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MEANING AND STYLE

A SELECTION OF EXTRACTS FROM WRITERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY, FOR THE STUDY OF ENGLISH PROSE IN UPPER FORMS

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'Among all other lessons this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received, neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless, using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done.'

THOMAS WILSON

'Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.'

FRANCIS BACON

And you must understand a printed page just as you understand people talking to you. That is a stupendous feat of sheer learning: much the most difficult I have ever achieved.'

BERNARD SHAW

PREFACE

THIS book has a three-fold purpose: to encourage exact and careful reading; to develop critical appreciation and discrimination by detailed analysis of style; to show the gradual development of English prose from the fourteenth century to the present day.

Latin and Greek are no longer all-important in the curriculum to-day. We have lost much by the change, most important being that mental discipline which produced accuracy of thought and expression. Latin or Greek demanded careful and exact scrutiny. It has been realised that English might take the place of the Classics in training the mind. But there are certain disadvantages, which must be remembered. The training of the mind through the medium of English is subjected to numerous counter-influences—newspapers, advertising, magazines, films—these, exerting an ever-increasing influence outside the class-room, make the conditions of literary education look desperate. The popular Press encourages rapid, uncritical reading, and gives information, which is neither reliable nor profitable, upon a host of subjects. Such reading even when assimilated gives no real knowledge of anything. Moreover, it creates the attitude that English (the Mother Tongue) is an easy subject, and can be read equally carelessly. This slackness of attention may be overcome by demanding a close and intelligent scrutiny of selected prose passages of varying difficulty. This is

the first purpose. The questions on Meaning take the student consecutively through the passage. The theme and the general import of the passage are dealt with first. Then the student is asked to explain the more difficult sentences and to give the meaning and implications of certain words. There are other questions dealing with the arguments put forward, or the arrangement of the material, the sequence of thought, references—with anything which may claim attention leading to a full understanding of the passage.

Now let us consider the question of Style. P. J. Hartog in his book *The Writing of English* praises highly the methods of teaching composition used in French schools. He lays stress upon the systematic study and analysis of the French classics which are regarded by the French as essential in the teaching of style. This may account for the continued excellence and precision of French prose. The exercises on Style involve a different kind of intellectual activity. Here the demand is one for critical appreciation and discrimination. The essential is for the students to train themselves in their reading to perceive and to describe differences of quality and kind. For this purpose the Glossary has been specially prepared. It attempts to give adequate definitions, and tries to distinguish shades of meaning such as exist between ' clearness ', ' lucidity ', and ' perspicuity ' ; or between ' emotion ', ' feeling ', and ' sentiment '. By constant reference to the glossary a critical vocabulary will be formed, resulting in greater accuracy of expression. The questions are arranged to decide first what is the kind of prose under consideration and its fitness for the purpose, then are considered the language, sentence

construction, figures of speech, rhetorical devices, rhythm, and lastly, the main features of the style. Thus the material is collected gradually for the final criticism in regard to style. It is hoped that during the study of these passages of English prose certain conclusions concerning a good style will be formed, and that by analysing examples of fine prose the student will learn how to write well himself. Throughout the book stress is laid upon the two outstanding qualities of good prose: Simplicity and Concreteness. These are the essential qualities of straightforward expression. To build up a sound style, as Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has said, one should prefer the direct word to the circumlocution, the concrete word to the abstract, the transitive verb in the active voice to the intransitive passive, and one should economise in the use of adjectives. To write melodious English depends upon ear, which, though very largely a gift of nature, can in some measure be cultivated. The secret of such English lies in the inter-play of vowel-sounds. This, however, is poetic prose, and strictly speaking is not prose at all; for prose is the straightforward language of men, not language cast in poetical measure and rhythm; its purpose is to convey meaning; to use Mr. Herbert Read's definition it is 'constructive expression'. Furthermore, by drawing attention in these questions to the way in which excellence in style is achieved, and to the subtleties possible in the simplest prose, it is hoped that critical awareness will be stimulated, and that this will help the student to discriminate in every-day reading.

The selections are arranged in chronological order, and represent English prose from the fourteenth century to the present day. Such an arrangement traces

the progress of English prose, which is a growth from narrative simplicity to the many varied complexities of prose to-day. It reveals the efforts made to overcome its own difficulties; when writers attempted to express thoughts as well as to relate simple events; when they attempted to handle emotion, or a 'high moment of philosophising'; when they began to question about the universe, and destiny, and life, and death; when writers became personal and introspective, or scientific, or plunged into psycho-analytical depths. As Newman says, 'In its earlier times, while language is yet unformed, to write in it at all is almost a work of genius. It is like crossing a country before roads are made communicating between place and place. The authors of that age deserve to be Classics both because of what they do and because they can do it.' Each author should be judged by how far he succeeds in the particular thing he is trying to do. Every great writer introduces something new, and gives some further significance to prose; by comparison of styles, and references to passages already studied, the development (within the limits of short extracts) can be seen.

The study of these extracts, it is hoped, will encourage the student to read more of the authors here represented. The field of literature is very wide, and by passing through these selections one will inevitably find some authors more to the taste than others. A real curiosity may be aroused, and its gratification will be the truest kind of education.

One of the real burdens in teaching English is that of correcting written work adequately. These exercises can be prepared beforehand, and worked through

orally in class. The passages selected from the seventeenth-century authors should certainly be read aloud to appreciate the harmonies of the rolling Latin sentences.

The selections in Section 3 are to be commented upon in regard to style and quality of prose ; the passages to be assigned to their periods and occasionally to authors, giving reasons from internal evidence, using a similar procedure as with the passages in Section 2, so far as is possible.

A. F. S.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

By dividing the questions in this book into two sections, one dealing with meaning, and the other with style, I may, unintentionally, have encouraged the belief that style is separable from matter. I should, perhaps, have made it clear that one cannot draw a true dividing line between what is said and the way it is said. Style is the writing itself, closely moulded by the thought, and inseparable from it. However, provided this is borne in mind, the present method has still, I think, certain advantages. When the first section of the questions has been worked through, the substance of the passage under consideration should be thoroughly understood, which is of primary importance ; this understanding of the passage will help in the more difficult task of critical appreciation.

About this I should like to make a few remarks. In the criticism paper, examiners often say, ' Comment on the style of the following passage,' and candidates are left rather uncertain of the exact requirements.

It is hard to know just where to begin commenting, and how best to continue the analysis of the literary worth of a piece of prose. I have taken the opportunity offered by a second edition to revise much of the contents of this book, particularly the questions on style. In the revised questions I have tried to avoid using words like 'comment on', 'criticize', 'appreciate' throughout the earlier part of Section 2, and have instead asked for certain definite things to be pointed out from the passage—all dealing with the way in which the writer has performed the task he has set himself. By pointing out these things the student will, indeed, be commenting on the style of the passage, and the questions should, I hope, show him how to get to grips with the problems of literary criticism and how to comment on such passages as those in Section 3.

Lest this particular method should curb the better student and lead others to treat everything in a mechanical way (attempting to fit all passages of prose to the same Procrustean bed), I have tried to make the questions varied in kind and in difficulty. It may be as well to say here that some of them are more suitable for scholarship candidates and advanced students; naturally, these need not be attempted by the average Sixth form, but a selection made of the more suitable questions.

Finally, I hope that the revisions made in favour of a more concrete approach to the study of prose style will give the right starting-point, and lead continuously on to advanced literary criticism.

A. F. S.

TAUNTON, 1942

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A. F. S.

1. INTRODUCTION

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH PROSE

ENGLISH prose took form very slowly. In the fourteenth century, such a wide variety of dialects was spoken that a man from York could not understand a Londoner. Higden in his *Polychronicon* (1363) attributes this to the fact that French alone was taught in the schools and used in translating Latin. By 1385 English had replaced French ; this was necessary for the development of the language, but English for many years was used merely for translations. John of Trevisa translated Higden's work from the Latin. *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville*, translated from the French of Jean de Bourgogne, was immensely popular, and the simple flowing style had a marked effect upon subsequent prose development. Chaucer's prose was again translation, and lacked the vivacity of his poetry. Prose was still wavering and indefinite when in 1474 Caxton wrote explanatory prefaces to the books which he was printing. Here is part of his preface to Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* which he printed in 1485 :

Thenne al these thynges forsayd aledged I coude not wel denye, but that there was suche a noble kyng named Arthur, and reputed one of the nine Worthy, and first and chyef of the cristen men. And many noble volumes be made of hym and of his noble knyghtes in frensshe, which

I have seen and redde beyonde the see, which been not had in our maternal tongue. But in walsshe ben many, and also in frensshe, and somme in englysshe, but no wher nygh alle. Wherfore suche as have late been drawen oute bryefly in to englysshe, I have after the symple connynge that God hath sente to me, under the favour and correctyon of al noble lordes and gentylmen, enprysed to enprynte a book of the noble hystoryes of the sayd kynge Arthur, and of certeyn of his knyghtes, after a copye unto me delyverd, whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frensshe and reduced it in to Englysshe.

In the *Morte d'Arthur* itself we have the best example of early narrative prose. It told the story of our first national hero, and captured the imagination of the age, becoming the store-house of legend until the time of Tennyson. The style has simplicity and vigour, as can be seen in the description of the encounter between Balin and Balan. Lord Berners' translation of Froissart's *Chronicles* (1523-5) shows how much of the technique of prose has been learnt from the French. A further translation was to be 'the greatest single influence on the development of English prose' (Herbert Read)—the translation of the Bible. Wycliffe had translated the Scriptures from the Latin into English in the fourteenth century. Tyndale was the first to translate the New Testament into English from the Greek text, the work being printed at Cologne in 1525. (The Authorised Version is essentially the text of Tyndale.) Coverdale's Bible was printed in 1535. Equally important was the publication of the Book of Common Prayer in 1549. It is impossible to estimate the effect of the cadenced, melodious phrases repeated every Sunday in every church in England. Here is

the perfect mingling of the Saxon and the French elements of the language.

Almightye and euerlastyng God, which haste geuen unto us thy seruauntes grace by the confession of a true fayth to acknowlege the glorye of the eternall trinitie, and in the power of the diuyne maiestie to wurshippe the unitie : we beseche thee, that through the stedfastnes of thys fayth, we may euermore be defended from all aduersitie, whiche liueste and reignest, one God, worlde without end.

In 1611 the Authorised Version, most important of all, was published ; (the work of a committee of Elizabethan bishops presided over by Lancelot Andrewes). It was accepted for nearly three centuries, and became the daily reading of the nation. The Gospels were already widely known. The Old Testament came as a revelation, and did much to form the Puritan mind. The belief in themselves as the chosen people fostered what has been called ' the blind exclusiveness of the English mentality '. The language, with its simplicity, concreteness, loftiness and rhythm, lifted the ignorant above the vulgarity of dialect, and saved the literate from the pedantry of a narrow scholasticism. It gave a pious emotion to successive generations ; and by its influence alone it produced in Bunyan a master of English prose. But two other influences had spread rapidly in the sixteenth century, the Renaissance and the Revival of Learning, and these turned the activities of English prose writers in another direction. During the early years of the Renaissance, the English Humanists strengthened the position of Latin as the scholarly language. Sir Thomas More wrote his *Utopia* in Latin (1516). Just over a century later we find Bacon using Latin for his *Instauratio Magna*. Other Humanists,

Linacre, Grocyn, Colet, inspired by Erasmus, who introduced a Latin Grammar into English schools, turned their attention to literary style. Cheke and Sir Thomas Wilson derided verbal affectations, 'ink-horn terms', and outlandish English, made up of Anglo-Norman words. Ascham said everything had been written in English 'in a maner so meanly, bothe for the matter and handelynge, that no man can do worse'. The aim of the teachers of the time was to imitate the masterpieces of antiquity. A passage of Latin was translated into English. A few weeks later the English had to be put back again into Latin. This devotion to Latin models had a direct influence upon the structure of prose. It worked against the native simplicity of the English idiom as used by Malory and Berners; but though it was detrimental to the direct style, it was producing a consciousness for style itself. In 1579 Lyly's *Euphues* appeared, and set a literary fashion. The style is ingenious, decorative, artistic; as can be seen in the following extract:

There is nothing more swifter then time, nothing more sweeter: wee haue not, as Seneca saith, little time to liue, but we leese muche; neither haue we a short life by Nature, but we make it shorter by naughtynesse; our life is long if we know how to use it. Follow Appelles that cunning and wise Painter, which would lette no day passe ouer his head without a lyne, without some labour. It was pretely sayde of Hesiodus, lette us endeauour by reason to excell beastes, seeinge beastes by nature excell man. Doth not the Lion for strength, the Turtle for loue, the Ante for labour, excell man? Doth not the Eagle see clearer, the Vultur smel better, the Mowle heare lyghtlyer? Let us therefore endeauour to excell in vertue, seeing in qualities of the body we are inferiour to beastes.

From such a style, prose easily slipped into ' pretty writing, larded with conceits '. When it is handled more sensitively, as by Sir Philip Sidney, we have poetic prose. At this time, prose is used to flatter the imagination and not to satisfy the reason. Poetry dominates the Elizabethan period, though Shakespeare writes true, not poetic, prose in such speeches as that of Henry the Fifth before Agincourt. Of the translators, Florio's production of Montaigne's *Essays* in 1603 had an important influence upon English style and thought.

The Church at this time was unsettled, each sect declaring its faith, and striving to prove all others false. Prose was the medium of such polemics. The controversy between the Puritans and Anglicans ended with the serene work of Richard Hooker. In his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (1594) he uses English, not Latin, for high generalisation, and though modelled on Latin, the style is neither pedantic nor vulgar. It is lyrical and convincing. It aimed at the Reason, and is persuasive in manner. English prose is now accepted as an implement for the mind, and Bacon, the first English philosopher, writes *The Advancement of Learning* in English (1605). The Renaissance, a movement of ideas, expressed itself not only in the Revival of Learning, with its classical models, but also in the spirit of egotism and individuality, shown in the eccentric prose of a Burton or a Lyly. So, at the beginning of the seventeenth century three main influences may be distinguished : the original English idiom gradually forming throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and ' consolidated and established by the various translations of the Bible ', the classical influence re-established by the Revival of Learning, and the individualistic

spirit which derived from the Renaissance. Since 1578 there had been an amazing advance. Prose writers now covered a wide field—theology, philosophy, literary criticism, the moral essay, the Elizabethan novel. The victory of the Puritans (1649) interrupted the use of prose for narrative and as a light and frivolous medium, and gave it both loftiness and emotion—the poetic qualities. For the next forty years there is no good narrative prose (Bunyan is the exception). Donne (1573-1631) in his Sermons uses much imagery, and so intricate a rhythm as to be nearer to poetry than prose :

> He brought light out of darknesse, not out of a lesser light ; he can bring thy Summer out of Winter, though thou have no Spring ; though in the wayes of fortune, or understanding, or conscience, thou have been benighted till now, wintred and frozen, clouded and eclypsed, damped and benumbed, smothered and stupified till now, now God comes to thee, not as in the dawning of the day, not as in the bud of the spring, but as the Sun at noon to illustrate all shadows, as the sheaves in harvest, to fill all penuries, all occasions invite his mercies, and all times are his seasons.

Sir Thomas Browne uses prose in such a way as to produce harmony. As he says in the *Religio Medici*, ' It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony.' Milton disparages prose, saying, ' I should not choose this manner of writing, wherein, knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account, but of my left hand.' His genius was ill-suited to prose, though some of it has the nobility of his blank verse.

With the Restoration there came a new mental outlook—one of reflection and disillusionment. From

the fourteenth century to the time of Elizabeth, literature had depended upon the powers of Imagination. Now, it is as though the imaginative, creative urge is wearied. Inspiration and enthusiasm are lacking. Instead of the desire for self-expression, and the spirit of freedom and adventure, there is a desire for direction and a feeling for culture and rule. Direction and order suggest the intellectual qualities, for it is the intellect which arranges and clarifies. This intellectuality had been shown in Jeremy Taylor, Bacon, Donne and the Metaphysicals, and now continues. The zeal and piety of the Puritans are scorned. Reason and good sense take the place of enthusiasm and emotion. The King and his court set the fashions for the new order. The exiles had brought back with them as models the manners and the literary fashions of France. The Restoration favoured an aristocratic literature, which was made possible by a leisured class and a period of peace. In this atmosphere of exclusiveness and refinement there was time for analysis and critical thought. If there was a revolt against the austerity of the Puritans, there was also a revolt against their hypocrisy. False standards were denounced ; satire became the weapon, enlightened opinion was the court of appeal. Locke and Newton in this atmosphere produce a philosophy of reason. South, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, though they may lack enthusiasm, show clear reasoning and sensible argument in the pulpit. Evelyn and Pepys write detailed, precise prose. Clarendon, a transitional writer, is clear, elegant, ordered, in his *History of the Rebellion* ; while Dryden's prose is almost modern in idiom and in its logical progression. In the schools, the classics were still held

up as models as in the sixteenth century. This caused Locke to speak out for the teaching of English :

> To write and speak correctly gives a Grace, and gains a favourable attention to what one has to say ; and, since it is English that an English Gentleman will have constant use of, that is the Language he should chiefly cultivate, and wherein most care should be taken to polish and perfect his Style. To speak or write better Latin than English may make a man be talked of ; but he would find it more to his purpose to express himself well in his own tongue, that he uses every moment, than to have the vain commendation of others for a very insignificant quality.
>
> From *On Education* (1693)

This interest in English Prose style was preparing the way for the eighteenth century, which is pre-eminently an age of prose. It is an age of reason, proportion, elegance. The writers are conscious of their literary and artistic motives ; and this justifies the use of the word 'Classical'. There is order, balance, restraint ; an insistence upon good manners, decorum, the social virtues. This is the logical development from the preceding age. Prose is now free from the individualistic spirit of the Renaissance, and the Latinising influence of the Humanists. It returns to the simple, direct expression of the Bible in the hands of its greatest master, Swift. He took the language of the Bible and made it an instrument suitable not only for narrative, but for the immense play of his probing intellect. His mode of expression remained always 'simple, and single, and clearly comprehensible'. It may be accepted as the standard, for, as Mr. Herbert Read says, 'never again has the English idiom been expressed in such purity and strength.'

Classicism spread rapidly, because it combined an artistic impulse controlled by the reason, and correctness in behaviour based on sentiment. Collier had led a crusade against the immorality of the Restoration drama. The proprieties were again observed. Steele and Addison set themselves up as social reformers. Behind their reform of manners were religious and emotional motives. They hoped to improve the moral standards, and establish a code of behaviour associated with classical taste. This produced a re-birth of Sentiment, which in time became a moral movement. Carried to its extreme it contradicts the rule of life and art based on Reason. Though Reason dominates the eighteenth century, the germ of Sentiment is there, and its gradual development helps to explain the Romantic Revival. Addison and Steele appeal to the middle class, which is rising to power. Their prose is cultured and harmonious. The professed object of *The Spectator* was to bring 'philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses'. They combat ignorance and affectation and folly and impurity. They uphold the good-natured man; in Sir Roger de Coverley they portray benevolence and the cordial virtues:

> I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master . . . You see the goodness of the master in his old house-dog, and in the gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness,

out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years. From *The Spectator* (1711-1712)

They were not the only reformers. Defoe became the mouthpiece of the commercial class of his day. His aim was to edify. He was a Puritan at heart and moralises in his novels. *Robinson Crusoe* demonstrates the part played by Providence in life. *Captain Singleton* is the account of a conversion. He also reveals deep feeling, but his realism and matter-of-fact style prevent him from becoming merely sentimental. Already the middle class has modified the authority of the aristocracy since the Restoration ; has appropriated Classicism and given it a moralising turn. But literary forms oppose all change. Rules have been established, and reason and restraint are still predominating. Johnson is the central figure of what has been called ' Bourgeois Classicism '. He maintains the balance and biblical eloquence of prose, and adds his own gifts of vigour and clear judgment. His *Dictionary of the English Language* helped, as he himself says, to ' preserve the purity, and determine the sense, of our English idiom '. He did much to produce the modern man of letters by the dignity of his independence. The age of literary patrons is coming to a close—hastened by his Letter to Lord Chesterfield, 1755.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it.

I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

Classicism is now a set of rules and devices. It no longer expresses creative genius. The prose writers of the time handle satire, realism, the study of manners, and literary criticism. Works full of sentiment gradually take their place beside these. It was not long before many people became dissatisfied with the restrictions of this Classical Age. The Spirit, they said, was impoverished by Rationalism. Now the Past is always an escape for those who are not satisfied with the Present. So attention was diverted to the Past, to the distant in time and place. A new interest arose in the Middle Ages, Chivalry, Romance, Nature, Ruins. Gothic became a term of pious affection. Here is Horace Walpole writing in 1769 from Strawberry Hill, his ' little Gothic castle ' :

With regard to a history of Gothic architecture, in which he desires my advice, the plan, I think, should lie in a very simple compass. Was I to execute it, it should be thus : I would give a series of plates, even from the conclusion of Saxon architecture, beginning with the round Roman arch, and going on to show how they plaistered and zigzagged it, and then how better ornaments crept in, till the beautiful Gothic arrived at its perfection : then how it deceased in Henry the eighth's reign!

And Cowper, writing to his friend Unwin in 1779, shows the prevailing interest in newly-built ruins :

> There was not, at that time, much to be seen in the Isle of Thanet, besides the beauty of the country, and the fine prospects of the sea, which are nowhere surpassed except in the Isle of Wight, or upon some parts of the coast of Hampshire. One sight, however, I remember, engaged my curiosity, and I went to see it :—a fine piece of ruins, built by the late Lord Holland, at a great expense, which, the day after I saw it, tumbled down for nothing. Perhaps, therefore, it is still a ruin ; and if it is, I would advise you by all means to visit it, as it must have been much improved by this fortunate incident. It is hardly possible to put stones together with that air of wild and magnificent disorder which they are sure to acquire by falling of their own accord.

