upon Kipling's ballads, of local language in many snatches of modern verse—is unconvincing. And

although some of the Irish work of the present day is valuably and poetically dialectal, much on the other hand arouses a sub-sensation of the ridiculous. The writers no doubt feel, but they cannot make us feel—at any rate, through the dialectal instrument. They turn out well-meant ineptitudes.

Examples of Provincialisms.

However, by degrees I got hefted again, and took obediently to the gang and the gear.—CARLYLE.

I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it; and at last, as she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen.—BLACKMORE: *Lorna Doone*.

23. *Foreign terms*

The Foreign term has always an artificial ring, and it is difficult to judge whether its introduction is justified. It must be used when there is no English word that bears its meaning. The alternative of pressing an English word into service, explaining how, for the nonce, it is to represent the foreign word, necessitates some forcing, and impairs the original value of the English word. It is better to explain the foreign word by the nearest English equivalent, and then keep the foreign word for regular use. This situation occurs with scores of words that express simple concrete objects—like *jalousie*, *ghee*.

In subtler concepts, as those of mental operation, or of scientific, artistic, or literary activity, the nation that led the way and specialized in the matter tends to lend its own name for it to all the other nations: and these terms then become nationalized in the borrowing language. Here, again, the process is natural and simple, and the value of English words is not impaired.

The use of Foreign terms in mere affectation, to get effects of refinement, is altogether reprehensible. The whole vocabulary of the kitchen, with Mrs. Beaton as its sibyl, is tarred with this brush. A false taste (the paranomasia is accidental) is thus introduced, which pervades not only other departments of material ostentation, like the sartorial, but creeps into the punier forms of literature—the fifth-rate novel, and the

would-be genteel epistle. And the infection may spread upwards. A firm stand, therefore, should be made against the employment of Foreign words, except in the two cases described in the last paragraph.

Examples of Foreign words.

1. All the faults of his style and attitude (except that he exchanged that of a cynical *flâneur* for that of a prose epic-maker) reappeared in an exaggerated form.—PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY : of Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*.

2. That the charm of Rossetti is a *morbidezza*, a beauty touching on and partly caused by disease, is indisputable.

24. *Coinages*

From the Coinage an occasional felicity no doubt ensues. Its service, in serious writing, is principally to supply names (usually of Greek derivation) for new objects or processes of scientific character. These are seldom settled unanimously, two or three variants competing for acceptance. Finally the consensus of use veers round to one form, which survives.

Such coinages are forced necessities. Others proceed from the individual prompting of an author who finds accepted vocabulary a little cramped and expressionless for his active or strongly-feeling mind, and so supplies his own need by an invented term. Idiosyncrasies of this kind perhaps find temporary vogue among an admiring coterie, but quickly die away from currency, surviving only in a historical connexion with their inventor.

Then there is a fairly common tendency to create new terms of semi-humorous complexion and often onomatopœic in formation. These are again negligible as literary counters. They do not become imbedded in our vocabulary. Lewis Carroll's and Lear's nonsense-verses contain some examples; but their more prolific source is the Western World, where humour is apt to turn a good deal on grotesqueness in phrase.

There is a tendency, in coinages, to invent, or put together new forms for words which the writer imagines to be, in their proper guise, too far removed from simplicity; as when the suffix *-ness* is made to supersede the suffix *-ity* or another

suffix, and *humbleness* and *grandness* are used for *humility* and *grandeur*. This tendency is natural when we are speaking to children or imperfectly educated audiences, whose appreciation of the more sonorous and scholarly Latin terms is to be suspected. But the practice of thus modifying or recasting words is to be deprecated on two grounds. First, we unnecessarily confuse and overload vocabulary, by establishing two or three forms for one meaning, and secondly we interfere with etymological purity, because in most cases our simplified creation is a hybrid, one part of the word being of Latin or Greek origin, and the other—the prefix or suffix—of Teutonic. In several words we are, of course, simply heirs to such hybrids constructed in the past (as in *unnatural*), and these cannot be upset. But the inconsistencies need not be freshly multiplied.

Coined words.

The yet further extravagances which naturally attend the mischief of wit, are beauism, dogmaticality, whimsification, impudensity, and various kinds of fopperosities.—DEFOE.

A certain anecdotico-biographic turn of mind.—CARLYLE.

I would fain please you, and myself with you; and live here in my Venetian palace, luxurious; scrutinant of dome, cloud, and cockleshell.—RUSKIN.

25. *Scholarly terms*

There is to the scholar, but to him alone, particular delicacy of appeal in the term which is used so as to convey, besides its strictly modern and general signification, the additional flavour of its earlier or its original meaning. For this use not only enriches the meaning, but invests with the atmosphere of that earlier day and also the atmosphere of the reader's own environment when the term first came his way—the schoolroom, probably, with its youthful hopes and joys and friends. He feels himself to be of the company of the learned, the intellectuals, co-partner in the mental world of those who live, or have lived, among the things of the mind—a select band standing modestly, but proudly, a little aside from the rush and bustle, the utilitarianism and commercialism of the modern day.

Words containing a scholarly appeal through suggestion of their original meaning—

Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings, with thy most gracious favour.
—*The Prayerbook.*

With squinted eyes contrariways *intended*.—SPENSER.

26. Allusion

Cognate with such a use of single words, and very effective in the sympathetic appeal they make, are allusions, which quote without quotation marks, and bring the reader into the atmosphere desired.

Allusion.

Does Uncle Tom admire *Adam Bede*; and does the author of the *Vicar of Wrexhill* laugh over *The Warden and the Three Clerks*. Dear youth of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous pudor! I make no doubt that the eminent parties above named all partake of novels in moderation—eat jellies—but mainly nourish themselves upon wholesome roast and boiled.—THACKERAY: *Roundabout Papers*.

A Crown-Prince of Prussia, ought he not to learn soldiering, of all things; by every opportunity? Which Frederick Wilhelm did, with industry; serving zealous apprenticeship under Marlborough and Eugene, in this manner; plucking knowledge, as the bubble reputation, and all else in that field has to be plucked, from the cannon's mouth.—CARLYLE: *Frederick the Great*.

Another was the Metallic Watchman, who paced the same street towards Hanover Square, and had a clang in his voice like a trumpet. He was a voice and nothing else; but any difference is something in a watchman.—LEIGH HUNT: *Walks Home by Night*.

But such allusions have their danger. They cannot appeal to, they only mystify, the uninstructed. An author once wrote a sentence in which he said that the finest critic was the one in whom blood and judgment were well commingled. To this the publisher's reader objected that the reference was probably to the Salvation Army, and very much out of place.

27. Colloquialisms

Colloquialisms give a racy snap to literature which is intended to be on pedestrian level, and does not aim at dignity or solemnity of effect. Also their occasional insertion

protects serious writing from pretentiousness and heaviness, towards which the writer may suspect himself to be unwittingly drifting.

The author who admits colloquialism, however, must be very sure of taste. In the first place, it can easily be inserted too freely, and he may err on this quantitative side. Secondly, and even more importantly, the quality of his colloquialism must be watched. For it is, in one of its branches, nothing but slang, and slang is the most detestable and debasing element in the apparatus of language. Good authors, if they touch slang at all, do so playfully and apologetically, guarding themselves against any imputation of not knowing what they are doing; even so, they never gain by the process, either in thought or style. De Quincey is a little prone to this practice. But De Quincey, on the whole, and Newman, insert homely colloquialisms with correct taste. The slight shocks of regret which, even in their work, visit us sometimes, when they are colloquial, teach us how perilous the practice is. And the only writer in our verse who has used the classical iambic hexameter in a natural way—Clough—and has imparted to it such appealing and wistful melancholy, unfortunately mars much of its effect by over-colloquialism.

Colloquialism—

He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus . . . nor of those graceful fanlike jets of silver upon the rocks . . . he would not deign to notice the restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it.—J. H. NEWMAN.

(This is from a long description of the Ægean Sea, the colloquial phrase occurring in sharp contrast with the studied and poetical vocabulary employed.)

However, to go on; spite of his enormous funk, Des Cartes showed fight, and by that means awed these anti-Cartesian rascals.—DE QUINCEY: *Murder*.

(De Quincey is very fond of showing his cleverness and a certain disdain of his topic, by using slang.)

I venture to say, it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their

lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points in the same truckle-bed.—BURKE.

Juvenal gives me as much pleasure as I can bear; he treats his subject home; he drives his reader along with him. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop.—DRYDEN.

(Dryden owes much of his Expository tellingness to the extreme simplicity and colloquial daring of his phraseology.)

But it was good to go and drive on the great quays, and see the ships unloading, and by the citadel, and wonder howabouts and whereabouts it was so strong. We expect a citadel to look like Gibraltar or Ehrenbreitstein at least. But in this one there is nothing to see but a flat plain and some ditches and some trees and mounds of uninteresting green. And there I remember how there was a boy at school, a little dumpy fellow of no personal appearance whatever, who couldn't be overcome except by a much bigger champion, and the immensest quantity of thrashing. A perfect citadel of a boy, with a General Chasse sitting in that bomb-proof casemate, his heart, letting blow after blow come thumping about his head, and never thinking of giving in.—THACKERAY.

Slang.

And certainly enough is exhibited of the old boy's hoofs, and their spanking qualities, to warrant our backing him up against a railroad for a rump and a dozen; but, after all, there is nothing to grow frisky about, as Longinus does, who gets up the steam of a blue-stocking enthusiasm . . . and whilst affecting to admire Homer, is manifestly squinting at the reader to see how far he admires his own flourish of admiration.—DE QUINCEY.

28. *Proper Names*

We must not overlook what corresponds to a distinct literary device, namely, the reasoned (not of course the essential) and selected use of Proper names. These, partly by mere sound, partly by atmosphere of previous association, may give different sensations, attractive or repellent, to the passage in which they appear. Often, in literature, the attempt to introduce them for such purpose is evident. When the attempt is not successful, has been injudiciously made, we receive only the sensation of catalogue. But Milton pre-eminently, Macaulay, Scott, and many others, make excellent use of Proper names. Examples will be found in the chapter on Words.

29. *Oxymoron*

Oxymoron is the most artificial, and the boldest, of all devices connected with the word. It must be very rare indeed, and each instance is to be judged, as to felicity, on its own merits. Horace's magnificent *splendide mendax* is an illustration of this device at its best. For it is not the isolated expression alone, in this matter, that has to be regarded, but the setting in which it appears, and its appropriateness there. Even Tennyson's carefully sustained oxymoron—

His honour rooted in dishonour stood
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

owes its full felicity to its reference to Lancelot. And "faultily faultless," "splendidly null" are unconvincing artificialities. They have not behind them the clever adaptation required. Beaconsfield's "masterly inactivity" is a much better oxymoron. But, however skilfully created, oxymorons inherently induce a sensation of laboured ingenuity.

Oxymoron as a compressed paradox is much more bearable than a full paradoxical statement is. In its conjoined terms of mutually destructive meaning, one is intended to predominate and yet be pointedly checked in its operation by the tug of the other in the reverse direction. A reasonable interpretation of the self-destroying expression is effected, by considering the modified as applied to a narrower area of consideration than the modifying term. Thus in the "faultily faultless" above quoted, the second word relates to the narrower field of conduct, consistency, appearance in an individual; the first to the wider field of congruence with the large facts of universal humanity. And in the Lancelot lines, with what skilful easy brevity has Tennyson expressed that faith and devotion to the individual involved unfaith and dishonour to the race.

Oxymoron.

The hum of either army *stilly sounds* . . .
Fire answers fire, and through their *paly flames*
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.

SHAKESPEARE : *Henry V.*

(Sounds, in their nature, can hardly be still; nor can flames, in their nature bright, very well be pale; but the sensations intended are admirably secured by these contradictory appositions.)

30. *Zeugma*

Zeugma is a small toy of expression which is hardly worth noticing. It may produce a smile if the hurry of reading permits of its detection. It may be regarded as a special application of the *Pun*, in which a single term is accompanied by a pair of terms each of which connects the first to a different sphere of expression. Thus, in "Miss Bolo went home in a flood of tears and a sedan-chair," "went home in" is attached to "flood of tears" in a figurative, to "sedan-chair" in a literal application.

Zeugma.

Positively I had fancied you were gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.—O. GOLDSMITH.

He passed the whole of his days at a seat in the Forest of *Knaresborough* in the bosom of his family and in the cultivation of poetry.—LEIGH HUNT.

31. *Epigram*

Epigram is a vague name given to expression in which brevity, point, and surprise combine to form what is fundamentally if not literally intended as a truth. The name is of such loose application that the inclusion or exclusion under this head of given pieces of work, greatly depends on the *ipse dixit* of the classifier.

Epigram.

On parent knees, a naked newborn child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking to thy life's last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

SIR W. JONES.

Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last;
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third she joined the other two.

DRYDEN.

32. *The Epithet*

In dealing with the Epithet, or the Adjective, we are at one of the cardinal points of the literary compass. Indeed, Epithet-work belongs to the absolutely salient and causative elements of composition, and Device is hardly the proper category into which it comes. Especially in the Decorative epithet, where choice is practically unlimited, the selection of that quality which shall in any given place be attached, and rendered conspicuous, is not an act of device; although the ancillary acts of rendering conspicuous (or even of rendering unobscured) by selection of actual word and assignation to it of sentence-position, belong to device.

The use of the Epithet in which Device may distinctly be regarded as employed, is the use known as the Packed, Compressed, or Sentential. Here there is a carefully selected adjective which presents a meaning important enough to fill a whole sentence—a meaning that ordinarily would occupy a whole sentence if clearness were the writer's principal consideration. But clearness, in this case, is not. It is economy and point. Thus, in "in his *busy* life he devoted an hour daily to religious exercises," the point of *busy* is that "in spite of his busy life," or "although he was so busy," he made time for religion. In the sentence "I lead a busy life, and work from morning to night," *busy* represents a bare fact, not contrasted with another. The former sentence illustrates the compressed use.

The literary utility, then, of the Compressed Epithet is manifest. Its danger lies in the fact that a reader may easily overlook its intention to bring out a point. And if it is thus overlooked there is no gain in it, and its force would have been better brought out in a more expanded way. But where it is perceived, its unostentatious presentation adds to its effect.

33. *Interrogation*

Interrogation, as a device, is designed to impart emotional quality into a statement. Its original and native function, to ask for information, has disappeared. All varieties of emotion may be indicated through Interrogation—surprise,

indignation, exultation, grief. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Mere statement could not express the bitterness that echoes in this cry. "Where are the snows of yester-year?" Melancholy and a hint of despair breathe in that. So through the whole gamut of emotions we might pass, to demonstrate the range of this powerful and beautiful device.

34. *Exclamation*

Less obliquely than Interrogation, Exclamation serves the same end, of charging a statement with emotional quality. The closeness of the connexion between the two devices appears in the frequent difficulty of distinguishing between them, a difficulty solved, often enough, by the decision of a printer. Yet there is between them a great difference of atmosphere. For the Exclamation has been, and is continually being, exploited for the purpose of sham emotion. The mildest of watery sentiments, the flimsiest of foolish remarks, are dressed up in exclamatory form, in the futile effort to prime them with some impressiveness. So far from succeeding in this aim, the exclaimers merely debase and degrade the device through which they fictitiously pursue it. We connect the exclamation with illiteracy and hysteria, and unconsciously discount, as to sense, sentiment, and style, the composition in which it freely appears.

Both Interrogation and Exclamation, further, have been subjected to the odious treatment of abbreviated presentation by means of bracketing the marks that indicate them and attaching the bracketed prisoners to the sentences they are supposed to elevate. Even this unliterary practice is better carried off by the Interrogation than the Exclamation. In the case of the former, it appears at least to be genuine; in the case of the latter it is wholly, and irredeemably, meretricious.

Interrogation and Exclamation.

What though my harp and violl be
 Both hung upon the willow-tree?
 What though my bed be now my grave,
 And for my house I darknesse have?

What though my healthful days are fled,
 And I lie numbered with the dead?
 Yet I have hope, by Thy great power
 To spring, though now a withered flower.

HERRICK.

What is the stillness of the desert, compared with this place?
 What the uncommunicating muteness of fishes?

LAMB.

O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?

ST. PAUL: I *Cor.*

What is to be thought of *her*? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, that—like the Hebrew shepherd-boy from the hills and forests of Judea—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of Kings?

DE QUINCEY: *on Joan of Arc.*

Is the clamorousness that succeeds the death of God's dumb creatures, are crowded halls, are slaughtered cattle, festivals?—are maddening songs, and giddy dances, and hireling praises from parti-coloured coats? Can the voice of a minstrel tell us better things of ourselves than our own internal one might tell us; or can his breath make our breath softer in sleep?—LANDOR.

Oh you unfathomable schemer! Oh you warrior invincible! Oh you beautiful smiling Judas! What master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the pikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?—THACKERAY.

35. *Abbreviation*

A note may here be made on the extraordinary inevitability with which, in all literary practice, degradation follows on Abbreviation, in whatever department introduced. The ordinary letter, that omits the word "I," and runs, "Am just expecting to hear from Moses"; the expression, to do something *on his own*; the truncations *gent* and *phone*; are only three instances that jump at once to the mind when this mournful subject engages us. On no fault should the teacher be more severe. Wrong spelling, wrong grammar, wrong meaning, are faults of ignorance only. But the toleration of abbreviations is the mark either of an absolutely atrophied literary sense, or of an innate vulgarity of mind.

36. *Paradox*

Paradox is a highly self-conscious device, which has little to recommend it. It is always teasing, and tolerable only when occurring rarely, to point, often in a quasi-humorous way, some fact for which it is hard to find pointed expression. The effort on which Paradox rests, of construing a term in two values, appears, like all perversity, to appeal to men of agile, ingenious turn of mind. With these, Paradox easily becomes a besetting sin, which procures for them crowds of admirers, mostly dull-minded persons who are dazzled and hustled into their admiration without understanding or appreciating the cleverness they profess to praise.

Two good literary instances of Paradox are "So obliging that he ne'er obliged"—Pope's felicitous jibe at Addison's urbane amiability, and "Hope never comes, that comes to all," in which Milton forcibly measures the despair that reigns in Hell.

Paradox.

Who shuts his hand hath lost his gold,
Who opens it hath it twice told.

G. HERBERT.

'O grave and coy a^t once her air,
Lest studied, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

CONGREVE.

He belonged to that extraordinary class of persons whom no amount of intellect can prevent from being fools.—D. G. ROSSETTI.

For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.—ST. MATTHEW: *Parable of the Talents*.

37. *Sarcasm*

Sarcasm is the attitude of mind of which Irony is the expression. In its use we employ the principle of recoiling to jump better. We go further back from the truth or reality, we state its opposite, in order to be taken, if anything, beyond it. By reducing to absurdity, we invite a wholesale reaction. Irony also indicates a disgust which will not allow the speaker to refer to the matter in terms of ordinary application,

38. *Irony*

The hypothesis under which Irony is employed is that the intelligence of our auditor will perceive the difference between what we say and what we mean. On some occasions, however, we are taught that irony is a double-edged blessing, and may cut badly—for instance, with children, or a jury. It is said that a late judge, in his summing-up, once indulged in an ironical presentation of the case; declaring, among other pleasantries, that the prisoner was transparently innocent of any intention to burgle, and that the fact of his being detected on the roof with his boots off, was easily explained by the wish he had, in the hot summer weather, to cool himself. The jury promptly acquitted the prisoner, and the judge never experimented with irony again. It may safely be said that in serious questions Irony should be strictly tabooed. Crude irony will no doubt be more readily interpreted than irony which is subtle; but the latter, by those who can interpret it, will be more keenly enjoyed.

39. *Innuendo*

Innuendo is the very effective device of intimating, while leaving actually unexpressed, an inference to be drawn, more or less obviously, from what has been said. Of course, the less obvious the inference the more delicate the innuendo; and the art of innuendo is to get it as fine as possible without attenuating it into non-recognizability. Innuendo requires a subtlety of perception on the part of the audience to which it is addressed, and in this respect is comparable with Irony. And, for those in the secret, Innuendo may exist without the knowledge of outsiders. It is quite possible for a battledore and shuttlecock of innuendo to be conducted between only two or three persons out of a conversing group of eight or ten. One has to be somewhat prepared, by knowledge either of the subject or of the speaker, for this esoteric communication of thought.

Used playfully, Innuendo is a clever device, calling up a smile. Used seriously, it produces either the effect of forbearance, in not desiring to press a point, or of a timid

malice "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike," and so securing for itself a bridge of retreat through repudiation, if its oblique challenge is too rudely taken up. But this unworthy purpose is not a literary one. In reality, Innuendo is among the finest and most delightful instruments of literary effect. For it titillates our inferential powers, sets them in a poise of gentle alertness, and then, after launching, leaves to ourselves the actual delivery of its message.

Sarcasm.

As for making of knots, or figures, with divers coloured earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side which the garden stands, they be but toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts.—BACON : *Essay of Gardens.*

There, now you know all about it : now you can go home and paint just such another. If you do, do pray remember to paint the hands of the figures as they are here depicted; they are as wonderful portraits as the faces. None of your slim Vandyck elegancies, which have done duty at the cuffs of so many doublets; but each man with a hand for himself, as with a face for himself. I blushed for the coarseness of one of the chiefs in this great company, that fellow behind "William the Drummer," splendidly attired, sitting full in the face of the public; and holding a pork bone in his hand. Suppose the *Saturday Review* critic were to come suddenly on this picture? Ah! what a shock it would give that noble nature! Why is that knuckle of pork not painted out? at any rate, why is not a little fringe of lace painted round it? or a cut pink paper? or couldn't a smelling-bottle be painted in instead, with a crest and a gold top, or a cambric pocket-handkerchief, in lieu of the horrid pig, with a pink coronet in the corner? or suppose you covered the man's hand (which is very coarse and strong), and gave him the decency of a kid glove? But a piece of pork in a naked hand? O nerves and eau de Cologne, hide it, hide it!—THACKERAY : *Roundabout Papers.*

Irony.

How devotedly Miss Strickland has stood by Mary's innocence. Are there not scores of ladies in this audience who persist in it too? Innocent! I remember as a boy how a great party persisted in declaring Caroline of Brunswick was a martyred angel. So was Helen of Greece innocent. She never ran away with Paris, the dangerous young Trojan. Menelaus, her husband, ill-used her; and there never was any siege of Troy at all. So was Bluebeard's wife innocent. She never peeped into the closet where the other wives were with their heads off. She never dropped the key, or stained it with blood; and her brothers were quite right in finishing Bluebeard—the cowardly brute! Yes, Caroline of Brunswick was innocent; and Madame

Laffarge never poisoned her husband; and Mary of Scotland never blew up hers; and poor Sophia Dorothea was never unfaithful; and Eve never took the apple—it was a cowardly fabrication of the serpent's.—THACKERAY.

England lay in sick discontent, writhing powerless on its fever-bed, dark, nigh desperate, in wastefulness want, improvidence, and eating care, till, like Hyperion down the eastern steeps, the Poor-Law Commissioners arose and said, "Let there be workhouses, and bread of affliction and water of affliction there! It was a simple invention; as all truly great inventions are. And see, in any quarter, instantly as the walls of the workhouse arise, misery and necessity fly away, out of sight, out of being, as is fondly hoped, dissolve into the inane; industry, frugality, fertility, rise of wages, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men do—in the Poor-Law Commissioners' Reports—infallibly, rapidly, or not so rapidly, to the joy of all parties, supervene.—CARLYLE.

And this, I must tell you, was to have been a rare Roundabout performance—one of the very best that has ever appeared in this series. It was to have contained all the deep pathos of Addison; the logical precision of Rabelais; the childlike playfulness of Swift; the manly stoicism of Sterne; the metaphysical depth of Goldsmith; the blushing modesty of Fielding; the epigrammatic terseness of Walter Scott; the uproarious humour of Sam Richardson; and the gay simplicity of Sam Johnson.—THACKERAY.

Innuendo.

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
Or, Charon, seeing, may forget
That he is old, and she a shade.

W. S. LANDOR.

40. *Apostrophe*

Of all the Devices that literature so ably employs, *Apostrophe* (if what is so natural is to be called a device) is the finest and the most appealing. Here we address Imaginations as though they were Realities; and Vision, where we declare that we behold such imaginations, is but a second facet of the same gem.

In a flash, these two devices avert our breathing from the hard drab milieu of the Understanding, into Imagination's ampler ether and diviner air. Without pause, circumlocution, or unnaturalness, they can project the writer of Prose into the purest and the rarest zones of Poetry, where he may ply the finest textures and weave the fairest colours of the soul.

The imprecation of him who hates, the supplication of him who pleads, the invocation of him who mourns, here find their passionate expression and their perfect scope.

Here belong, most naturally, those magnificent and touching invocations (how many and how prompt !) to the dead, who will never more be sensuously perceived, who will never more be spiritually unremembered—strange friends, loved deeper now, and darker understood. "Dost thou remember," cries Renan to his sister. "Dost thou remember, from thy rest in the bosom of God, those long days at Ghazir, where, alone with you, I penned these pages, inspired by the scenes we had just traversed?" The poignant pathos of Emily Brontë's invocation to the fifteen-year dead "cold in the grave, with the deep snow piled above" him is rememberable, even in the rich field of this kind of apostrophe.

Hardly less moving than such invocations to the really known and well-beloved, and, of course, superior to them in the literary care they have received, are the poetical apostrophes addressed to the remembered dead of history—like Carlyle's passage on Marie Antoinette, and his addresses of this nature everywhere, and De Quincey's words to Joan of Arc.

There are, too, the appeals that stretch their hands across the severing years to the absent, the unkind, the changed or the estranged—to Coleridge from Hazlitt, to Absalom from David, to Rose Alymer from Landor. And not through persons only, but through spots on the earth, even through "rocks and stones and trees," this strong and tender figure may be made to minister. Nothing is too real, nothing too vague, for its all-embracing reach—from Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother of orphans," to the shadowy shapes of the "Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies" that wept for Adonais, and the darkly understood conceptions that surround and bewilder us—"World, Life, and Time," whose last steps we climb.

Apostrophe.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the

world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *hic jacet!*—SIR W. RALEIGH.

Hope, Hope! none ever cherished thee so little;
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely raised.

LANDOR.

Tanagra, think not I forget
Thy beautifully-storied streets;
Be sure my memory bathes yet
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets
The blithe and liberal shepherd-boy.

LANDOR.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with Hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—how have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar—while the walls of the old Greyfriars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired Charity-Boy!*—LAMB.

But oh, thou! who didst lend me speech when I was dumb, to whom I owe it that I have not crept on my belly all the days of my life like the serpent, but sometimes lift my forked crest or tread the empyrean, wake thou out of thy midday slumbers. Shake off the heavy honey-dew of thy soul, no longer lulled with that Circean cup, drinking thy own thoughts with thy own ears, but start up in thy promised likeness, and shake the pillared rottenness of the world! Leave not thy sounding words in air; write them in marble, and teach the coming age heroic truths! Up, and wake the echoes of Time! Rich in deepest lore, die not the bed-churl of knowledge, leaving the survivors unblest! Set, set as thou didst rise in pomp and gladness! Dart like the sunflower one broad, golden flash of light; and ere thou ascendest thy native sky, show us the steps by which thou didst scale the Heaven of philosophy with Truth and Fancy for thy equal guides, that we may catch thy mantle, rainbow-dipped, and still read thy words dear to Memory dearer to Fame!—HAZLITT.

City, lulled asleep by the chime of passing years,
Sweeter smiles thy rest than the radiance round thy peers;
Only love and lovely remembrance here have place;
Time lies lighter on thee than music on men's ears,
Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

SWINBURNE.

Stones of old Mincing Lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal?—LAMB.

There is there no heart to say, God pity thee! O think not of these; think of Him whom thou worshippesst, the Crucified—who also treading the winepress *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it and made it holy, and built of it a “Sanctuary of Sorrow” for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended; one long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—Dumb lies the World; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee.—CARLYLE: *on Marie Antoinette*.

Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic! who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties!—M. ARNOLD: *on Oxford*.

Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honours, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood. Daughter of Donirémy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France, but she wilt not hear thee. Cite her by the apparitors to come and receive a robe of honour, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst, is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long; let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long.—DE QUINCEY: *on Joan of Arc*.

41. *Vision*

Vision is a more formal and deliberate measure than Apostrophe, and therefore has not quite the same directness and spontaneity, and is by so much the weaker in its emotional appeal. It may be used for dramatic effect, in which case it is often couched in the historic present tense of the verbs employed. It lends itself, also, to the description of much detail, and is a good picture-making device. But its great service lies in the sphere of simple reminiscence, and, in skilful hands, it depicts with much charm the “tender grace of the day that is dead.” It is obviously in connexion with Vision that the use of past tense for present, known as Historic

Present, naturally occurs. Apart from Vision, this historic present is to be most sparingly employed. Nothing can be more irritating, and, we may add, more unliterary, than its regular employment throughout a whole book, or even any considerable part of a book.

Vision.

I see a bleak mount, looking upon an open country, over against that huge town, to whose inhabitants Catholicism is of so little account. I see the ground marked out, and an ample enclosure made; and plantations are rising there, clothing and circling in the space.

And there on that high spot, far from the haunts of men, yet in the very centre of the island, a large edifice, or rather pile of edifices, appears with many fronts, and courts, and long cloisters and corridors, and story upon story. And there it rises, under the invocation of the same sweet and powerful name which has been our strength and consolation in the Valley. I look more attentively at that building, and see it is fashioned upon that ancient style of art which brings back the past, which had seemed to be perishing from off the face of the earth, or to be preserved only as a curiosity, or to be imitated only as a fancy. I listen, and I hear the sound of voices, grave and musical, renewing the old chant, with which Augustine greeted Ethelbert in the free air upon the Kentish strand. It comes from a long procession, and it winds along the cloisters. Priests and Religious, theologians from the Schools, and canons from the Cathedral walk in due precedence. And then there comes a vision of well-nigh twelve mitred heads; and last I see a Prince of the Church, in the royal dye of empire and of martyrdom, a pledge to us from Rome of Rome's unwearied love, a token that that goodly company is firm in Apostolic faith and hope. And the shadow of the Saints is there:—St. Benedict is there, speaking to us by the voice of Bishop and of priest, and counting over the long ages through which he has prayed, and studied, and laboured; there, too, is St. Dominic's white wool, which no blemish can impair, no stain can dim;—and if St. Bernard be not there, it is only that his absence may make him to be remembered more. And the princely patriarch, St. Ignatius, too, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through his writhing foe, he, too, sheds his blessing upon that train. And others, also, his equals or his juniors in history, whose pictures are above our altars, or soon shall be, the surest proof that the Lord's arm has not waxen short, nor His mercy failed,—they, too, are looking down from their thrones on high upon the throng. And so that high company moves on into the holy place; and there, with august rite and awful sacrifice, inaugurates the great act which brings it thither.—J. H. NEWMAN.

One sees it; the band playing its old music, the sun shining on the happy, loyal crowd; and lighting the ancient battlements, the rich elms, and purple landscape, and bright greensward; the royal standard

drooping from the great tower yonder; as old George passes, followed by his race, preceded by the charming infant, who caresses the crowd with her innocent smiles.—THACKERAY: *The Four Georges*.