Imagination was stimulated by Pre-Renaissance buildings ; there was a new interest in Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, in old Ballads, legends, traditions, in picturesque landscape, in foreign lands—in many things which Classicism was accustomed to disparage. About 1740 the Novel of Sentiment came into being in the hands of Richardson. He was a member of the average middle class, and sought his inspiration from Puritan sentimentalism. His purpose was to edify, his appeal was to the emotions. So we find the allegory of Bunyan, the essay of Steele and Addison, the novel of Defoe, and now the novels of Richardson, representing successive attempts to break through the rule of Reason. The language of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is still classical, but the story is simple and domestic, free not only from all Puritan strain but also from all traces of artificiality. Sterne reaches the extreme limit of the

Sentimental Novel. *Tristram Shandy* is all personality. Here the individualistic spirit of the Renaissance shows itself, and points to the Romantic Revival. With Richardson and Sterne prose style has lost its speed, clarity and concreteness ; it is overloaded with comment and opinion, and ' philosophical reflections, the like not to be found in any light French romance '. Fielding brings a healthy realism into the novel to combat the close atmosphere of Richardson, but the latter, regarded as a moral writer, was more popular from pulpit to beneath stairs. The growth of Sentiment was materially aided by the re-awakening of the Imagination throughout the latter part of the eighteenth century. The desire to feel stimulates the imagination : and the imagination has the power to arouse emotion.

The desire for spiritual relief links up with the progress of Sentiment. The great religious revival of the eighteenth century—that of Methodism—affected the national conscience and modified the general attitude towards life by stirring the lethargic emotion of the people. This prepared the way for writing which should appeal to the heart more than the mind. There had to be a regeneration of the spirit if literature was to escape from artificiality and servile imitation. Hogarth, writing in 1753, had already seen the dangers of Reason as the only guide when he says of pictorial art, ' The Artist should be free to imagine and create in absolute independence.'

There are many influences producing the Romantic Revival which now dominates literature. First the natural reaction to the discipline of the Age of Reason, to the insistence upon rule and a fixed code. Then

influences already touched on ; the growth of Sentiment, and the evangelism of the Methodist Revival ; the awakening of the Imagination, and a new interest in the Romantic literature of the Elizabethans. Other vital influences came from abroad. Rousseau had fired the minds of thinkers and turned attention to political and social problems. The French Revolution gave an enormous moral and imaginative impulse to the writers of the time. The spirit of freedom was in the air. Everywhere was enthusiasm, and Wordsworth exclaimed, 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.' The Age of Reason had given a common culture, for Classicism itself was impersonal. Now the individual became important, Romanticism is intensely personal. There is a predominance of the personal, emotional life, and with it an active awakening of the creative impulse. Turning away from Reason and Convention the Romantic writers tried to liberate themselves from tyrannical repressions. They depended upon inspiration, *furor poeticus*, divine drunkenness. Wordsworth proclaimed that poetry was 'the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings'. There is much of the dream-state about their work, in contrast to Classicism, which is essentially sober and restrained. We find joy, and wonder, and vision ; but also melancholy, regret and disillusionment. Lamb, writing with tender effusion, deals with the sad mystery of time and change. He plays with the past, peopling it with dreams :

While I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon

me the effects of speech : ' We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice called Bartrum father. We are nothing ; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shore of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence, and a name '—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep. From *Dream Children* (1822)

Scott returns to the Past, and writes with a soundness that gave Romanticism ' an average and normal value '. Hazlitt is a critic of life. He is independent in outlook ; his style is vigorous, with a fine sanity of diction. It has been said, ' he simply uses right English.' De Quincey shows the critical spirit superseding the creative. The poetical prose of his *Confessions* is the expression of an incomplete lyricism. He failed creatively to be a poet, measuring his weakness against the great poets of the time. The ' gorgeous ' quality of his prose is a substitute. He exhibits also the morbidity which is so much a part of Romanticism. Some writers by an effort of will threw it off : others—Coleridge, Byron, and Beddoes—failed. This morbidity, and an excessive egotism, brought Romanticism into disrepute. It had never been accepted as was Classicism. The nation was never comfortable surveying a literature where emotion and imagination were unrestrained. The stress had been severe, not only on artistic creation but on the moral life. Now the great creative force, shown chiefly in poetry, was exhausted. A reaction followed in a call for Rationality. The desire was again for truth, realism, and a more careful style. The Reform Bill of 1832 settled immediate political disputes, and gave a period of stability.

Romanticism had championed the rights of the individual ; this freedom, mis-applied, appeared in the laxity of morals during the Regency, which recalled the Restoration. The middle class, now fully conscious of its power, and strong in Puritan feeling, leads the movement for order and discipline. Queen Victoria brings to English society self-control and a stricter morality. Carlyle becomes the high-priest of the new order and voices the principles underlying a sterner notion of duty, and the gospel of work :

> For there is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works : in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.
>
> From *Past and Present* (1843)

The changes are rapid in the nineteenth century. It is the age of industrialism, scientific discovery, and expansion. In the sixteenth century Science was opposed to Art and Religion. In the seventeenth century every cultured person was interested in Science ; the Royal Society was founded in 1662 to encourage this interest. (Actually it took the whole field of knowledge for its province, and even included the improvement of English prose among its aims, exacting from all its members ' a close, naked, natural way of speaking ; positive expressions ; clear senses ; a native easiness '.) To the Victorians, Science was extremely important. It helped in the search for truth ; gave a feeling of certainty and power ; and

was in many ways Anti-Romantic. Darwin and Herbert Spencer advanced the scientific movement. They both upheld the authority of Reason. The Victorians were reluctant at first to accept new theories, but once they began to build upon the rock-bottom of Science they became sure of themselves. This bred complacency and self-satisfaction. Applied science standardized, cheapened, and made ugly its creations, distributing them widely among society. Theoretical science steadily undermined the traditional ways of thought. Challenging ideas were expressed in the work of Ruskin, Kingsley, Arnold, William Morris, in the satire of Thackeray, and the propaganda of Dickens. But, in the main, literature in the works of Trollope, Meredith, Tennyson, and Browning reflected, if with some satire, 'the life of a people lethargic with physical comfort and mental and spiritual satisfaction.' They were aware that science was giving them control over the physical resources of the earth; not until near the end of the century did they fully realize that their traditional conceptions had been destroyed.

Like Europe, however, England was not yet free from the influence of Romanticism. It is present in Thackeray, in Dickens it is all-pervasive, Carlyle denounces it in a style that is personal, emotional, intense. Emily Brontë writes with rare emotional fervour; as Mr. F. L. Lucas has pointed out, her Heathcliff is in direct line with Mrs. Radcliffe's Montoni and Schedoni, Byron's Cain, Shelley's elder Cenci—the sinister daemonic male, a recurrent type in Romantic literature. (Just as La Belle Dame and Lamia of Keats recurs in Pater's La Giaconda, Rossetti's

Siren, the Salome of Wilde and Beardsley.) An industrial age with vulgarity in commercial art naturally produced a revolt against ugliness. Ruskin, inspired by the painting of Turner, led an aesthetic revival in 1843. Industry on a large scale was destroying nature and degrading humanity. The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood united, about 1850, to resist the conventional in art and literature by a return to the past. The quest of the Beautiful led their preferences to the archaic and the unsophisticated. Ruskin had a slightly different inspiration. He had been nurtured on the Bible, and drew his main impulse from deeper currents of British thought. He acknowledged Providence (the Puritan strain emerging once again) and expressed the more immediate needs of idealism. This aesthetic movement was continued by Pater (his *History of the Renaissance* was published in 1873) and reached its limits in the productions of Wilde, Beardsley, and the *Yellow Book* (an illustrated quarterly which appeared from 1894-1897). These turned away from the Victorian ideals, which seemed smug and hypocritical and to lack artistic expression. 'Art for Art's sake' became the motto. And so we find the writers of the 1890's with a passionate interest in workmanship. Pater showed the way in such a passage as this, describing the *Giaconda* :

> 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 Marv : and all this has been to her but the sound

of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eye-lids and the hands. (1873)

This meticulous elegance, 'patient chipping out of word effects', and struggle with technique is echoed in Wilde :

The world is made by the singer for the dreamer. . . . On the mouldering citadel of Troy lies the lizard like a thing of green bronze. The owl has built her nest in the palace of Priam. Over the empty plain wander shepherd and goatherd with their flocks, and where, on the wine-surfaced oily sea, copper-prowed and streaked with vermilion, the great galleys of the Danaoi came in their gleaming crescent, the lonely tunny-fisher sits in his little boat and watches the bobbing corks of his net. Yet, every morning the doors of the city are thrown open, and on foot, or in horse-drawn chariot, the warriors go forth to battle, and mock their enemies from behind their iron masks. All day long the fight rages, and when night comes the torches gleam by the tents, and the cresset burns in the hall. Those who live in marble or on painted panel, know of life but a single exquisite instant, eternal indeed in its beauty, but limited to one note of passion or one mood of calm.

Here, there is no authentic note—nothing but echoes. Art takes the place of Life. The subjects are superficial ; the style becomes strained, exotic, decadent. But the counter currents were strong. Thackeray in *Vanity Fair* (1847) had distrusted sentimental illusions ; he stood for open and fair good sense, and was in harmony with the ideals of lucidity and reason. He satirised human weaknesses, particularly social pretentiousness. Towards the end of the century, Samuel Butler waged war against the excesses

of scientific dogmatism, the suppression of originality, the hypocrisies and conventions, that he saw around him. On one hand were earnest doctrines ; on the other, aestheticism recognizing no law but itself. The illusion of a simple, safe happiness had been scrutinised and disappeared. Traditional beliefs had been undermined. Science was now the source of despair. Hardy brooded against the dull background of a joyless earth. James Thomson and Gissing, similarly, expressed their pessimism and despair. Stevenson found romantic escape in the novel of adventure. Burton and Kinglake write vividly of experiences and travels in the Near East, though without the picaresque quality of that earlier novelist, George Borrow, whose *Bible in Spain* (1843) illustrates the virtues of a good narrative style. The novel of mystery and horror is purged of the excesses of the Monk Lewis school and humanized by Wilkie Collins. Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson write of the countryside. Kipling and Henley reflect the Imperialism of the nation. It can be seen that there are many interests : and with them many different styles. New minds bring new sensibility, and there is a continual rejuvenation. Personality becomes of greater importance, and there are many writers who stand outside any rigid classification. Chesterton shows a longing for a more authoritative, humane, picturesque society. Wells uses fiction as a portmanteau for his innumerable philosophical ideas and scientific speculations. Shaw is characterized by a fearless intellectual criticism, and uses a prose style which is an instrument of clear, animating thought. Arnold Bennett, showing something of Hardy's realistic handling of local colour, creates a precise and matter-

of-fact style suited to the drab industrial towns of which he writes. The foundations of literature have steadily been broadened. By the end of the nineteenth century, the lower class, for the most part, had ready access to culture. Democratic ideas spread. Education is becoming universal. Cheap editions, book reviews, the serial novel, the modern newspaper—all spread information among the masses. The reading public changes, and this is reflected in the widening literary appeal. Soon there is no common style, method, or programme. The era of literary doctrines and schools seems over. We are losing a common standard of culture. The disintegration of taste has begun, and though the discerning appreciation of art and literature has always depended upon a small minority, the rapid standardization of civilization from the beginning of the twentieth century makes it increasingly difficult to return to any previous cultural level.

There were many forces shaping the literature of the twentieth century. Among the foremost of these was the work of four men : Tolstoy, whose passionate humanitarianism widened the field of the novel ; Wagner, who rebelled against traditional art forms ; Ibsen, who criticised society with a new and unsparing realism ; and Nietzsche, who vigorously refuted many of the traditional ideals of humanity and replaced them by his own ideas. If these great innovators upset thinking, style and literary method also changed. Here the most potent influences were the French writers—Flaubert, Balzac, Zola ; and the Russians—Turgenev, Dostoevski, and Chekhov. But undoubtedly the greatest force of all was that of Science. The enormous development in the study of biology,

psychology, and sociology is reflected in the wealth of new material, and the various adaptations in method. There is the actual borrowing of scientific matter (as in the early novels of H. G. Wells), the application of scientific methods of analysis to character study, the use of literature less as an art and more as a medium of social propaganda, the widening of the whole field of literature to admit many ideas never before regarded as suitable. This vast enlargement of literary materials destroyed the old technique; the age of speed has driven the old leisurely atmosphere from literature, much of the old thoroughness has gone, we have Impressionism, a certain formlessness, much that is experimental. Mention must also be made of the doctrine of psycho-analysis first applied by Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna, and of general interest in England about 1910. This led to new methods of presentation and the exploitation of the sub-conscious, 'the persistence of the past in the present.' This is shown in the novels of Dorothy Richardson, D. H. Lawrence, and most of all in those of James Joyce. After the War, the novel, which was mainly in the hands of women, became more analytical and more realistic. Idealism and sentiment were distrusted; there was much cynicism, but also candour and sincerity. Once again Reason triumphed. Writers became objective and impersonal. Biography became the vogue. Lytton Strachey, using many of the devices of the dramatist, wrote with an 'unflattering detachment'. Others followed his example, writing with understanding but without sentiment. The short story, the essay, literary criticism, all were cultivated. It was essentially an age of prose, like other analysing and criticising periods.

Unlike the eighteenth century, it lacked the finer qualities of style. Language was debased to include colloquialisms, vulgarisms, and slang (particularly Americanisms). There was a constant striving after vigorous, hit-or-miss effects. Here is D. H. Lawrence describing Cagliari :

It is market day. We turn up the Largo Carlo-Felice, the second wide gap of a street, a vast but very short boulevard, like the end of something. Cagliari is like that : all bits and bobs. And by the side of the pavement are many stalls, stalls selling combs and collar-studs, cheap mirrors, handkerchiefs, shoddy Manchester goods, bed-ticking, boot-paste, poor crockery and so on. But we see also Madame of Cagliari going marketing, with a servant accompanying her, carrying a huge grass-woven basket : or returning from marketing, followed by a small boy supporting one of these huge grass-woven baskets—like huge dishes—on his head, piled with bread, eggs, vegetables, a chicken, and so forth. Therefore we follow Madame going marketing, and find ourselves in a vast market-house, and it fairly glows with eggs : eggs in these great round dish-baskets of golden grass : but eggs in piles, in mounds, in heaps, a Sierra Nevada of eggs, glowing warm white. How they glow! I never noticed it before. But they give off a pearly effulgence into the air, almost a warmth. A pearly-gold heat seems to come out of them. Myriads of eggs, glowing avenues of eggs.

Katherine Mansfield describes a Bank Holiday :

A stout man with a pink face wears dingy white flannel trousers, a blue coat with a pink handkerchief showing, and a straw hat much too small for him perched at the back of his head. He plays the guitar. A little chap in white canvas shoes, his face hidden under a felt hat like a broken wing, breathes into a flute : and a tall thin fellow, with

bursting over-ripe button boots, draws ribbons—long, twisted, streaming ribbons—of tune out of a fiddle. They stand, unsmiling, but not serious, in the broad sunlight opposite the fruit-shop ; the pink spider of a hand beats the guitar, the little squat hand, with a brass-and-turquoise ring, forces the reluctant flute, and the fiddler's arm tries to saw the fiddle in two.

And James Joyce :

The grainy sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost Armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coasted them, walking warily. A porterbottle stood up, stogged to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel : isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoops on the shore ; at the land a maze of dark cunning nets ; farther away chalkscrawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Ringsend : wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

Though there is much experimentation with style (marked by many changes in vocabulary) there is much that is traditional. The 'purple patch' may be out of favour, but there is still rhythmic handling of prose tending towards even greater flexibility. Prose style may have lost some of the charm we find in other periods, but there is variety enough to suit all tastes. What the many prose forms lose in distinction is supplied by vitality, and the promise of constant adaptation to changing needs.

2. A SELECTION OF EXTRACTS FROM WRITERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY WITH QUESTIONS ON MEANING AND STYLE

I

BESIDE the isle of Pentexoire, that is the land of Prester John, is a great isle long and broad, that men clepe Milsterak ; and it is in the lordship of Prester John. In that isle is great plenty of goods. There was dwelling, sometime, a rich man ; and it is not long sithen, and men clept him Gatholonabes ; and he was full of cautels and of subtle deccits. And he had a full fair castle and a strong in a mountain, so strong and so noble, that no man could devise a fairer ne stronger. And he had let mure all the mountain about with a strong wall and a fair. And within those walls he had the fairest garden, that any man might behold ; and therein were trees bearing all manner of fruits, that any man could devise : and therein were also all manner virtuous herbs of good smell, and all other herbs also, that bear fair flowers. And he had also in that garden many fair wells ; and beside those wells he had let make fair halls and fair chambers, depainted all with gold and azure ; and there were in that place many diverse things, and many diverse stories : and of beasts, and of birds that sung full delectably and moved by craft, that it seemed that they were quick.

And he had also in his garden all manner of fowls and of beasts, that any man might think on, for to have play or desport to behold them.

And he had also, in that place, the fairest damosels, that might be found, under the age of fifteen years, and the fairest young striplings that men might get, of that same age : and all they were clothed in cloths of gold, fully richly : and he said that those were angels. And he had also let make three wells, fair and noble, and all environed with stone of jasper, of crystal, diapered with gold, and set with precious stones and great orient pearls. And he had made a conduit under earth, so that the three wells, at his list, one should run milk, another wine, and another honey. And that place he clept Paradise.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE (14th century), from *The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville*

MEANING

1. Name the principal objects described in the isle of Milsterak.

2. Do you find any arranged order in the description?

3. How much of the description is (*a*) indicated, (*b*) left to the imagination?

4. What is the meaning of 'subtle deceits', 'virtuous herbs'?

5. What repetition do you find? What is the effect?

STYLE

6. Is the language simple, ornate, picturesque, diffuse? Give examples.

7. Make a list of the archaic words. What do you notice about the epithets used here?

8. Do you get a clear picture of the scene described, or is it confused?

9. Are the sentences simple or complex? What do you notice in the sentence construction?

10. What merit has this prose style?

II

THEN afore him he saw come riding out of a castle a knight, and his horse trapped all red, and himself in the same colour. When this knight in the red beheld Balin, him thought it should be his brother Balin because of his two swords, but because he knew not his shield, he deemed that it was not he. And so they aventryd their spears, and came marvellously fast together, and they smote each other in the shields, but their spears and their course were so big that it bare down horse and man, that they both lay in a swoon. But Balin was bruised sore with the fall of his horse, for he was weary of travel. And Balan was the first that rose on foot and drew his sword, and went toward Balin, and he arose and went against him, but Balan smote Balin first, and he put up his shield, and smote him through the shield and tamyd his helm. Then Balin smote him again with that unhappy sword, and well nigh had felled his brother Balan, and so they fought there till their breaths failed. Then Balin looked up to the castle, and saw the towers stand full of ladies. So they went to battle again, and wounded each other dolefully, and then they breathed oft-times, and so went unto the battle, that all the place there as they fought was blood red. And at that time there was none of them both but they had either smitten other

seven great wounds, so that the least of them might have been the death of the mightiest giant in this world.

Then they went to battle again so marvellously that doubt it was to hear of that battle for the great bloodshedding, and their hauberks unnailed, that naked they were on every side. At the last Balan, the younger brother, withdrew him a little and laid him down. Then said Balin le Savage, What knight art thou? for or now I found never no knight that matched me. My name is, said he, Balan, brother to the good knight Balin. Alas! said Balin, that ever I should see this day. And therewith he fell backwards in a swoon. Then Balan yede on all four feet and hands, and put off the helm of his brother, and might not know him by the visage it was so full hewn and bled ; but when he awoke he said, O Balan, my brother, thou hast slain me and I thee, wherefore all the wide world shall speak of us both. Alas! said Balan, that ever I saw this day, that through mishap I might not know you, for I espied well your two swords, but because ye had another shield I deemed you had been another knight. Alas! said Balin, all that made an unhappy knight in the castle, for he caused me to leave mine own shield to our both's destruction, and if I might live I would destroy that castle for ill customs.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (about 1470), from *Le Morte d'Arthur*

MEANING

1. Write a brief report of the fight between Balin and Balan.

2. Why did Balan fail to recognize his brother?

3. What do you learn about fighting in the fifteenth century from this extract?

4. What is the meaning of the first sentence in the second paragraph?

5. Rewrite the last sentence in your own words.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Are the majority of the verbs active or passive?

7. Is the language concrete, abstract, simple, ornate, verbose, concise?

8. What is the effect of the limited use of epithets?

9. By what means is the speed and vigour of the passage maintained?

10. Would this way of writing suit any purpose other than its present one? Give reasons.

III

Upon which considerations the day and year before expressed, he departed from Blackwall to Harwich, where making an accomplishment of things necessary, the last of May we hoisted up sails, and with a merry wind the 7th of June we arrived at the islands called Orchades, or vulgarly Orkney, being in number thirty, subject and adjacent to Scotland, where we made provision of fresh water, in the doing whereof our general licensed the gentleman and soldiers, for their recreation, to go on shore. At our landing the people fled from their poor cottages with shrieks and alarms, to warn their neighbours of enemies, but by gentle

persuasions we reclaimed them to their houses. It seemeth they are often frighted with pirates, or some other enemies, that move them to such sudden fear. Their houses are very simply builded with pebble stone, without any chimneys, the fire being made in the midst thereof. The good man, wife, children, and other of their family, eat and sleep on the one side of the house, and their cattle on the other, very beastly and rudely in respect of civilisation. They are destitute of wood, their fire is turf and cow shardes. They have corn, bigge, and oats with which they pay their king's rent to the maintenance of his house. They take great quantity of fish, which they dry in the wind and sun; they dress their meat very filthily, and eat it without salt. Their apparel is after the nudest sort in Scotland. Their money is all base. Their Church and religion is reformed according to the Scots. The fishermen of England can better declare the dispositions of those people than I, wherefore I remit other their usages to their reports, as yearly repairers thither in their courses to and from Iceland for fish.

All along these seas, after we were six days sailing from Orkney, we met, floating in the sea, great fir trees, which, as we judged, were, with the fury of great floods, rooted up, and so driven into the sea. Iceland hath almost no other wood nor fuel but such as they take up upon their coasts. It seemeth that these trees are driven from some part of the Newfoundland, with the current that setteth from the west to the east.