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,
Methinks, I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

WORDSWORTH: *The Two April Mornings*.

42. Personification

Personification, through its artificiality, has but a cold and distant appeal. Occasionally, as in the Elegy of Gray, a grandiose effect is induced; and indeed the whole character of the device is panoramic. It suited the remote and unsubstantial quality of Shelley's muse, which revelled in processional presentations of the personified abstract and thus lost, in *Adonais*, the warmth of grief. Of all the great Elegies, *Adonais* is the least moving, because the most elaborately laced with Personification. The truth is, that abstract conceptions cannot be galvanized into vitality by ascription to them of human character and mood.

More appealing than Personification of the abstract is Personification of the extra-human phenomena of Nature—the mountain, the river, the wood. These are a part of our common earth, are familiar and close enough to us for us to imagine, without strain, their sentient participancy in our feelings and our thoughts. So "Camus, reverend sire" in *Lycidas*, and his regret, are more tolerable to us than the winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies of Shelley's more rarefied poem. And the simple, but very poetical, Personifications of Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* find their welcome at once in the little readers (and the grown-up readers too) whose minds they meet.

Allegory is merely the prolongation, in sustained sequence, of Metaphor, Metonymy, Personification itself, or similar figure. As we may naturally conclude, Allegory is not an appealing method of literature, and modern taste has practically discarded its use. As far as teaching and exposition are concerned, we prefer a more direct method. The story of Allegory, if attractive, may of course command an independent

value as literature, the farther application dropping out of sight. But the allegorical temper (if we may so call that attitude of mind which is disposed to offer and accept parable as a method of instruction) has long since departed, and Allegory, *qua* Allegory, is effete.

Personification.

A delusive delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of those pleasures, which were slipping from under him :—still—still all went on heavily—the magic left the mind the weaker—Stillness, with Silence at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my Uncle Toby's head ;—and Listlessness, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm-chair.—STERNE.

On a sudden, from the opposite side of the horizon, see, miraculous Opportunity, rushing hitherward,—swift, terrible, clothed with lightning like a courser of the gods; dare you clutch him by the thunder-mane, and fling yourself upon him, and make for the Empyrean by that course?—CARLYLE : *Frederick the Great.*

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied.

MILTON : *Paradise Lost.*

Time takes home those that we love, fair names and famous.—SWINBURNE.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

SHELLEY : *Adonais.*

Meanwhile welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Topsy Dance and Jollity,
Braid your locks with rosy twine
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Rigour now is gone to bed
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

MILTON.

And thus all the pleasant devils were coaxing on poor Florizel : desire, and idleness, and vanity, and drunkenness, all clashing their merry cymbals and bidding him come on.—THACKERAY.

43. *Simile*

Simile is usually classed as a Figure; and if we ask why, we are told that in a simile the likeness expressed is a likeness between objects not of the same but of different kinds. Thus, "Burke spoke like Cicero," is said to be no simile, but "Burke spoke like the rushing of a torrent," is.

The distinction seems to be futile and feeble. We cannot decide what *of the same kind* means. The form is what we must go by. Both of these are similes, but neither is a figure; for in neither is language used but in its literal meaning. Whether either is a good or expressive simile is another matter.

Simile is at all events a deliberate device of illustration, in which we clarify or energize a statement. Naturally, a pure clarification to the understanding, through a simile which expresses the likeness of a less-known to a better-known object or fact, is not generally of much literary value, nor has it much literary scope.

It is the simile which aims at energizing a statement, or at beautifying it, with which literature is concerned. If its effect is vivid, it is a good simile for literary purpose. Its logical soundness, its consonance with fact, we do not deeply examine.

So true is this, that the simile, though nominally but a secondary and ancillary adjunct to a statement, tends to assume independent status, and becomes a passage claiming to be judged on its own internal quality, its function as clarifier, energizer, or beautifier, disappearing. It is so with the sustained similes of Homer, of Jeremy Taylor, and the dexterous imitations of these that occur in *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Balder Dead*. In these, and in many another simile, the mind perhaps fleets carelessly back for a moment to the illustrated fact, but dwells and delights in the imagery and the expression of the illustration. They are truly "idylls," little pictures, self-contained.

But this elaborate simile, worked up and developed on its

own account, wanders of course further away from the genuinely illustrative function of the simile proper, than is at all necessary, or even usual. And in our ordinary compositions the elaborate simile is too artificial and self-conscious to be employed; whereas the short illustrative simile is a frequent and a natural instrument of style. And, even with this, we avoid as much as is possible formality in introducing it, and try to slide it in as casually as we can.

Simile is an instrument that lends itself very distinctly to intellectual illumination, and very appropriately to poetic illustration, provided that the emotional pitch at which the illustration is furnished is not a high one. If it is, if real passion or strong imagination is at work, then the formality of simile, and its explicitness, are insufficient vehicles, and recourse is had to the sharper, swifter operation of metaphor. So that if poetry is indeed "emotion recollected in tranquillity," simile is a truly poetic tool. But if poetry be emotion re-lived in its original fervour, metaphor will displace it. The calmer milder poetry will abound in simile, but its more impassioned types will tend to metaphor.

As to classes or divisions of Simile, these, if made out at all, might usefully follow such lines as the hyperbolical, euphemistic, colloquial; the exclamatory and interrogative; the alliterative; the climactic, parallelistic, chiasmic; the allegorical, ironical, paradoxical.

Simile.

Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth; then plunge again into the Inane.—CARLYLE.

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—SIR W. TEMPLE

Such a frown

Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air;
So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown.

MILTON.

To take Fielding up after Richardson is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves into an open lawn on a breezy day of May.—COLERIDGE.

As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.

SHAKESPEARE.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,
Is on the waters days and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

TENNYSON.

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose,
Even groaning with his weight, he gan to nod
This way and that, as loath his curlèd brows,
Which he had oft wrap'd in the sky with storms,
Should stoop, and yet his radical fibres burst,
Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth,
So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
Of ten set battles in your highness' war
'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

CHAPMAN.

You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

Sustained, self-contained Simile.

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man.—J. TAYLOR.

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back

From hunting, and a great way off descries
 His huddling young left sole; at that, he checks
 His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
 Circles above his eery, with loud screams
 Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
 Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
 In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
 A heap of fluttering feathers: never more
 Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
 Never the black and dripping precipices
 Echo her stormy scream as she sails by:—
 So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
 Over his dying son, and knew him not.

M. ARNOLD.

44. *Devices of Position*

The Devices hitherto considered have been concerned with words as used to convey attitudes or colours and qualities of thought. Figure, for example, Foreign words, Exclamation, and so on, alter the quality of a thought by expressing its meaning through, as it were, a fresh medium of presentation.

We now come to Devices in which quality of thought is not modified by change of word or indication of our mental attitude; but in which the emphasis of energy or beauty is added to by a more mechanical plan, the modification, namely, of the arrangement, or order, of the words employed.

45. *Inversion*

Simplest among such devices is that of Inversion. The accepted, normal order of sentence-parts is changed. Object is made to precede predicate, noun its adjective. "Him, him I accuse." Here Inversion added to Repetition gives force. In verse, metrical necessity often suggests Inversion. But in prose Inversion must be justified by definite need for emphasis. To invert wantonly, merely makes style ridiculous. An occasional good effect may be obtained by putting an adverb in an unusual place. As adverb-places are the most flexible in a sentence, to secure an unusual place for any given adverb is not so easy as to secure it for any other sentence-part. But good play is sometimes made with the adverb as opening word when its usual position is somewhere else; and its emphasis

here is pointed by the insertion of a comma after it. Also, the adverb may be reserved, to come in with an unexpected amplitude of comprehension, at the very close.

Normal order changed for Emphasis.

Sublimier in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with.—CARLYLE.

Dear to him was the perfume of the bean-field at evening, and dear to him the odorous eared-spikenard that grew on the Syrian Hills, and the fresh green thyme, the wine-cup's charm.—O. WILDE.

Sweet presences of God they sometimes have, but they are short, and often interrupted; but there no cloud shall come betwixt them and their sun; they shall behold Him in His full brightness for ever.—ROBERT LEIGHTON.

46. *Balance and Chiasmus*

Another device of Order, which more than once established itself as a literary fashion in prose, is Balance, the apposition of words or sentences for the purpose of a pointed comparison or contrast. Lyly's *Euphues* is compact of such arrangements; but the sensation induced by his regular and stilted constructions is that of artificiality, mere creation of them for their own sake. Not so with Johnson, in whom Balance was the natural expression of a forcible, explicit, and logical intellect; although the multiplicity of his balanced sentences considerably subtracts from the pointed power that exhibits itself in each. Yet, because the most brilliant and most widely informed writer of prose since Johnson threw his great and catchy influence on its side, because Macaulay so largely employed it, the prevalent mannerism of all that leading-article class of literature of which he was the direct progenitor continues, to this day, to be Balance.

Hardly any device of Style is so easy to handle, and to construct into habit. As in all obvious devices, where the art of concealing art is disregarded, the little more is very much, and effect is easily lost.

In Balance, too, as in Climax, distinction between the categories of point and sound, of emphasis and rhythm, of meaning and music, is difficult to establish.

Chiasmus is that occasionally useful device of order in

which the second limb of a prospective Balance is inverted in the order of its parts, so that the parallelism exhibited becomes one of means and extremes, not one of repeated sequence.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race?
Ah, what the form divine?

Noun and epithet are here chiasmically arranged. It is easy to see that in most cases sound-considerations will dictate this device. Had Landor not desired a special rime, had he, even leaving out the consideration of rime, been satisfied with a less exquisite music, *form divine* might have become *beauteous form*, when Balance, not Chiasmus, would have prevailed.

The spirit of Balance, rather than its structural accuracy, has been touched to fine and stately issues in those portions of Hebrew literature which appear translated in our Bible. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." "That our oxen may be strong to labour, that there be no decay; no leading into captivity, and no complaining in our streets." These, and hundreds of passages like these, reveal the power and beauty that reside in Balance, when its largest and loosest, not its minute and mechanical, application is made to literature. And the strictly musical response to its spiritual appeal is to be found in the mournful and majestic movements of those Gregorian chants which the early Church has fitted to her canticles and hymns.

Parallelism or Balance is useful for pointed exhibition of comparison. If the meanings of the balanced clauses are of opposite character, then Balance becomes Antithesis. There may be antithesis of thought without balance in form. "When he was rich he forgot his former poverty," and "when he was rich he forgot the days when he was poor," convey the same antithesis of thought; but the second form by means of its balance conveys the antithesis more forcibly.

A balanced sentence makes a good summary or close, and should perhaps be reserved for occasional use in that position. No arrangement in style is so easy to convert into a habit, and hardly any habit is more odious. Macaulay used it freely, but not in excess. Johnson over-uses it. Lyly and the

Euphuistic writers make it quite ridiculous, and rob it of all the efficacy it should possess.

Balance is the ordinary device for energizing a comparison. But double energy may be given to it by a pointed reverse in the second sentence, of the part-order followed in the first sentence. Thus, "Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New" is a balanced, and so an energized form of what might have been expressed in a weaker way—"Prosperity and Adversity are the blessings of the Old and New Testaments, respectively." The contrast is thrown into strong relief. Such reversing of part-order is of course the Chiasmus we have already described.

Thus Balance and Inversion are true devices, each the outcome of design and each the antithesis which affords variety to the other. Of the two, balance is the more natural and inversion the more artificial. The danger in using the former is the easy extension of it into a mere formula of presentation which irritates, and ceases to appeal. The danger of inversion is that it may be employed where no variety is needed, no grace or point specially sought. It is then a mere trick of style, like unnecessary Alliteration, and of course ceases to yield the charm which its proper employment would induce. If too much balance appears, our natural question is, Why did the writer *leave* these? if too much inversion, we ask rather Why did he *insert* these?

Balance.

St. John had the best of the argument, but the worst of the vote. Bad times were come for him. He talked philosophy, and professed innocence. He courted retirement, and was ready to meet persecution.—THACKERAY.

The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller.—JOHNSON.

Sleep is most graceful in an infant; soundest, in one who has been tired in the open air; completest, to the seaman after a hard voyage;

most welcome, to the mind haunted with one idea; most touching to look at, in the parent that has wept; lightest, in the playful child; proudest, in the bride adored.—LEIGH HUNT: *On Sleep*.

Oh, could I flow like thee and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull:
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

DENHAM.

Compare the two. This I offer to give you is plain and simple; the other full of perplexed and intricate mazes. This is mild; that harsh. This is found by experience effectual for its purpose; the other is a new project. This is universal; the other calculated for certain colonies only. This is immediate in its conciliatory operations; the other contingent, remote, full of hazard.—BURKE.

Chiasmus.

The seasons come and go in glad and saddening pageant, and with winged or leaden feet the years pass by before them.—O. WILDE.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.—*Book of Samuel*.

Strange Friend, past, present, and to be.
Loved deplier, darklier understood.

TENNYSON: *In Memoriam*.

Sometimes, upon the diamond rocks they leant
Sometimes they sat upon the flowery lea
That sloped towards the wave, and ever sent
Shrill music o'er the sea.

R. C. TRENCH.

47. *Climax*

Verbal Climax is an obvious method of securing progressive intensity. In constructing it, two points need care. First, each expression of the climactic series must exceed in the intensity of its meaning or application the expression immediately preceding it; so that there are no irregular lapses from strong to weak and back again to strong. Secondly, sound should as far as possible correspond with sense, and the last expression in a climactic series should contain such weight of sound as will fitly close and clinch the rhythm.

Climax, especially that form of it in which a sentence is closed by three words or expressions of climactic character, is somewhat apt to grow on a writer, and become a habit. In proportion, of course, as it does so, it becomes less effective.

With climax, we naturally mention that device in which an expectation of progressive emphasis is purposely checked by a sudden final lapse into a very weak conclusion. This is called Anti-climax, and its effect is nearly always laughable. The writer who consciously creates an anti-climax of course rides for his fall. But the anti-climax may occur unwittingly, merely because either carelessness or a defective judgment has misplaced the guilty word. As a rule, the general tenor of the context will reveal the cause which had brought the device into result. Words spoken under strong emotion, when the cool literary judgment is naturally out of play, would often, no doubt, if dissected, reveal instances of Anti-climax which the speaker, if he afterwards reconstructed his remarks for a literary purpose, would easily put into their proper place.

Climax.

For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

SCOTT.

I have scen within this hour, O Metellus, what Rome in the circle of her triumphs will never see, what the Sun in his eternal course can never show her, what the Earth has borne but now, and must never bear again for her, what Victory herself has envied her,—a Numanian.—LANDOR.

Therefore, so far as nature had influence over the early training of this man, it was essential to his perfectness that the nature should be quiet. No mountain passions were to be allowed in him. Inflict upon him but one pang of the monastic conscience ; cast upon him but one cloud of the mountain gloom ; and his serenity had gone for ever—his equity—his infinity.—RUSKIN.

What a piece of work is Man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !—SHAKE-SPEARE.

Anti-climax.

I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun
 To stand before your face and cry;
 I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel
 And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.

I ha' harpit ye up to the throne o' God,
 I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three;
 I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
 And—ye—would—make—a Knight o' me.

KIPLING.

How awfully serene a countenance! Such as we hear are in the Islands of the Blessed. And how glorious a form and stature! Such too was theirs! They also once lay thus upon the earth wet with their blood—few other enter there. And what plain armour!—LANDOR.

Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening: the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that—HE MAY COME IN. No! No movement. No grey shade growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away, with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible. Hark! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.—THACKERAY.

And Hernani, who, when he is reminded that it is by his father's head that he has sworn to commit suicide, exclaims—

Mon père! mon père!—Ah! j'en perdrai la raison!

and who, when Doña Sol gets the poison away from him, entreats her to return it—

Par pitié, ce poison,
 Rends-le-moi! Par l'amour, par notre âme immortelle!

because

Le duc a ma parole, et mon père est là-haut!

M. ARNOLD: *The French Play in London.*

48. *Repetition*

No device of Style can be simpler than Repetition; yet there is hardly any art out of which more effect can be procured; and, on the other hand, hardly any that can be more painfully mishandled.

Words are repeated, often, for mere clearness, to escape the easily perpetrated ambiguity of a pronoun. But a repetition that renders safe as to reference, may set up awkwardness in style. The pronoun has its valuable—we may say indispensable—place, and to dodge its dangers by unnecessary repetition is a crude evasion of the opportunity to exhibit mastery in language.

It is, however, when Repetition is used, not for clearness but for the emphasis of energy or of beauty, that its high literary utility becomes apparent—its singular definite strength and its charm. Nor about this species of repetition is there anything casual. Simple as it seems, its successful employment is a finished art, and a sure mark of a master in style. Perhaps Macaulay and Borrow pursue it to its greatest perfection. Borrow's tendency is rather to its over-use. But ordinary writers, even correct and strong ones, hardly perceive its extraordinary power.

Repetition, if it occurs for Clearness, cannot be regarded as a device of Style, for then mere expression would have to go in that category also. It is better to repeat than to run risk of ambiguity; but even here common sense must be employed, and the stony repetition which nervously guards against very improbable and merely doctrinaire possibilities of ambiguous interpretation should be avoided by a recast of the sentence or by some change in vocabulary. From the doctrinaire point of view, it would be defective to write a sentence like "The man pushed the boy so hard that he fell down." In this detached quotation the doctrinaire contention has some little colour. But, considering that the context of this sentence in any connected composition would remove the theoretical chance of ambiguity, it would be the mere refinement of absurdity to insist on the repetition of *boy* in lieu of the pronoun used.

Repetition for Clearness, then, hardly concerns us as a point of style. But Repetition for Force is an important device indeed. Macaulay's vast vigour of expression would fade into the merest mediocrity, were his repetitions for force excised. No writer had a keener sense of the value of this device; no writer has utilized it more freely; and no one has so closely trespassed, in its use, on the very verge of the intolerable. Nemesis, in truth, has overtaken Macaulay in his own field. The reaction that critical fashion so glibly gives expression to, the superior attitude that the veriest tiro in literature assumes towards this great man of letters, are due chiefly to the reverberate repetition that Macaulay chose to use. And however regretfully we may deprecate the fashion to sneer at Macaulay's work, we cannot but recognize that a writer who deliberately chooses, in a very extensive production, to neglect flexibility in style, shade, delicacy of presentation, is bound to fall victim to his own virility, and to be judged by his limitations to the exclusion of his powers. Vigour in style, when it becomes a fault, is an aggressive one; and must, for that reason, expect very severe attack.

Repetition for Force is, then, easily overdone. It is one of those devices (Alliteration is another) which grow on a writer and may conduct him to the literary Avernus by an easy descent.

Verbal Repetition.

India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. Oppression in Bengal was the same thing to him as oppression in the streets of London.—MACAULAY.

Little did I dream when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant love, that she would ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers.—BURKE.

There were, as Gerald of Barry noticed, three distinct dialects or forms of English so different that a man from Carlisle would not understand a man from Guildford, and a man from Peterborough could hardly make himself understood by either. The Southern dialect was the most like the Old English in sound and in words; it had changed least. The Northern dialect had changed most; not only had the words been

greatly shortened but the words of the Danish and Norwegian settlers had replaced a great number of common English words. The Midland dialect is the most notable for us for from it springs the English that we write and speak to-day.—F. YORK POWELL.

(In the first and second examples the repetition is for Effectiveness: in the third, for Clearness.)

The weekly religious paper is a weekly religious trial which it takes long experience to enable me at least to bear religiously.—BISHOP STUBBS.

Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone to his rest.—DE QUINCEY.

Alone in a green-roofed cave, alone with the sunlight and the pure water, there was a sense of something more than these. The water was more to me than water, and the sun than sun. The gleaming rays on the water in my palm held me for a moment, the touch of the water gave me something from itself. A moment, and the gleam was gone, the water flowing away, but I had had them. Beside the physical water and physical light I had received from them their beauty; they had communicated to me this silent mystery. The pure and beautiful water, the pure, clear, and beautiful light, each had given me something of their truth.—R. JEFFRIES: *Meadow Thoughts*.

For only by breasting in full the storm and cloud of life, breasting it and passing through it and above it, can the dramatist who feels the weight of mortal things liberate himself from the pressure, and rise, as we all seek to rise, to content and joy. Tragedy breasts the pressure of life. Comedy eludes it, half liberates itself from it by irony.—M. ARNOLD: *The French Play in London*.

She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera; she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples.

At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead.—*Book of Judges*.

Of little comfort indeed were the King's sons to the king.—THACKERAY.

Ineffective, Artificial Repetition.

I watched the greying of the dawn suspiring into rose. Then a yellow ripple came out of the narrow corrie at the summit of the hill. The yellow ripple ran like the running tide through the flushing grey, and washed in among the sprays of a birch beside me and among the rowan-clusters of a mountain ash. But at the falling of the sun the yellow ripple was an ebbing tide, and the sprays of the birch were as a perishing flame and the rowan-berries were red as drops of blood.—W. SHARPE.

H. Spencer's Repetition.

The due performance of every vital process depends on an adequate supply of good blood. Without enough good blood, no gland can secrete properly, no viscus can fully discharge its office. Without enough good blood, no nerve, muscle, membrane or other tissue can be efficiently repaired. Without enough good blood, growth will neither be sound nor sufficient.

What now is the common characteristic of these several changes? Is it not an increasing conformity to the methods of Nature? The relinquishment of early forcing, against which Nature rebels, and the leaving of the first years for exercise of the limbs and senses, show this. The superseding of rote-learned lessons by lessons orally and experimentally given, like those of the field and playground, shows this. The disuse of rule-teaching, and the adoption of teaching by principles—that is, the leaving of generalizations until there are particulars to base them on—show this. The system of object lessons shows this. The teaching of the rudiments of science in the concrete instead of the abstract, shows this.

Freeman's Repetition.

The land in which we live is called England, that is to say, the land of the English. But it was not always called England, because there were not always Englishmen living in it. The old name of the land was Britain. And we still call the whole island in which we live Great Britain, of which England is the southern part and Scotland the northern. We call it Great Britain because there is another land also called Britain, namely the north-western corner of Gaul; but this last we generally call Brittany. The two names, however, are really the same, and both are called in Latin Britannia.

In the old days, then, when the land was called only Britain, Englishmen had not yet begun to live in it. Our forefathers then lived in other lands and had not yet come into the land where we now live; but there was an England even then, namely the land in which Englishmen then lived. If you look at a map of Denmark or of Northern Germany, you will see on the Baltic Sea a little land called Angeln; that is the same name as England. I do not mean that all our forefathers came out of that one little land of Angeln; but they all came from that part of the world, from the lands near the north of the Elbe, and that one little land has kept the English name to this day.

49. *Omission*

Like Repetition, Omission has its utilitarian, as well as its artistic, function. In the former, it merely effects economy, and is in ordinary process of our everyday language.

But, besides and above economy, Omission may secure an effective neatness, and is then frequently accompanied by

an unexpected order of words. Such employment of it is often dictated by metrical exigency.

Then there is that omission, known as *Asyndeton*, of the expected conjunction before the last of two, or a series, of similar words. Matthew Arnold made of this almost a trick. In it there is certainly something slightly arresting, and it carries also an additional sense of clinch. Going counter, as it does, to practice, and used, as it clearly is, for some kind of effect, it is undoubtedly a device; though it may easily be misplaced.

A third kind of omission is that of a conjunction of logical nexus. We have already noted how such omission aids the animation of style, but may endanger the reader's recognition of logical sequence.

Omission.

In thy adverse fortune, they will remember on whose pillow their father breathed his last; in thy prosperous (Heaven grant it may shine upon thee in some other country!) it will rejoice thee to protect them.—LANDOR.

Asyndeton.

The sailor King who came after George was a man: the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous.—THACKERAY.

There is in it, as foundation of it, the softness, tenderness, gentle affection as of a child; but all this is as if congealed into sharp contradiction, into abnegation, isolation, proud hopeless pain.—CARLYLE.

By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness, of the human race.—BURKE.

Syndetic Prose.

Blindness is odious, and widowhood is sad, and destitution is without comfort, and persecution is full of trouble, and famine is intolerable, and tears are the sad ease of a sadder heart; but these are evils of our life, not of our death.—J. TAYLOR.

As we go on the downhill journey, the milestones are gravestones, and on each more and more names are written; unless haply you live beyond man's common age, when friends have dropped off, and, tottering, and feeble, and unpitied, you reach the terminus alone.—THACKERAY.

“The great gulf of time and parting and grief”—some of us are on the farther side of it, and our old selves, and our old happiness, and our old affections beyond, grow near, grow clear, now and then, at the sight of a face met by chance in the world, at the chance sound of a voice.—A. LANG.

50. *Punctuation*

Among Devices we place Punctuation, by which we mean a punctuative segmentation that breaks up long runs of words into short groups. Extraordinary differences, by such practice, can be made in the delicacy with which meaning can be conveyed, the due relations of thoughts adjusted, and attachments of words indicated. What pause, and almost what intonation and gesture, are to speech, that, to some degree, careful, studied punctuation may provide for writing. Our rapid modern age and hurried methods, it is true, discourage and ignore this curious and delicate branch of art in composition. The straight, running sentence, clear and forcible, unbroken and uninvolved, is in the mode. We use it, we teach it. We thereby save ourselves trouble, we reach a certain glib, correct average of workmanlike expression; but we miss, too, very much—in light and shade, in finesse, and subtle touch. It is as though all were proficient in playing the march and the waltz; and none, or hardly any, could master and enjoy the intricacies of orchestration.

The difference between the methods of the straight running sentence and of the segmented sentence are to be observed when we put a column of the ordinary leading article in a newspaper side by side with a page from Walter Pater or Stevenson. The former, for clarity and vigour, is hardly to be improved. Its colours are bold and broad and bright. Its lines are free and flowing. But in the latter, there is much delicate interplay of hue on hue, the work is stippled and reticulated. And, on examination, we shall find that, besides the selection of the words, their arrangement and the punctuation by which that arrangement is indicated are considerable factors in these effects. It is a pity that the impatience of the modern mind receives such constant reflexion in the copious periodical platitude of the day, while the fine close work of the careful artist in style is unappre-

ciated and overlooked. The only cure for this is that much less should be said, and said much more skilfully. But that would involve (what we shall probably never arrive at) a distaste, instead of an affection, for the "leading article," and its cognates, of the present day.

Undoubtedly this more elaborate delicate prose, in which the sentences are moulded out of little bit on little bit, is, to the instructed student of style, a far greater delight than either the simple, short-sentence prose or the running open prose of the "leader" type. The simple, short-sentence prose—the crowning achievement of which comes to us in the Authorized Version of the Bible—may have nobility, power, and beauty. But it has not subtlety. It does not, like the meticulous prose, display those graduated and adjusted touches of expression that win their outlet through a devious way. The game of billiards is perhaps a hard material sphere from which to draw analogy. But the difference between the reticulated prose of Pater and the running slabs of easy sentence that the "leader" yields, is fitly illustrated by the difference between the finesse of the top-of-the-table play and the plain cannon and pocket strokes.

Heavily syncopated and segmented Style.

He who thus penetrated into the most secret parts of nature preferred always the more to the less remote, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of law more refined, the construction about things of a peculiar atmosphere and mixed lights. He paints flowers with such curious felicity that different writers have attributed to him a fondness for particular flowers, as Clement the cyclamen, and Rio the jasmin; while, at Venice, there is a stray leaf from his portfolio dotted all over with studies of violets and the wild rose. In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or *recherché* in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light,—their exact antitype is in our own western seas; all the solemn effects of moving water. You may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing, as a little fall, into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, as a goodly river next, below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda to the seashore of the Saint Anne—that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the

tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass, grown fine as hair. It is the landscape, not of dreams or of fancy, but of places far withdrawn, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of finesse. Through Leonardo's strange veil of sight things reach him so; in no ordinary night or day, but as in faint light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water.—W. PATER.

Those spaces of more cunningly blent colour, obediently filling their places, hitherto, in a mere architectural scheme, Giorgione detaches from the wall. He frames them by the hands of some skilful carver, so that people may move them readily and take with them where they go, as one might a poem in manuscript, or a musical instrument, to be used, at will, as a means of self-education, stimulus or solace, coming like an animated presence, into one's cabinet, to enrich the air as with some choice aroma, and, like persons, live with us, for a day or a lifetime. Of all art such as this, art which has played so large a part in men's culture since that time, Giorgione is the initiator. Yet in him too that old Venetian clearness or justice, in the apprehension of the essential limitations of the pictorial art, is still undisturbed. While he interfuses his painted work with a high-strung sort of poetry, caught directly from a singularly rich and high-strung sort of life, yet in his selection of subject, or phase of subject, in the subordination of mere subject to pictorial design, to the main purpose of a picture, he is typical of that aspiration of all the arts towards music, which I have endeavoured to explain—towards the perfect identification of matter and form.—W. PATER.

51. *Devices of Rhythm*

We come now to Sound, or Rhythm, Devices. Sound Devices turn simply on the sounds themselves, and the difference which they must also make in meaning and emphasis is an accident and not an intention of the device. Thus, in "O daughter, fairer than a mother fair!" the Balance of noun and epithet that appears does not exist because it was thought neater, more beautiful, or more pointed that the concept of "fairness" should in each case follow the person-concept, but simply and solely because the run or flow of the whole verse is rendered more pleasing by it. Again, when we say "changes and chances of this mortal life" it is not to be supposed that *changes* and *chances* are thus juxtaposed because it is felt that in their meanings they are specially apposite or unimprovable, but merely for their alliterative effect.

We see, then, that although in the nature of things, because

words *are* sounds, there is inevitable connexion between the Device of Position and the Device of Rhythm, there is yet a decided difference of intention and of effect. And this is even more clearly seen when we study the style of writers to whom the appeal of sound was especially strong. Over and over again we are carried away by the attractive rhythm of such a writer, and give at our first reading or hearing of a passage an unqualified assent or allegiance to his words, not even troubling to think carefully of their actual meaning. It is only on a cool review, when the first "sprightly running" has somewhat faded in its effect, that we discover, with a slight shock of surprise, a comparative deficiency in exactness, appropriateness, or justness of expression considered in close reference to meaning; in extreme cases, indeed, we find we have been the victims of temporary submission to absolute absurdity of utterance. Much of the rushing alliterative verse of Swinburne, after carrying us away by its splendid sweep and spring, is discovered, on analysis, to contain little meaning. Lewis Carroll's verses, confessedly nonsensical, are very pleasing in their rhythm. Among great writers of prose, Ruskin undoubtedly stood most in danger of allowing sound to overpower sense.

If, from their natural effect, we include the Position-devices as forming the outer circle of the Rhythm-devices, we must again mention Climax, Inversion, and Chiasmus, Repetition, and Balance. The devices, however, which are strictly Rhythmical and nothing else, we shall here treat in detail.

52. *Onomatopœia*

First, as coming earliest in the creation of a language, is the device of *Onomatopœia*. The ordinary *onomatopœic* single words are coined so far back in the infancy of a language that their subsequent use in literature is not so much a device as a necessity—to be avoided only by some elaborate circumlocution. But the collocation and arrangement of these in phrases is distinctly a point of art. "Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings," "When Ajax strives some rock's huge weight to throw," "Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit

ungula campum," are by no means mere multiplications, extensions, or developments of the use of words like "slap," "bang," and so on, which occur in our ordinary conversation. They are elaborately calculated constructions for effects in which the sound shall aid, enforce, and reflect the sense.