RICHARD HAKLUYT (1553-1616), from *The Second Voyage of Master Martin Frobisher*

MEANING

1. Outline briefly the condition of the inhabitants of the Orkneys.

2. Explain and enlarge upon the phrase ' in respect of civilisation '.

3. Explain ' accomplishment of things necessary ', ' subject and adjacent to Scotland ', ' to the maintenance of his house '.

4. What is the meaning of the sentence ' wherefore I remit other their usages to their reports '?

5. What is the author's opinion of the people of the Orkneys?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Are the majority of the verbs active or passive?

7. Is the language archaic, familiar, plain, exuberant, restrained?

8. Indicate the variety of the sentence construction.

9. Compare with Malory. Which prose is the more harmonious?

10. What are the principal qualities of this prose style?

IV

So it is, Lucilla, that coming to Naples but to fetch fire, as the by-word is, not to make my place of abode, I have found such flames that I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom. For as the hop, the pole being never so high, groweth to the end, or as the dry beech kindled at the

root, never leaveth until it come to the top, or as one drop of poison disperseth itself into every vein, so affection having caught hold of my heart, and the sparkles of love kindled my liver, will suddenly, though secretly, flame up into my head, and spread itself into every sinew. It is your beauty (pardon my abrupt boldness, lady) that hath taken every part of me prisoner, and brought me into this deep distress, but seeing women, when one praiseth them for their deserts, deem that he flattereth them to obtain his desire, I am here present to yield myself to such trial as your courtesy in this behalf shall require. Yet will you commonly object this to such as serve you and starve to win your good will: that hot love is soon cold, that the bavin though it burn bright is but a blaze, that scalding water if it stand a while turneth almost to ice, that pepper though it be hot in the mouth is cold in the maw, that the faith of men though it fry in their words it freezeth in their works. Which things, Lucilla, albeit they be sufficient to reprove the lightness of some one, yet can they not convince every one of lewdness, neither ought the constancy of all to be brought in question through the subtlety of a few. For although the worm entereth almost into every wood, yet he eateth not the cedar tree; though the stone cylindrus at every thunder clap roll from the hill, yet the pure sleek stone mounteth at the noise; though the rust fret the hardest steel, yet doth it not eat into the emerald; though polypus change his hue, yet the salamander keepeth his colour; though Proteus transform himself into every shape, yet Pygmalion retaineth his old form; though Aeneas were too fickle to Dido, yet Troilus was too faithful to Cressida

though others seem counterfeit in their deeds, yet, Lucilla, persuade yourself that Euphues will be always current in his dealings.

JOHN LYLY (1554-1606), from *Euphues*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.

2. Give the gist of the passage in your own words.

3. What is the meaning of 'I can neither quench them with the water of free will, neither cool them with wisdom', 'that the faith of men though it fry in their words it freezeth in their works', 'persuade yourself that Euphues will be always current in his dealings'?

4. Make a list of illustrations from (*a*) Natural History, (*b*) the Classics. What statements appear to you to be inaccurate?

5. What is the meaning of bavin, maw, cylindrus, polypus?

STYLE

6. Give examples of Lyly's use of (*a*) simile, (*b*) alliteration, (*c*) imagery, (*d*) conceit, (*e*) bombast.

7. Illustrate the use of antithesis by a careful analysis of the last sentence.

8. Do you think the illustrations used to support his statements and to decorate the prose are justified or not?

9. Illustrate the author's method of making the abstract concrete.

10. 'His prose is almost as regulated and measured as verse.' Discuss.

V

To our purpose it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before him, or to do him any service, which doth not first believe him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto him. Let men be taught this either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth ; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost ; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof, but only men : nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it but only to teach Theology? Theology, what is it but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto without the help of natural discourses and reason? 'Judge ye of that which I speak,' saith the Apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our

reason by itself would not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God.

RICHARD HOOKER (1554-1600), from *Ecclesiastical Polity*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Trace the steps by which the argument is built up.
3. Do you think the argument is convincing? Give reasons.
4. What three sentences drive home his meaning most forcefully?
5. What is meant by 'discourse of natural reason'?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this?
7. Is the language abstract, concrete, archaic, concise, elevated, ornate, pretentious? Compare it with that of Malory and note any differences.
8. Is the first sentence balanced, periodic, or loose?
9. Show the harmony of the author's style by a detailed examination of the sentence beginning 'No man cometh unto God'.
10. In what way is the dignity of this style achieved?

VI

Now therein of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the humane conceits) 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 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 interpretations, 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: which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of aloes or rhubarb they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than at their mouth. So is it in men (most of which are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves): glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, and Aeneas; and, hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely, that is to say philosophically, set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), from *An Apology for Poetry*

MEANING

1 Why is the poet monarch of all sciences?

2. Is poetry sufficiently defined as 'words set in delightful proportion' and 'a tale'?

3. Express in your own words the argument contained in the last two sentences.

4. Indicate the varied knowledge and interests of the author.

5. To what does the author refer by the words 'the best things' in the last sentence?

STYLE

6. Is the language poetic, restrained, stilted, pedantic, figurative, vivid?

7. Quote several sentences containing striking imagery, and say why the imagery is effective.

8. Show the appropriateness of the phrases 'blur the margent with interpretations', 'load the memory with doubtfulness'.

9. Does the author try to convince or persuade? Is he successful?

10. What are the main qualities of this prose? Is there any indication that the author was also a poet?

VII

AMBITION is like choler, which is an humour that maketh men active, earnest, full of alacrity, and stirring, if it be not stopped: but if it be stopped and cannot have his way, it becometh adust, and thereby malign and venomous. So ambitious men, if they find the way open for their rising and still get forward, they are rather busy than dangerous; but if they be checked in their desires, they become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye, and are best pleased when things go backward; which is the worst property in a servant of a prince or

state. Therefore it is good for princes, if they use ambitious men, to handle it so as they be still progressive and not retrograde; which because it cannot be without inconvenience, it is good not to use such natures at all; for if they rise not with their service, they will take order to make their service fall with them. But since we have said it were good not to use men of ambitious natures, except it be upon necessity, it is fit we speak in what cases they are of necessity. Good commanders in the wars must be taken, be they never so ambitious, for the use of their service dispenseth with the rest; and to take a soldier without ambition is to pull off his spurs. There is also great use of ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy; for no man will take that part except he be like a seeled dove, that mounts and mounts because he cannot see about him. There is also use of ambitious men in pulling down the greatness of any subject that overtops; as Tiberius used Macro in the pulling down of Sejanus. Since therefore they must be used in such cases, there resteth to speak how they are to be bridled that they may be less dangerous. There is less danger of them if they be of mean birth than if they be noble; and if they be rather harsh of nature than gracious and popular; and if they be rather new raised than grown cunning and fortified in their greatness.

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), from *Essays*

MEANING

1. When is ambition dangerous?
2. In what men is ambition a necessity?

3. Is this about ambition in general terms or as it affects the state?

4. Explain ' it becometh adust ' ; ' except he be like a seeled dove '.

5. What is the meaning of choler, humour, alacrity, malign, retrograde?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Do you find the passage difficult to understand? Why?

7. From what are these general maxims deduced? (From the Classics, direct observation, or both?)

8. For what particular audience is the author writing? What effect does this have on his style?

9. How does the author achieve forcible and exact expression?

10. ' The style is closely reasoned and sententious.' Support this by a careful analysis of the second and third sentences.

VIII

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him : or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation : but this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king,

be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers : some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is His beadle, war is His vengeance ; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and where they would be safe, they perish : then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained : and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616),
from *Henry V*

MEANING

1. What is the theme of the passage?
2. Summarize the argument.

3. What sentence sums up the argument?

4. Explain, and comment upon the statement, 'War is His beadle, war is His vengeance.'

5. Explain: the arbitrement of swords, broken seals of perjury, punished for before-breach of the king's laws.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Consider the diction. How would you describe the vocabulary used here?

7. Compare this passage with that of Sidney. How do they differ?

8. Show how the style suits the subject.

9. Enumerate the various figures of speech used here.

10 What would this passage lose if it were written in blank verse?

IX

In the great Ant-hill of the whole world, I am an Ant; I have my part in the Creation, I am a creature; But there are ignoble Creatures. God comes nearer; In the great field of clay, of red earth, that man was made of, and mankind, I am a clod; I am a man, I have my part in the Humanity; But Man was worse than annihilated again. When satan in that serpent was come, as *Hercules* with his club into a potters shop, and had broke all the vessels, destroyed all mankind, And the gracious promise of a Messias to redeeme all mankind, was shed and spreade upon all, I had my drop of that dew of Heaven, my sparke of that fire of heaven, in the universall promise, in which I was involved; But this promise was appropriated after, in a particular Covenant, to one people, to the Jewes, to the seed of

Abraham. But for all that I have my portion there; for all that professe Christ Jesus are by a spirituall engrafting, and transmigration, and transplantation, in and of that stock, and that seed of *Abraham*; and I am one of those. But then, of those who doe professe Christ Jesus, some grovell still in the superstitions they were fallen into, and some are raised, by Gods good grace, out of them; and I am one of those; God hath afforded me my station, in that Church, which is departed from Babylon.

Now, all this while, my soule is in a cheerefull progresse; when I consider what God did for Goshen in Egypte, for a little parke in the midst of a forest; whate he did for Jury, in the midst of enemies, as a shire that should stand out against a Kingdome round about it: How many Sancerras he hath delivered from famins, how many Genevas from plots, and machinations against her; all this while my soule is in a progresse: But I am at home when I consider Buls of excommunications, and solicitations of Rebellions, and pistols and poysons, and the discoveries of those; There is our *Nos*, *We*, testimonies that we are in the favour, and care of God; We, our Nation, we, our Church; There I am at home; but I am in my Cabinet at home, when I consider, what God hath done for me, and my soule; There is the *Ego*, the particular, the individuall, I.

JOHN DONNE (1573-1631), from *Sermons*

MEANING

1. What is the theme of the extract?

2. Give in your own words the meaning of the second paragraph.

3. What is the connection between the first and second paragraph?

4. Can you see any system in the punctuation? Is it subordinate to the general sense of rhythm? What do you infer from it?

5. Can you trace any development of thought, centred in the speaker, beginning 'I am an Ant' to 'There I am at home'?

STYLE

6. Point out the figures of speech used here. Are the metaphors illuminative or decorative?

7. Illustrate the allusiveness of this passage.

8. What strikes you as (*a*) fantastic rhetoric, (*b*) erudition, (*c*) obscurity?

9. What qualities in the choice and arrangement of words contribute to the intricate rhythm of the passage?

10. Is there emotion behind the expression? Is it genuine and sincere? Support your opinion.

X

AMBITION, a proud covetousness, or a dry thirst of honour, a great torture of the mind, composed of envy, pride, and covetousness, a gallant madness, one defines it a pleasant poison, Ambrose, 'a canker of the soul, an hidden plague'; Bernard, 'a secret poison, the father of livor, and mother of hypocrisy, the moth of holiness, and cause of madness, crucifying and disquieting all that it takes hold of'. Seneca calls it, *rem solicitam, timidam, vanam, ventosam*, a windy thing, a vain, solicitous, and fearful thing. For commonly they that, like Sysiphus, roll this restless stone of ambition, are

in a perpetual agony, still perplexed, *semper taciti, tristesque recedunt* (Lucretius), doubtful, timorous, suspicious, loath to offend in word or deed, still cogging and collogueing, embracing, capping, cringing, applauding, flattering, fleering, visiting, waiting at men's doors, with all affability, counterfeit honesty and humility. If that will not serve, if once this humour (as Cyprian describes it) possess his thirsty soul, *ambitionis salsugo ubi bibulam animam possidet*, by hook and by crook he will obtain it, 'and from his hole he will climb to all honours and offices, if it be possible for him to get up, flattering one, bribing another, he will leave no means unessay'd to win all.' It is a wonder to see how slavishly these kind of men subject themselves, when they are about a suit, to every inferior person; what pains they will take, run, ride, cast, plot, countermine, protest and swear, vow, promise, what labours undergo, early up, late down; how obsequious and affable they are, how popular and courteous, how they grin and fleer upon every man they meet; with what feasting and inviting, how they spend themselves and their fortunes, in seeking that many times, which they had much better be without; as Cyneas the orator told Pyrrhus: with what waking nights, painful hours, anxious thoughts, and bitterness of mind, *inter spemque metumque*, distracted and tired, they consume the interim of their time. There can be no greater plague for the present. If they do obtain their suit, which with such cost and solicitude they have sought, they are not so freed, their anxiety is anew to begin, for they are never satisfied, *nihil aliud nisi imperium spirant*, their thoughts, actions, endeavours are all for sovereignty and honour, like Lues Sforsia that huffing

Duke of Milan, 'a man of singular wisdom, but profound ambition, born to his own, and to the destruction of Italy', though it be to their own ruin, and friends' undoing, they will contend, they may not cease, but as a dog in a wheel, a bird in a cage, or a squirrel in a chain, so Budaeus compares them; they climb and climb still, with much labour, but never make an end, never at the top.

ROBERT BURTON (1577-1640), from
Anatomy of Melancholy

MEANING

1. Why does the author condemn ambition?
2. Write a definition of ambition from this passage.
3. Does the author say anything in favour of ambition?
4. Explain 'the moth of holiness', 'when they are about a suit', 'consume the interim of their time'.
5. What is the meaning of unessay'd, obsequious, fleer, solicitude?

STYLE

6. Compare this passage with that of Bacon. What are the main differences in regard to style?
7. Indicate examples of the following: (*a*) archaisms, (*b*) eccentricity, (*c*) prolixity, (*d*) pedantry, (*e*) allusiveness.
8. What do you learn about the author from this extract?
9. What is the effect achieved by the copious vocabulary?
10. Is there any trace of humour here?

XI

I CONFESS, no direction can be given to make a man of dull capacity able to make a fly well : and yet I know this, with a little practice, will help an ingenious angler in a good degree. But to see a fly made by an artist in that kind, is the best teaching to make it. And, then, an ingenious angler may walk by the river, and mark what flies fall on the water that day ; and catch one of them, if he sees the Trouts leap at a fly of that kind : and then having always hooks ready hung with him, and having a bag always with him, with bear's hair, or the hair of a brown or sad-coloured heifer, hackles of a cock or capon, several coloured silk and crewel to make the body of the fly, the feathers of a drake's head, black or brown sheep's wool, or hog's wool, or hair, thread of gold, and of silver ; silk of several colours, especially sad-coloured, to make the fly's head : and there be also other coloured feathers, both of little birds and of speckled fowl : I say, having those with him in a bag, and trying to make a fly, though he miss at first, yet shall he at last hit it better, even to such a perfection as none can well teach him. And if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit, also, where there is store of Trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them, as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly making.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683), from
The Compleat Angler

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.

2. What are the necessary materials for making a fly?

3. Why does the author give such a variety of materials?

4. What do you gather to be the qualities for a successful angler?

5. What is the meaning of sad-coloured, hackles, capon, crewel?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? What are its two main qualities?

7. What kind of sentence is the third, beginning 'And, then, an ingenious angler . . .'?

8. Can you find any sentences or phrases which are poetic?

9. How is the unusual flavour of the passage achieved?

10. This is from perhaps the only handbook of an art which ranks as literature. Can you suggest any reasons for this distinction?

XII

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear,

and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

AUTHORISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE (1611),
from *Isaiah*

MEANING

1. What is the theme of the passage?
2. Give a title to the first paragraph.
3. What is the key-sentence in the second paragraph?
4. Explain carefully the meaning of 'I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David'.
5. Enlarge upon the fitness of the comparison in the second paragraph beginning 'For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven . . .'.

STYLE

6. Is the language mainly concrete or abstract? Give examples.
7. Indicate several examples of parallelism. What purpose does it serve?
8. This passage is essentially poetry. Why?
9. Give examples of (*a*) imagery, (*b*) personification. How do they add to the general effect?
10. What are the outstanding qualities of this prose style? Can you account for the universality of its appeal?

XIII

WHAT song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who

were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism ; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they had done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vainglory, and madding vices. Pagan vainglories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vainglories, who acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments, and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias, and Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.

And therefore, restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons. One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to

be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction of our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of our time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and, being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605-1682), from *Urn-Burial*

MEANING

1. What is the theme of the passage?

2. Express the content of the first paragraph in your own words.

3. Why should the ambition of Pagans have the advantage of ours? How is the thought continued in the next paragraph?

4. What is meant by 'but to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration'; 'and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names'; 'Charles the Fifth can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector'; 'One face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other'?

5. Give the meaning of antiquarianism, tutelary, oblivion, diuturnity, superannuated, mutations.

STYLE

6. What is the difference between the vocabulary used by Browne and that used by Malory?

7. Point out six striking epithets.

8. What would be lost if the sentence beginning 'To extend our memories' were written 'To continue our memories by tombs, whose decay we pray for each day, and whose lasting we cannot expect, without harm to our hopes in the arrival of the last day, were a denial of our beliefs'?

9. Show the author's command of harmony by a careful analysis of the first three sentences. Then read to the end of the paragraph, and try to show that that is the unit of the prose rhythm.

10. Is this style a fitting one for the subject? Give reasons to support your opinion.

XIV

ANGER is one of the sinews of the soul; he that wants it hath a maimed mind, and with Jacob sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and with the Caspian sea never ebbe nor flow. This Anger is either Heavenly, when one is offended for God: or Hellish, when offended with God and Goodnes: or Earthly, in temporall matters. Which Earthly Anger (whereof we treat) may also be Hellish, if for no cause, no great cause, too hot, or too long.

Be not angry with any without a cause. If thou beest, thou must not onely, as the Proverb saith, be appeas'd without amends (having neither cost nor damage given

thee) but, as our Saviour saith, be in danger of the judgement.

Be not mortally angry with any for a veniall fault. He will make a strange combustion in the state of his soul, who at the landing of every cockboat sets the beacons on fire. To be angry for every toy debases the worth of thy anger ; for he who will be angry for anything, will be angry for nothing.

Let not thy anger be so hot, but that the most torrid zone thereof may be habitable. Fright not people from thy presence with the terrour of thy intolerable impatience. Some men like a tiled house are long before they take fire, but once on flame there is no coming near to quench them.

Take heed of doing irrevocable acts in thy passion. As the revealing of secrets, which makes thee a bankrupt for society ever after : neither do such things which done once are done for ever, so that no bemoaning can amend them. Sampsons hair grew again, but not his eyes : Time may restore some losses, others are never to be repaird. Wherefore in thy rage make no Persian decree which cannot be revers'd or repeald ; but rather Polonian laws which (they say) last but three dayes : Do not in an instant what an age cannot recompence.

THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661), from
The Holy and Profane State

MEANING

1. What different kinds of anger are there? Which kind is praiseworthy? Which is to be controlled?

2. Express in your own words the author's advice concerning anger.

3. What is the meaning of 'wants' in the first sentence? Comment on the appropriateness of the allusion to 'Jacob sinew-shrunk in the hollow of his thigh'.

4. Explain and enlarge upon the fitness of the image 'He will make a strange combustion in the state of his soul, who at the landing of every cockboat sets the beacons on fire'.

5. What is meant by 'As the revealing of secrets, which makes thee a bankrupt for society ever after'?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Does the style suit the subject?

7. Find an example of (*a*) aphorism, (*b*) epigram, (*c*) conceit, (*d*) imagery.

8. Can you find any indications of wit? Quote.

9. Discuss the fitness of the illustrations.

10. What are the main characteristics of this style?

XV

I DENY not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors: for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive,

as those fabulous dragon's teeth ; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book ; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image ; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth ; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss ; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books ; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674), from *Areopagitica*

MEANING

1. Write down the reasons why a good book should not be destroyed.

2. In what way does a book contain in it a potency of life?

3. Explain the full significance of the sentence ' I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive,

as those fabulous dragon's teeth ; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men '.

4. Consider the sentence ' revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse '. What is the meaning in your own words? Do you agree?

5. What is the meaning of malefactors, progeny, homicide, martyrdom, ethereal and fifth essence?

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this?

7. Is the language mainly abstract or concrete?

8. ' The style is the man.' What do you learn about the author from this extract?

9. Personal sincerity is essential for clear reasoning. Do you find this prose sincere and convincing?

10. What qualities of style give this passage its nobility?

XVI

ANGER is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I 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 ; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed ; and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

JEREMY TAYLOR (1613-1667), from *Sermons*

MEANING

1. Why is the first statement not a definition?
2. What is the theme of the extract?
3. Explain the passage beginning ' when his affairs have required business . . . overruled the man.' What is meant by ' business' and ' discipline '? Upon whom is he to pass judgment? ' met with the infirmities of a man ' what man? ' anger was its instrument ' to what does ' its ' refer? what is ' the prime agent'? what raised the ' tempest'? what now dominates the man?

4. Write down the main points in the description of the lark's flight and in the prayer of a good man, and compare the two. Is the balance perfect or not?

5. What is the necessary state of mind for successful prayer? Can you find the reason expressed here?

STYLE

6. Is this style distinguished by logic or imagination? Compare it with that of Fuller.

7. What kind of simile is it where Taylor says that prayer rises like a lark? Illuminative or decorative? Does he describe the lark for its own sake or merely as an illustration?

8. How does the description of the lark affect (*a*) the eloquence, (*b*) the force and urgency of the passage?

9. What personal interest has the author introduced? Quote to show his careful observation and ready sympathy.

10. How does the language differ from that of his contemporaries, Browne and Milton?

XVII

THEN Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further, here will I spill thy soul; and with that, he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that. Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, not-

withstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot; this made Christian give a little back: Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent. For you must know that Christian by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that, Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon I am sure of thee now; and with that, he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise; and with that, gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. And with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), from *Pilgrim's Progress*

MEANING

1. Write an account in your own words of the fight between Apollyon and Christian.

2. Compare your account with the original, and notice the differences. (Consider carefully Bunyan's choice of verbs.)

3. Describe what kind of creature you imagine Apollyon to be.

4. Explain the meaning of 'here will I spill thy soul'; 'almost quite spent'; 'followed his work amain'.

5. Comment upon the effectiveness of the following, 'Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way'; 'I am void of fear'; 'while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow'.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? In what way is it unusual?

7. Is the language mainly concrete or abstract? Give examples.

8. Is this an example of subjective or objective writing? Give reasons in support of your answer.

9. Compare this with the passage from Malory. What resemblances are there in (*a*) language, (*b*) style? How do the two passages differ?

10. Indicate the many ways in which the style shows the influence of the Bible.

XVIII

FOR these reasons of time and resemblance of genius in Chaucer and Boccace, I resolved to join them in my present work; to which I have added some original papers of my own, which whether they are equal or

inferior to my other poems, an author is the most improper judge ; and therefore I leave them wholly to the mercy of the reader : I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned ; but if they should, I have the excuse of an old gentleman, who mounting on horseback before some ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair spectators that they would count fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the mercy of God, I am already come within twenty years of his number, a cripple in my limbs, but what decays are in my mind, the reader must determine. I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul, excepting only my memory, which is not impaired to any great degree ; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great reason to complain. What judgement I had increases rather than diminishes; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject ; to run them into verse or to give them the other harmony of prose, I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some part of the old gentleman's excuse, yet I will reserve it till I think I have greater need, and ask no grains of allowance for the faults of this my present work, but those which are given of course to human frailty. I will not trouble my reader with the shortness of time in which I wrote it, or the several intervals of sickness : they who think too well of their own performances are apt to boast in their prefaces how little time their works have cost them, and what other business of more importance interfered : but the reader will be as apt to ask the question, why they allowed not

a longer time to make their works more perfect, and why they had so despicable an opinion of their judges as to thrust their indigested stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better.

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700), from *Preface to Fables*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.

2. Summarize the passage, using the Third Person and the Past Tense.

3. Why should an author be the most improper judge of his own work?

4. Why should 'the old gentleman' desire the ladies to count four-score and eight before passing judgment upon his mounting on horseback? Why could Dryden lawfully plead *some part* of the old gentleman's excuse?

5. Comment on the fitness of the phrase 'the other harmony of prose'.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? What is its purpose?

7. Is the last sentence loose, balanced, or periodic?

8 Compare this with the passage from Jeremy Taylor. What differences are there in (*a*) language, (*b*) intelligibility, (*c*) sentence construction?

9. What are the outstanding qualities of this style?

10. What sentence suggests that Dryden was a 'professional writer'? What effect would this have upon his prose style? Why?

XIX

We rested ourselves here five days ; during which time we had abundance of pleasant adventures with the wild creatures, too many to relate. One of them was very particular, which was a chase between a she-lion, or lioness, and a large deer ; and, though the deer is naturally a very nimble creature, and she flew by us like the wind, having, perhaps, about three hundred yards the start of the lion, yet we found the lion, by her strength, and the goodness of her lungs, got ground of her. They passed by us within about a quarter of a mile, and we had a view of them a great way, when, having given them over, we were surprised about an hour after to see them come thundering back again on the other side of us, and then the lion was within thirty or forty yards of her ; and both straining to the extremity of their speed, when the deer, coming to the lake, plunged into the water, and swam for her life, as she had before run for it.

The lioness plunged in after her, and swam a little way, but came back again ; and, when she was got upon the land, she set up the most hideous roar that ever I heard in my life, as if done in the rage of having lost her prey.

We walked out morning and evening constantly ; the middle of the day we refreshed ourselves under our tent ; but one morning early we saw another chase, which more nearly concerned us than the other ; for our black prince, walking by the side of the lake, was set upon by a vast great crocodile, which came out of the lake upon him ; and though he was very light of foot, yet it was as much as he could do to get away ;

he fled amain to us, and the truth is we did not know what to do, for we were told no bullet would enter her; and we found it so at first, for though three of our men fired at her, yet she did not mind them; but my friend the gunner, a venturous fellow, of a bold heart, and great presence of mind, went up so near as to thrust the muzzle of his piece into her mouth, and fired, but let his piece fall, and ran for it the very moment he had fired it; the creature raged a great while, and spent its fury upon the gun, making marks on the very iron with her teeth, but after some time fainted and died.

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731), from *Captain Singleton*

MEANING

1. Relate the two incidents here described.

2. Which incident seems the more convincing? Why?

3. Does this strike you as description at first hand? Give reasons.

4. Make a list of words and phrases which seem to you to be obsolete or old-fashioned.

5. Select some phrases which are in the modern idiom.

STYLE

6. Consider the construction of the sentences. Are they simple or complex? Why are they easy to understand in spite of their length?

7. Point out the simplicity of the language, paying special attention to the verbs. (*Cf.* Basic English.)

8. How does the author make the scene vivid to the reader?

9. This is an example of the documentary method. What are its main characteristics?

10. What changes do you notice in this narrative style from that of Hakluyt?

XX

And so the question is only this—whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist as those that are seated in the memory, which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion. How shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of Nature! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities ; an employment in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the play-house.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity, so far preferable

is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch ; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies, and then comes Reason officiously, with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting Nature ; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader that in such conclusions as these, Reason is certainly in the right, and that in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in ; whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), from
The Tale of a Tub

MEANING

1. Express the argument briefly in your own words.
2. Explain ' How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion '.

3. In the first paragraph is the author mocking the reader, the world, or himself? Do you think he is being deliberately uncertain?

4. Explain, in some detail, the sentence beginning, 'In the proportion that credulity . . .'

5. What is the effect produced by the last sentence? What are Swift's feelings towards the 'flaying'?

STYLE

6. Is the language mainly concrete or abstract? How many difficult words do you find in the passage?

7. What do you mean by satire, irony, sarcasm? Which do you find here?

8. Do you feel a personal intensity behind this style or not? If so, how is it achieved?

9. This prose style is a model of its kind. Enumerate its main qualities.

10. Does the attitude of the author strike you as enthusiastic and positive, or critical and negative? Give your reasons.

XXI

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sun lay, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain, the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties

explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular: and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon

these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719), from *The Spectator*

MEANING

1. What are the various reasons for which the author praises a country Sunday?

2. What has Sir Roger done to help his parishioners? Why?

3. Describe in your own words Sir Roger's idiosyncracies.

4. What is your conception of Sir Roger's character from this passage? Is it an idealized portrait?

5. In what way is Addison a social reformer? Consider carefully the first paragraph. What is his main concern?

STYLE

6. Give two good examples of a loose sentence in this extract.

7. How does this style strike the balance between modern journalism (suiting rapid attention) and artistic prose (satisfying the aesthetic sense)?

8. This is 'a discreet form of sermonizing'. How is the oratorical style avoided?

9. Point out the humour shown in this extract.

10. 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' Discuss this comment on Addison's style.

XXII

As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they

both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse which, I verily believe, was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and on my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of her's turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729),
from *The Spectator*

MEANING

1. Describe in your own words the character of the lady.

2. Describe Sir Roger's visit.

3. What three nouns at the beginning of this passage reveal the unusual attainments of this lady? What is the effect of these attainments? Consider carefully the last two sentences.

4. What is the subject of the lady's discourse? Why should this throw Sir Roger into 'the last confusion and silence'?

5. Explain the meaning of artifice, complacency, desperate scholar, votaries, sentiments, casuists.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Has it anything in common with letter-writing?

7. Is this prose 'classical' or 'romantic'?

8. Illustrate the author's use of the balanced sentence in this extract.

9. Point out the delicate irony in this passage.

10. What words or phrases indicate that this passage was written in the eighteenth century?

XXIII

I MAY as well try to write; since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman; whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light.

You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed; for all is hush and still; the family retired; but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I dare say, to rest.

At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down; and, as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woeful scene that presented itself to me, as I approached the bed.

The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears ; although she had been comforting him, as the women since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow ; her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner ; and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me, 'O Mr. Belford,' cried she, with folded hands,—'The dear lady'—A heavy sob permitted her not to say more.

Mrs. Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the Only Power which could give it, was kneeling down at the bed's feet, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks.

Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs. Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial, which she had just been offering to her dying mistress ; her face was swoln with weeping (though used to such scenes as this) ; and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow ; a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others.

The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word ; one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick on my approach pronounced my name, 'Oh! Mr. Belford,' said she, with a faint

inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—'Now! —Now! (in broken periods she spoke)—I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—will all soon be over—A few—a very few moments—will end this strife—And I shall be happy!'

SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761),
from *Clarissa Harlowe*

MEANING

1. Write a list of the people present in the room. What is the name of the person relating the incident? Who is the lady's cousin?

2. Describe the scene in your own words, using the third person and the past tense.

3. Which of the women is the most composed? What reasons can you find for her composure?

4. Explain 'as I mentioned in my last'; 'in elevated strains'; 'with a faint inward voice'; 'in broken periods she spoke'.

5. Indicate the details which help to give pictorial accuracy to the scene.

STYLE

6. What particular form of narrative is this? What are the advantages? Can you suggest any drawbacks?

7. Comment on the language. Is it consistent? Is there any striving after effect? Support your opinion.

8. Is this an example of objective or subjective writing?

9. Is this an expression of real emotion or sentimentality? Support your opinion.

10. Compare this style with that of Defoe. What new quality has been introduced into narrative prose?

XXIV

He had not gone above two miles, charmed with the hope of shortly seeing his beloved Fanny, when he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane, and ordered to stand and deliver. He readily gave them all the money he had, which was somewhat less than two pounds; and told them he hoped they would be so generous as to return him a few shillings, to defray his charges on his way home.

One of the ruffians answered with an oath, 'Yes, we'll give you something presently: but first strip and be d—n'd to you.'—'Strip,' cried the other, 'or I'll blow your brains to the devil.' Joseph, remembering that he had borrowed his coat and breeches of a friend, and that he should be ashamed of making any excuse for not returning them, replied, he hoped they would not insist on his clothes, which were not worth much, but consider the coldness of the night. 'You are cold, are you, you rascal?' said one of the robbers: 'I'll warm you with a vengeance'; and, damning his eyes, snapped a pistol at his head; which he had no sooner done than the other levelled a blow at him with his stick, which Joseph, who was expert at cudgel-playing, caught with his, and returned the favour so successfully on his adversary, that he laid him sprawling at his feet, and at the same instant received a blow from behind, with the butt end of a pistol, from the other villain, which felled him to the ground, and totally deprived him of his senses.

The thief who had been knocked down had now recovered himself; and both together fell to belabouring poor Joseph with their sticks, till they were

convinced they had put an end to his miserable being : they then stripped him entirely naked, threw him into a ditch, and departed with their booty.

HENRY FIELDING (1707-1754), from *Joseph Andrews*

MEANING

1. Relate the incident as though you were Joseph.

2. What is the difference between ' he was met by two fellows in a narrow lane ' and ' he met two fellows in a narrow lane '? What is implied by the first?

3. Make a list of the more vivid narrative details.

4. What do you learn about the character of Joseph from this extract?

5. Consider the following : ' returned the favour so successfully on his adversary.' What is the meaning of ' favour '? How is it used here? ' totally deprived him of his senses '. Would ' senseless ' have been equally good? (Read the whole sentence through carefully.)

STYLE

6. Comment on the variety of (*a*) sentence construction, (*b*) language. (Consider the various terms used in referring to the robbers.)

7. Consider the use of dialogue. How does it differ from that of Malory?

8. How does the author achieve speed of narrative style? Consider carefully the sentence beginning ' You are cold, are you, you rascal? . . .'

9. Compare this with the passage from Bunyan. What are the main differences in language and style?

10. In what ways is this a good narrative style?

XXV

THE life of a modern soldier is ill represented by heroick fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon and the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our late contests with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy ; the rest languished in tents and ships amidst damps and putrefaction ; pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless ; gasping and groaning, unpitied among men, made obdurate by long continuance of hopeless misery ; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless, and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and armies sluggishly melted away.

Thus is a people gradually exhausted, for the most part with little effect. The wars of civilized nations make very slow changes in the system of empire. The publick perceives scarcely any alteration but an increase of debt ; and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages. If he that shared the danger enjoyed the profit ; if he that bled in the battle grew rich by the victory, he might shew his gains without envy. But at the conclusion of a ten years war, how are we recompensed for the death of multitudes and the expence of millions, but by contemplating the sudden glories of paymasters and agents, contractors and commissaries, whose equipages shine like meteors and whose palaces rise like exhalations.

These are the men who, without virtue, labour,

or hazard, are growing rich as their country is impoverished ; they rejoice when obstinacy or ambition adds another year to slaughter and devastation ; and laugh from their desks at bravery and science, while they are adding figure to figure, and cipher to cipher, hoping for a new contract from a new armament, and computing the profits of a siege or tempest.

Those who suffer their minds to dwell on these considerations will think it no great crime in the ministry that they have not snatched with eagerness the first opportunity of rushing into the field, when they were able to obtain by quiet negotiation all the real good that victory could have brought us.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784), from *Thoughts on the late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract, and to each paragraph.

2. What is the key-sentence in the first paragraph?

3. Summarize the arguments against war.

4. Explain the following: 'heroick fiction'; 'whose equipages shine like meteors and whose palaces rise like exhalations'; 'computing the profits of a siege or tempest'.

Express positively: 'and the few individuals who are benefited, are not supposed to have the clearest right to their advantages.' What is suggested by this understatement?

5. Give the meaning of: torpid, obdurate, whelmed, incommodious, commissaries, negotiation.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Comment on the language. Is it mainly abstract or concrete?

7. Consider the construction of the sentences : ' By incommodious encampments . . .' and ' But at the conclusion of a ten years war . . .' Are they loose, balanced, or periodic? What devices are used to give dignity and rhythm? Compare with the Authorised Version of the Bible.

8. Select sentences which are aphoristic. What makes them effective?

9. How is the weightiness of this style achieved?

10. Illustrate the qualities which make this prose style an example of ' classicism '.

XXVI

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike, there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me ; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him : on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers —whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part ; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him ; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my

own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this : for parrots, jackdaws, etc.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, etc., for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent : nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog he would speak if he could)—yet somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I,—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver :

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—If thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768), from *Tristram Shandy*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.

2. Why is the author more interested in the ass than in other creatures?

3. Rewrite the sentence 'and where those carry me not deep enough . . . upon the occasion', making the meaning clearer.

4. Explain 'under panniers'; 'framing the responses from the etchings of his countenance'; 'they act by rote as the others speak by it'; 'in his beds of justice'.

5. Indicate the more self-revealing passages in this extract.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Comment on the construction of the sentences. What is the effect of the constant use of dashes, transpositions, enigmatical paragraphs?

7. Is this prose subjective or objective? What is the real subject of the passage? Compare it with the extract from Gilbert White. What are the differences?

8. Indicate the humour of the passage. How does the writer achieve his effects?

9. Consider the sensibility revealed here. Is the author's interest genuine? Has he pleasure in displaying his sentiments? Is his emotion under intellectual control? Compare with the extract from Richardson.

10. Show how the style reveals 'a subtle use of rhythm, a variety of effects, and an ingenious pursuit of originality'.

XXVII

THE old Sussex tortoise, that I have mentioned to you so often, is become my property. I dug it out of its winter dormitory in March last, when it was enough awakened to express its resentment by hissing; and, packing it in a box with earth, carried it eighty miles in post chaises. The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it, that, when I turned it out on a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden: however, in the evening, the weather being cold, it buried itself in the loose mould, and continues still concealed.

As it will be under my eye, I shall now have an opportunity of enlarging my observations on its mode of life and propensities; and perceive already that, towards the time of coming forth, it opens a breathing place in the ground near its head, requiring, I conclude, a freer respiration as it becomes more alive. This creature not only goes under the earth from the middle of November to the middle of April, but sleeps great part of the summer; for it goes to bed in the longest days at four in the afternoon, and often does not stir in the morning till late. Besides, it retires to rest for every shower; and does not move at all in wet days.

When one reflects on the state of this strange being, it is a matter of wonder to find that Providence should bestow such a profusion of days, such a seeming waste of longevity, on a reptile that appears to relish it so little as to squander more than two-thirds of its existence in a joyless stupor, and be lost to all sensation for months together in the profoundest of slumbers.

GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793), from *Natural History of Selborne*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.
2. What do you learn about the tortoise?
3. Express in your own words the author's comment upon 'the state of this strange being'.
4. Does the author reveal anything of himself in this passage?
5. Explain 'its mode of life and propensities'; 'requiring a freer respiration as it becomes more alive'; 'such a seeming waste of longevity'.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? How does such writing differ from an essay?
7. Select descriptive details that contribute to the realism of the passage.
8. Compare this passage with the one from Sterne. What are the differences in treatment?
9. Analyse the cadence of the last sentence.
10. 'Nothing could induce Gilbert White to exaggerate; even his style is free from the faintest tinge of pretentiousness.' Discuss.

XXVIII

WHEN epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster: as, in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy, so here each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, has been frightened

by the barking of a dog ; and this, alas! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength ; and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital ; and by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all-fours, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors ; while the mad mastiff is in the meantime ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before her usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks ; she desired me, if I had any regard for my safety to keep within ; for a few days ago so dismal an accident had happened, as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard, and bit a fine brindled cow ; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature thoroughly examined,

it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured ; and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774), from *Essays*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract, and to each paragraph.

2. In the first paragraph, trace the steps by which the story grows.

3. What phrase in the second paragraph prepares you for the story which follows?

4. Explain the following : 'smothered between two beds' ; 'ranging the whole country over' ; 'sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore'.

5. What do you learn about 'epidemic terror' from this passage?

STYLE

6. Comment on the language. Is it pedantic, familiar, latinised, simple, refined?

7. What kind of sentence is the last one in the first paragraph?

8. Indicate the humour of the passage.

9. How would you define 'charm of style'? Do you find it here? Support your opinion.

10. What do you learn of the general features of the essay from this extract? Compare it with that of Bacon. What similarities and differences do you find?

XXIX

SOCIETY is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence ; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science ; a partnership in all art ; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primaeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at

liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen, but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule ; because this necessity itself is a part too of that moral and physical disposition of things to which man must be obedient by consent of force : but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

EDMUND BURKE (1729-1797), from *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.
2. Summarize the passage.
3. In what ways is society a contract? Are the arguments stated here convincing?
4. What alone can justify a resort to anarchy?
5. Explain the following : 'each contract is but a clause in the great primaeval contract of eternal society' ; 'This law is not subject to the will of those who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superior, are bound to submit their will to that law'.

STYLE

6. What kind of prose is this? Does the style suit the subject?

7. Comment on the language. Is it simple, ornate, pedantic, vigorous, pompous? Comment also on the phrasing.

8. Is the last sentence loose, balanced, or periodic? What is the effect of the great variety of the sentences? Indicate any rhetorical devices.

9. How is the eloquence of style achieved? (Consider the rhythm of the last sentence carefully.)

10. What are the outstanding qualities of this prose style? What do you learn from it of the art of oratory?

XXX

ELATED with these praises, which gradually extinguished the innate sense of shame, Commodus resolved to exhibit, before the eyes of the Roman people, those exercises which till then he had decently confined within the walls of his palace and to the presence of a few favourites. On the appointed day the various motives of flattery, fear, and curiosity, attracted to the amphitheatre an innumerable multitude of spectators; and some degree of applause was deservedly bestowed on the uncommon skill of the Imperial performer. Whether he aimed at the head or heart of the animal, the wound was alike certain and mortal. With arrows, whose point was shaped into the form of a crescent, Commodus often intercepted the rapid career and cut asunder the long bony neck of the ostrich.

A panther was let loose ; and the archer waited till he had leaped upon a trembling malefactor. In the same instant the shaft flew, the beast dropped dead, and the man remained unhurt. The dens of the amphitheatre disgorged at once a hundred lions ; a hundred darts from the unerring hand of Commodus laid them dead as they ran raging round the *Arena*. Neither the huge bulk of the elephant nor the scaly hide of the rhinoceros could defend them from his stroke. Aethiopia and India yielded their most extraordinary productions ; and several animals were slain in the amphitheatre which had been seen only in the representations of art, or perhaps of fancy. In all these exhibitions the surest precautions were used to protect the person of the Roman Hercules from the desperate spring of any savage who might possibly disregard the dignity of the emperor and the sanctity of the god.

But the meanest of the populace were affected with shame and indignation, when they beheld their sovereign enter the lists as a gladiator, and glory in a profession which the laws and manners of the Romans had branded with the justest note of infamy.

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794), from *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*

MEANING

1. What is the author's attitude towards the sports of the Emperor Commodus?

2. What do your learn about Roman sports from the extract?

3. Indicate briefly the stages by which the narrative is unfolded.

4. What is meant by 'the dignity of the emperor and the sanctity of the god'?

5. Explain: innate, malefactor, amphitheatre, crescent.

STYLE

6. Find an example of one periodic and one balanced sentence in this extract.

7. Is the style assured and elegant, or exuberant and romantic? Quote to support your opinion.

8. Would such a style prove tedious to read at some length? Give reasons for or against. Would it have been tedious to contemporaries?

9. How does the author create a 'decorously insistent pattern' in his prose? (Consider the structure of the sentences, and the ordered rhythm.)

10. What kind of understanding does the author establish with his reader? Consider such statements as 'which till then he had decently confined within the walls of his palace'; 'any savage who might possibly disregard the dignity of the emperor'.

XXXI

MANNERING now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope that the end of his journey was near, by the apparition of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up, he was disappointed to find that the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to complete his

perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the relics of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail as, according to the good custom of North Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer was therefore compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, chose the left-hand path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat livelier pace than before, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope, however, was not speedily accomplished, and Mannering, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kipple-tringan was actually retreating before him in proportion to his advance.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him, but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-bog, a large species of bittern ; and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. To these was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise with great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks and small inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstance would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveller ignorant of his road. Mannering resolved, therefore, definitely to

halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kipple-tringan.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832), from *Guy Mannering*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.