But these are pointedly so, are concentrated and obvious, such that one could not escape their detection if he would, and, in so far, they occupy those low levels of art which all definite and single efforts occupy; and from their nature they cannot be extended over a wide area, and would not be tolerable if they could. There are, however, much subtler, finer, more pervasive effects of onomatopœia in principle, where, over an extended piece of writing—a paragraph, a chapter, a poem—there hovers, and in which there lurks, an exquisite adaptation of sound to sense. We perhaps cannot lay our finger on definite constituents, in this word or in that, in these or those lines, but on the whole we feel and know that the spirit of the passage is aided by its rhythms to an extent which we can hardly estimate except perhaps by the attempt to render its meaning in other terms; when we shall find the charm dissolved, the impression withered, an ichabod of disillusion where we did not recognize that illusion was. This, no doubt, is the secret of the wonderful satisfaction we find in certain writers of prose (especially in Lamb, Pater, Taylor, Newman, and Thackeray)—this larger onomatopœia where the exquisite sensibility of the inner ear is unconsciously modifying and moulding into harmony a whole, through an instructed adaptation of its parts.

Writers there are, too, who occupy a middle plane; who, while not limited, in their onomatopœia, to the successful interpolation of it in occasional fragments, are yet unable to free themselves from a tangible effort after it, which is too obvious and analysable to secure the supreme success that is attained by Lamb. Such writers are James Martineau and Ruskin. These two are not, of course, exactly similar. Ruskin's sweep and spring of rhythm is far more comprehensive and powerful than Martineau's. But Ruskin just as consciously places his words for musical effect.

By thus regarding onomatopœia as a pervading and per-

meaning feature of style, we practically identify it with what is usually termed Rhythm. But rhythm, of some sort, belongs to every piece of writing : for rhythm means nothing more than the sum-total of sound-effects. It is only rhythm which specially suits meaning, that deserves to be regarded as a point of style. Such rhythm is Onomatopœia.

Onomatopœia.

Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang,
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam.

TENNYSON.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
And answer echoes, answer, dying, dying,

TENNYSON.

Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmur of innumerable bees.

TENNYSON.

53. *Alliteration*

Alliteration is a highly pleasing device, and from the fact that it was a cardinal constituent of Old English verse, we may infer that our language is especially sensitive to its appeal. Like Balance, it was firmly planted as a stock device in our prose style by Lyly, although it fortunately never became so regular a machine for expression as that author would have had it. But its utility has always been recognized by the best writers of prose, and it will be found engagingly placed in most of their masterpieces. One distinguished writer of our present day has rioted in it to absurd excess, no less in his prose than in his verse. Had Swinburne not accompanied this fault in style by the brilliant and passionate qualities which give him his worth and his weight, alliteration would not, to-day, have been so dangerously an attractive snare for young writers. But he has made it so, and a greater even than he, Ruskin, has contributed to make it so, too. A very strong caveat must therefore be entered against this device. The clinch and completeness of sound which resides in it, persuade the mind that it includes an equal clinch and completeness of sense. How natural it is, in public speaking especially, to follow a word up by one or even more

alliterative sequels, simply because a vague sense of strength and convincingness seems thereby to be secured. In the study, if one is momentarily carried away by the sweep of sound to admit a series of alliterative words, one has at least time to revise and reflect and discard. But in a speech one is committed before he can retrieve himself. The danger of alliteration, therefore, cannot be too earnestly pointed out to those who, already possessed of some powers of eloquence, may easily turn these powers to absurd uses by falling into this disastrous habit.

Short, sharp Alliteration.

Bed and board; time and tide; short sharp shock
What a lot of pots and pans and pipkins!

Before the beginning of years,
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears,
Grief, with a glass that ran.

SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon.*

Maiden and mistress of the months and stars,
Now folded in the flowerless fields of heaven,
Goddess whom all Gods love with triple heart,
Being treble in thy divided deity,
A light for dead men and dark hours; a foot
Swift on the hills as morning, and a hand
To all things fierce and fleet that roar and range.

SWINBURNE: *Atalanta in Calydon.*

(In some of these Swinburnian lines, we see how alliteration may become a mere bad trick, unless redeemed, as here, by the true poetry of the idea and the word).

More distributed Alliteration.

Look at Bacchion's beauty opposite,
The temple with the pillars at the porch!
See you not something beside masonry?
What if my words wind in and out the stone
As yonder ivy, the God's parasite?
Though they leap all the way the pillar leads,
Festoon about the marble, foot to frieze,
And serpentiningly enrich the roof,
Toy with some few bees, and a bird or two,—
What then? The column holds the cornice up.

BROWNING: *‡Balaustion's Adventure*

Still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, though few,
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
 Both harp and voice. Nor could the Muse defend
 Her son.

MILTON.

Alliteration in Prose.

And the Apocalypse of Saint John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.—MILTON.

She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they trotted along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts, that were not unmarked in heaven. Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy, by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds when she heard the sobbing of litanies, or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds.—DE QUINCEY: *Suspiria de Profundis*.

As a spectator of the *Hyacinthia*, our Platonic student would have found himself one of a large body of strangers, gathered together from Lacedæmon and its dependent towns and villages, within the ancient precincts of Amyclæ, at the season between spring and summer when under the first fierce heat of the year the abundant hyacinths fade from the fields.—PATER.

A city of marble, did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emeralds. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armour shot angrily under their blood-red mantle folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her senate. In hope and honour, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset, that could not pass away; but for

its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower so neither the thorn nor the thistle could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.—RUSKIN.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unsealing her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.—MILTON.

For even in the world of wheat, when deep among the varnished crispness of the jointed stalks, and below the feathered yielding of the graceful heads, even as I gripped the swathes and swept the sickle round them, even as I flung them by to rest on brother stubble, through the whirling yellow world, and eagerness of reaping, came the vision of my love as with downcast eyes she wondered at my power of passion.—R. D. BLACKMORE.

54. *Rime*

Rime has an occasional felicity in prose, though it can of course never have any but a trifling place. Its emphatic, unmistakable force renders it, like Alliteration, useful for certain phrases of pointed and clean-cut character; such as "scot and lot," "fair and square," "every little makes a mickle," "a stitch in time saves nine" (where the rimes are false), "near and dear." These may be compared with the alliterative phrases "weal and woe," "changes and chances," "fair, fat, and forty," "ship-shape." In each case it is clear that the definite sound of the collocated words conveys something

like clinch, and persuades the mind, through the ear, into conviction. Assonance, more faintly, secures the same effect. In the two false-rime instances just given, assonance really occurs.

55. *Assonance*

Appeal to the ear, and therefore an element of Rhythm, is found in Assonance, which means a likeness in sounds, and of which the Alliteration already treated is a form, As a rule, assonance (other than alliteration) is a subtle device not always recognizable until attention has been called to it. Tennyson succeeds, through assonantal collocations, in producing some good onomatopœic results. "By the long wash of Australasian seas" is a line in which vowel sonority admirably supports the idea of a vast and regular breaking of distant tides. Assonance may vary from identity of sound to almost any degree of likeness. Tennyson, scrupulous as he is and careful in his sound-arrangements, made an awkward trip in the assonance of what is very near identity when he wrote the line.

And that good *man*, the *clergyman*, has told me words of peace.

And Horace, usually skilful enough in sound, might have avoided the defect of "*Daunias latis, alit aesculetis.*"

CHAPTER XVIII

LITERARY METHOD AND ARCHITECTONY

I. *Literary Method and Device*

LITERARY method and literary device are alike in this—that both are planned and reasoned, very often on a second thought, with a view to improvement. The processes or steps by which the improvement was effected are, as far as possible, kept hidden. *Ars est celare artem*. For the impression we all seek to make is that we did our work without extraordinary trouble; and even if the desire to make such an impression were not a natural law of our minds, it is undoubted that literary work which bears on its face the signs of too curious a labour is usually difficult and unattractive. Spontaneity, not ingenuity, is what we like to appear in a production, whether we merely read it, or make it.

Method and device, then, are much the same; the difference being that method is occupied rather with large and wide-reaching processes, device with detail and single acts. Thus a whole Essay is built up by a method; individual turns in it, of a word, a stop, or a sentence, by a device. All the literary forms—Essay, Drama, History, Ode, and the like have, or ought to have, methods. We cannot throw them off casually. It may be, too, that certain writers adopt, on the whole, one method, others another, so constituting “Schools” of authorship; just as painters, or musicians, do. And when we look carefully into their work, we may well find that common method entails, largely, a common set of devices; such as that the Popeian School of writers has a regular in-pause in its lines, and the Chaucerian School has its regular May-morning opening. In the case of the Euphuists, their common actions of device are so regular and so numerous that they well-nigh make a method themselves.

It is evident that a fixed method for each literary form

neither is nor can be established. But the method of each form must concern itself with special considerations. In History-method there must be a well-considered point of beginning and of close. No period can be shed off at random from a certain date. Again, the scale on which matters are to be related calls for decision. The minute scale on which Macaulay worked his History was almost impossible to maintain, having regard to all the period he intended to cover. Next, the distinction between panoramic and philosophic treatment (see chap. XII) has to be borne in mind, the bias towards the one to be taken, a balance between the two preserved.

2. *The Beginning*

A general point of Method, having application everywhere, is the manner of commencing; whether we should break suddenly into our subject or begin with introductory remarks of general character; whether we should, in our early words, point forward to our principal matter and indicate what is coming, or allow that principal matter to develop itself, in due course, without preparation or preface; whether we should comment at all on the nature of what we are saying, and, if we do, where and how the comment is to come in. Some novelists deliver their plain unvarnished tale without any revelation of their own attitude and feeling towards the subjects or situations of their story; these are in the majority. Others, like Thackeray, freely introduce a personal sympathy, speculation, or criticism, as they go along.

"Does he," asked the critical Johnson, referring to some one whose name had been brought into comparison with Burke's—"does he insinuate himself into his subject like a serpent?" Apparently such "insinuation," such gradual and indirect approach, was, with Johnson, a merit; for it is fair to conclude that Johnson's question dealt with the opening of a theme. On the other hand, we have Jowett's earnest advice, "Never put a porch to your essay." And Jowett was, if any one was, a capable judge and wise counsellor in matters of literary address.

The truth is, no doubt, that each method, the direct and

the indirect, has its value; that everything depends upon writer, subject, audience; that no general and exclusive decision need be made. If advice has to be given, it is probably to a young student; and undoubtedly the young writer should be warned off the porch; not because the porch is a wrong thing, but because he is likely to mismanage its erection, making it too heavy, too elaborate, too detached for a thesis which his very youth cannot deal with spaciously or profoundly. If, however, spacious and profound dealing is to follow, the situation is changed. Then, the porch, appropriately constructed, is an added element to the comprehensiveness and the symmetry of the design.

That there is a natural tendency towards some preliminary words before the main thesis is reached, is clear not only from our usual behaviour in ordinary intercourse, where we avoid the bluntness of immediate reference to our principal object, but from the well-nigh invariable practice that writers follow of providing a preface (what the patriotic fallacist likes to call a "foreword") to all our books. It is true that the preface to a book is hardly a part of the matter the book contains. But it sometimes is; and, further, an essay or shorter composition is not a book, and a detached introduction is not admissible to it. So the compromise of a "porch" reasonably takes its place.

3. *The Close*

No less important than the method of the opening is the method of the close. Here, again, there are two kinds of invitation before us. One is to leave off in such a way as to enchain the reader's attention to the last moment, and yet close without quite satisfying him, so that he would really like to hear more. To be successful in this method requires a very delicate adjustment between what is actually, and what may further be, said; and it is plainly a method to be pursued rather in narrative, imaginative, or poetical work generally, than in expository. Nor, if adopted, must it lead to any sensation, or suggestion, of absolute unfinish. It is precisely here, in steering the middle way between the ragged

end and the sufficiently clinched knot, that the art of this close resides.

On the other hand, to expositive, and cognate, composition, only the other close can be desired—the close of completion, preferably arranged to proceed by a kind of climax. No point left untouched, every point smoothly rounded off, *totus, teres, atque rotundus*—that is our ideal here. But a danger arises. We must not confuse this finality of touch in the matter of the composition with merely the final sentence. A final sentence of a satisfactory structure and satisfactory rhythm is wanted, it is true; but is a much simpler object to attain, and speedily becomes, to the practised writer, a mechanical acquirement. The rounded completion of the theme is a profounder and more exacting task.

4. *Narrative-method*

No one wrapped his subject up into neater parcels and tied them up with neater string than Macaulay. His essays are models for the art of the commencement and the close. Matthew Arnold's essays may usefully be studied for this purpose also. Lamb is an instance of a writer whose essay-construction is more shapeless, while Thackeray has hardly any construction at all; and Addison, Goldsmith, and Leigh Hunt stand midway between.

In Narrative-method, especially in imaginary narrative, that is, Fiction, the first decision to be reached would seem to concern the leaning towards incident or towards character; in other words, are we seeking to portray character, with only so much incident as will illustrate that, or are we seeking to interest through incident, leaving character to be indicated, if indicated at all, through incident? We here confront the distinction between the Novel and the Romance. In either case, the Narrative will hardly be readable without some plot, something in the nature of a climax to work up to—a final event, or a final phase of character.

Then there has to be considered the scale—whether much is to be narrated in a large and rapid way, or little in minute detail. And is dialogue to be copiously introduced, or to be scanty? Is the description of still life to occupy much

room? Is there to be much, or any, "aside" comment in the writer's own person?

These questions are to be answered so much from the side of a writer's own inclination and powers that general injunctions could not well be given. In Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot, there is much of the writer's comment; and it comes in interestingly. In Wilkie Collins there is comparatively little.

One practice, indulged in by some writers, is that of following separate channels of the story, in independent chapters, the point of junction arriving comparatively late in the book. Such breaks and re-starts are usually annoying: the one channel is often much less interesting than the other, and, though we may wade through its waters in order not to miss some salient portion of the story, we can scarcely keep the whole story coherent in our minds. A continuous, not a broken, continuity should be maintained.

5. *History-method*

History-method is, of course, but a department of Narrative-method, and Narrative may range from the depiction of a single brief incident to the general course of incidents covering a great many years. It would appear, however, that, in all narrations, method is also concerned with the selection of a comparatively few points or features out of many more. Again, when a person simply writes a letter to a friend, recounting the doings, say, of a holiday, he usually passes the events in review as they occurred—in pure chronological order. What selection he makes is governed by the intrinsic and unrelated interest of those incidents. But if he is narrating that which has a climax or culmination, he selects only points that in some way bear on, explain, or lead up to, that culmination; and he probably dwells on certain aspects and situations much more than on others. For instance, in a detective story, the narration of incidents which in no way concern the crime and its discovery, would be out of place, and would be defects in the tale. But in a biography, a straightforward and fairly even account of all that occurred in the man's life is given.

6. *Drama-method*

Drama-method, similarly, brings into view a series of difficult decisions. Which period, situation, or story, lends itself to dramatic presentation? Within that period or story which are the dramatic moments that ought to constitute scenes? What groups of scenes should constitute the acts? How are the intervals between critical moments of action to be filled? How much of the dialogue is to be short, spirited, and of repartee character, how much of monologic character? Browning ruined his dramas, as plays, by excess of monologue. How far may poetic elaboration be allowed to interfere with strictly dramatic movement—as, for instance, it does so largely in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? Is the "Chorus" method of the Greek tragedies defensible, indispensable, or a defect? These, and many other questions, the dramatist has carefully to weigh, and they all belong to method.