2. What were the reasons for Mannering's impatience?

3. Give in your own words the reasons why Mannering feared the coast roads.

4. What one sentence sums up the situation described?

5. Why is the village of Kippletringan called 'unlucky'?

STYLE

6. What words and phrases give atmosphere to the passage?

7. Is Scott detached or not in his attitude to Mannering?

8. Comment on the rhythm and variety of the sentences in the second paragraph.

9. 'The motion is slow but the reader never becomes impatient.' Can the statement be applied to this prose?

10. Is this a satisfactory style for narrative? How does it differ from that of Defoe?

XXXII

In the act of stepping out of the boat, Nelson received a shot through the right elbow, and fell; but, as he fell, he caught the sword, which he had just drawn, in his left hand, determined never to part with it while he lived, for it had belonged to his uncle, Captain Suckling, and he valued it like a relic. Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat, and laid his hat over the shattered arm, lest the sight of the blood, which gushed out in great abundance, should increase his faintness. He then examined the wound, and taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them round tight above the lacerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind in his step-son, Nelson must have perished. One of his barge-men, by name Lovel, tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling with them for the broken limb. They then collected five other seamen, by whose assistance they succeeded at length in getting the boat afloat; for it had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet took one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to go close under the guns of the battery, that they might be safe from its tremendous fire. Hearing his voice Nelson roused himself, and desired to be lifted up in the boat, that he might look about him. Nisbet raised him up; but nothing could be seen except the firing of the guns on shore, and what could be discerned by their flashes upon the stormy sea. In a few minutes a general shriek was heard from the crew of the *Fox*, which had received a shot under water, and went down. Ninety-seven men were lost in her; eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose

exertions on this occasion greatly increased the pain and danger of his wound. The first ship which the boat could reach happened to be the *Seahorse*; but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that if they attempted to row to another ship it might be at the risk of his life. 'I had rather suffer death', he replied, 'than alarm Mrs. Freemantle, by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband.' They pushed on for the *Theseus*. When they came alongside, he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more from the *Fox*. He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left hand, saying, 'Let me alone: I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste, and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it is off the better.'

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843), from
Life of Nelson

MEANING

1. Give a title to the extract.
2. Summarize the passage.
3. What do you learn about the character of Nelson from this passage?
4. What indications are there of the scene of the battle?
5. Select details which give actuality to the description.

STYLE

6. Comment on the language. Is it figurative, plain, prolix, ornate, copious?

7. What is the effect of the direct speech in this passage?

8. What is the attitude of the author to his subject?

9. Compare this with the passage from Bunyan.

10. Illustrate the 'workmanlike' qualities of this prose. Why is it so especially suitable to biography?

XXXIII

It was hot; and after walking some time over the garden in a scattered, dispersed way, scarcely any three together, they insensibly followed one another to the delicious shade of a broad short avenue of limes, which, stretching beyond the garden at an equal distance from the river, seemed the finish of the pleasure grounds. It led to nothing; nothing but a view at the end over a low stone wall with high pillars, which seemed intended, in their erection, to give the appearance of an approach to the house, which had never been there. Disputable, however, as might be the taste of such a termination, it was in itself a charming walk, and the view which closed it extremely pretty. The considerable slope, at nearly the foot of which the Abbey stood, gradually acquired a steeper form beyond its grounds; and at half a mile distant was a bank of considerable abruptness and grandeur, well clothed with wood;—and at the bottom of this bank, favourably placed and sheltered, rose the Abbey-Mill Farm,

with meadows in front, and the river making a close and handsome curve around it.

It was a sweet view—sweet to the eye and the mind. English verdure, English culture, English comfort, seen under a sun bright, without being oppressive.

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817), from *Emma*

MEANING

1. Describe the scene in your own words, or draw a diagram.

2. What do you learn about the author from the sentence, ' It led to nothing ; nothing but a view '?

3. Why should ' the taste of such a termination ' be disputable?

4. Explain ' sweet to the eye and the mind ' ; ' English verdure, English culture '.

5. Does the author reveal a sincere appreciation of scenery or not? Support your opinion.

STYLE

6. Comment fully on the significance of the last three words in ' seen under a sun bright, without being oppressive '.

7. ' Descriptive prose of this kind is not written in any mood of compulsion.' Herbert Read. Explain and discuss.

8. ' The characteristics of her style are rather those of the essayist.' Discuss.

9. Would this style be adequate for dramatic action? (Read ' Persuasion ' and see.)

10. This passage has been indicated by Mr. F. L. Lucas as an example of the ' Classical ' style. Why?

XXXIV

Now albeit Mr. Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*; yet be it known to thee, reader—if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact—he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savoury mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labours of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honours of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odours. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'er-night vapours in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume, as he passeth; but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast.

This is *saloop*—the precocious herb-woman's darling—the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas—the delight, and, oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep. Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three-halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread and butter (an added halfpenny)—so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter volume to the welkin—

so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredienced soups—nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace and pocket!

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834), from *The Praise of Chimney-sweepers*

MEANING

1. What is the theme of the passage?
2. Rewrite the passage briefly in your own words.
3. Select words and phrases which strike you as humorous.
4. What is meant by: 'jostle for the honours of the pavement'; 'the kennels of our fair metropolis'; 'dissipate his o'er-night vapours'; 'eased of the o'er-charged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities'?
5. Explain: Salopian, ungenial, precocious, piazzas, unpennied, culinary, welkin, scintillation.

STYLE

6. What conception of the author's character do you form from this passage?
7. What tricks of style are used to achieve literary effect?
8. Make a careful analysis of the diction, pointing out any peculiarities which you may observe.
9. What would be the effect of such a style as this used as a model?
10. Is such a style, which is an end in itself, justified or not? Give your reasons.

XXXV

GIVE me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sumless treasuries', burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. 'Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!' I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very stuff of the conscience'. Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks

like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. 'Out upon such half-faced fellowship,' say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830), from
On Going a Journey

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Why does the author like to walk alone?
3. What sentence here do you consider the most self-revealing?
4. Explain: 'start some game'; 'I plunge into my past being'; 'indulge your reveries'.
5. 'Mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence.' Do you agree?

STYLE

6. Discuss the author's use of quotations.
7. What evidence is there here of Hazlitt's enthusiasm?
8. Give examples of Hazlitt's preference for the concrete term, and of his use of contrast, simile, and metaphor.
9. Compare this prose style with that of Lamb, stating resemblances and differences.
10. 'Hazlitt simply uses right English.' Discuss.

XXXVI

OBLIQUELY to the left lay the many-languaged town of Liverpool; obliquely to the right, the multitudinous

sea. The scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of Liverpool represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, yet brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind, and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance aloof from the uproar of life ; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended ; a respite were granted from the secret burdens of the heart ; some sabbath of repose ; some resting from human labours. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave ; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm ; tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms ; infinite activities, infinite repose.

O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that 'tempt the spirit to rebel', bringest an assuaging balm ;—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood ;—O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses ; and confoundest perjury ; and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges ;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the

fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatompylos ; and, ' from the anarchy of dreaming sleep ', callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the ' dishonours of the grave '. Thou only givest these gifts to man ; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle and mighty opium!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859), from *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.

2. Give in your own words the meaning of the first paragraph.

3. For what reasons does De Quincey praise opium?

4. Express in simpler language : ' tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal opposites ' ; ' with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath ' ; ' that to the chancery of dreams summonest for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses '.

5. Give the meaning of : halcyon calm, assuaging balm, confoundest perjury.

STYLE

6. What is the effect of the polysyllables?

7. What devices of the poet are used here to make the style suit the subject? Is the writing over-wrought?

8. Write a detailed analysis of the rhythm of the sentence beginning ' O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery . . . '.

9. Comment on, and illustrate, the various methods used for heightening the emotion. (Such as inversion, apostrophe, complication of the dependent clause, etc.)

10. What qualities of ' Romanticism ' do you find in this prose style?

XXXVII

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on : *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable: not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one; when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881), from
Sartor Resartus

MEANING

1. Give the reasons why Carlyle honours the Craftsman.

2. Why does he honour the Artist still more highly?

3. What is the point of the sentence, 'thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred'?

4. Explain: 'encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour'; 'when his outward and inward endeavour are one'.

5. Enlarge upon the idea expressed in 'but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us!' With what is it contrasted?

STYLE

6. What immediate impression does this passage make on you?

7. What do you learn about the author? What is his aim? Is he sincere?

8. Comment on the vocabulary. What is the purpose of the capital letters?

9. How is the abrupt vigour of style achieved?

10. Carlyle said of his own sentences, 'Perhaps not nine-tenths stand straight on their legs.' Discuss, and say what he gains and what he loses by this method.

XXXVIII

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being, for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their

own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the Evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe.

LORD MACAULAY (1800-1859), from
Essay on Milton

MEANING

1. Describe the peculiar character of the Puritans.

2. What particular qualities here described would make the Puritans unpopular?

3. Select sentences where you think the author is over-emphatic.

4. What is the meaning of: 'ceremonious homage'; 'terrestrial distinctions'; 'oracles of God'; 'registers of heralds'?

5. Explain carefully the meaning of the sentence: 'For his sake the Almighty . . . the harp of the prophet'.

STYLE

6. Can you find here any expressions which have originated from the Bible?

7. Consider the use here of antithesis. What is its purpose?

8. What devices of the orator are found here?

9. It has been said that Macaulay 'brings down his fist to clinch every sentence'. Comment, and illustrate from the passage.

10. Lord Brougham characterized this style as 'Tom's "snip-snap"'. Is there any truth in such a criticism?

XXXIX

If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me, when I look into this living busy world, and see no reflexion of its Creator. This is, to me, one of

those great difficulties of this absolute primary truth, to which I referred just now. Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world. I am speaking for myself only ; and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society and the course of history, but these do not warm me or enlighten me ; they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice. The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of 'lamentations, and mourning, and woe'.

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts ; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship ; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, 'having no hope and without God in the world,'—all

this is a vision to dizzy and appal ; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890), from *Apologia pro Vita Sua*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. What causes the author's pessimism?
3. Explain carefully the meaning of: atheist, pantheist, polytheist.
4. Express in your own words : 'the winter of my desolation' ; 'the leaves grow within me' ; 'impotent conclusion of long-standing facts' ; 'the curtain hung over his futurity'.
5. Comment upon the fitness of the illustration used in the first sentence.

STYLE

6. What kind of sentence is the second paragraph? Justify its length.
7. How does this style differ from that of Carlyle?
8. Consider the earnestness and sincerity of the author. Do you find his arguments impressive?
9. Indicate from the second paragraph the quick movement of Newman's thought.
10. What are the outstanding qualities of this prose style?

XL

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the Desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but

small stunted shrubs; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your task-master, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for a while and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labours on—your skin glows, your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk, and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become

the redness of roses ; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet comes and clings to his side.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE (1809-1891), from *Eothen*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.

2. With what word is 'flaming sword' connected to complete the personification?

3. Explain carefully, 'and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light'.

4. Consider the sentences beginning, 'No words are spoken . . .' and 'Time labours on . . .'. Can you suggest any reasons for the changes in phrase-order made in the second sentence?

5. Explain the sentence, 'the fair wavy cloud that fled in the morning . . . clings to his side'. Does it rise to a climax, or is it a gradual fading away?

STYLE

6. What figures of speech are used here?

7. What is the purpose of the frequent repetition? Is it effective?

8. Analyse the rhythm of the sentence beginning 'Time labours on . . . '.

9. Would you call this piece a prose poem?

10. Consider this description of the desert. How does it compare with any similar description you may know?

XLI

We must pass over a part of Mrs. Rebecca Crawley's biography with that lightness and delicacy which the world demands—the moral world, that has, perhaps, no particular objection to vice, but an insuperable repugnance to hearing vice called by its proper name. There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them: as the Ahrimanians worship the devil, but don't mention him: and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word breeches to be pronounced in her chaste hearing. And, yet, Madam, both are walking the world before our faces every day, without much shocking us. If you were to blush every time they went by, what complexions you would have! It is only when their naughty names are called out that your modesty has any occasion to show alarm or sense of outrage, and it has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner, so that nobody's fine feelings may be offended. I defy any one to say that our Becky, who has certainly some vices, has not been presented to the public in a perfectly genteel and inoffensive manner. In describing this siren, singing, and smiling, coaxing and cajoling, the author, with modest pride, asks his readers all round, has he once forgotten the laws of politeness, and showed the monster's hideous tail above water? No! Those who like may peep down under waves

that are pretty transparent, and see it writhing and twirling, diabolically hideous and slimy, flapping amongst bones, or curling round corpses ; but above the water-line, I ask, has not everything been proper, agreeable, and decorous, and has any the most squeamish immoralist in Vanity Fair a right to cry fie? When, however, the siren disappears and dives below, down among the dead men, the water of course grows turbid over her, and it is labour lost to look into it ever so curiously. They look pretty enough when they sit upon a rock, twangling their harps and combing their hair, and sing, and beckon to you to come and hold the looking-glass ; but when they sink into their native element, depend on it those mermaids are about no good, and we had best not examine the fiendish marine cannibals, revelling and feasting on their wretched pickled victims.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863),
from *Vanity Fair*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Summarize the passage.
3. Why need the author defend his heroine's biography?
4. What is the author's opinion of the public?
5. What is the key sentence of the passage?

STYLE

6. What is the author's purpose in this passage?
7. How does the author establish pleasant relations with his reader?

8. Do you find any irony in this passage?

9. 'The curious music of a light sentence of Thackeray's.' Quiller-Couch. Examine the last sentence in the light of this statement.

10. 'Nobody in our day wrote, I should say, with such perfection of style.' Carlyle, speaking of Thackeray. What qualities would you expect to find in an author so praised?

XLII

'SHE is still asleep,' he whispered. 'You were right. She did not call—unless she did so in her slumber. She has called to me in her sleep before now, sir; as I have sat by, watching, I have seen her lips move, and have known, though no sound came from them, that she spoke of me. I feared the light might dazzle her eyes and wake her, so I brought it here.'

He spoke rather to himself than to the visitor, but when he had put the lamp upon the table, he took it up, as if impelled by some momentary recollection or curiosity, and held it near his face. Then, as if forgetting his motive in the very action, he turned away and put it down again.

'She is sleeping soundly,' he said; 'but no wonder. Angel hands have strewn the ground deep with snow, that the lightest footstep may be lighter yet; and the very birds are dead, that they may not wake her. She used to feed them, sir. Though never so cold and hungry, the timid things would fly from us. They never flew from her!'

Again he stopped to listen, and scarcely drawing

breath, listened for a long, long time. That fancy past, he opened an old chest, took out some clothes as fondly as if they had been living things, and began to smooth and brush them with his hand.

'Why dost thou lie so idle there, dear Nell,' he murmured, 'when there are bright red berries out of doors waiting for thee to pluck them! Why dost thou lie so idle there, when thy little friends come creeping to the door, crying "where is Nell—sweet Nell?"—and sob, and weep because they do not see thee? She was always gentle with children. The wildest would do her bidding—she had a tender way with them, indeed she had!'

Kit had no power to speak. His eyes were filled with tears.

'Her little homely dress,—her favourite!' cried the old man, pressing it to his breast, and patting it with his shrivelled hand. 'She will miss it when she wakes. They have hid it here in sport, but she shall have it—she shall have it. I would not vex my darling for the wide world's riches. See here—these shoes—how worn they are—she kept them to remind her of our last long journey. You see where the little feet went bare upon the ground. They told me, afterwards, that the stones had cut and bruised them. *She* never told me that. No, no, God bless her! and, I have remembered since, she walked behind me, sir, that I might not see how lame she was—but yet she had my hand in hers, and seemed to lead me still.'

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870), from *The Old Curiosity Shop*

MEANING

1. What impression do you form of the character of the old man?

2. What is your impression of Nell?

3. How is the atmosphere of suspense and uneasiness maintained?

4. Explain the full significance of: 'See here—these shoes—how worn they are—she kept them to remind her of our last journey.'

5. Explain 'she walked behind me, sir, . . . and seemed to lead me still'.

STYLE

6. Indicate the use of 'poetic' words.

7. Do you find here any signs of careful art?

8. Compare this passage with the one taken from Richardson.

9. Examine carefully the emotional qualities in this style.

10. 'Here is the spirit of Romanticism carried to excess.' Explain and discuss.

XLIII

THE following evening was very wet: indeed it poured down till day-dawn; and, as I took my morning walk round the house, I observed the master's window swinging open, and the rain driving straight in. He cannot be in bed, I thought: those showers would drench him through. He must either be up or out. But I'll make no more ado, I'll go boldly and look.

Having succeeded in obtaining entrance with another key, I ran to unclose the panels, for the chamber was vacant; quickly pushing them aside, I peeped in. Mr. Heathcliff was there—laid on his back. His eyes met mine so keen and fierce, I started; and then he seemed to smile. I could not think him dead: but his face and throat were washed with rain; the bedclothes dripped, and he was perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill; no blood trickled from the broken skin, and when I put my fingers to it, I could doubt no more: he was dead and stark!

I hasped the window; I combed his black long hair from his forehead; I tried to close his eyes: to extinguish, if possible, that frightful, life-like gaze of exultation before any one else beheld it. They would not shut: they seemed to sneer at my attempts: and his parted lips and sharp white teeth sneered too! Taken with another fit of cowardice, I cried out for Joseph. Joseph shuffled up and made a noise; but resolutely refused to meddle with him.

'Th' divil's harried off his soul,' he cried, 'and he may hev his carcass into t' bargain, for aught I care! Ech! what a wicked un he looks girning at death!' and the old sinner grinned in mockery. I thought he intended to cut a caper round the bed; but, suddenly composing himself, he fell on his knees, and raised his hands, and returned thanks that the lawful master and the ancient stock were restored to their rights.

EMILY BRONTË (1818-1848), from
Wuthering Heights

MEANING

1. Why did Nelly think that Heathcliff was not dead?
2. Explain the significance of 'no blood trickled from the broken skin'.
3. 'Taken with another fit of cowardice.' Which was the first?
4. How does Joseph's utterance relieve the tension?
5. What do you consider to be the most dramatic writing here? Why?

STYLE

6. What is gained by telling the story in the first person?
7. Which verbs strike you as particularly well chosen?
8. Is this description more or less effective than the one from Richardson?
9. Compare this with the passage from Dickens. What are the chief differences?
10. What makes this style so convincing?

XLIV

'How should they?' said the old clerk, with some contempt. 'Why, my grandfather made the grooms' livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor' bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks: my grandfather heard old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad

o' sixteen ; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for " Macey, tailor," 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on the shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead o' the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep ; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses ; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land ; though as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor' bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish.'

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880), from *Silas Marner*

MEANING

1. Summarize the passage.

2. What do you learn about the speaker from this passage?

MEANING

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GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880), from *Silas Marner*

MEANING

1. Summarize the passage.

2. What do you learn about the speaker from this passage?

3. Write a brief character sketch of Mr. Cliff.

4. Explain as fully as you can 'they're out o' all charicter'.

5. Do you learn anything of the social order from this piece?

STYLE

6. Discuss the value of dialect in narrative prose.

7. How does this compare with the dialect in Scott or Dickens?

8. Give instances of the homeliness of this particular passage.

9. Indicate the humour in this passage.

10. 'There is an invigorating freshness in her prose when writing of rural life.' Discuss.

XLV

THE scene is often profoundly oppressive, even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building: but, in order to know what it was once, let the traveller follow in his boat at evening the windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near; and so wait, until the bright investiture and sweet warmth of the sunset are withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the night, pathless, comfortless, infirm, lost in dark languor and fearful silence, except where the salt runlets plash into the tideless pools, or the sea-birds

flit from their margins with a questioning cry; and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride; and yet, in the great natural laws that rule that sorrowful wilderness, let it be remembered what strange preparation had been made for the things which no human imagination could have foretold, and how the whole existence and fortune of the Venetian nation were anticipated or compelled, by the setting of those bars and doors to the rivers and the sea. Had deeper currents divided their islands, hostile navies would again and again have reduced the rising city into servitude; had stronger surges beaten their shores, all the richness and refinement of the Venetian architecture must have been exchanged for the walls and bulwarks of an ordinary seaport.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900), from *Stones of Venice*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Under what circumstances is the scene described oppressive?
3. What were the main advantages which Venice derived from her position?
4. What is the salient feature of the picture described in the first sentence?
5. Give the gist of the second half of the piece beginning 'They little thought . . .'.

STYLE

6. What kind of sentence is the first? Can you justify its length?

7. Exemplify Ruskin's use of vivid epithets.

8. Indicate the poetical devices employed to give richness of sound to the prose.

9. What are the merits of such poetic prose? What are its weaknesses?

10. Examine in detail the words in italics :

(*a*) lost in dark *languor* and fearful silence.

(*b*) the bright *investiture* of the sunset.

(*c*) where the salt runlets *plash* into tideless pools.

(*d*) sea birds *flit* from their margins.

(*e*) by the setting of those *bars* and *doors* to the rivers and the sea.

XLVI

THEY went noiselessly over mats of starry moss, rustled through interspersed tracts of leaves, skirted trunks with spreading roots whose mossed rinds made them like hands wearing green gloves ; elbowed old elms and ashes with great forks, in which stood pools of water that overflowed on rainy days, and ran down their stems in green cascades. On older trees still than these huge lobes of fungi grew like lungs. Here, as everywhere, the Unfulfilled Intention, which makes life what it is, was as obvious as it could be among the depraved crowds of a city slum. The leaf was deformed, the curve was crippled, the taper was interrupted ; the lichen ate the vigour of the stalk, and the ivy slowly strangled to death the promising sapling.

They dived amid beeches under which nothing grew, the younger boughs still retaining their hectic leaves, that rustled in the breeze with a sound almost metallic, like the sheet-iron foliage of the fabled Jarnvid wood. Some flecks of white in Grace's drapery had enabled Giles to keep her and her father in view till this time ; but now he lost sight of them, and was obliged to follow by ear—no difficult matter, for on the line of their course every wood-pigeon rose from its perch with a continued clash, dashing its wings against the branches with well-nigh force enough to break every quill. By taking the track of this noise he soon came to a stile.

Was it worth while to go further? He examined the doughy soil at the foot of the stile, and saw amongst the large sole-and-heel tracks an impression of a slighter kind, from a boot that was obviously not local. The mud-picture was enough to make him swing himself over and proceed.

The character of the woodland now changed. The bases of the smaller trees were nibbled bare by rabbits, and at divers points heaps of fresh-made chips, and the newly-cut stool of a tree, stared white through the undergrowth. There had been a large fall of timber this year, which explained the meaning of some sounds hat soon reached him.

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928), from *The Woodlanders*

MEANING

1. Give a title to the first paragraph.

2. What do you understand by the words ' the Unfulfilled Intention '?

3. How was the Unfulfilled Intention made obvious? Do you accept the comparison with 'the depraved crowds of a city slum'?

4. Explain the full implication of 'an impression from a boot that was obviously not local'.

5. What is the author's feeling towards Nature?

STYLE

6. Exemplify the author's powers of observation.

7. Comment on the similes used here.

8. What is the atmosphere of this passage? How is it achieved?

9. 'His style is deliberate and unadorned.' Discuss, and show how his style suits the subject.

10. 'His tastes are secretly guiding the preferences of his sight.' Examine this statement.

XLVII

But who shall count the sources at which an intense young fancy (when a young fancy *is* intense) capriciously, absurdly drinks?—so that the effect is, in twenty connections, that of a love-philtre or fear-philtre which fixes for the senses their supreme symbol of the fair or the strange. The Galerie d'Apollon became for years what I can only term a splendid scene of things, even of the quite irrelevant or, as might be, almost unworthy; and I recall to this hour, with the last vividness, what a precious part it played for me, and exactly by that continuity of honour, on my awaking, in a summer dawn many years later, to the fortunate, the instantaneous recovery and capture of the most appalling yet most admirable nightmare of my life. The climax

of this extraordinary experience—which stands alone for me as a dream-adventure founded in the deepest, quickest, clearest act of cogitation and comparison, act indeed of life-saving energy, as well as in unutterable fear—was the sudden pursuit, through an open door, along a huge high saloon, of a just dimly-descried figure that retreated in terror before my rush and dash (a glare of inspired reaction from irresistible but shameful dread), out of the room I had a moment before been desperately, and all the more abjectly defending by the push of my shoulder against hard pressure on lock and bar from the other side. The lucidity, not to say the sublimity, of the crisis had consisted of the great thought that I, in my appalled state, was probably still more appalling than the awful agent, creature or presence, whatever it was, whom I had guessed, in the suddenest wild start from my sleep, to be making for my place of rest. The triumph of my impulse, perceived in a flash as I acted on it by myself at a bound, forcing the door outward, was the grand thing, but the great point of the whole was the wonder of my final recognition. Routed, dismayed, the tables turned upon him by my so surpassing him for straight aggression and dire intention, my visitant was already but a diminished spot in the long perspective, the tremendous, glorious hall, as I say, over the far-gleaming floor of which, cleared for the occasion of its great line of priceless *vitrines* down the middle he sped for *his* life, while a great storm of thunder and lightning played through the deep embrasures of high windows at the right. The lightning that revealed the retreat revealed also the wondrous place, and, by the same amazing play, my young imaginative life in it of long

before, the sense of which, deep within me, had kept it whole, preserved it to this thrilling use; for what in the world were the deep embrasures and the so polished floor but those of the Galerie d'Apollon of my childhood?

HENRY JAMES (1843–1916), from *A Small Boy and Others* (1913)

MEANING

1. Describe the nightmare in your own words.
2. How is the nightmare connected with the other thoughts expressed here?
3. Explain in your own words the meaning of the second sentence beginning 'The Galerie d'Apollon . . .'
4. What is meant by 'so that the effect is, in twenty connections, that of a love-philtre or fear-philtre which fixes for the senses their supreme symbol of the fair or the strange'?
5. Comment upon the choice of words in 'a glare of inspired reaction from irresistible but shameful dread', 'my visitant was already but a diminished spot in the long perspective', 'a great storm of thunder and lightning played through the deep embrasures of high windows at the right'.

STYLE

6. Comment on the sentence structure, analysing the third sentence in some detail.
7. Consider carefully the rhythm of the last two sentences.
8. Comment on the eloquence of this passage. Compare it with that of Sir Thomas Browne.

9. Here James is dealing with a complicated subject. Show how he controls the surmises and guesses of his readers by the complexities of his style.

10. This has been called a 'sophisticated style'. What are its outstanding qualities? What new world of artistic possibilities would it originate?

XLVIII

With that, I shook myself, got once more into my boots and gaiters, and, breaking up the rest of the bread for Modestine,[1] strolled about to see in what part of the world I had awakened. Ulysses, left on Ithaca, and with a mind unsettled by the goddess, was not more pleasantly astray. I have been after an adventure all my life, a pure dispassionate adventure, such as befel early and heroic voyagers; and thus to be found by morning in a random woodside nook in Gévaudan —not knowing north from south, as strange to my surroundings as the first man upon the earth, an inland castaway—was to find a fraction of my day-dreams realised. I was on the skirts of a little wood of birch, sprinkled with a few beeches; behind, it adjoined another wood of fir; and in front, it broke up and went down in open order into a shallow and meadowy dale. All around there were bare hill-tops, some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened, but none apparently much higher than the rest. The wind huddled the trees. The golden specks of autumn in the birches tossed shiveringly. Overhead the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapour, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like

[1] The donkey.

tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. It was wild weather and famishing cold. I ate some chocolate, swallowed a mouthful of brandy, and smoked a cigarette before the cold should have time to disable my fingers. And by the time I had got all this done, and had made my pack and bound it on the pack-saddle, the day was tiptoe on the threshold of the east. We had not gone many steps along the lane, before the sun, still invisible to me, sent a glow of gold over some cloud mountains that lay ranged along the eastern sky.

The wind had us on the stern, and hurried us bitingly forward. I buttoned myself into my coat, and walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men, when suddenly, at a corner, there was Fouzilhic once more in front of me. Nor only that, but there was the old gentleman who had escorted me so far the night before, running out of his house at sight of me, with hands upraised in horror.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894), from *Travels with a Donkey*

MEANING

1. Summarize the passage.
2. Why should the author enjoy being lost?
3. Explain 'some near, some far away, as the perspective closed or opened'; 'the wind huddled the trees'; 'turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven'.
4. Show how the cold is emphasized throughout.
5. 'I walked on in a pleasant frame of mind with all men.' Why should such a journey produce this frame of mind?

STYLE

6. Is the periodic sentence used here?
7. Illustrate his ' varied and supple vocabulary '.
8. Are there any examples here of ' poetic prose '?
9. Find examples of Stevenson's keen sensibility to scenery.
10. Stevenson said that in writing ' the one rule is to be infinitely various '. Discuss the variety achieved here.

XLIX

THEN the sheets were hauled home, the yards hoisted, and the ship became a high and lonely pyramid, gliding, all shining and white, through the sunlit mist. The tug turned short round and went away towards the land. Twenty-six pairs of eyes watched her low broad stern crawling languidly over the smooth swell between the two paddle-wheels that turned fast, beating the water with fierce hurry. She resembled an enormous and aquatic blackbeetle, surprised by the light, overwhelmed by the sunshine, trying to escape with ineffectual effort into the distant gloom of the land. She left a lingering smudge of smoke on the sky, and two vanishing trails of foam on the water. On the place where she had stopped a round black patch of soot remained, undulating on the swell—an unclean mark of the creature's rest.

The *Narcissus* left alone, heading south, seemed to stand resplendent and still upon the restless sea, under the moving sun. Flakes of foam swept past her sides ; the water struck her with flashing blows ; the land glided away, slowly fading ; a few birds screamed on

motionless wings over the swaying mastheads. But soon the land disappeared, the birds went away ; and to the west the pointed sail of an Arab dhow running for Bombay, rose triangular and upright above the sharp edge of the horizon, lingered, and vanished like an illusion. Then the ship's wake, long and straight, stretched itself out through a day of immense solitude. The setting sun, burning on the level of the water, flamed crimson below the blackness of heavy rain clouds. The sunset squall, coming up from behind, dissolved itself into the short deluge of a hissing shower. It left the ship glistening from trucks to waterline, and with darkened sails. She ran easily before a fair monsoon, with her decks cleared for the night ; and, moving along with her, was heard the sustained and monotonous swishing of the waves, mingled with the low whispers of men mustered aft for the setting of watches ; the short plaint of some block aloft ; or, now and then, a loud sigh of wind.

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924), from *The Nigger of the 'Narcissus'*

MEANING

1. What two images are contrasted in the first paragraph?

2. What words in the second paragraph emphasize the smooth motion of the ship?

3. Why with 'darkened sails'?

4. Explain the full effectiveness of the simile 'and vanished like an illusion'.

5. How does Conrad make the reader feel himself on board the ship?

STYLE

6. Which verbs strike you as very well chosen?

7. Examine the author's use of technical terms. Do you find them difficult to understand?

8. What poetical devices do you find here? Are they effective?

9. Analyse carefully the rhythm of the sentence beginning 'But soon the land disappeared . . .'.

10. Comment on Conrad's use of words in :

(*a*) a high and lonely pyramid.

(*b*) under the moving sun.

(*c*) stretched itself through a day of immense solitude.

(*d*) the short deluge of a hissing shower.

(*e*) the sustained and monotonous swishing of the waves.

L

On the previous night one of the three Wombwell elephants had suddenly knelt on a man in the tent ; and he had then walked out of the tent and picked up another man at haphazard from the crowd which was staring at the great pictures in front, and tried to put this second man into his mouth. Being stopped by his Indian attendant with a pitchfork, he placed the man on the ground and stuck his tusk through an artery of the victim's arm. He then, amid unexampled excitement, suffered himself to be led away. He was conducted to the rear of the tent, just in front of Baines's shuttered windows, and by means of stakes, pulleys and ropes, forced to his knees. His head was

whitewashed, and six men of the Rifle Corps were engaged to shoot at him at a distance of five yards, while constables kept the crowd off with truncheons. He died instantly, rolling over with a soft thud. The crowd cheered, and intoxicated by their own importance, the Volunteers fired three more volleys into the carcass, and were then borne off as heroes to different inns. The elephant, by the help of his two companions, was got on to a railway lorry and disappeared into the night. Such was the greatest sensation that has ever occurred, or perhaps will ever occur, in Bursley. The excitement about the repeal of the Corn Laws, or about Inkerman, was feeble compared to that excitement. Mr. Critchlow, who had been called on to put a hasty tourniquet round the arm of the second victim, had popped in afterwards to tell John Baines all about it. Mr. Baines's interest, however, had been slight. Mr. Critchlow succeeded better with the ladies, who, though they had witnessed the shooting from the drawing-room, were thirsty for the most trifling details.

The next day it was known that the elephant lay near the playground, pending the decision of the chief bailiff and the medical officer as to his burial. And everybody had to visit the corpse. No social exclusiveness could withstand the seduction of that dead elephant. Pilgrims travelled from all the Five Towns to see him.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-1931), from *The Old Wives' Tale*

MEANING

1. Give a résumé in about 100 words.
2. Why were the Baines's windows shuttered?

3. Enlarge upon the significance of the following: 'suffered himself to be led away'; 'his head was whitewashed'; 'borne off as heroes to different inns'.

4. What do you learn about the ladies mentioned here?

5. Do you learn anything of the provincialism of Bursley from this passage?

STYLE

6. Compare this with the passage from Scott. Which is the easier to read? Why?

7. Point out the humour. (Is it humour or wit?)

8. Do you find any irony here?

9. Discuss the effectiveness of this matter-of-fact style.

10. 'This picture of reality seems to be guided by the same ideal as that of photography.' What are the merits and demerits of such an ideal?

LI

THOSE insessorial birds whose hardy temperament allows them to remain on our shores at all seasons of the year, naturally require some place of safety whither to retire from the strife of the warring elements in the winter months. Can we conceive of anything more suitable for this purpose and meeting all conditions than the ever verdant evergreen, which at all times of the year is found clothed in beautiful foliage. When November's blasts have robbed other trees of their arboreal covering, and all is cold and cheerless, the holly, yew, ivy, or stately fir spread out their foliage,

enticing by their warmth and shelter the feathered tribes in countless numbers. If, therefore, these useful trees were absent from our land, the number of resident birds and winter visitants would greatly decrease. In summer the presence of evergreens is not so much needed, for the sun, being higher in the heavens, has greater power, and vegetable life is at its acme of vigour, and affords in part the shelter required. But in winter what a change occurs! How bare the leafless trees and hedgerows! The evergreens now stand out prominent as friendly beacons, offering harbours of refuge for every weary songster that seeks their shelter. Birds may, however, be seen in small numbers enlivening the woods and hedgerows with their presence in the daytime ; but whither go these feathered creatures when the sun sinks below the western horizon?—To the nearest belt of shrubbery or cluster of evergreens, where, amid the luxuriant foliage they remain safe from enemies and cold until morning dawns, when their several requirements lead them forth anew amongst the more exposed and leafless tracts of country.

From Charles Dixon's *Rural Bird Life* (1880)

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Give the gist in about 50 words.
3. What one sentence sums up the information given here?
4. 'Meeting all conditions.' What conditions?
5. Give the meaning of: insessorial, arboreal, acme.

STYLE

6. Comment on the epithets used here.

7. Give examples of the following : (*a*) tautology, (*b*) cliché, (*c*) verbosity.

8. Consider the sentence 'Birds may, however, be seen in small numbers . . . below the western horizon?' Why is this a bad sentence?

9. Compare this piece carefully with the extract from Gilbert White in point of style.

10. Enumerate the weaknesses of this prose style.

LII

To tell the truth there is something in the long, slow lift of the ship, and her long, slow slide forwards which makes my heart beat with joy. It is the motion of freedom. To feel her come up—then slide slowly forward, with the sound of the smashing of waters, is like the magic gallop of the sky, the magic gallop of elemental space. That long, slow, waveringly rhythmic rise and fall of the ship, with waters snorting as it were from her nostrils, oh, God, what a joy it is to the wild innermost soul. One is free at last—and lilting in a slow flight of the elements, winging outwards. Oh, God, to be free of all the hemmed-in-life—the horror of human tension, the absolute insanity of machine persistence. The agony which a train is to me, really. And the long-drawn-out agony of a life among tense, resistant people on land. And then to feel the long, slow lift and drop of this almost empty ship, as she took the waters. Ah, God, liberty, liberty, elemental liberty. I wished in my soul the voyage

might last forever, that the sea had no end, that one might float in this wavering, tremulous, yet long and surging-pulsation while ever time lasted : space never exhausted, and no turning back, no looking back even.

The ship was almost empty—save of course for the street-corner louts who hung about just below, on the deck itself. We stood alone on the weather-faded little promenade deck, which had old oak seats with old, carved little lions at the ends, for arm-rests—and a little cabin mysteriously shut, which much peeping determined as the wireless office and the operator's little curtained bed-niche.

Cold, fresh wind, a black-blue, translucent, rolling sea on which the wake rose in snapping foam, and Sicily on the left : Monte Pellegrino, a huge, inordinate mass of pinkish rock, hardly crisped with the faintest vegetation, looming up to heaven from the sea. Strangely large in mass and bulk Monte Pellegrino looks : and bare, like a Sahara in heaven : and old-looking. These coasts of Sicily are very imposing, terrific, fortifying the interior. And again one gets the feeling that age has worn them bare : as if old, old civilizations had worn away and exhausted the soil, leaving a terrifying blankness of rock, as at Syracuse in plateaus, and here in great mass.

D. H. LAWRENCE (1885-1930), from *Sea and Sardinia* (1923)

MEANING

1. Summarize the first paragraph.

2. Explain in your own words ' the horror of human tension, the absolute insanity of machine persistence '.

3. What is the meaning of: 'hardly crisped with the faintest vegetation'; 'like a Sahara in heaven'? Why should the 'blankness of rock' be terrifying?

4. What are your impressions on reading 'the magic gallop of the sky, the magic gallop of elemental space'?

5. Explain as fully as you can the meaning of 'the long-drawn-out agony of a life among tense, resistant people on land'.

STYLE

6. Indicate the variety of the sentences, and the rhythmic effects achieved.

7. Exemplify the use of repetition. What is its effect?

8. Are there any evidences of poetic sensitiveness?

9. Examine the spontaneity of expression. Compare it with that of Hazlitt.

10. In what ways is this an original, modern style?

LIII

ONE of the greatest dangers of living in large towns is that we have too many neighbours and human fellowship is too cheap. We are apt to become wearied of humanity; a solitary green tree sometimes seems dearer to us than an odd thousand of our fellow-citizens. Unless we are hardened, the millions of eyes begin to madden us; and for ever pushed and jostled by crowds we begin to take more kindly to Malthus, and are even willing to think better of Herod and other wholesale depopulators. We begin to hate the sight

of men who would appear as gods to us if we met them in Turkestan or Patagonia. When we have become thoroughly crowd-sick, we feel that the continued presence of these thousands of other men and women will soon crush, stamp, or press our unique, miraculous individuality into some vile pattern of the streets ; we feel that the spirit will perish for want of room to expand in : and we gasp for an air untainted by crowded humanity.

Some such thoughts as these come to me, at first, in my curious little glimpse of solitude. I am possessed by an ampler mood than men commonly know, and feel that I can fashion the world about me to my changing whims ; my spirit overflows, and seems to fill the quiet drooping country-side with sudden light and laughter ; the empty road and vacant fields, the golden atmosphere and blue spaces are my kingdoms, and I can people them at will with my fancies. Beautiful snatches of poetry come into my head, and I repeat a few words, or even only one word, aloud and with passionate emphasis, as if to impress their significance and beauty upon a listening host. Sometimes I break into violent little gusts of laughter, for my own good pleasure. At other times I sing, loudly and with abandon : to a petrified audience of one cow and three trees I protest melodiously that Phyllis has such charming graces that I could love her till I die, and I believe it, too, at the time. I brag to myself, and applaud and flatter myself. I even indulge in one or two of those swaggering day-dreams of boyhood in which one finds oneself suddenly raised to some extraordinary eminence, the idol of millions, a demi-god among men, from which height one looks

down with kindly scorn on those myopic persons who did not know true greatness when they saw it, sarcastic schoolmasters and jeering relatives for the most part.

J. B. PRIESTLEY (1894-), from 'A Road to Oneself', from *Papers from Lilliput* (1922)

MEANING

1. Give a title to the passage.
2. Express in your own words the argument in the first paragraph. Do you agree?
3. What is implied by 'take more kindly to Malthus' and 'think better of Herod'?
4. Express in your own words the mood suggested in the second paragraph.
5. Why should the 'swelling mood' come to the author with this 'little glimpse of solitude'?

STYLE

6. Does this extract appeal to you? If so, why?
7. Comment on the structure and variety of the sentences in the first paragraph.
8. 'Common sense, poetic fancies, and rose-spectacled reminiscence.' How far does this sum up the author's attitude?
9. Compare and contrast, in some detail, with the extract from Hazlitt.
10. 'A plain-fronted, stone-built style devoid of obtrusive ornament.' Discuss.

LIV

THE philosophers have often maintained that happiness, like beauty, is a by-product, a lovely but accidental acquisition. The bloom appears on fruit or on the face of youth, uncovenanted benefit; so bliss slips into our lives, coming the more surely the less it is pursued. You set out to do something; you pin your mind to the purpose; you do the job and, lo, happiness descends upon you. But you must not think about the pleasure; to dissociate the hedonic tone, as the psychologists gravely call it, from the activity is fatal. Stick to the deed, the action, and there comes the joy, a secret visitation. The nature of the deed does not matter greatly, sobeit your heart and brain and muscles are in the work. To hit a ball correctly or to compose a masterpiece, the process is the same. Concentrate, achieve, and the mysterious felicity will follow. The way to ensure happiness is not to seek it.

So they say, but mankind has never believed it. Mankind, in the mass, is more concerned with pleasure than with happiness; it believes in 'a good time' which is made good, in the hedonistic sense, by very reason of our simple intention to enjoy. This fervour of the holiday spirit, this instinctive passion for carnival, is the perhaps inarticulate but quite unquestionable response to the grave philosopher who resolves happiness into an accident of successful action. The plain man, 'out to enjoy himself', has some reason on his side, the reason of demonstrated fact. It is easy to be cynical about the gala and the fête and to discover the gloom upon the face of youth where bloom was intended, by alleging that those who seek the fugitive

felicity can never catch her up. The cynic is answered by the democratic spectacle. Last week-end, in the sun-drenched Easter weather, people set out to be merry, and is it really denied that the object was attained? To be 'all out for fun' is not nearly as foolish as the philosopher deems; holiday-makers often put up with crowding and fatigue and perhaps get over-tired. But they know what they want and they achieve it. They, and not philosophy, are the best judges of their own satisfaction.