7. *Epic-method, and the Lyric*

In Epic poetry and all its sub-divisions of narrative kind—the Ballad, the Lay, the Tale—the problems of Narrative-method re-appear. Lyric poetry is the one class in which Method has no place. And this arises from the very nature of the Lyric, which, being the expression of a single passionate, or, at least, emotional mood, has nothing to select from, nothing to lead up to, but begins and closes with itself. "I am so glad," "I am so sad"—simply these cries of the heart, spontaneously outflowing, constitute the true lyric. In proportion as Method—arrangement, selection, plan—are introduced, the lyric departs from type, and becomes something else—of lyrical character still, but not the pure lyric. Thus, while Tennyson's "Break, break, break—on thy cold gray stones, O sea" is really a lyric, brief, concentrated, a self-contained phrase detached from the context of life, his *In Memoriam*, surcharged as it is with the lyric cry of an anguished soul, moves, in its diffuseness, its elaboration, its pictorial digression, further and further away into a sustained poem of reflective and quasi-expositive character.

8. *Exposition-method*

In Exposition-method, the grand question confronts us, whether the thesis we desire to prove should be mentioned first or should come at the end, and be worked up to as a kind of induction from previously presented considerations. Should we calmly state our own arguments step by step, or seize our supposititious opponent's interest and intelligence by counter-challenges of question and *reductiones ad absurdum*? Are we to allow ourselves humorous scope, or keep steadily to a perfectly serious development of our points?

And Method is, of course, in one of its applications, merely the architectony which, as we have seen, is that appropriate arrangement of paragraphs (or corresponding topic-divisions) which every composition should display.

9. *Persuasion-method*

The Method of Persuasion is principally concerned with the question of how far the emotional appeal that it directly attempts is to be intermixed with expositive appeal to the understanding. Put simply, when we ask a lad, "Do this for me—there's a good boy," in the last sentence, by its form, by the intonation we throw into it, and possibly by gesture, we seek to persuade. Suppose we follow up by showing reasons why it is intelligent or advantageous to do the action, do we gain, or lose? There is the whole crux of Persuasive-method. It is the problem that continually confronts the preacher and the orator who seek to move men to action or into attitude. Probably, the solution is that *some* intermixture of expositive appeal will result in gain. But exactly how much, and in what way, and at what stage, the intermixture should be made, are questions that must be left to the author's diagnosis of his audience and his situation.

More is not required to show how method must precede, and how it underlies, all sustained literary achievement. Perhaps only the pure lyric, that momentary cry of a single passionate mood, is entirely discharged from its compulsion. Device, however, permeates everywhere into every nook and cranny of literary production, and is possibly most

needed in the brief productions where method least operates. We may usefully name, describe, allocate to areas of language-material, and even indicate the special effect producible by, the individual devices we may employ.

10. *Architectony*

Architectony is the branch of literary work in which method can be most clearly studied. We perceive in Architectony three departments. First, the order in which topics, or aspects of subject, are to be taken, which is Consecution. Next, Proportion, that is, the relative importance of these aspects, which is measured, of course, by the amount of space the aspect occupies in the composition. Third, decisions as to the distributions of style and literary treatment—which parts are to be dealt with simply, which worked up into "purple" passage (if any), and so on. This may be named the Architectony of Style.

To the department of Consecution belongs the important question of the approach of the subject—how the composition shall be opened. Generally, two ways are open to us, the direct approach to the theme, or the indirect. The direct approach has the advantage of placing us at once at the key of the situation. We know what is going to be talked about, what thesis developed; and we are in a good position to judge from this point onwards whether and how far the arguments adduced, the illustrations given, or, in a non-expositional piece, the descriptions selected, are appropriate or germane.

On the whole, therefore, this method is business-like and saves time; and that is, perhaps, its chief advantage. It necessitates, for the writer, a close and continuous following of the thread; for he has put the end of the thread in the reader's hand, and has not left the reader to find it.

The other method, of indirect approach, while possibly teasing to the earnest student, affords greater scope for ingenuity, and allows a pleasing opportunity for entangling, unawares, the interest of a reader who might have been chilled off by the mention of a theme about which he did not initially care. The use of the method with this design

savours, to be sure, of the meretricious; and its employment for the unholy advantage of the quack tradesman is a literary misdemeanour amounting almost to crime. But its occurrence in humorous work, and in the easy undress essay-method of Thackeray or of Lamb, is legitimate and attractive.

11. *Sequence*

When the approach has been settled, the development of the composition may proceed on one of several lines. In Description, association of place will naturally guide it; in Narration, association of time; in Expositions, of cause and effect, or similar logical nexus. Or, indeed, in any given composition, all these different lines of consecution suggest themselves in turn. A general rule is impossible to give. In History, the purely chronological order of events is impossible to maintain, since different groups or series of incidents are occurring simultaneously, and unity in pursuing one group must be preserved. A curious instance, on a sustained scale, of endeavour to follow strictly chronological sequence is found in a well-known History of English Literature, in which the author describes about five years of one man's life, and then passes to equal snippets of the lives of his contemporaries, and so back again to the next instalment of the first man's life, and so on. Most authors on this subject naturally treat the whole of a man's life in a single chapter. The other method, in so variegated a field as the History of a Literature, is well-nigh impossible to work successfully. Similarly, in the ordinary Histories of our country, while some text-books work off reign by reign, touching on all the movements that occur in that reign, others prefer the continuous treatment of one movement, and come back, achronologically, to take up others.

12. *The Close*

Straightforward development on any one of the lines selected will of course bring the composition at some time to a close. Good architectony, however, demands some special wind-up that shall act as a binding or hem to a garment, or a finial to a pillar. For, when using language in a sustained

way, our instinct urges something in the way of peroration. Even when we do not know what to say, we say it. The art, therefore, of the close, becomes, as it were, a distinct art, worth some study.

In many compositions, the close that suggests itself is a summary, in succinct terms, of all that has been developed before. Especially is this useful when the composition has been of exegetic character. An accomplished summarist will do much to assist the memory of his reader.

At the same time, it has to be remembered that the practice of summarizing is anti-literary. Even to the expositor a summary should be, strictly, superfluous. He should have handled his subject with such clearness, and developed it so regularly, as to have carried his reader quietly with him, all the way. And the danger of a summary is that, in the compulsion to be brief, a salient step in the reasoning, or a salient feature in the description, may be overlooked. Given, however, that there is real skill in this gathering-up of saliencies, the summary may be regarded as a natural and useful architectonic adieu to an expositive composition.

With composition that is non-expositive, the case is altered. The summary is impossible. If attempted, it is merely as an endeavour to say farewell to the composition in an appropriate way. A more successful close is to be found in some sort of comment on what has been said, or some record of the impression left on the writer's own mind, his feelings or his judgment on the subject. Sometimes it is effective to make the wheel come full circle, to refer in the closing passage to the thoughts with which the composition commenced.

A part of this study of closes to a composition is the consideration of the actual last sentence. Its matter, certainly, cannot be of very great importance. We are much too far into the composition for that. But its emphasis, and, above all, its rhythm, are to be arranged with care. Like a good opening, a good close counts for much.

13. *Digression*

Digression is an occurrence which in most compositions is more or less unavoidable. No doubt, the treatise of strictly

scientific character tries to rule digression out. This, in one sense, is an excellent plan. But it has its danger. To admit no digression whatever, is never to afford intellectual relief. And if the subject treated is of dry and difficult nature, relief of the right kind, and in limited quantity, may, so far from marring, really assist eventual mastery of the matter. Again, when one ponders deeply and all round a subject, many a happy idea, not absolutely a link in the strict chain of development, but more or less arising out of that, is apt to suggest itself. These, if not noticed in the composition, will probably be altogether lost, since they are probably not, in themselves, worth a separate development. It is, therefore, as well to incorporate them, or some of them, in order that the composition may gain, on the whole, in richness of purview as well as of expression. And, wisely chosen, digressions of this character may be truly ancillary to the comprehension of the main theme.

A pleasing illustration of this kind of digression is furnished by the semi-expositive essays of Macaulay. *En passant*, in Warren Hastings, he gives some account of Cowper, incited thereto by the juxtaposition of these two names in their old school of Westminster. Similarly, in the same essay, Macaulay digresses into an elaborate consideration of the authorship of the Junius letters. These matters are no part of the history of Hastings. But the digressions add to the value of the essay in which they appear.

On the other hand, the digressive habit easily becomes a weakness, which should be, but is not, controlled. This is particularly manifest in the work of De Quincey. His well-stored, active, and combative mind led him perpetually into prolonged notices of alien, or almost alien, points, which greatly dislocate the continuity of his themes and thoughts.

14. *Proportion*

Whatever choice or chance has guided us to in the matter of Consecution in our chapters or paragraphs, the difficult question has still to be faced, of Proportion. It is clear that we are now in a sphere much wider than the literary sphere proper. We have to decide how much has to be said on each

of the topics, aspects, or divisions, whose order we have already settled. This requires, in an expository work, full knowledge of our subject—in fact, the equipment of a scientist or a scholar. In non-expository work, it requires a certain instinct, or a power which practice has rendered secure, of discriminating between the essential, the striking, the readable, and the otiose, unilluminating, and uninteresting. It is probable that in cases of successful literary collaboration one of the parties has contributed to the joint production just this discriminating intelligence. And in single-handed production this power is as important as the purely literary power of giving thoughts their most fitting verbal expression. To know how much to say is half the battle; and in the study of Architectony it is this half that we endeavour to master.

To put the whole situation concretely, the successful literary producer must be four men, or four minds, in one. First, the selector of topics or aspects in a theme; second, the arranger of these aspects in the most effective consecution; third, the judge of the right amount to be said about each aspect; fourth, the framer of the matter in the proper verbal form. Branches two and three fall within the province of Architectony; a part also of branch four, namely, the decision as to which portions of the matter are to receive high lights, and which subdued treatment.

This question of which portions are to receive what kinds of literary treatment (what we called above the Architectony of Style) is to be clearly distinguished from the Architectony of matter, which decides where to put these portions. Thus, a thought may come first or last in a paragraph. That is a question for the Architectony of matter, which is judging the position according to whether an initial or a climactic appeal is the more appropriate for that thought. But whether, its place selected, the thought shall be dressed in literary or colloquial, literal or figurative, alliterative or assonantal expression—these are questions for the Architectony of Style. The farther questions—*which* (of many feasible) figures or sounds shall finally be chosen, is not Architectony at all, but purely literary selection.

EXERCISES IN METHOD

1. Make out and arrange in suitable order for development, a series of thoughts on the following subjects—

- (1) A railway journey, or a voyage.
- (2) A story illustrating schoolboy honour.
- (3) A contest of skill.
- (4) Discovery of a lost child.
- (5) How to make—a garden, a box, oxygen, etc.
- (6) How to learn—riding a bicycle, cricket, sailing a boat, etc.
- (7) How to get up—a concert, theatricals, a party, etc.
- (8) Hints to a collector of—stamps, butterflies, coins, etc.
- (9) Write as Warren Hastings the letter he sent to his London agent describing his situation, and enclosing his provisional resignation.
- (10) As Wolsey, describing his feelings on his fall from power.
- (11) As David Balfour to Alan Breck, expressing his feelings and recalling old times.
- (12) As a spectator witnessing the landing of William of Orange.
- (13) An account of Icebergs.
- (14) An account of Indian trade.
- (15) An account of levers, pulleys, etc.
- (16) An account of conifers, serials, etc.
- (17) Persuasion of a father to grant some request.
- (18) Persuasion of a child to perform some duty.
- (19) Persuasion of a friend to do some favour.
- (20) Persuasion of a neighbour to refrain from some annoyance.
- (21) Advantages of the study of Latin, History, Geography, etc.
- (22) Benefits of fresh air.
- (23) The harm of gambling.
- (24) The benefit of religion.
- (25) Literary method.
- (26) Comedy as a literary form.
- (27) Theory of punctuation.
- (28) The literary value and treatment of pathos.
- (29) A poetical treatment of dawn.
- (30) A poetical treatment of an emigrant ship.
- (31) A poetical treatment of leaving school.
- (32) A poetical welcome to a victor.

2. In the following, indicate the thoughts developed in each paragraph. Criticize the order taken, mentioning appropriate alternatives.

3. In the following, discuss the relative proportions of amount given to the thoughts.

4. In the following, point out parts that have received special literary treatment, parts that might have received such treatment, and justify or condemn.

5. In the following, point out digressions. Discuss their justifiability. Are they well treated? Do they add to or detract from the value of the composition?

EXERCISES IN CRITICAL WORK

1. Describe and discuss, of the following passages, one or more of these—

- (1) Diction.
- (2) Grammar.
- (3) Sentence-builds.
- (4) Paragraph (order, lengths, builds).
- (5) Punctuation.
- (6) Rhythm.
- (7) Correctness.
- (8) Energy.
- (9) Clearness.
- (10) Grace.
- (11) Adequacy to result intended.
- (12) Mental quality revealed (humour, pathos, logic, etc.)
- (13) Likeness or contrast to other passages or authors.

2. Describe the Matter, the Architectony, the Literary treatment, of—

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| (1) <i>Gray's Bard.</i> | (7) <i>Macbeth.</i> |
| (2) <i>L'Allegro.</i> | (8) <i>Sohrab and Rustum.</i> |
| (3) <i>Rip van Winkle.</i> | (9) <i>De Coverley Papers.</i> |
| (4) <i>Macaulay's Clive.</i> | (10) <i>Eothen.</i> |
| (5) <i>Twelfth Night.</i> | (11) <i>Burke's Reflexions.</i> |
| (6) <i>Julius Cæsar.</i> | (12) <i>Hero-Worship.</i> |

Describe Matter, Architectony, and Literary treatment of—

A short essay, treatise, a letter.

A short poem, epic, dramatic, lyric (or some sub-class).

3. Compare as to thought, literary treatment, and value to mankind, the work, or given pieces of the work, of—

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| (1) Macaulay, Carlyle. | (10) Ruskin, Paley. |
| (2) Wordsworth, Keats. | (11) Goldsmith, Pater. |
| (3) Shakespeare, Shelley. | (12) Dryden, Crabbe. |
| (4) Chaucer, Blake. | (13) Addison, Pope. |
| (5) Bacon, Burke. | (14) Bunyan, Borrow. |
| (6) Milton, Johnson. | (15) Landor, M. Arnold. |
| (7) Dickens, Thackeray. | (16) Lamb, De Quincey. |
| (8) Sterne, Smollett. | (17) Jeremy Taylor, Newman. |
| (9) Tennyson, Browning. | |

4. What are the characteristics in thought and literary manner of any given writers. Mention other writers like them in these points, and discriminate. Mention others markedly dissimilar, and show how.
5. Compare the treatments of any given literary form, *e. g.* Essay, Ode, by different writers.
6. Show how one of these—clearness, correctness, energy, elegance, rhythm—is aimed at and attained by given pairs of writers.
7. In any given passages or works discuss the nature and quality of the Fancy or Imagination exercised.

CHAPTER XIX

MODIFICATIONS OF FORM AND OF QUANTITY

I. *Paraphrase*

THE exercise of modifying either verse or prose into a different prose form is called Paraphrase. Such paraphrase may be undertaken with several immediate objects. The first and most usual of these is to clarify. Many of the noble and high passages of our literature have been written in a vocabulary and style that are by no means easy to understand; that require close study and unravelling. Sometimes the words used are out of the way; sometimes they are used in special senses; the constructions are involved or compressed; the twist of the thought, the consecution of the ideas, are sometimes difficult to follow. Passages containing these classes of difficulty will readily occur to the mind from Shakespeare, Milton, Browning, Bacon. Even in writers who are on the whole much clearer in style, like Tennyson and Pope, occasional passages that need elucidation will be found.