IVOR BROWN, 'Joy Week', from *The Observer*, April 3rd, 1932

MEANING

1. What is hedonism? Explain 'to dissociate the hedonic tone from the activity is fatal'.

2. What sentence in the first paragraph sums up the whole argument?

3. Summarize the second paragraph.

4. What is the difference between 'happiness' and 'pleasure'?

5. Explain carefully 'the cynic is answered by the democratic spectacle'.

STYLE

6. What is the author's intention? How will this influence his style?

7. Indicate the use of colloquialisms.

8. What literary devices are used here? Are they successful?

9. Is there any striving after effect? (Consider carefully the first paragraph.)

10. Does this style bear close analysis? What is your final judgment?

LV

MR. CLAUD GURNEY'S production of *The Taming of the Shrew* shows a violent ingenuity. He has learnt much from Mr. Cochran ; there is also a touch of Hammersmith in its ebullient days. The speed, the light, the noise, the deployment of expensively coloured figures, the whisking about the stage of a bed with caryatids and some pretty dining-room furniture amuse the senses and sometimes divert the mind from the unfunny brutality of the play, which evokes not one natural smile. There are live greyhounds, a stuffed hawk, a pantomime horse and a sort of ballet. Miss Zinkeisen's quattrocento sets and dresses, by 'Vogue' out of the Uffizi, ought to disappoint nobody. Nothing goes better in England than a play about baiting : given all this chicness and colour the evening is quite a riot. In the person of Christopher Sly, Mr. Arthur Sinclair brings to the New Theatre the cosmic nobility of the Abbey drunk. Mr. Banks—how much bored and how much at sea inwardly one will never know—sustains his Petruchio with a virtuosity for which he deserves praise : the unvariation of the character is desolating. Miss Evans is, above all, unhappily cast : her physical dignity, her irony, her maturity do not do well in knockabout. Her technique roves over the part ; she cannot make it tragic, as it is, or funny, as it was meant to be. She can only go all out in the

speech in the last act: some earlier scenes are so unbearably inappropriate as to make one shut one's eyes. Katherina should be played by a slight, tense, fiery-furious and almost incorporeal girl—or boy. The Christopher Sly frame sets—was meant to set—the play back one plane farther into unreality: to please, it must have the abstract flatness of a masque, the wish-fulfilment monotony of a dream. Even so, the breaking of anyone's spirit by a tough and a set of muffs is not a pretty theme. It could, of course, be given quite another rendering: it would be interesting to see this play performed in Moscow, with Katherina as the historic martyr of an extinct society. Meanwhile, the wrongheaded wild girl and her subjection are still big money to Hollywood and the home-page editor; rough-house courtships boom, and still have only one end. Katherina's final speech, the fruit of those empty platters, is reparaphrased, with no sting in the tail.

From *The New Statesman* (1937)

MEANING

1. Recapitulate the substance of this passage.
2. Would you be eager to see the play after reading this review?
3. 'Nothing goes better in England than a play about baiting.' Discuss.
4. Explain: 'cosmic nobility of the Abbey drunk'; 'wish-fulfilment monotony of a dream'; 'historic martyr of an extinct society'.
5. What is the meaning of: caryatids, quattrocento, virtuosity?

STYLE

6. Indicate where the author tries to startle and impress the reader with a show of cleverness.

7. What kind of prose is this? Comment on the vocabulary.

8. Indicate examples of: (*a*) cacophony, (*b*) cliché, (*c*) jargon, (*d*) ' violent ingenuity '.

9. Take the last two sentences. Consider in detail the manner and tone.

10. What are the modernist elements of this style?

3. FURTHER SELECTIONS OF PROSE

ASSIGN the following passages of prose to their periods, and where possible to authors, giving your reasons from internal evidence. Compare passages representing different periods, authors and kinds. Refer back to the selections in the main section of the book for method of approach. Try to describe accurately the differences of quality and kind, and the main characteristics of style of the passage under consideration.

I

AN evil-doer giveth heed to wicked lips; and a liar giveth ear to a mischievous tongue. Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker: and he that is glad at calamity shall not be unpunished. Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers. Excellent speech becometh not a fool: much less do lying lips a prince. A gift is as a precious stone in the eyes of him that hath it: whithersoever it turneth, it prospereth. He that covereth a transgression seeketh love: but he that harpeth on a matter separateth chief friends. A rebuke entereth deeper into one that hath understanding than a hundred stripes into a fool. An evil man seeketh only rebellion; therefore a cruel messenger shall be sent against him. Let a bear robbed of

her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly. Whoso rewardeth evil for good, evil shall not depart from his house. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water : therefore leave off contention, before there be quarrelling.

II

I READ the other day that a man had been fined for keeping a bull in a field across which a footpath ran. The bull was not stated to have injured anybody, and it was merely his presence that constituted an offence against the public. I did not know that this was the law, for I thought that, as a dog is allowed a bite or two, perhaps a bull might be allowed a toss or two before he or his owner could be proceeded against. It is a relief that this is not so.

For bulls are one of the great drawbacks to the proper enjoyment of a rural life, especially in a grass country. It quite spoils your appreciation of the beauties of some meadow, bright with buttercups and cowslips, when you notice between you and the nearest hedge a bull, which is looking at you fixedly. There is something peculiarly grim and hostile about the expression of a bull, with its thick neck and small roving eye, and one can never feel at ease in the presence of that mixture of fierceness and stupidity. If it has a ring in its nose, as many bulls have, it makes the matter worse, for the ring, while it affords no protection to you, may be a badge of ill-temper. The question is what is the best thing to do should the bull behave in an uncomfortable way.

Never having been chased by a bull, I find no

answer in my experience. I say 'never' without feeling any necessity to touch wood, because now I am sure I shall never be chased, for the simple reason that, whatever the attitude of the bull, I certainly could not run away for any distance or with the prospect of escape. Anyhow, I have been told that it is a bad thing to run. A dignified walk, becoming gradually more rapid, is, I understand less likely to excite the bull to pursue. Possibly a man of ordinary agility might do something effective with his coat.

III

RIGHT so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver ; and when he came nigh he felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage ; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged, that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people.

So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found him lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him ; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir no member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk ; and so he lay

four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said nay.

In the name of God, said the old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all ; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

IV

THERE is no wall so impregnable or so vulgar, but a summer's grass will attempt it. It will try to persuade the yellow brick, to win the purple slate, to reconcile stucco. The thatch of cottages has given it an opportunity. It has perched and alighted in showers and flocks. It has crept and crawled, and stolen its hour. It has made haste between the ruts of cart wheels, so they were not too frequent. It has been stealthy in a good cause, and bold out of reach. It has been the most defiant runaway, and the meekest lingerer. It has been universal, ready and potential in every place, so that the happy country—village and field alike—has been all grass, with mere exceptions.

And all this the grass does in spite of the ill-treatment it suffers at the hands, and mowing-machines, and vestries of man. His ideal of grass is growth that shall never be allowed to come to its flower and completion. He proves this in his lawns. Not only does he cut the coming grass-flower off by the stalk, but he does not allow the mere leaf—the blade—to perfect itself. He will not have it a ' blade ' at all ; he cuts its top away as never sword or sabre was shaped. All the beauty of a blade of grass is that the organic shape has the intention of ending in a point. Surely no one at all

aware of the beauty of lines ought to be ignorant of the significance and grace of manifest intention, which rules a living line from its beginning, even though the intention be towards a point while the first spring of the line is towards an opening curve. But man does not care for intention ; he mows it. Nor does he care for attitude ; he rolls it. In a word, he proves to the grass, as plainly as deeds can do so, that it is not to his mind. The rolling, especially, seems to be a violent way of showing that the universal grass interrupted by the life of the Englishman, is not as he would have it. Besides, when he wishes to deride a city, he calls it grass-grown.

V

Now they had not gone far, but a great mist and darkness fell upon them all, so that they could scarce, for a great while, see the one the other ; wherefore they were forced, for some time, to feel for one another by words ; for they walked not by sight.

But any one must think that here was but sorry going for the best of them all ; but how much worse for the women and children, who both of feet and heart were but tender. Yet so it was, that through the encouraging words of he that led in the front, and of him that brought them up behind, they made a pretty good shift to wag along.

The way also was here very wearisome, through dirt and slabbiness. Nor was there on all this ground so much as one inn or victualling-house, therein to refresh the feebler sort. Here, therefore, was grunting, and puffing, and sighing. While one tumbleth over

a bush, another sticks fast in the dirt ; and the children, some of them, lost their shoes in the mire. While one cries out, I am down ; and another, Ho! where are you? and a third, The bushes have got such fast hold on me, I think I cannot get away from them.

Then they come at an arbour, warm, and promising much refreshing to the pilgrims ; for it was finely wrought above head, beautified with greens, furnished with benches and settles. It also had in it a soft couch whereon the weary might lean. This, you must think, all things considered, was tempting ; for the pilgrims already began to be foiled with the badness of the way; but there was not one of them that made so much as a motion to stop there.

VI

A good woman in my neighbourhood, who was bred a habit-maker, though she handled her needle tolerably well, could scarcely get employment. But being obliged, by an accident, to have both her hands cut off from the elbows, what would in another country have been her ruin, made her fortune here : she was now thought more fit for her trade than before ; business flowed in apace, and all people paid for seeing the mantua-maker who wrought without hands.

A gentleman showing me his collection of pictures, stopped at one with peculiar admiration : there, cries he, is an estimable piece. I gazed at the picture for some time, but could see none of those graces with which he seemed enraptured : it appeared to me the most paltry piece of the whole collection : I therefore demanded where those beauties lay, of which I was yet

nsensible. Sir, cries he, the merit does not consist in he piece, but in the manner in which it was done. The painter drew the whole with his foot, and held the pencil between his toes : I bought it at a very great price ; for peculiar merit should ever be rewarded.

But these people are not more fond of wonders, than iberal in rewarding those who show them. From the wonderful dog of knowledge, at present under the patronage of the nobility, down to the man with the box, who professes to show the best imitation of Nature that was ever seen, they all live in luxury. A singing-woman shall collect subscriptions in her own coach and six : a fellow shall make a fortune by tossing a straw from his toe to his nose ; one in particular has found that eating fire was the most ready way to live ; and another who jingles several bells fixed to his cap, is the only man that I know of, who has received emolument from the labours of his head.

VII

My body is my prison ; and I would be so obedient to the Law, as not to break prison ; I would not hasten my death with starving, or macerating this body : But if this prison be burnt down by continuall feavers, or blowen down with continuall vapours, would any man be so in love with that ground upon which that prison stood, as to desire rather to stay there, than to go home? Our prisons are fallen, our bodies are dead to many former uses ; Our palate dead in a tastelesnesse ; Our stomach dead in an indigestiblenesse ; our feete dead in a lamenesse, and our invention in a dulnesse, and our memory in a forgetfulnesse ; and

yet, as a man that should love the ground, where his prison stood, we love this clay, that was a body in the days of our youth, and but our prison then, when it was at best; wee abhorre the graves of our bodies; and the body, which, in the best vigour thereof, was but the grave of the soule, we over-love. *Pharaohs* Butler, and his Baker went both out of prison in a day; and in both cases, *Joseph*, in the interpretation of their dreames, calls that, (their very discharge out of prison) a lifting up of their heads, a kinde of preferment: Death raises every man alike, so far, as that it delivers every man from his prison, from the incumbrances of this body: both Baker and Butler were delivered of their prison; but they passed into divers states after, one to the restitution of his place, the other to an ignominious execution. Of thy prison thou shalt be delivered whether thou wilt or no; thou must die; Foole, this night thy soule may be taken from thee; and then, what thou shalt be to morrow, prophecy upon thy selfe, by that which thou hast done to day; If thou didst depart from that Table in peace, thou canst depart from this world in peace.

VIII

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our

attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those that are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting any thing masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never *writ* a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use in the world ; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

IX

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

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have? —to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma*—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue—which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy-boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit couchant, and co-extensive —so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay.

X

THINKING as we do that the cause of the King was the cause of bigotry and tyranny, we yet cannot refrain

from looking with complacency on the character of the honest old Cavaliers. We feel a national pride in comparing them with the instruments which the despots of other countries are compelled to employ, with the mutes who throng their antechambers, and the Janissaries who mount guard at their gates. Our royalist countrymen were not heartless, dangling courtiers, bowing at every step, and simpering at every word. They were not mere machines for destruction dressed up in uniforms, caned into skill, intoxicated into valour, defending without love, destroying without hatred. There was a freedom in their subserviency, a nobleness in their very degradation. The sentiment of individual independence was strong within them. They were indeed misled, but by no base or selfish motive. Compassion and romantic honour, the prejudices of childhood, and the venerable names of history, threw over them a spell as potent as that of Duessa ; and, like the Red-Cross Knight, they thought that they were doing battle for an injured beauty, while they defended a false and loathsome sorceress. In truth they scarcely entered at all into the merits of the political question. It was not for a treacherous king or an intolerant church that they fought, but for the old banner which had waved in so many battles over the heads of their fathers, and for the altars at which they had received the hands of their brides. Though nothing could be more erroneous than their political opinions, they possessed, in a far greater degree than their adversaries, those qualities which are the grace of private life.

XI

It is generally better to deal by speech than by letter; and by the mediation of a third than by a man's self. Letters are good when a man would draw an answer by letter back again; or when it may serve for a man's justification, afterwards to produce his own letter; or where it may be danger to be interrupted or heard by pieces. To deal in person is good when a man's face breedeth regard, as commonly with inferiors; or in tender cases, where a man's eye upon the countenance of him with whom he speaketh may give him a direction how far to go: and generally, where a man will reserve to himself liberty either to disavow or to expound. In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of a plainer sort, that are like to do that, that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the success, than those that are cunning to contrive out of other men's business somewhat to grace themselves, and will help the matter in report, for satisfaction sake. Use also such persons as affect the business wherein they are employed, for that quickeneth much; and such as are fit for the matter, as bold men for expostulation, fair-spoken men for persuasion, crafty men for inquiry and observation, froward and absurd men for business that doth not well bear out itself. Use also such as have been lucky and prevailed before in things wherein you have employed them; for that breeds confidence, and they will strive to maintain their prescription. It is better to sound a person with whom one deals afar off than to fall upon the point at first; except you mean to surprise him by some short question. It is

better dealing with men in appetite than with those that are where they would be.

XII

PERCEIVING the bird flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed ; whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered, had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout ; for before he could reach the door of his chamber, the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead ; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him ; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and spectres.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs ; when candles being brought and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself ; but when they asked him what was the

matter? he answered, 'I am a dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him.' 'What hast thou seen, Jack?' says one of the soldiers. 'Why I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday.' He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

XIII

THE landscape really begins to change. The hillsides tilt sharper and sharper. A man is ploughing with two small red cattle on a craggy, tree-hanging slope as sharp as a roof-side. He stoops at the small wooden plough, and jerks the ploughlines. The oxen lift their noses to heaven, with a strange and beseeching snake-like movement, and taking tiny little steps with their frail feet move slantingly across the slope-face, between rocks and tree roots. Little, frail, jerky steps the bullocks take, and again they put their horns back and lift their muzzles snakily to heaven, as the man pulls the line. And he skids his wooden plough round another scoop of earth. It is marvellous how they hang upon that steep, craggy slope. An English labourer's eyes would bolt out of his head at the sight.

There is a stream: actually a long tress of a waterfall pouring into a little gorge, and a stream bed that opens a little, and shows a marvellous cluster of naked poplars away below. They are like ghosts. They have a ghostly, almost phosphorescent luminousness in the

shadow of the valley, by the stream of water. If not phosphorescent, then incandescent: a grey, goldish-pale incandescence of naked limbs and myriad cold-glowing twigs, gleaming strangely. If I were a painter I would paint them: for they seem to have living sentient flesh. And the shadow envelops them.

Another naked tree I would paint is the gleaming mauve-silver fig, which burns its cold incandescence, tangled, like some sensitive creature emerged from the rock. A fig tree come forth in its nudity gleaming over the dark winter-earth is a sight to behold. Like some white, tangled sea anemone. Ah, if it could but answer! or if we had tree-speech!

XIV

SOMETIMES the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretend to any right. Sometimes one prince quarreleth with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon, because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take ours or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of war to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land, that would render our dominions round and complete. If a prince sends forces into a nation, where the people

are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he hath driven out the invader, should seize on the dominions himself, and kill, imprison or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage, is a frequent cause of war between princes, and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel : poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud, and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For those reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others : because a soldier is hired to kill in cold blood as many of his own species, who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

XV

Ah! the vine! One is exalted even by the sound of that word. It is so beautiful . . . so cool and pure. It is like a soft high note blown on a far-off flute.

The leaves are beautiful too . . . flamboyantly designed with a fine romantic flourish, flushed when the hour comes with a hectic red, as though something of the virtue of the grapes had stained them with their own sweet shame. You may take a thousand vine leaves in your hands and never will you discover a pair which is patterned in the same shade of red, nor decked in the same design. A vine leaf is a fine thing . . . an aristocrat . . . it curls disdainfully on the slender stem

. . flaunts its flushed cheeks to the dying suns of September.

And here, in the grape-clusters, is the whole sting and sweetness of beauty . . its bloom and its opulence . . . its poison and its dark fire . . . its gentle, self-sufficient grace. There are some flowers and fruits that have beauty of form, or of colour, or of association, but a cluster of grapes has all these beauties, and more. There is a radiance of much remembered poetry about it . . . and a misty promise of happiness to come. Yet even if these things were not so—even if one saw, for the first time, the heavy purple fruit hanging sudden against the white sky—one would be amazed by the discovery of a new glory.

I cannot honestly say that I ever saw any 'heavy purple fruit hanging', etc., etc. But I certainly saw something. And I saw it very suddenly, on a thundery morning in August, when the skies were grey-white, as though they were scared of the wild spirits which leapt behind their sober curtain.

XVI

SOMEWHERE, but I knew not where—somehow, but I knew not how—by some beings, but I knew not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, if I could raise myself to

will it; and yet had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded', I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

XVII

MEEK creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin,—laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate

silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? 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 is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray 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.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills ; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery.

XVIII

He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. 'He hears the tumult, and is still.' He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him without putting himself forward

to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring, starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Woe to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment.

XIX

A HEAVY reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more

tavern-bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much ; purse and brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness : of this contradiction you shall now be quit. O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice : you have no true debitor and creditor but it ; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge : your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters ; so the acquittance follows.

Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache : but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer ; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Your death has eyes in's head then ; I have not seen him so pictured : you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril : and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

XX

Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable ; for the world, I count it not an inn but an hospital ; and a place not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is myself ; it is the microcosm of my own frame

that I cast mine eye on, for the other, I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outside, perusing only my condition and fortunes, do err in my altitude, for I am above Atlas's shoulders. The earth is a point, not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us ; that mass of flesh that circumscribes me limits not my mind ; that surface that tells the heaven it hath an end cannot persuade me I have any. I take my circle to be above three hundred and sixty. Though the number of the arc do measure my body it comprehendeth not my mind. Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm, or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God, as well as Scripture. He that understands not thus much hath not his introduction, or first lesson, and is yet to begin the alphabet of man.

XXI

Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed

too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprize, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people ; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things ; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection ; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me.

XXII

Even the relator of feigned adventures, when once the principal characters are established, and the great events regularly connected, finds incidents and episodes

crowding upon his mind; every change opens new views, and the latter part of the story grows without labour out of the former. But he that attempts to entertain his reader with unconnected pieces, finds the irksomeness of his task rather increased than lessened by every production. The day calls afresh upon him for a new topic, and he is again obliged to choose, without any principle to regulate his choice.

It is indeed true, that there is seldom any necessity of looking far, or inquiring long, for a proper subject. Every diversity of art or nature, every public blessing or calamity, every domestic pain or gratification, every sally of caprice, blunder of absurdity, or stratagem of affectation, may supply matter to him whose only rule is to avoid uniformity. But it often happens, that the judgment is distracted with boundless multiplicity, the imagination ranges from one design to another, and the hours pass imperceptibly away, till the composition can be no longer delayed, and necessity enforces the use of those thoughts which happen to be at hand. The mind, rejoicing at deliverance on any terms from perplexity and suspense, applies herself vigorously to the work before her, collects embellishments and illustrations, and sometimes finishes, with great elegance and happiness, what in a state of ease and leisure she never had begun.

XXIII

We grown people can tell ourselves a story, give and take strokes until the bucklers ring, ride far and fast, marry, fall, and die; all the while sitting quietly by the fire or lying prone in bed. This is exactly what a

child cannot do, or does not do, at least, when he can find anything else. He works all with lay figures and stage properties. When his story comes to the fighting he must rise, get something by way of a sword and have a set-to with a piece of furniture, until he is out of breath. When he comes to ride with the king's pardon, he must bestride a chair, which he will so hurry and belabour and on which he will so furiously demean himself, that the messenger will arrive, if not bloody with spurring, at least fiery red with haste. If his romance involves an accident upon a cliff, he must clamber in person about the chest of drawers and fall bodily upon the carpet, before his imagination is satisfied. Lead soldiers, dolls, all toys, in short, are in the same category and answer the same end. Nothing can stagger a child's faith; he accepts the clumsiest substitutes and can swallow the most staring incongruities. The chair he has just been besieging as a castle, or valiantly cutting to the ground as a dragon, is taken away for the accommodation of a morning visitor, and he is nothing abashed; he can skirmish by the hour with a stationary coal-scuttle; in the midst of the enchanted pleasaunce, he can see, without sensible shock, the gardener soberly digging potatoes for the day's dinner. He can make abstraction of whatever does not fit into his fable; and he puts his eyes into his pocket, just as we hold our noses in an unsavoury lane. And so it is, that although the ways of children cross with those of their elders in a hundred places daily, they never go in the same direction nor so much as lie in the same element.

XXIV

IMPUNITY and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth ; but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment, and in what things persuasion only is to work. If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance, prescription, and compulsion, what were virtue but a name, what praise could be then due to well doing, what gramercy to be sober, just, or continent? Many there be that complain of divine providence for suffering Adam to transgress. Foolish tongues! when God gave him reason, he gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing ; he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force ; God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes ; herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human beings, who imagine to remove sin, by removing the matter of sin ; for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are ; and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Suppose we could expel sin

by this means ; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue : for the matter of them both is the same : remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us even to a profuseness all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety.

XXV

THE universe, so far as we can observe it, is a wonderful and immense engine ; its extent, its order, its beauty, its cruelty, makes it alike impressive. If we dramatize its life and conceive its spirit, we are filled with wonder, terror, and amusement, so magnificent is that spirit, so prolific, inexorable, grammatical, and dull. Like all animals and plants, the cosmos has its own way of doing things, not wholly rational nor ideally best, but patient, fatal, and fruitful. Great is this organism of mud and fire, terrible this vast, painful, glorious experiment. Why should we not look on the universe with piety? Is it not of our substance? Are we made of other clay? All our possibilities lie from eternity hidden in its bosom. It is the dispenser of all our joys. We may address it without superstitious terrors ; it is not wicked. It follows its own habits abstractedly ; it can be trusted to be true to its word. Society is not impossible between it and us, and since it is the source of all our energies, the home of all our happiness, shall we not cling to it and praise it, seeing that it vegetates so grandly and so sadly, and that it is not for us to blame it for what, doubtless, it never knew that it did?

Where there is such infinite and laborious potency there is room for every hope.

XXVI

For Contemplation and love of Wisdom, no Cloister now opens its religious shades ; the Thinker must, in all senses, wander homeless, too often aimless, looking up to a Heaven which is dead for him, round to an Earth which is deaf. Action, in those old days, was easy, was voluntary, for the divine worth of human things lay acknowledged ; Speculation was wholesome, for it ranged itself as the handmaid of Action ; what could not so range itself died out by its natural death, by neglect. Loyalty still hallowed obedience, and made rule noble ; there was still something to be loyal to : the Godlike stood embodied under many a symbol in men's interests and business ; the Finite shadowed forth the Infinite ; Eternity looked through Time. The Life of man was encompassed and overcanopied by a glory of Heaven, even as his dwelling-place by the azure vault.

How changed in these new days! Truly may it be said, the Divinity has withdrawn from the Earth ; or veils himself in that wide-wasting Whirlwind of a departing Era ; wherein the fewest can discern his goings. Not Godhead, but an iron, ignoble circle of Necessity embraces all things ; binds the youth of these times into a sluggish thrall, or else exasperates him into a rebel. Heroic Action is paralysed ; for what worth now remains unquestionable with him ? At the fervid period when his whole nature cries aloud for Action, there is nothing sacred under whose banner

he can act ; the course and kind and conditions of free Action are all but undiscoverable. Doubt storms-in on him through every avenue ; inquiries of the deepest, painfulest sort must be engaged with ; and the invincible energy of young years waste itself in sceptical, suicidal cavillings ; in passionate 'questionings of Destiny', whereto no answer will be returned.

XXVII

We can afford to be hard upon the young, for youth itself is hard. The young are not dependent in any way upon what we think of them, for they are still convinced that the powers of the universe plotted amicably to fill them with greatness, so that whether the lesser mortals that encompass them think well or ill of them matters little. They are still living in Eternity, and, unlike the old, do not understand the need of claiming some measure of applause while there is yet time for it. Their hours are spacious, golden, crammed with promise. If we should put a young man into high office, it is unlikely that he would think any better of us : he owes us nothing ; he has received only his deserts ; he has got one office, but he might have had any one of a hundred others that were shining before his path. The world appears to him so fruitful of glorious opportunities that even to thrust him into a post of honour is to do him an injury by limiting his choice. And as for the young who scribble and write music (and they are legion), what can be done for them? They are all geniuses whose work is above the understanding and taste of the age, and as such are beyond our ministrations, for your misunder-

stood young genius is perhaps the only completely independent, self-satisfied thing in the universe. What are little paragraphs in the papers, invitations to dinner, and the like to him when he is the man for whom the century has been waiting to give it voice. He can exist, as a young friend of mine did, on stale cake and cocoa, and yet march about the world like an emperor, attended by the glittering cohorts of his vain and heated fancy.

XXVIII

A STUDENT, then, that is, a man who condemns himself to toil for a length of time and through a number of volumes in order to arrive at a conclusion, naturally loses that smartness and ease which distinguishes the gay and thoughtless rattler. There is a certain elasticity of movement and hey-day of the animal spirits seldom to be met with but in those who have never cared for any thing beyond the moment, or looked lower than the surface. The scholar having to encounter doubts and difficulties on all hands, and indeed to apply by way of preference to those subjects which are most beset with mystery, becomes hesitating, sceptical, irresolute, absent, dull. All the processes of his mind are slow, cautious, circuitous, instead of being prompt, heedless, straightforward. Finding the intricacies of the path increase upon him in every direction, this can hardly be supposed to add to the lightness of his step, the confidence of his brow as he advances. He does not skim the surface, but dives under it like the mole to make his way darkling, by imperceptible degrees, and throwing up heaps of dirt

and rubbish over his head to track his progress. He is therefore startled at any sudden light, puzzled by any casual question, taken unawares and at a disadvantage in every critical emergency. He must have time given him to collect his thoughts, to consider objections, to make further inquiries, and come to no conclusion at last. This is very different from the dashing *off-hand* manner of the mere man of business or fashion ; and he who is repeatedly found in situations to which he is unequal (particularly if he is of a reflecting and candid temper) will be apt to look foolish, and to lose both his countenance and his confidence in himself—at least as to the opinion others entertain of him, and the figure he is likely on any occasion to make in the eyes of the world. The course of his studies has not made him wise, but has taught him the uncertainty of wisdom ; and has supplied him with excellent reasons for suspending his judgment, when another would throw the casting-weight of his own presumption or interest into the scale.

XXIX

I HAD now the whole south of *France*, from the banks of the *Rhône* to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule at my own leisure—*at my own leisure*—for I had left Death, the Lord knows—and He only—how far behind me—' I have followed many a man thro' *France*, quoth he—but never at this mettlesome rate.' —Still he followed,—and still I fled him—but I fled him cheerfully—still he pursued—but, like one who pursued his prey without hope—as he lagg'd, every step he lost, soften'd his looks—why should I fly him at this rate?

So notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more ; and, after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of *Languedoc* upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers, than a large rich plain ; especially if it is without great rivers or bridges ; and presents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty : for after they have once told you, that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the soil was grateful, and that nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to some town ; and that town, perhaps of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain—and so on.

—This is most terrible work ; judge if I don't manage my plains better.

XXX

THE sun had now got far to the west of south and stood directly in her face, like some merciless incendiary, brand in hand, waiting to consume her. With the departure of the boy all visible animation disappeared from the landscape, though the intermittent husky notes of the male grasshoppers from every tuft of furze were enough to show that amid the prostration of the larger animal species an unseen insect world was busy in all the fulness of life.

In two hours she reached a slope about three-fourths the whole distance from Alderworth to her own home,

where a little patch of shepherd's thyme intruded upon the path ; and she sat down upon the perfumed mat it formed there. In front of her a colony of ants had established a thorough-fare across the way, where they toiled a never-ending and heavy-laden throng. To look down upon them was like observing a city street from the top of a tower. She remembered that this bustle of ants had been in progress for years at the same spot—doubtless those of the old times were the ancestors of these which walked there now. She leant back to obtain more thorough rest, and the soft eastern portion of the sky was as great a relief to her eyes as the thyme was to her head. While she looked a heron arose on that side of the sky and flew on with his face towards the sun. He had come dripping wet from some pool in the valleys, and as he flew the edges and lining of his wings, his thighs, and his breast were so caught by the bright sunbeams that he appeared as if formed of burnished silver. Up in the zenith where he was seemed a free and happy place, away from all contact with the earthly ball to which she was pinioned ; and she wished that she could arise uncrushed from its surface and fly as he flew then.

XXXI

I HAD a great many adventures after this, but I was young in the business, and did not know how to manage, otherwise than as the devil put things into my head ; and, indeed, he was seldom backward to me. One adventure I had which was very lucky to me. I was just going through Lombard Street in the dusk of the evening, just by the end of Three King Court, when

on a sudden comes a fellow running by me as swift as lightning, and throws a bundle that was in his hand just behind me, as I stood up against the corner of the house at the turning into the alley. Just as he threw it in, he said, 'God bless you, mistress, let it lie there a little,' and away he runs. After him comes two more, and immediately a young fellow without his hat, crying, 'Stop thief!' They pursued the last two fellows so close, that they were forced to drop what they had got, and one of them was taken into the bargain; the other got off free.

I stood stock-still all this while, till they came back, dragging the poor fellow they had taken, and lugging the things they had found, extremely well satisfied that they had recovered the booty and taken the thief; and thus they passed by me, for I looked only like one who stood up while the crowd was gone.

Once or twice I asked what was the matter, but the people neglected answering me, and I was not very importunate; but after the crowd was wholly passed, I took my opportunity to turn about and take up what was behind me and walk away. This, indeed, I did with less disturbance than I had done formerly, for these things I did not steal, but they were stolen to my hand. I got safe to my lodgings with this cargo, which was a piece of fine black lustring silk, and a piece of velvet; the latter was but part of a piece of about eleven yards; the former was a whole piece of near fifty yards. It seems it was a mercer's shop they had rifled. I say rifled, because the goods were so considerable that they had lost; for the goods that they recovered were pretty many, and I believe came to about six or seven several pieces of silk. How they

came to get so many I could not tell ; but as I had only robbed the thief, I made no scruple at taking these goods, and being very glad of them too.

XXXII

THE aunt and nephew in this City church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and string, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young St. Anthony for awhile resists, but presently becomes a backslider, and in dumb-show defies the sniggerers to " heave " a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by his aunt (a rigorous reduced gentlewoman who has the charge of offices), and I perceive the worthy relative to poke him in the side with the corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this by holding his breath, and terrifying his kinswoman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes, he swells and becomes discoloured, and yet again swells and becomes discoloured, until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out, with no visible neck, and his eyes going before him like a prawn's. This causes the sniggerers to regard flight as an eligible move, and I know which of them will go out first, because of the over-devout attention that he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman. In a little while, this hypocrite, with an elaborate demonstration of hushing his footsteps, and with a face generally expressive of having until now forgotten a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone. Number Two

gets out in the same way, but rather quicker. Number Three, getting safely to the door, there turns reckless, and, banging it open, flies forth with a Whoop! that vibrates to the top of the tower above us.

The clergyman, who is of a prandial presence and a muffled voice, may be scant of hearing as well as of breath, but he only glances up as having an idea that somebody has said Amen in a wrong place, and continues his steady jog-trot, like a farmer's wife going to market. He does all he has to do in the same easy way, and gives us a concise sermon, still like the jog-trot of the farmer's wife on a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon lulls the three old women asleep, and the unmarried tradesman sits looking out at window, and the married tradesman sits looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another, so superlatively happy, that I mind when I, turned of eighteen, went with my Angelica to a City church on account of a shower (by this special coincidence that it was in Huggin Lane), and when I said to my Angelica, 'Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this!' and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred anywhere. And oh, Angelica! what has become of you this present Sunday morning when I can't attend to the sermon? and, more difficult question than that, what has become of Me as I was when I sat by your side?

XXXIII

CONTENTEDNESS in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal

felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon chance and the uncertain dispositions of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our own fortunes good or bad ; and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or are proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear not death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness ; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents among things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain, or if we want meat till we die, then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave ; and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him ; for so the adder teaches us where to strike, by her curious and fearful defending of her head.

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4. GLOSSARY

I am indebted to the following works in compiling this glossary—*The Concise Oxford English Dictionary*; Webster's *New International Dictionary*; H. W. Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage*; *An A.B.C. of English Usage*, by H. A. Treble and G. H. Vallins; and W. W. Skeat's *Concise Etymological Dictionary*.

(1) Kinds of Prose

Argumentative: containing a process of reasoning.

Critical: exercising careful judgment.

Descriptive: portraying an object, sensation, or incident in words; giving an account of anything in words.

Dramatic: intended to portray life or character, or tell a story, by actions and dialogue.

Exhortatory: language intended to incite and encourage.

Expository: setting forth for purposes of explanation or display. Showing the meaning of a written work; elucidation; interpretation; commentary.

Narrative: recital of connected facts; telling particulars of events; story-telling.

Oratorical: characterized by oratory (the art of speaking in public eloquently or effectively). The exercise of rhetorical skill; using eloquent language. Treating an important subject in a formal and dignified manner.

Philosophical: attempting to give a reasonable account of our personal attitude towards the more serious business of life. "Applying pure thought to the

explanation of phenomena. Rational; wise; temperate."

SATIRICAL: holding up abuses, vice, or folly to censure or ridicule.

(2) QUALITIES OF LANGUAGE

ABSTRACT: considered apart from any particular object. Ideal, abstruse, theoretical. "Symbolically representing to the mind something that is not immediately perceived. Expressing a quality, activity, or state."

ALLUSIVE: use of allusions, references.

APHORISTIC: a brief but comprehensive sentence stating a general doctrine or truth.

APOSTROPHE: a rhetorical device; "a sudden breaking off from the previous method of discourse and the addressing in the second person, some person or thing, absent or present."

ARCHAIC: obsolete; antiquated; old-fashioned diction, idiom or style.

BOMBASTIC: words and figures inflated, ludicrously unsuited to the ideas.

CACOPHONOUS: harsh or discordant in sound.

COLLOQUIAL: using words peculiar to the vocabulary of everyday talk.

CONCISE: implies brevity that omits as much as possible consistent with expressing the meaning forcibly.

CONCRETE: suggesting the immediate experience of realities, dealing with actual things or events; real, specific, particular.

CONVERSATIONAL: appropriate to every-day talk.

COPIOUS: ample vocabulary; profuse, exuberant in expression.

DIFFUSE: unfolding ideas fully, adding illustration after illustration; not restrained.

ELEVATED : exalted ; ennobled ; refined.

EPIGRAMMATIC : a witty or ingenious turn of thought, often satirical in character, tersely and sharply expressed.

EUPHEMISTIC : substituting a mild or pleasant expression for one that is disagreeable but more accurate.

EUPHONIOUS : pleasing in sound ; smooth-sounding.

EUPHUISTIC : means the peculiar style of the author of *Euphues*. Marked by (1) balanced constructions, (2) alliteration, (3) similes from natural history.

EXUBERANT : plenteous ; luxuriant ; lavish.

FAMILIAR : not formal ; easy ; affable ; unconstrained.

FIGURATIVE : using many figures of speech (metaphor, simile, personification, etc.) ; flowery.

FLORID : overloaded with ornament and figures of rhetoric.

GRANDILOQUENT : marked by a lofty style ; pompous.

LATINISED : the use of unfamiliar words of Latin origin, or the use of Latin constructions.

JARGON : confused unintelligible language. Any form of language that uses many terms that are meaningless to people in general.

JOURNALESE : style considered characteristic of newspaper writing ; striving after effect ; marked by clichés or hackneyed phrases, " the use of circumlocution and other clumsiness."

MANNERED : use of some turn of expression not because it is the most appropriate but from force of habit.

MODULATED : that which is tempered, softened, toned down.

NEOLOGICAL : employing new words or meanings ; word-coining.

ORNATE : marked by elaborate rhetoric ; adorned with figures of speech.

OSTENTATIOUS : implies undue or vainglorious display.

PARADOX : an assertion contrary to opinion ; a seemingly absurd though perhaps really well-founded statement.

PARALLELISM : similarity of construction, or meaning, of clauses placed side by side, as is common in Hebrew poetry.

PEDANTIC : too many allusions, Latinisms, etc., making an unreasonable show of learning.

PICTURESQUE : assuming pictorial form ; possessing homely charm ; vivid or graphic.

PLAIN : where figures of speech are avoided as much as possible.

PLEONASTIC : characterized by the use of words whose omission would leave the meaning exact.

POINTED : containing many epigrams, antithesis (a contrast of words or ideas, especially emphasized by the positions of the contrasting words, at the beginning or end of a sentence or clause), condensed sentences.

POMPOUS : loftiness of expression out of keeping with the subject ; a solemn and exaggerated self-importance.

PRETENTIOUS : which lays claim to greater importance than is warranted ; given to outward show.

PROLIX : wearisome attention to trivial details ; when diffuseness becomes tedious.

REDUNDANT : using more words than are necessary to express one's meaning.

RHETORICAL : the art of expressive speech ; the power of persuasion or attraction ; given to inflated or exaggerated language.

SENTENTIOUS : full of meaning ; terse and energetic in expression.

STILTED : raised above the usual level ; hence, pompous ; bombastic ; pedantic.

TAUTOLOGICAL : unnecessary repetition of the same idea in different words.

TERSE : neat, polished conciseness.

VERBOSE : employing unnecessary words, irrelevant details, circumlocutions (or periphrasis, a roundabout way of saying a thing). Excessive wordiness.

VIVID : producing distinct and life-like mental images.

SENTENCES : 1. BALANCED : " a sentence in which one part corresponds to another in the form of its phrases and the position of its words."

2. LOOSE : a sentence in which the main thought is announced immediately. " A sentence which is grammatically complete at one or more points before its end."

3. PERIODIC : a sentence in which the main thought is reserved until late in the sentence.

(3) QUALITIES OF STYLE

(*a*) *Intellectual*—

CLEARNESS : " may apply both to ideas and to their expression." Free from obscurity ; which cannot be misunderstood.

LUCIDITY : " has special reference to clearness of order or arrangement."

PERSPICUITY : " lays more stress than *clearness* upon the medium of expression regarded for itself. It frequently connotes a certain elegance of style."

SIMPLICITY : free from complexity or intricacy ; uninvolved ; easy to understand.

ABSTRUSENESS : suggests especially remoteness from ordinary ways of thought.

CONCEIT : far-fetched, fantastic turn of expression or figure of speech.

OBSCURITY : not easily understood ; not clear.

RECONDITE : stresses the idea of depth or profundity, especially with reference to knowledge which is beyond ordinary understanding.

ESOTERIC : meant for an inner circle of adepts ; understood by the initiated alone.

OCCULT : implies the action of supernatural agencies.

OBJECTIVITY : dealing with outward things ; reality as it is apart from thoughts or feelings. " Treating events or phenomena as external rather than as affected by the reflections or feelings of the observer."

SUBJECTIVITY : accustomed to lay stress upon one's feelings, thoughts, or opinions. " Derived from the mind or consciousness as contrasted with external qualities or forces."

" Subjective denotes what is to be referred to the thinking *subject*, the ego ; Objective what belongs to the *object* of thought, the non-ego." Sir W. Hamilton.

ANIMATION : state of being lively, brisk, or full of spirit and vigour.

COGENCY : the quality of being convincing ; cogent reasoning is more liable to be conclusive or to compel assent.

ENERGY : strength of expression ; force of utterance ; power to impress the mind and arouse the feelings.

VIGOUR : implies fullness of active strength or force.

VIVACITY : quality of sprightliness, liveliness, gaiety.

IMPRESSIONISM : the general portrayal of scene, feelings or character with broad simplicity and small attention to detail ; the rendering of the immediate, subjective impressions.

SOPHISTICATION : " 1. the use of, or deception by, sophistry (specious but fallacious reasoning) ;

2. state of being involved or subtle ; without directness, simplicity, or naturalness.

3. experienced in the more artificial phases of life ; worldly-wise."

TRADITIONAL : observant of tradition (knowledge or belief or customs transmitted to posterity). Attached to old customs ; conventional ; conservative.

CLASSICAL : characterized by a sense of form, balance, proportion, urbanity ; implies self-knowledge, self-control, an unfaltering sense of reality.

ROMANTIC : characterized by the qualities of remoteness, desolation, disillusion, decay, passion, divine unrest, melancholy, an all-embracing power of imagination. Suggestive of strangeness and adventure.

(*b*) *Emotional*—

EMOTION : any of the feelings aroused by pleasure or pain ; excited mental state in its various forms.

FEELING : " suggests less of agitation or excitement than *emotion*, often sharply contrasted with judgment, and frequently implies little more than susceptibility to, or capacity for, sympathetic emotion."

PASSION : " suggests powerful or controlling emotion."

SENTIMENT : " connotes a larger intellectual element than *feeling* or sensation ; it suggests refined, sometimes romantic, occasionally affected or artificial feeling."

SENTIMENTALITY : " implies excess of sensibility, or an affectation of sentiment ; indulging the emotions for their own sake ; superficially emotional."

PATHOS : that which awakens tender emotions ; feelings of sympathy.

SINCERITY : freedom from simulation, hypocrisy, disguise or false pretence.

INSINCERITY : not being in truth what one appears to be ; hypocrisy ; deceitfulness ; falsity.

ARTIFICIALITY : that which is assumed ; affected ; not genuine. Of imitative purpose, not natural or real.

BATHOS : a sudden descent from the dignified or lofty to the ridiculous.

WHIMSICALITY : full of whims, capricious notions, fantasies.

HUMOUR : " implies broader human sympathies than *wit*, so that its sense of the incongruous is more kindly and is often blended with pathos."

WIT : " is more purely intellectual than *humour*, and implies

swift perception of the incongruous ; depends upon ingenuity or surprise."

IRONY : " the distinguishing quality is that the meaning intended is contrary to that seemingly expressed ; one says one thing and means the opposite ; often implies an attitude of unemotional detachment."

INVECTIVE : " implies a vehement and bitter attack or denunciation, which is often public, and may be in a good cause and expressed in refined language."

SARCASM : " bitterness or taunting reproachfulness, *it* may or may not be ironical but it is always cutting or ill-natured (as irony need not be)." The motive of sarcasm is " to inflict pain." (M.E.U.)

SATIRE : is " a formal or elaborate holding-up of vice or folly, especially that of the public, always as pervaded by the satirist's feeling, to ridicule or reprobation. It often makes use of irony but is not necessarily ironical." Its motive is " amendment." (M.E.U.)

ABUSE : generally prompted by anger and expressed in harsh words.

OBLOQUY : reproachful, calumnious language.

OBJURGATION : means a sharp scolding.

VITUPERATION : suggests the use of stronger censure and abuse.

(*c*) *Aesthetic*—

ELEGANCE : smooth easy rhythm ; propriety of diction ; felicitous arrangement.

GRACE : the charm of congruity ; harmony as distinguished from sublimity and force.

SUBLIMITY : producing a sense of elevated beauty ; nobility, grandeur, solemnity.

CADENCE : rhythmical flow of language.

HARMONY : pleasing concord of sounds or strains differing in quality.

MELODY : the agreeable arrangement of successive sounds.
LYRICISM : of the nature of lyrical poetry, expressive of the poet's emotions.
POETIC : showing the imaginative or rhythmical quality of poetry.

Note.—The words under the heading "Qualities of Style" are not arranged alphabetically but according to meaning. To show the relation between words expressing (1) correlative and (2) opposite qualities, such groups have been placed side by side.

BOOK LIST

The following books are suggested for further study :

HERBERT READ, *English Prose Style* (Bell).

BONAMY DOBRÉE, *Modern Prose Style* (Oxford University Press).

J. MIDDLETON MURRY, *The Problem of Style* (Oxford University Press).

C. E. MONTAGUE, *A Writer's Notes on his Trade* (Chatto & Windus).

E. M. FORSTER, *Aspects of the Novel* (E. Arnold).

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, *Aspects of Biography* (Cambridge University Press).

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