Elucidatory paraphrasing has been the butt of much adverse criticism. This is purely because no exercise more lends itself to cavalier and casual treatment at the hands of the teacher—and therefore of the pupil. But, treated fairly, hardly any exercise can prove to be a more valuable instrument for education in English. Not a rough but a careful, not a loose but a close, exercise must be made of it. Of the original passage every thought must be included, unravelled to its utmost filament. And while no new thoughts are to be imported, it will often occur that the paraphraser must place the ideas of the passage into new reliefs. Lurking in an epithet, glanced at in a phrase, there may well be matter which a whole sentence will be needed to bring out. The line

From loveless youth to unrespected age

is not paraphrased by merely unloading it of its two adjectives and recharging it with two fresh ones.

As to the number of its words, a good paraphrase must contain many more than its original. Compression and economy of style must be replaced by expansion and generosity. At the same time, positive dilution, mere verbiage, unnecessary repetition are to be avoided. Next, a good, clear, readable style is demanded. The problem of paraphrase is simply to change from a comparatively esoteric to an absolutely exoteric form, and bring within the comprehension of a wider and an average audience, thought and feeling, which in its original form were reserved for the appreciation of the lettered few. The paraphraser must be instructed to read, before he begins to make his changes, the whole passage through. Difficulties in thought-sequence, recondities of phraseology, intricacies of construction will possibly receive much help by being envisaged in the mass before being studied individually. The whole angle of approach will be corrected; and with the general notion well comprehended, details will gradually suggest their proper explication.

From the fact that the vocabulary employed in the paraphrase will be of a simpler character than the vocabulary employed in the original, it follows that the meaning will tend to suffer somewhat in point of exactness; especially when terms of technical or semi-technical nature have to be dealt with. But technical matter should not be made the subject of paraphrase.

Paraphrase, to be fully viewed, must be regarded as involving two distinct districts of operation: one, and no doubt the more important district, is that of diction—the actual words. If these are suitably replaced by other words or phrases or sentences, as the case may demand, much has been done. But there is, further, the question of style, which includes such features as the change of an inverted order occurring in poetry to the natural order that prose more properly exhibits. Style, as a comprehensive term, includes both diction and structure. To change poetic into prose diction, and yet leave poetic structure unchanged, only half accomplishes the work of paraphrase.

In correcting paraphrase it is well to employ a set of understood symbols to convey deficiency in the following regards—

- Thought of original not grasped.
- Word rendered gives wrong meaning.
- Original construction not cleared.
- More expansion needed.
- Unnecessary expansion.
- Rendered rhythm unsatisfactory.
- Rendering ambiguous.
- Rendering too feeble.
- Rendering too strong.
- Thought rendered in improper relief.

As regards the amount of paraphrase a class should do, it should, in the middle school, bear to the Essay a proportion of one to three; in the upper school, one to four to five. In the lower school it should be given only occasionally, say one to six, or less.

2. Translation

No teacher, and no student, should overlook the excellent opportunity and real practice afforded in composition by the exercise of ordinary translation from a foreign language. If the passage translated is taken from a good author, is part of a connected composition, much more has to be rendered than mere meaning. This is why such passages are to be preferred, for purposes of translation, to isolated sentences. The latter may indeed give good practice in meaning and idiom. But the former demand a transfusion of the spirit, the atmosphere, the whole effect of situation and audience. Thus, the forensic speeches of Cicero will be translated, as closely as possible, in the language and in the spirit of our Law Courts or House of Commons. Homer goes best, as Butcher and Lang have so well shown, into the archaic spirit and phrase of our Authorized Version. Horace may daintily be presented in the guise of the well-finished Ballade or Rondeau. Not only is vocabulary severely tasked in the exercise of translation, but the rich varieties of emphasis which, in the classical languages, are obtainable by word-order, require some corresponding turn—either word-order

also, or idiom, or sound-selection—in our own. In the more periodic Latin sentence, too, the advisability of disconnecting into shorter sentences, or, conversely, of presenting the force of participles and epithets by expanded forms, are an excellent gymnastic for the increased mastery of English.

Vergil, it may here be remarked, at once the easiest and the most difficult of Latin authors—easy to perceive the drift of, intensely difficult to present by the right word—might very well, in selected passages, be turned by the scholar into blank verse. Often the rhythm of blank verse will suggest the poetical word, will supply the poetical sensation that he, perhaps most among Latin authors, continuously gives.

1. Paraphrase into simpler language, in order to clarify—

(1) From his attention to poetry he was never diverted. If conversation offered anything that could be improved, he committed it to paper; if a thought, or perhaps an expression more happy than was common rose to his mind, he was careful to write it; an independent distich was preserved for an opportunity of insertion; and some little fragments have been found containing lines or parts of lines, to be wrought upon at some other time. He was one of those whose labour is their pleasure; he was never elevated to negligence, nor wearied to impatience; he never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair. He laboured his works first to gain reputation and afterwards to keep it.—S. JOHNSON.

(2) But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion.—BURKE.

- (3) A point of life between my Parent's dust
 And yours, my buried Little-ones I am I,
 And to those graves looking habitually,
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust.
 Death to the innocent is more than just,
 And to the sinner mercifully bent;
 So may I hope if truly I repent
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must :

And you, my Offspring ! that do still remain,
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain
 We breathed together for a moment's space,
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,
 And only love keep in your hearts a place.

WORDSWORTH.

- (4) Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being ere resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

GRAY.

2. Put into more difficult language—

(1) It is a pretty sight, one which pleases those who like to look at healthy and joyous life, and one which causes reflection to any one who philosophizes upon human affairs, to see the Dulwich boys come to school. From every one of the avenues converging upon the school, by almost all ways of conveyance, the train, the motor-car, the bicycle, the unaided foot, walking fast and slowly, thinking and thoughtless, with lessons known and unknown, careless and full of care, eager and stolid, ambitious and unaspiring, from almost every other house, and from the four boarding-houses, they come—the Dulwich boys to school—as the clock fingers begin to near the time of nine o'clock. The bell breaks upon their ear at 8.55, and almost each one moves slightly in acknowledgment of the sound; the school hand seems to have reached each one, his attendance and his lessons become slightly more of a reality to him as his distance from what he has to do at school is more accurately measured. The bigger boys moving with more regular step receive mental notice from the smaller ones—like so much that goes on at school, not apparent; for boys show often no sign of noticing that of which they think much and talk much afterwards.—A. H. GILKES.

(2) Where my Prince *did* actually distinguish himself was in driving. He drove once in four hours and a half from Brighton to Carlton House, fifty-six miles. All the young men of that day were fond of that sport. But the fashion of rapid driving deserted England; and, I believe, trotted over to America. Where are the amusements of our youth? I hear of no gambling now but amongst obscure ruffians; of no boxing but amongst the lowest rabble. Our solitary four-in-hand still drove round the parks in London last year; but the charioteer must soon disappear. He was very old; he was attired after the fashion of the year 1825. He must drive to the banks of Styx ere long—where the ferry-boat waits to carry him over to the defunct revellers who boxed and gambled and drank and drove with King George.—THACKERAY.

3. Paraphrase into pedestrian language and style—

Immense

Is the recess, the circumambient world
 Magnificent, by which they are embraced;
 They move about upon the soft green turf;
 How little they, they and their doings, seem,
 And all that they can further or obstruct!
 Through utter weakness, pitiably dear
 As tender infants are: and yet how great!
 For all things serve them; them the morning light
 Loves as it glistens on the silent rocks;
 And them the silent rocks, which now from high
 Look down upon them,; the reposing clouds;
 The wild brooks prattling from invisible haunts;
 And old Helvellyn, conscious of the stir
 Which animates this day their calm abode.

WORDSWORTH.

4. Paraphrase into poetical language and style—

It is not advisable, nor is it manly, to confess to failure and sink into despair because of discouraging experiences; to deprecate effort on the ground that we are unable to make an impression upon a hostile environment. A like reflection will enable us to recognize that our apprehensions of reverse may be as illusive as were our expectations of success. It is quite possible that at the moment when we are abandoning our designs in disappointment, the cause for which we contend is on the verge of victory, and that it is our defection alone that retards its triumph. Illustrations of such possibility may be derived from analogous situations in physical fact. While in one region the undulations of an incoming tide are hardly perceptible in their advance, they swell, at some other point, in a palpable degree; and despite the fact that the illumination of the orient sun may seem to one beholder of an extremely tardy progress, other beholders may be astonished at the rapidity of its evolution elsewhere.

5. Paraphrase into modern language and style—

Howbeit, although the Saxons were defeated, never a whit the more for that did they abate their malice, but marching off into the provinces of the North did harass the people of those parts without respite. King Uther, as he had proposed, was eager to pursue them, but his princes did dissuade him therefrom for that after the victory his malady lay yet more grievously upon him. Wherefore the enemy did with the greater hardihood press forward against him and put forth all their strength by every means to subdue the kingdom unto themselves. Giving loose, moreover, unto their wonted treachery, they devised plots for making away with the king by secret practices. And, for that they might get at him none other way, they resolved to get rid of him by poison, which they did. For whilst he was still lying in the city of Verulam, they sent messengers in the habit of poor men to spy out the state of the Court, and when they had learnt exactly how matters stood they found out one device, whereof they made choice above all other for carrying out their treachery against him. For nigh the Court was a spring of passing bright clear water, whereof the King was wont to drink when by reason of his malady other liquors did go against his stomach. Unto this spring accordingly these accursed traitors did obtain access and did so infect the same with poison all round about as that the water flowing therefrom was all corrupted. When, therefore, the King did next drink of the water he was seized of a sudden by death, as were also a hundred after him unto such time as the treason was discovered, when the spring was covered over with a mound of earth. And when the King's death was bruited abroad, the bishops assembled with all the clergy of the realm and bare his body unto the convent of Ambrius, and laid it into the ground after kingly wise, by the side of Aurelius Ambrosius, within the Giants' Dance.

6. Paraphrase into archaic language and style—

At any rate, he was expecting no attack, and prepared for no resistance, when Walworth, the Mayor, did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword and stabbing him in the throat; he dropped from his horse, and one of the King's people speedily finished him. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo to this day. But Wat was a hardworking man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged; and it is probable that he was a man of a much higher nature and a much braver spirit than any of those who exulted then, and have exulted since, over his defeat.—DICKENS.

7. Paraphrase into the style of Macaulay.
8. Paraphrase into the style of Johnson.
9. Paraphrase into the style of Ruskin.

10. Paraphrase into the style of Carlyle.
11. Paraphrase into the style of Bacon.
12. Paraphrase into the style of Thackeray.
13. Paraphrase into the style of Paley.
14. Paraphrase into the style of Lamb.
15. Paraphrase into the style of Pater.
16. Paraphrase into the style of the Bible.
17. Indicate mannerisms in the following, and show how they may be removed without loss to the sense—

3. *Different Recasts*

Besides paraphrase, which, as a name, is usefully reserved for exercises in elucidation only, other exercises of conversion of form are highly profitable.

There is the recasting of sentences for different sorts of effects—

1. To increase force.
2. To increase grace.
3. To improve rhythm.
4. To improve emphasis (or point).
5. To alter the spirit—tone, level, or atmosphere.
6. To reproduce the characteristics of a special style.

Some sentences may be modified for these purposes simply by changing the order of the words. Others will require a change of words as well. Sentence-lengths, again, may receive alteration.

In fact, here all the Devices of composition (see chap. XVII) may be brought into play. Briefly summarized, these are—

1. Using special (*e. g.* archaic) spellings.
2. Using synonyms, especially figures.
3. Varying word-order—balance, climax, chiasmus.
4. Using sound-devices—alliteration, etc.
5. Varying punctuation.
6. Using repetition or omission.
7. Varying sentence-lengths.

To take a few examples—

As we think and act when young, we shall think and act when old.	The faults of youth will be the faults of age.	As the tree falls so will it lie.	The child is father of the man.	We develop, but do not change.
In the absence of the foreman, the workman is idle.	Remove supervision and laziness appears.	Workers want watching.	When the cat's away the mice will play.	
As years pass by, we lose our friends by death.	The best and the wisest of us must pass away from the world.	Time takes home those that we love, fair names and famous.	O how can Summer's honeyed breath hold out against the wreckful siege of battering days.	There is no flock, however watched and tended, but one dead lamb is there.
The practice of economy is the stepping-stone to opulence.	Waste not, want not.	Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.		

These examples are sufficient to show that, by judicious choice and change, a student may be exercised in appreciating and effecting differences between the prosaic and poetical, the grave and gay, the literary and colloquial, the diffuse and terse, the rough and finished, the harsh and euphonic, the curt and courteous, and all other contrasted expressions of what is practically, or in essence, the same thought. To manipulate language in such a way as to produce these or similar results, is to have nearly all the arts of composition at command, and considerable practice in this kind of work will be found of great utility; for hardly any literary power is more serviceable than the power to vary form according to the requirements of given audiences.

4. *Reproduction of Styles*

The most sustained exercise of this character, and the one to be last deferred, is the reproduction of given matter in a special author's style. We have the testimony of so great

a master as Stevenson, to the efficacy of this exercise. It presupposes a wide knowledge of authors, and an exact appreciation of their styles. It should not be practised only in reference to such writers as approach to real mannerism, and have a pet construction, or a favourite phraseology, but should work round such desiderata in style as distinguished clarity, or grace, or strength, or richness, or rhythm. In other words, the exercise must be directed towards a practical and valuable result, and not towards a mechanical reproduction of idiosyncrasies. Nothing can be easier than to rewrite in the manner of Johnson, if by that manner a Latinized vocabulary and a balanced structure are desired; or in the manner of Freeman, if painful repetition of word is required; or in the manner of Swinburne, if excessive alliteration is understood. On the other hand, the power to reproduce something of Macaulay's virility, of Goldsmith's grace, or Ruskin's music, would be helpful to a student's own style.

This exercise covers, of course, not merely the kinds of words used, and the order in which they are put. It includes an author's approach to a theme, his manner of handling it, the way he concludes it. Vivid and exaggerated comparisons, illustrations drawn on the least provocation, and from the widest fields, panoramic massing of detail, are as essential features of Macaulay's manner, as his antithesis and short sentences, and firm rhythm. In Dickens, grotesque and fantastic similes are as frequent as alliteration or tricks with the semicolon. In Lamb, quaintness of outlook is not less characteristic than obliqueness of suggestion and parenthesis.

For the purpose of training in the modification of form, as appearing in Paraphrase, in sentence-recasts, and in reproduction of special styles, isolated exercise in the details of which such modifications consist, should find place.

5. *Replacing Words*

Of these details, comes first the actual word. The values of a word should receive much consideration. The best exercise in this respect is undoubtedly that of supplying omitted words in some carefully chosen sentence, and weighing well the respective claims of all competitors for the place.

We remember here how Hazlitt, forgetting Shakespeare's actual words in the passages—

A jest's lies in the ear
Of him that hears it.

. . . . customs curtsey to great kings.

and experimenting with several synonyms that roughly gave the sense, felt continually dissatisfied with all, until the original words flashed back into his memory. So it should be with the tests given to a class of students. And though it may be well-nigh impossible to explain exactly, in all cases, why this or that word is only second-best, and that other one the supremely best, yet there will in course of time arise in the student's mind a nice verbal sense which will soundly guide him to the choice of exquisite words. Only, as ancillary to this end, let him all the while, in his cognate literary studies, be kept closely in contact with the best writers, and only with those, lest this verbal sense, while sharpened in one direction, be dulled by intercourse with mediocrity in another.

A special branch of this word-exercise will be, as distinguished from true synonyms, exercise in figure. The figures that elevate or debase, that energize or weaken, that clarify or confuse, that beautify or repel, should be suggested, weighed and selected; and illustrations drawn from wide study of effective employers of metonym (see chap. XVII) as well as metaphor should be constantly afforded. The spheres in which literal, those in which figurative expression are to be preferred, should be distinguished; as, for example, strictly logical exposition from the inspiring and illuminating exposition of a literary theme.

6. *Altering Order of Words*

How good effects partly depend upon word-order, how the usual and unusual order, parallelism or chiasmus (see chap. XVII) in epithet-noun, subject-predicate, predicate-adjunct arrangement, may improve (or mar) spirit, vigour, and elegance in a passage, test, and exercise will easily show. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," "O daughter, fairer than a mother fair," "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their

lives and in their deaths they were not divided," are brief examples in point.

7. *Varying Punctuation*

So, too, with the exercise of varying punctuation. An old friend, "the Inspector said the Head Master was a fool," first left alone, then provided with the proper commas, sufficiently illustrates. Yet the bouleversement of meaning that here results shows the operation of the comma only at its crudest. The finesse of the comma, the deliberative sensation it may impart, the delicate deflexions of emphasis, the cumulative effects to meaning, the continuative effects on rhythm—all this, and more that is too intangible to name, is to be learnt from artists like Pater, who have taken full advantage of the comma's scope. It is a late task for the student, indeed, and is perhaps the last reach that has to be attained in the quest after a finished style. But its beginnings are in the child's classroom; and to make children aware, at least, of the power of the comma, is part of every English teacher's duty.

Then the great lesson of the semicolon also exists. To relieve the syncopation created by the too frequent full stop, and mark a nicer shade of distance between two thoughts than can be marked by a full stop alone, are points by no means unimportant in a training for style. In with punctuation, will come suggestions of the added force with which the exclamation and the interrogation invest the statement.

Altogether, it may be said that exercise in punctuation covers a wide, if a difficult, field; and that much more use may be made, than is made in ordinary teaching, of the opportunities it affords. The bold, bald style of comma-less composition has certainly its place; place, too, should be found for the glide and flow, and the light and shade, that subtle comma-treatment gives.

8. *Modifying Sound-Effects*

When we come to exercises for modifying sound-effects, we touch possibly the most effective, certainly the rarest, excellence in the teacher of English. It would be hard to say how

much of the impressiveness or the charm of any writing depends upon its rhythm. For rhythm operates far more unconsciously, far less detectibly, than any other element or quality of language. The gift of appreciating it fully, belongs to very few. And it seems to be either valued greatly, or not valued at all. But though the ordinary teacher may not be aware of its power, and does not value it, the teacher of English—at all events of the higher English in a school—ought to be among the number of those who feel its power. That boys may be trained in the perception of, and sensibility to, rhythm is undoubted. Not less undoubted is the method by which such training is to be effected. That method is simply letting them hear plenty of good reading aloud, both in verse and prose, from a good reader. Tennyson, Shakespeare, the Bible, Ruskin, Thackeray, are among the best to read from, for this purpose; while the reading is to be conducted with fine subtle modulations of the voice rather than with the mouthing and exaggerated declamations that platform-elocution habitually affects.

In exercises, definite devices like Alliteration are easy to deal with. Heavy compared with light sounds, rapid with lingering consecution, harsh with smooth—in fact, the whole series of sound-natures afford simple material. Onomatopœia (see chap. XVII) is to be studied and practised in its wide and various issues. The consonantal values in Swinburne, the vowellic values in Rossetti, Chaucer's liquidity, Pope's stiffness, Milton's sonority, Shakespeare's richness, in verse; Macaulay, De Quincey, Jeremy Taylor, Thackeray, Newman, Lamb, with all their varieties, in prose, will furnish for senior students excellent opportunity for analysis and imitation. Younger scholars may be introduced quite early to the simpler instances of rhythmical accompaniment to sense—the alliterative compactness of "Manners maketh man," the sibilant success of "Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings," the dragging syllabic weight of "The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs, the deep moans round with many voices." In this connexion, the rhythmical value of Proper nouns, afterwards to be studied as a literary feature in connexion with Milton, Macaulay, and others, may find place.

9. *Repetitions*

The value of Repetition of word, judiciously employed, and the economy of Omission, may equally be taught by special exercises; in which, too, will be shown the difference between judicious and grotesque Repetition, and between economical and confusing Omission.

A text-book must specify and speak of these different exercises as though each were separable from the other, and involved no issues but its own. In practice, however, the interaction of all will clearly appear. We cannot, for instance, change words for meaning without also changing the rhythm. We cannot change the order of words for rhythm without also affecting emphasis. While, therefore, the immediate purpose of an exercise is kept prominent before the student, all by-products are to be observed as well. It may indeed happen that, in any given lesson, the points which turn up as incidental to the main purpose may be of importance and interest enough to overshadow that purpose. Therefore, in exercises of this nature, the tendency will be to keep abreast of several points simultaneously.

EXERCISES IN RECASTING

1. Increase the energy of the following—

- (1) If a man is very careful of small sums of money, he will find his wealth imperceptibly increasing.
- (2) When a nation occupies a new district with troops, some form of commercial activity will soon ensue there.
- (3) One trouble coming upon a man is likely to be accompanied by more troubles in addition.
- (4) He is surely the most religious man who has a kind feeling for all the individuals of creation; for God, who has an affection for us, created everything, and has an affection for everything too.

2. Recast in more graceful style—

- (1) Than the pursuit of inscriptions hardly anything more fascinates the earnest student.
- (2) God shut the doorways of his head.—TENNYSON.
- (3) Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor will be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof.—EVELYN.

(4) And we may well believe that custom has a much larger empire than men seem to be aware of, since whole nations are wholly swayed by it that do not reckon themselves among its subjects, nor so much as dream that they are so.—R. BOYLE.

3. Improve in rhythm—

(1) Thus those unadvised young ladies, that because nature has given them beauty enough despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that useful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas, those which were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may by the fragraney of their reputation and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellencies, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for.—R. BOYLE.

(2) I multiply words, being loth to lose my design; and shall only add that consideration, which cannot but be invaluable with you, upon his first proposal, who had all the advantages imaginable to give it its full weight.—JOHN HOWE.

4. Write in clearer form—

(1) Grapple your mind to sternage of this navy.—SHAKESPEARE.

(2) This boy is amused by nothing.

(3) Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him I have offended.—SHAKESPEARE.

5. Give a poetic turn to—

(1) Every single day some one dies whose death has ensued as the result of his having worked hard for the success of England.

(2) Do not accuse me of unkindness because I leave your peaceful company to become a soldier.

(3) Enjoy yourself while you are still in the possession of youth and health.

(4) The advent of some of the spring flowers anticipates the arrival of the migratory birds.

(5) To gratify this lady I will construct a splendid edifice in close proximity to several rivers.

6. Put into prosaic form—

- (1) Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds,
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,
Expanded slow to strain of harmony.
LANDOR.
- (2) Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing
hands,
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
TENNYSON.
- (3) So long thy power has led me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, 'till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
That I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
J. H. NEWMAN.
- (4) The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in de-
scribing the tribulations of Job than the felicities of
Solomon.—BACON.
- (5) For us such prospects are not; beauteous and alluring
they are to such as stand at the morning or at the midday
sun; but not beheld by eyes grown dim amid the lengthen-
ing and admonishing shadows of the western light.

7. Reduce to simple language—

- (1) To subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a
fallacy in duration.—SIR T. BROWNE.
- (2) All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle and
obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades
of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated
into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften
private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering
empire of light and reason.—BURKE.
- (3) Pope confesses his early letters to be vitiated with affecta-
tion and ambition: to know whether he disentangled
himself from these perverters of epistolary integrity, his
book and his life must be set in comparison.—JOHNSON.
- (4) You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His
understanding is always at its meridian. The twilight
of dubiety never falls upon him.—LAMB.
- (5) The uneducated and unreflecting talker overlooks all
mental relations, logical and psychological; and conse-
quently precludes all method which is not purely acci-
dental.—COLERIDGE.

8. Bring out point in —

- (1) Chaucer was humorous and graceful, Dryden was humorous and vigorous, Swift was humorous and bitter.
- (2) That Green was a brilliant historian cannot be doubted: that Macaulay, with his greater range and wider scholarship was brilliant also, is equally indubitable.
- (3) Simplicity is a defect in generals, detectives, and financiers: simplicity is a virtue in children.

9. Give some alternatives for the following, indicating the direction in which modification has been effected—

- (1) Seeing is believing.
- (2) A burnt child dreads the fire.
- (3) Manners maketh man.
- (4) It is by the multiplication of titles that we touch the imagination of nations.—LORD BEACONSFIELD.
- (5) Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.—POPE.
- (6) We live by Admiration, Hope and Love.—WORDSWORTH.
- (7) One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.—SHAKESPEARE.
- (8) A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.—SHAKESPEARE.
- (9) Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON.
- (10) Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

10. In what directions, and by what means, have the following recasts effected modification—

- (1) These were the persons near whom Monmouth was buried. These were the companions of Monmouth's last long sleep. Such was the dust with which the dust of Monmouth mingled.
- (2) To be a ruler is to be an anxious man. Sovereignty connotes responsibility. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
- (3) Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. The earth is our common mother. One man is as good as another—and a great deal better.
- (4) The sentinels of one army could dimly see the sentinels of the other. The opposing battalions were in such contiguity, that individual forms could be actually descried. Each battle sees the other's umbered face,

- (5) To believe in God's power is much; to trust in his mercy is more; but most precious of all is it to possess a kindly feeling towards our fellowmen.
 The sceptic is less depraved than the despairing, and both than the misanthrope.
 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

11. Change into figurative expression—

- (1) More can be done by those who write than those who fight.
 (2) Those who put off what ought to be done, lose a great deal of time.
 (3) Misfortunes never come singly.
 (4) His mother watched over him from the day of his birth to the day of his death.
 (5) Kings must die, just as labouring men.
 (6) Continual effort hardly availed to keep the family from starvation.
 (7) Is it possible for us to change our characters?
 (8) He won the admiration of judges, lawyers, and clergymen.
 (9) We can see in a young person what he will be when old.
 (10) He is displeased by small offences, but tolerates great ones.

12. Change into literal expression—

- (1) When wealth goes out at the window, love goes out at the door.
 (2) A rolling stone gathers no moss.
 (3) Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.—SHAKESPEARE.
 (4) Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 GRAY.
 (5) Experience is a good schoolmaster; but he does charge such dreadful wages.—CARLYLE.
 (6) Life is too short to waste
 In critic peep or cynic bark,
 Quarrel or reprimand—
 'Twill soon be dark!
 EMERSON.
 (7) The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.—SHAKESPEARE.
 (8) Could'st thou on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 To batten on this moor?
 SHAKESPEARE.

- (9) Is this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless tower of Ilium?

MARLOWE.

- (10) Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

LONGFELLOW.

10. *Expansion*

Exercises in modifying quantity are not so important as those in modifying form. For, as we have seen, the exercises in modifying form, though nominally single and concerned with one modification, are really of a multiplex character, and cover a large area of ground. But expansion is expansion and nothing more; condensation is only condensation; and in expanding and condensing the whole area of quantity-modification is covered.

Expansion-exercises are excellent because they compel the student to draw on his own resources of suggestion and thought. The outline of a tale being given, he has to find details, not only of incident but of course and connexion, and to express these addenda in good style. Let the good style be insisted on from the first. After all, it is expression which is the composition teacher's first care. Without insistence on style, expansion becomes too much a flogging of the imagination; and imagination must be kept as spontaneous as possible.

In reflective expansion, we approximate of course to the reflective essay. We develop more an already slightly developed thesis. Unless, therefore, a certain precaution is taken, an exercise in reflective expansion is not to be distinguished from a reflective essay. This precaution is, to limit the amount of expansion asked for. The exercise then becomes really an expansion merely of the original matter given, and not a quasi-independent essay on the original theme.

Expansion, again, may include not only an expansion of the matter as originally presented, but a reduction of it into literary as apposed to fragmentary or unfinished form. When the exercise takes the shape of asking that a connected narrative or description shall be made of matter in which merely

headings or notes separated by dashes from the original, it is clear that the art of expansion here includes something more than what is required in expanding an already connected, although compressed, expression. These two aspects of the exercise are to be distinguished.

II. *Condensation*

The other exercise in modifying quantity is condensation. This is one of the most difficult exercises to which a student's attention can be given. In all cases, no doubt, the object sought is to separate and retain salient matter from its comparatively negligible accompaniment; and to present this retained matter in a connected and readable way. To present it merely as headings or notes would be no literary exercise.

What is hard about all this is to decide what is salient. Saliency is so much a question of mental habit, preference, and outlook. To the synthetic mind all that touches on principles and generalizations is important; to the analytical mind details are important. Those interested in different subjects of knowledge regard identical facts in very different ways. If the matter to be summarized is a chapter of history, the scientist will seize on one set of statements, the politician on another, the military man on another, as being of the greater concern.

In condensation exercises, therefore, a general average must be struck. Wherever possible, causal development should be traced by large and leading features. Of half-a-dozen results from some previous action recorded, only that one should be mentioned, in the summary, which in its turn led to some farther result, by-product results being ignored.

If such a causal chain cannot be detached, saliency becomes still more difficult to decide. Suppose the description of a day's picnic is set for condensation. Probably no causal nexus can be traced. The individual doings are numerous. Which are to be selected for record? We shall here have to fall back on unusualness, picturesqueness, personal predilection, and the like.

Useful exercises in summarizing are—a business letter, a chapter in a history, or in a novel, a specific argument, a

lecture, a scheme or plan. The teacher should be careful to see that the passage set really lends itself to something like a clear consecution of points, or affords sufficient light and shade. A mere haphazard selection of some points from the whole cannot be a profitable task. And so the exercises of *Précis*, as it is usually termed, set in many important examinations, will be found to contain some chain of saliency which may, more or less easily, but quite certainly, be disentangled from the whole series of details.

12. *Creative and Modificative Exercises*

In summarizing this account of the various exercises in composition we may group the kinds of exercise as follows: Creative, Modificative, Imitative, Analytical, Critical. Of these, the Creative is the grand ultimate object, towards which the others are to aim, and which they are to help. But the gift of writing creatively and successfully, and the necessity or the opportunity so to write, belongs to but few. We must not then be disappointed to find that mediocrity is the mark of most of our students in this regard. Mediocrity, with that majority, is enough. Clear, sensible, sound, grammatical, well-spelt composition, originating, arranged, and phrased in the writer's own mind, is compassable by every well-trained person of ordinary application and intelligence. That every person therefore be brought to that level of excellence is perhaps of more importance than that one or two should be developed to a higher degree at the expense of the rest. But even this level depends upon careful and thorough training. But whereas creative, which is the highest, composition will be required by comparatively few persons, that other great branch of modificative composition is required by all. We pass our lives, largely, in transmitting thoughts which others require us to transmit; which they have time to outline for us, but not to phrase or arrange.

So that, from a practical point of view, modificative exercise is of the first importance. And it has, also, farther advantages. It renders flexible and adaptive, it enriches and fortifies, creative power in style. It tends to reject rigidity and mannerism; and more important than all, it cultivates taste.

Constant study of worthy models, constant effort to improve an original, compels, even unconsciously, a standard.

Modificative exercises, therefore, must have in our curriculum of composition regular and generous place. The frequent plan of crowding essay after essay upon a class should be plentifully varied by modificative work. Of imitative work proper, the value is perhaps not so great. Yet an occasional exercise in it is advisable, if only for the definite attention it enforces on good styles. Imitation of inferiority, one need hardly say, should never be exacted.

Exercise in analytical work—the recognition and appellation of method, device, and all that contributes to merit or defect—is very valuable. It is, in fact, the theory of which modificative work is the practice; and it fixes the knowledge on which the latter work is based. It should proceed, not casually, but by plan; the passages studied to be sifted through a comprehensive and accurate sieve of the departments and subdivisions of which method and device consist.

Such a sieve may be constructed in detail upon the plan outlined in chap. XV.

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